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CONTENTS

- Adams, Franklin P.—Inside "Information Please", 252
- AFRICA**
Dakar, Key to Africa, 22
- Agar, Herbert—The Truth Is Good News, 561
- AIR POWER, THE TRUTH ABOUT**—Keith Ayling, 225
- AIRPLANE BEHAVE, MAKING THE**—Wolfgang Langewiesche, 630
- AIRPLANE, YOUR PRIVATE**—Wolfgang Langewiesche, 151
- AMERICA IN WORLD WAR**—William Henry Chamberlin, 337
- AMERICAN NEGROES AND THE WAR**—Earl Brown, 545
- AMERICA'S ENEMY NO. 2: YAMAMOTO**—Willard Price, 449
- ANTI-INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, THE**—Roy Helton, 65
- ARCHITECTURE, THE TREND OF AMERICAN**—Talbot Hamlin, 164
- AUSTRALIA: BASTION AND SPRINGBOARD**—Charles J. Rolo and Alwyn Lee, 509
- Ayling, Keith—The Truth About Air Power, 225
- Basso, Hamilton—When You Go South, 98
- Bismarck*, ON BOARD THE—Edwin Muller, 258
- BOMB HIT THE CRUISER, THE**—A British Seaman, 18
- BOMBERS, MEN MAKING**—Lewis Marshall Thompson, 481
- Bourke-White, Margaret—A Photographer in Moscow, 414
- BOY WITH VIOLIN**—Albert Spalding, 356
- BRAZIL**
Formidavel, Fabulosissimo, 59
- BRITAIN, GREAT**
England in the Great Lull, 235
Fable of Britain's Degeneracy, 30
New British Industrial System, 406
Tory Leaders, The, 245
British Seaman, A—The Bomb Hit the Cruiser, 18
- Brown, Earl—American Negroes and the War, 545
- Brown, Rollo Walter—Portrait of a Potter, 91
- Carmer, Carl—When You Go South, 98
- Carnegie, Jr., Thomas M.—Park Here for the Python, 299
- Chamberlin, William Henry—America in World War, 337
- CHANCELLORSVILLE, TOWARD**—Bernard DeVoto, 557
- CHILDREN?, CAN THEY HAVE**—Albert Horlings, 184
- Christowe, Stoyan—Good Neighbors, 421
- CIVILIAN OUTPOST**—Bernard DeVoto, 445
- Clark, George R.—Strange Story of the Reuther Plan, 645
- COLLEGE IN A CHANGING WORLD, THE**—Wallace Brett Donham, 134
- COMMANDO, THE**—Bruce Thomas, 438
- CRETE**—See *Parachutes Coming Down*, 190
- CRISIS IN MAN POWER, THE**—George R. Leighton, 459
- Dabney, Virginus—When You Go South, 98
- DAKAR, KEY TO AFRICA**—Eugene Wright, 22
- Daro, Michael—Report on Hungary, 308
- DEGENERACY, FABLE OF BRITAIN'S**, 30
- DeVoto, Bernard—The Easy Chair, 109, 221, 333, 445, 577, 669
- Donham, Wallace Brett—The College in a Changing World, 134
- Dos Passos, John—England in the Great Lull, 235
Some Glasgow People, 474
- Drucker, Peter F.—How to Pay for the War, 346
We Must Accept Rationing, 1
- DUNNE BOYS OF MINNEAPOLIS, THE**—Dale Kramer, 388
- Durbin, E. F. M.—New British Industrial System, 406
- EASY CHAIR, THE**—Bernard DeVoto, 109, 221, 333, 445, 577, 669
- Eckstein, Gustav—Sense of Smell, 196
- ENGLAND IN THE GREAT LULL**—John Dos Passos, 235
- FABLE OF BRITAIN'S DEGENERACY, THE**—Gustav Stolper, 30
- FASHION GOES AMERICAN**—Winifred Raushenbush, 75
- FEDERAL DEBT AND THE FUTURE, THE**—Alvin H. Hansen and Guy Greer, 489
- FIRE FRONT, THE**—C. Lester Walker, 399
- Flandrau, Grace—A Nice Man, 172
- FLORIDA DETOUR**—Philip Wylie, 101
- FOCUS FOR OUR SCHOOLS, A**—James L. Mursell, 526
- FORMIDAVEL, FABULOSISSIMO**—Florence Horn, 59
- FULL CIRCLE. A Story**—James Stern, 40
- GAS, MAGIC OF HIGH OCTANE**—Harland Manchester, 286
- GERM-KILLERS FROM THE EARTH**—John Pfeiffer, 431
- GERMAN-AMERICAN NEIGHBOR, YOUR**—Wolfgang zu Putnitz, 322
- GERMANY**
My Last Meeting with Hitler, 578
- GESTAPO, ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE**—Patrick Maitland, 366
- GLASGOW PEOPLE, SOME**—John Dos Passos, 474
- GOOD NEIGHBORS. A Story**—Stoyan Christowe, 421
- GRAMACIDIN**—See *Germ Killers from the Earth*, 431
- Grattan, C. Hartley—Warning to the Peace Planners, A, 126
- Gray, George W.—Nerves in the War, 630
- GREAT FOG, THE. A Story**—Gerald Heard, 612
- GREEN-EYED CAT, THE. A Story**—Marjorie Worthington, 314
- Greer, Guy—Federal Debt and the Future, The, 489

- Hamlin, Talbot—Trend of American Architecture, The, 164
- Hansen, Alvin H.—Federal Debt and the Future, The, 489
- HARTMAN, L. F.—Bernard DeVoto, 109
- Heard, Gerald—The Great Fog, 612
- Helton, Roy—The Anti-Industrial Revolution, 65
- Hill-Rennie Melville C.—Parachutes Coming Down, 190
- HISTORY, HOW NOT TO WRITE—Margaret Leech, 376
- HITLER, MY LAST MEETING WITH—Ernst Rüdiger Prince Starhemberg, 578
- HORLINGS, ALBERT—Can They Have Children?, 184
- Horn, Florence—Formidavel, Fabulosissimo, 59
- Hubler, Richard G.—The Bomb Hit the Cruiser, 18
- HUNGARY, REPORT ON—Michael Daro, 308
- Huxley, Elspeth—Only Woman in the Lifeboat, 113
- INCOMPETENCE, THE TYRANNY OF—Joseph H. Spigelman, 568
- INDUSTRY'S UNTAPPED RESOURCES—Henry Kraus, 663
- "INFORMATION PLEASE!", INSIDE—Franklin P. Adams, 252
- JAPAN
- Where Japan Blundered, 210
- Yamamoto, 449
- Kelly, Fred C.—When Wilbur Wright Won France, 84
- Kramer, Dale—Dunne Boys of Minneapolis, 388
- Kraus, Henry—Industry's Untapped Resources, 663
- Laing, Alexander—Workmanship Has to Be Wasted, The, 384
- Langewiesche, Wolfgang—Making the Airplane Behave, 620
- Your Private Airplane, 161
- LECTURE TO A WOMAN'S CLUB—Bernard DeVoto, 333
- Lee, Alwyn—Australia: Bastion and Springboard, 509
- Leech, Margaret—How Not to Write History, 376
- Leighton, George R.—Crisis in Man Power, 459
- It's Made of Paper, 176
- LINCOLN TO THE 164TH OHIO—Bernard DeVoto, 669
- MAGIC OF HIGH-OCTANE GAS, THE—Harland Manchester, 286
- Maitland, Patrick—One Jump Ahead of the Gestapo, 366
- MAN POWER, THE CRISIS IN—George R. Leighton, 459
- Manchester, Harland—Magic of High-Octane Gas, 286
- McCune, Wesley—Why Milk Costs So Much, 604
- Michie, Allan A.—Parachutes Coming Down, 190
- MILK COSTS SO MUCH, WHY—Wesley McCune, 604
- Mills, C. A.—They Mature Later in the Tropics, 294
- MOTION PICTURES
- Formidavel, Fabulosissimo, 59
- MOTORIST TO THE ENGINEERS, A—D. A. Saunders, 427
- MR. AUERBACH IN PARIS—Glenway Wescott, 469
- Muller, Edwin—On Board the *Bismarck*, 258
- Mursell, James L.—A Focus for our Schools, 526
- MY LAST MEETING WITH HITLER—Ernst Rüdiger Prince Starhemberg, 578
- NEGROES AND THE WAR, AMERICAN—Earl Brown, 545
- NERVES IN THE WAR—George W. Gray, 630
- Neuberger, Richard L.—Seeing the Northwest, 533
- NEW BRITISH INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM, THE—E. F. M. Durbin, 406
- NICE MAN, A. A *Story*—Grace Flandrau, 172
- Nicholson, Joseph L.—It's Made of Paper, 176
- Nickerson, Hoffman—No Separate Air Force, 10
- NO SEPARATE AIR FORCE—Hoffman Nickerson, 10
- NORTHWEST, SEEING THE—Richard L. Neuberger, 533
- NOTHING MADE. A *Story*—Colin Wills, 143
- OFFENSIVE, WHERE TO TAKE THE—Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson, 639
- ONE MAN'S MEAT—E. B. White, 105, 217, 329, 441, 573
- ONLY WOMAN IN THE LIFEBOAT—Elspeth Huxley, 113
- PAPER, IT'S MADE OF—George R. Leighton and Joseph L. Nicholson, 176
- PARACHUTES COMING DOWN—Melville C. Hill-Rennie, 190
- PARK HERE FOR THE PYTHON—Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., 299
- Patrick, Q.—Portrait of a Murderer, 514
- PEACE PLANNERS, A WARNING TO THE—C. Hartley Grattan, 126
- Pfeiffer, John—Germ-Killers from the Earth, 431
- PHOTOGRAPHER IN MOSCOW, A—Margaret Bourke-White, 414
- PORTRAIT OF A MURDERER. A *Story*—Q. Patrick, 514
- PORTRAIT OF A POTTER—Rollo Walter Brown, 91
- Price, Willard—America's Enemy No. 2: Yamamoto, 449
- Putlitz, Wolfgang zu—Your German-American Neighbor, 362
- PYTHON, PARK HERE FOR THE—Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., 299
- RADIO
- Inside "Information Please!", 252
- RATIONING, WE MUST ACCEPT—Peter F. Drucker, 1
- Raushenbush, Winifred—Fashion Goes American, 75
- RELIEF, I WAS ON—Jo Sinclair, 161
- REUTHER PLAN, STRANGE STORY OF THE—George R. Clark, 645
- REVOLUTION, THE ANTI-INDUSTRIAL—Roy Helton, 65
- Rice, John Andrew—Two School-teachers, 201
- Rolo, Charles J.—Australia: Bastion and Springboard, 509
- Roosevelt, Letter from President, 668
- Ross, Irwin—Spreading Out Our War Production, 264
- Saunders, D. A.—A Motorist to the Engineers, 427
- SCHOOLS, A FOCUS FOR OUR—James L. Mursell, 526
- SCOTLAND
- Some Glasgow People, 474
- Sheean, Vincent—The Tory Leaders, 245

- Sinclair, Jo—I Was on Relief, 161
- SMELL, SENSE OF—Gustav Eckstein, 196
- SOUTH, WHEN YOU GO—Various Authors, 98
- Spalding, Albert—Boy with Violin, 356
- Two Debuts and a Drowsy King, 595
- Young Fiddler in France, 501
- Spigelman, Joseph H.—Tyranny of Incompetence, 568
- SPREADING OUT OUR WAR PRODUCTION—Irwin Ross, 264
- Starhemberg, Ernst Rüdiger Prince—My Last Meeting with Hitler, 578
- Stern, James—Full Circle, 40
- Stevens, Alden—Washington: Blight on Democracy, 50
- Stolper, Gustav—Fable of Britain's Degeneracy, 30
- STRANGE STORY OF THE REUTHER PLAN—George R. Clark, 645
- SWISS PENSION, THE—Carl Zuckmayer, 277
- Thomas, Bruce—The Commando, 438
- Thomas, Norman—How Democratic Are Labor Unions?, 655
- Thompson, Lewis Marshall—Men Making Bombers, 481
- TORY LEADERS, THE—Vincent Sheean, 245
- TROPICS, THEY MATURE *Later* IN THE—C. A. Mills, 294
- TRUTH ABOUT AIR POWER, THE—Keith Ayling, 225
- TRUTH IS GOOD NEWS, THE—Herbert Agar, 561
- TWO DEBUTS AND A DROWSY KING—Albert Spalding, 595
- TWO SCHOOLTEACHERS—John Andrew Rice, 201
- TYRANNY OF INCOMPETENCE, THE—Joseph H. Spigelman, 568
- Various Authors—When You Go South, 98
- VIOLIN, BOY WITH—Albert Spalding, 356
- Walker, C. Lester—The Fire Front, 399
- WARNING TO THE PEACE-PLANNERS, A—C. Hartley Grattan, 126
- WASHINGTON: BLIGHT ON DEMOCRACY—Alden Stevens, 50
- Welty, Eudora—The Wide Net, 582
- Wescott, Glenway—Mr. Auerbach in Paris, 469
- Wheeler-Nicholson, Malcolm—Where to Take the Offensive, 639
- WHEN WILBUR WRIGHT WON FRANCE—Fred C. Kelly, 84
- WHEN YOU GO SOUTH—Various Authors, 98
- WHERE TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE—Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson, 639
- White, E. B.—One Man's Meat, 105, 217, 329, 441, 573
- WIDE NET, THE. *A Story*—Eudora Welty, 582
- Wills, Colin—Nothing Made, 143
- Wolfe, Henry C.—Where Japan Blundered, 210
- WORKMANSHIP HAS TO BE WASTED, THE. *A Story*—Alexander Laing, 384
- Worthington, Marjorie—The Green-Eyed Cat, 314
- WRIGHT BROTHERS—Fred C. Kelly, 84
- Wright, Eugene—Dakar, Key to Africa, 22
- WRITERS' PROJECT, THE—Bernard DeVoto, 221
- Wylie, Philip—When You Go South, 98
- YAMAMOTO, 449
- YOUNG FIDDLER IN FRANCE—Albert Spalding, 501
- zu Putnitz, Wolfgang—Your German-American Neighbor, 322
- Zuckmayer, Carl—The Swiss Pension, 277

VERSE

- ARMAGEDDON—Robert Nathan, 567
- CALF'S DEATH—George Scarbrough, 667
- Caughey, Elford—To a Dog Dreaming, 273
- Chapin, Katharine Garrison—Stay, Vanishing Summer, 9
- CHILD—Babette Deutsch, 263
- Deutsch, Babette—Child, 263
- DISTANCE—Frederic Faust, 216
- Eaton, Charles Edward—Evening Equipoise, 321
- EVENING EQUIPOISE—Charles Edward Eaton, 321
- Faust, Frederic—Distance, 216
- Ferril, Thomas Hornsby—Let Your Mind Wander Over America, 274
- La Farge, Christopher—The Search, 644
- LET YOUR MIND WANDER OVER AMERICA—Thomas Hornsby Ferril, 274
- Maxwell, Gilbert—Of This Full Moment, 133
- Morton, David—To Make a Poem, 142
- Nathan, Robert—Armageddon, 567
- OF THIS FULL MOMENT—Gilbert Maxwell, 133
- Scarbrough, George—Calf's Death, 667
- SEARCH, THE—Christopher La Farge, 644
- STAY, VANISHING SUMMER—Katharine Garrison Chapin, 9
- Taggard, Genevieve—Vermont and the Northwest Wind, 64
- TO A DOG DREAMING—Elford Caughey, 273
- TO MAKE A POEM—David Morton, 142
- VERMONT AND THE NORTHWEST WIND—Genevieve Taggard, 64



Harper's *Magazine*

WE MUST ACCEPT RATIONING

WHY IT IS AN ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL NECESSITY

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

WITHIN the next few months the American people will have to decide the fundamental political and social issues of an armaments economy. Until now we have been able to shirk these issues—on the whole without too much harm to the defense program. But muddling through, makeshift arrangements, and temporary expedients no longer work: any further increase in defense production demands a defense policy and a defense economy. And the first and most important decision—which may well determine the entire political and social structure of America's defense effort—will be the decision between inflation and rationing.

The goal of our present defense program—to be reached some time in the autumn of 1942—is equality in armaments production between the United States and Hitler Germany. Obviously this is the minimum with which we can hope to defeat Hitler. Together with Great Britain's production, which is lim-

ited by man power and the shipping situation to about sixty per cent of that of Germany, the present American defense program might give the Democracies just sufficient margin to wear down Hitler. Of course it will not be enough if Hitler succeeds in eliminating Russia before next summer or in mobilizing the productive capacity of the conquered Continent for his war machine; it will also not be enough if the United States and Great Britain should have to increase their forces in the Pacific. Yet to reach even this minimum of American equality with Germany our defense production has to be at least doubled.

By the time this country produces as much war material as Hitler does we shall have to devote about one-third of our total productive capacity to defense—the two and a half to three billion dollars a month currently mentioned in Washington as next summer's defense expenditure. This is only half as much in terms of national productive capacity and na-

tional income as is devoted to war production in both Germany and Great Britain. America's larger population, the tremendous advantage in plant capacity, and—above all—the almost complete absence of raw-material problems give this country a basic two-to-one advantage over Germany. Every defense problem in this country is therefore only half the problem it is in Germany and England.

Yet even one-third of the economy is a tremendous slice to devote to economically non-productive war production. It is equal to that part of our industrial capacity and man power that was diverted from full production of civilian goods into idleness between 1929 and 1932. In 1932 one-third of the productive resources of the nation—man power, plant capacity, raw materials—did not produce at all. In 1942—at the latest by 1943—one-third of the nation's capacity will be engaged in the production of arms and will thus have ceased as effectively to produce for civilian consumption as if it had shut down. While three-thirds of the nation will work, only two-thirds will produce goods for consumption.

In the first stage of a defense program actual diversion of capacity from civilian to armaments goods can be postponed by taking into production those resources which have been hitherto idle or not fully utilized. It has been the existence of such slack in our economy that has made it possible to carry our defense program thus far without cutting civilian consumption. But there is practically no more slack left: we have paid out whatever rope we had. Minor results can still be achieved by a better organization of sub-contracting or by the adaptation of obsolete mills to armaments production. But on the whole there is only one way left to-day to increase armaments output: cut production for civilian consumption.

How much will civilian consumption have to be cut in order to make possible the diversion of one-third of our capacity

to armaments production? The English experience is probably a good indication. With two-thirds of Britain's capacity producing for war, civilian consumption of all goods excluding foodstuffs has had to be cut some 35 per cent since the beginning of the war. Applied to this country, this would mean that in order to achieve an armaments volume of one-third of our capacity we shall have to cut civilian consumption by 17 to 20 per cent—a figure supported by other calculations. Of course such an over-all figure is very misleading. There need not be any reduction in the American food standard; on the contrary, it should be possible to use the defense set-up to fight malnutrition and to increase the consumption of protective food. On the other hand, mechanical goods will have to be cut considerably more than 20 per cent; there may well be no new automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, and air conditioners for civilian use in 1943. Nothing like the restrictions on clothing in force in Germany and England need be expected in the United States, where there will always be at least enough cotton for the civilian consumer; but private housing is being stopped except for defense workers and other imperative needs. Similarly, while there need be no shortage of leather, there will probably be a shortage of new lasts which may eliminate style changes in footwear "for the duration."

This reduction in civilian consumption is inevitable; as the productive capacity of every country is limited, a rapid expansion in armaments production is possible only by means of a cut in civilian production. Since this country is determined to push forward its defense program the cut will be made. But neither the country as a whole nor the leaders have yet decided how and where it is to be made. Most of the people, apparently, do not even yet realize that there are only two ways to make it: inflation or rationing.

Even those people who fully understand the situation appear to believe

that the issue is exclusively one of economic technic to be decided mainly by considerations of economic expediency. Actually the main issue is political: can a modern defense economy be made a source of strength for a democracy or not? We have learned in the past two years the tactical and strategic lessons resulting from the basic technological fact of modern warfare: that to-day it takes fifteen to twenty-five non-combatant workers (three to four times as many as in 1918) to keep one mechanized soldier in fighting condition. Our present defense program is the outcome of these military lessons. The extent to which we shall succeed in reconciling the fact that modern war is won on the civilian front with the equally pertinent fact that modern war is fought by cutting the consumption of the civilian, will decide whether we have also learned the economic and political lessons of "total war."

II

Apparently everybody is opposed to inflation. Yet the popular arguments against it are really arguments in its favor, for they denounce inflation mainly because it is so "drastic"—and a drastic program is precisely what we need. And all the measures of economic defense taken so far have really been inflationary measures; this applies particularly to the system of "priorities," which might be called the regulation way to get inflation well started.

Actually, prevailing opinion should be in favor of inflation—and probably is. What it objects to is not the use of high prices and rising living costs as a *method* of cutting civilian consumption; it simply and quite understandably objects to the cutting of civilian consumption. Prevailing opinion not only still believes that a war economy can be superimposed upon a peace economy with only minor changes in the economic fabric; it believes also that the problem is primarily an economic one. And under

these assumptions inflation would indeed be the best policy.

Inflation has one inestimable advantage over every other form of consumption cutting: it works. If the supply of goods contracts while the demand for goods—as expressed in the amount of money available to spend on them—either remains stable or rises, prices will inevitably go up and total consumption will fall. No other system of consumption-cutting can be expected to function with the same absolute certainty.

But there is a great deal more to be said in favor of inflation than that it is efficient. It is automatic. There is no government agency needed in order to enforce an inflation; it makes and enforces itself, it needs no regulations, no decisions on policy and execution, no Congressional committees, and no unified command. Hence it will not strengthen the trend to an economic dictatorship which is such a danger in our society. It is a product of the automatic, self-regulating market; and it needs nothing but the normal market mechanism in order to be fully effective.

In addition, inflation is normally self-liquidating. Once an equilibrium is reached between demand and supply, prices can normally be expected to come to a rest. Or, if the emergency passes and supply is suddenly increased—for instance in consequence of a peace—prices will rapidly tumble back to their original level. So long as the change is not so violent as to undermine the public confidence in the purchasing power of money itself an inflation can be relied upon eventually to supply its own antidote.

Finally, inflation does not threaten the private-enterprise system, or at least does not threaten it so much as any alternative. It does of course benefit the debtor at the expense of the creditor, though these benefits are usually nullified in the ensuing deflation. But inflation neither eliminates private initiative nor paralyzes the market as every other system of consumption-cutting invariably does.

All together, therefore, the case against inflation is by no means so clear-cut an economic case as most people believe it to be. The American people have been warned recently that they are threatened by a repetition of the 1917-1920 inflation in which prices doubled over a period of three or four years. If nothing more were needed to-day than was needed in the last war it might be the most advisable, cheapest, and most pleasant way out to have the 1917-1920 inflation all over again—even at the price of the 1921 slump.

But the task ahead of us is many times greater than that of the last war. The United States will have to accomplish in a little over one year a defense production job considerably bigger than the one which was scheduled for the four years 1917 through 1920. Theoretically, the twenty per cent cut in civilian consumption necessary to make room for next year's defense production could be achieved by means of an increase in the price level of about thirty per cent. Actually, in order to provide for a twenty per cent cut in consumption, prices would probably have to rise a minimum of one hundred per cent—as they did in 1917-1921 when real consumption was cut not much more than ten per cent. But a doubling of prices in one year goes definitely beyond the limits within which inflation is economically "safe" and creates the gravest danger of a self-perpetuating, runaway currency demoralization.

The reason for this discrepancy between the amount by which prices need rise theoretically, and that by which they will rise practically under "normal" inflation conditions is of course that incomes do not stand still while prices go up. And what matters is not the absolute price level but the ratio between prices and incomes. No matter what is done by labor and farm groups to safeguard their purchasing power in an inflation, wages, salaries, and incomes will go up more slowly than prices. Nothing can prevent the cut in individ-

ual purchasing power if the supply of goods falls short of the demand. The one thing that can be achieved by pushing incomes upward is to raise prices more rapidly and to a greater extent. To-day when everybody is inflation-conscious, this snowballing is bound to assume proportions which make the use of inflation not only ill-advised but outright dangerous. For the disturbance and confusion which would be created by a doubling of prices within one year would certainly harm production more than the inflationary cut in civilian consumption would benefit it.

In this situation a plan has appeared—in this country as well as in England and Germany—which promises to give us the full economic effects of inflation without the dangerous "inflationary spiral." This "managed inflation" is to be achieved simply by freezing wages, salaries, and farm incomes while leaving free and unregulated all industrial prices. There would thus be no incentive to increase prices more than is necessary to cut civilian consumption to the level of civilian-goods production; as soon as a new equilibrium is reached on which the new supply of goods for civilian consumption equals the civilian purchasing power prices will stabilize themselves. All the cut in consumption needed in this country could thus be accomplished by raising prices some thirty per cent, and such an increase would be easily bearable economically.

Judged purely on its economic merits, this plan is undoubtedly the most efficient, simplest, and least harmful of all the possible plans before us. It would require almost no administrative machinery and no complicated laws, and its principles are so easy that a child can understand them. Nevertheless, as everybody knows, it has no chance of adoption. It is politically impossible: neither labor nor the farmer will ever accept it. And in a modern war economy no measure can possibly work politically that is not acceptable at least to labor. For with fifteen to twenty-five

non-combatant workers required to keep one soldier in proper fighting condition, no country can fight a war except with the full support of its workers.

The political dependence upon labor support is so great that it will probably even be necessary to increase the share of the workers in the total national income during the war. The other classes of the population might thus have to take larger than average cuts in their purchasing power. At least that is what has happened in England as well as in Germany. In any event, it will be impossible to have the necessary political support of labor on the basis of inflation; for even the best managed inflation inevitably cuts the income of the worker more radically than it does that of the other groups. Whatever its advantages economically, inflation to-day would be politically unbearable.

This conclusion is strengthened by a consideration of the effects of inflation on the political and social aftermath of the war. If there is one thing we have to avoid in the present war it is creating the impression among the people that "somebody made a good thing out of the war" while they worked and fought. Anybody who has lived in Europe in the period between the two wars knows that the social bitterness and envy created by the profiteering of the last war was one of the main causes for the collapse of democracy on the Continent, and particularly for the moral disintegration of France. It is this bitterness to which Hitler's slogan of the "pluto-democracies" appeals and to which it owes its by no means inconsiderable attraction for the European masses.

However successful we are in preventing profiteering—and there is every reason to believe that we shall prevent not only profiteering but profits as well—we shall not escape the *impression* of profiteering unless we manage to escape inflation. And politically this impression of profiteering created by inflation is fully as bad as profiteering itself. If a worker finds that his weekly pay check of thirty-

five dollars buys only two-thirds of what he expected to get when he accepted his employment he will automatically and inescapably jump to the conclusion that his employer is richer by the difference. No amount of rational argument could possibly convince him that there is no such difference; to point out that the money actually went for guns, airplanes, and battleships is to contradict what must seem incontrovertible evidence to the worker. If we want the worker to believe in, and work for a democratic society after the war we cannot afford to give him the impression that he is victimized in the name of democracy during the war; and inflation will inevitably lead to this impression.

III

That inflation to-day is unbearable economically and politically is widely recognized and accepted. That there is no alternative to it except rationing is, however, an extremely unpopular conclusion. Actually our economic discussions of the past few months have been based on the tacit assumption that there must be some third choice. Caught between our awareness that we cannot entrust the job of consumption-cutting to inflation and our unwillingness to entrust it to rationing, we have been looking to priorities, price-fixing, taxation, and credit controls for a solution. Every single one of these policies has an important function in a properly organized defense economy. But priorities, price fixing, and taxation cannot be effective unless civilian demands have been cut to the limits imposed by the available supplies. Neither separately nor together can they carry a defense economy. Least of all, are they capable of preventing inflation.

This is most evident in the case of priorities. It is the function of priorities to guarantee sufficient supplies for defense production. But the distribution of supplies is only one-half of the economic job—the easier half. Just as important

and more difficult is the distribution of sacrifices. And to this task priorities contribute nothing. In fact, unless combined with direct rationing of civilian consumption, priorities hasten inflation.

Under our present priorities system, the raw materials, man power, and machinery needed for the most urgent defense production are allocated by government order and at a government-determined price. Everything else, however, is left to itself. This means not only that the remaining insufficient supply of raw materials, labor, and plant capacity available for civilian production will go to the highest bidder; it means also that the owners of raw materials, labor power, and plants are forced all the time to raise their basic prices for the civilian market. This is not mere theory; it is precisely what is happening to-day. There is almost no labor union which has not used the argument that the manufacturers of goods for civilian consumption should pay disproportionately higher wages in order to enable labor to make the necessary wage-sacrifices on defense jobs. In practically every case in which an industry has been accused of boosting prices for the civilian consumer it has justified itself by saying that these increases make possible unchanged prices on armament orders. As long as civilian demand is not curtailed sufficiently to eliminate price competition and to make the government price the normal price for defense work and civilian consumption alike, priorities will act as a stimulus to inflation, and as an excuse for it, in the civilian sector of the economy. Eventually priorities without rationing lead to a system of double prices—one low-price level for defense, one very high one for civilian-goods production—which would make it very profitable not to produce for defense; at least that is what happened in Germany and Austria in the last war where a priorities system unsupported by efficient rationing actually became a major obstacle to defense production.

Faced with this development, the belligerents in the last war resorted at first to price fixing; and to-day we are again told that fixed maximum prices—either for all goods or for key commodities—will prevent inflation and yet make possible an efficient defense production. Actually, price fixing is the least effective of all war-economy measures; and it is the one which might do most harm to defense production unless its limitations are recognized. All that can be reasonably expected from a policy of price fixing is that it will prevent purely speculative rises in price, *i.e.* increases not justified by a discrepancy between demand and supply. But where there is such a discrepancy—and unless demand is curtailed directly there will be a considerable volume of demand that cannot be justified—prices will go up whatever the official maximum. It might be possible to prevent the development of a “black market” by a combination of clever propaganda and ruthless persecution of offenders. It is, however, far more likely that an attempt to establish maximum prices in a basically unbalanced market will lead at once to that familiar situation in which no merchandise at all is available at the official prices, whereas everything can be bought by those people who are willing and able to pay “a little extra.” To make maximum prices unworkable it is not even necessary that a large part of the people buy goods at bootleg prices—just as it was not necessary for a majority of the people to buy bootleg liquor in order to undermine prohibition. If the European experiences of the last war are any indication, fixed maximum prices cease to be operative as soon as five per cent of the people are willing to buy on the “black market.” Obviously, the inflationary rise of prices on the “black market” will be considerably larger and more rapid than is actually justified. It is not only as impossible for the bootleg consumer to check prices, as it was impossible for him to check the quality of prohibition liquor; it is also necessary

for the "black market" dealer to include a very substantial risk-premium in the price he charges.

Even if there is no "black market," maximum prices will be largely inoperative unless they represent the real supply-demand situation. It is impossible to prevent practices which, though legal, actually result in higher prices. One of these would be a preference accorded by retailers and wholesalers to customers who whenever they purchase goods at the maximum price buy also at very high prices large quantities of goods for which the price is not fixed. Another typical way to circumvent fixed prices is to refuse all orders unless they exceed a minimum amount. It is alarming that both of these practices have been resorted to in this country to an increasing extent during the past few months.

Whereas priorities and maximum prices try to solve the basic economic defense problem by treating symptoms, taxation and saving at least attack its core: they actually cut down civilian demand and civilian purchasing power. A fiscal program "with teeth in it" would accomplish more than price fixing and priorities taken together. And the gradual realization on the part of the American public of the need for comprehensive financial measures is one of the most hopeful signs in the whole defense picture.

To be effective, however, such a fiscal program would have to be far more radical than anything that has been proposed so far. For it is not enough that the civilian should surrender a part of his purchasing power through the payment of taxes and the buying of government bonds. The anti-inflationary effect of these payments to the government is nullified if the payments made by the government for defense are allowed to inflate the credit volume; and this is precisely the situation to-day. Commercial bank loans have been expanding rapidly. By now we have reached a point when a further expansion in commercial loans would have direct

inflationary effects. Actually private loans should be forced to contract from now on to offset the inevitable increase in government borrowing. Higher taxes and loan drives must be accompanied by a drastically deflationary credit policy. It may not be necessary in this country to ban private borrowing for non-defense purposes; our problem is, after all, only half as severe as that of England where such a ban is in force. But somehow we must stop credit expansion if our fiscal measures are to be successful. The curtailment of installment buying, and the contemplated restrictions on new real estate mortgages are first steps in the right direction. But even the comprehensive program of credit control advocated by the Federal Reserve Board may prove to be insufficient in actual practice.

Yet even if we stop credit inflation completely, fiscal measures will not be sufficiently effective and sufficiently anti-inflationary. The most radical taxation program still allows too much leeway to the consumer's choice. While it cuts down total available purchasing power, it leaves it entirely to the individual consumer how he is going to distribute his remaining purchasing power. And if there should be real scarcities in our economic system, such absolute freedom of decision is impossible. It is for instance entirely conceivable that the consumer, if left to himself, would decide to maintain his full demand for automobiles in spite of a cut in purchasing power of twenty per cent; he might prefer to make up for unchanged automobile expenditure by cutting his purchases of food, education, and amusement disproportionately. But while there will hardly be a shortage of food, reading matter, or movies, we have already cut automobile production in half and we shall have to cut it even more. Free consumer's choice might thus lead to a vast disproportion between demand and supply in automobiles which would inevitably result in an inflationary increase in automobile prices; and the situation in our far from unrealistic example would

not be helped at all by the accompanying depression in agriculture, in the printing trades, and in Hollywood. For in a defense economy two mistakes never add up to one correct solution.

There is only one method which can really master the problems of a defense economy without inflation—rationing. Even the most radical and most heroic taxation can do no more than prepare the ground for the successful application of a program of direct adjustments of specific demands to specific supplies; and such adjustments alone can meet the basic problem of a defense economy. To the extent to which priorities, maximum prices, and taxation operate effectively, they can facilitate the solution; but the decisive weapon of a modern defense policy is the direct determination, through rationing, of consumers' demand in relationship to available supply.

IV

Since rationing cannot be avoided in a present-day defense economy, it must be made into a political and economic asset. Hitherto rationing has always been looked upon as demoralizing and as an admission of weakness. Can it become a source of political, social, and economic strength?

Rationing will of course never be a symbol of plenty, but it should be possible to make a rationing policy a symbol of national unity and a means to the realization of social justice. This is particularly true in this country where there should be little need to ration real necessities. It is hardly possible to derive any positive political values from the rationing of bread such as has become necessary all over Europe. But in the United States rationing will be used mainly in such directions as to make everybody drive his car twice as long as he used to. And while this is a more severe cut in terms of absolute purchasing power than a cut of one-quarter in the bread ration, it is not one that will impose real hardships upon the masses.

Consequently we can expect to derive real political and social strength from the equality with which rationing distributes sacrifices. If the available supplies should go to those who are able to pay the highest price, then national unity will have been subordinated to individual gain. If, however, the available supply of new cars is allocated according to impartial and objective criteria—one's need for a car in business or profession, the age of one's present car, the number of people dependent upon it for transportation, etc.—the defense sacrifices are used to promote social justice. And if a more equal, more just, and more rational distribution of goods results from the sacrifices which we shall have to make it should not be very hard to convince those who have to make them that the sacrifices are made in a good cause.

This does not mean that rationing is a panacea. There are a great many problems that rationing cannot solve. And it creates in turn new and serious difficulties of its own. There is, for instance, the question of "bootlegging" of rationed goods which has been proving very troublesome in England, or the real danger that the rationing power will be abused by economic pressure groups to further their interests instead of those of the people as a whole. But even with all these problems, rationing is the only way to convert the economic liability of consumption-cutting into a political asset.

Nothing shows the fundamental political importance of rationing in modern war better than the English experience. It was not the government which imposed rationing upon an unwilling British people; it was the British people who forced rationing upon an unwilling government. When meat began to be too expensive for the small man's purse, when cheap clothing became scarce while expensive clothing remained plentiful, when the cheap staple foods of the masses disappeared while the rich man could still get all he wanted in expensive restaurants, then the English

people demanded rationing as the only means to establish social justice.

By now Mr. Churchill's ministers no longer wait until after an article has become scarce. They ration it even before there is any real economic need to cut down the supply. They have learned that nothing is more dangerous to civilian

morale than to have the degree to which the individual citizen shall make sacrifices in a common cause left exclusively to the accident of his pocketbook. And few things have strengthened national unity in Britain as much as this just distribution of the sacrifices between rich and poor.

STAY, VANISHING SUMMER

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

*STAY on your outstretched wing, O sweet, O lovely time!
 Poise for this moment your transcontinental flight.
 Haloed your bright propellers in the night
 Turn not, nor throb with the ear-dulling climb
 To cold high distance. Stay here, stay where
 Each pricked event is clear,
 Each thought unfolds in reasonable slow rhyme,
 Each aspect has grown dear.
 Hold vanishing summer underneath your wing,
 Autumn's bright conquering.
 With aspen torch against the dark advance.
 Keep the small grasses in their waving dance,
 Nor lift the nostrils of the flock to sniff
 The wind for wintering.
 We know the onward flight is set,
 Numbered and called, but let the pilot wait
 For this brief moment of delight.
 Too soon the inevitable shadow of your wing will fall.
 Stay the bright petal, the summer-crested bay,
 And that most delicate thing,
 The happy heart upon its holiday.
 O sweet, O lovely time,
 Stay on your outstretched wing!*



NO SEPARATE AIR FORCE

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

FEW subjects are more discussed to-day than the military value of planes, and none is more widely misunderstood than the proposal of a Separate Air Force.

The plane is indeed a striking novelty; most middle-aged people can remember the headlines of some thirty-two years ago which saluted Blériot's feat in flying the twenty-odd miles of the English Channel. To-day the changes in warfare due to flying are enough to fire the dullest imagination. Moreover, Christendom is still rightly horrified at the wholesale air bombing of cities. This horror has sunk into the public mind; a few inquiries at any dinner table will probably convince the reader that the average American woman thinks the chief purpose of the defense program is to keep the Germans from dropping bombs on her particular house.

Thus the Separate Air Force people start with great advantages in any public debate. Planes, they say, now dominate war. Moss-backed generals and admirals are too stupid and hidebound to appreciate fully the importance and still more the future possibilities of air power. Since this is so, the best hope for military success by land or sea lies in the creation of an independent Air Service emancipated from reactionary control and therefore able to dominate the air. Germany, the greatest military nation in the world, has such a force, and so has England, her chief opponent. The United States should follow suit.

I believe this conclusion to be one of the most impudent pieces of shallow

thinking ever foisted upon an unmilitary public. In general the alleged facts used to justify it are either half truths or irrelevant to the proposition which they are supposed to prove. On common-sense military grounds there is good reason to believe that much may be lost while little can be gained by a separate air force in any country. In the special circumstances of the United States such an organization would be peculiarly vicious.

First we must raise and dismiss the question of the professional self-interest of air officers. Specialists often exaggerate the importance of their specialties, particularly in the armed Services. I well remember once being told in France in 1918 that the German Army would be beaten chiefly by American superiority in searchlights. Needless to say, the maker of this assertion was at the moment commanding a section of searchlights. Up to a certain point such a spirit is admirable. Nevertheless the specialist who tries to get his own branch of the Service increased is always open to the suspicion that he is trying to push himself. His motives may be perfectly pure; I have no reason to question those of any Separate Air Force advocate and no wish to do so. At the same time the staffing of such a Force would obviously mean fat promotion for air officers, and everyone knows that self-interest may affect the judgment even of conspicuously upright, conscientious people. It is the business of the Higher Command

and of the Higher Command alone to assess the relative value of the different military specialties, for they alone are not advocates but judges, selected as such because they are believed to be good judges.

Turning with relief to the real merits of the controversy, everyone will agree that the plane is a most important military instrument. That is not in question. We are asking here only whether the admittedly great power of the plane can be better organized for the military advantage of the country under the Army and Navy Higher Commands or whether an Air Command independent of the older Services is desirable?

Going back to first principles for a moment, war is one. It is always the use of organized force between two human groups each of which insists on maintaining a certain policy in contradiction to the policy of the other group. Its ultimate object is always a better peace for the victor—"the legitimate object of war is a more perfect peace" as Sherman put it. This goal, however, must be reached by a series of stages. Since man is a land animal, he fights either to perpetuate or to increase his control of certain territories in order to make the laws of those territories conform wholly or in part to the will of the conqueror. All armed efforts seek to break down the will of the hostile government and people who resist. Decisive defeat of an enemy's army will permit us to occupy his territory. Decisive defeat of his navy will increase our power to use the highway of the sea, and will correspondingly deny that highway to the vessels of our opponents. To seize or destroy his resources by some form of raiding may persuade him to surrender.

We will try to break the enemy's civil will by the most economical means, which in practice will often be the quickest means. It is obviously better to win at small cost in blood and treasure to ourselves—if we can do so—than to win at great cost. Victory too dearly bought

may leave the victor both materially and spiritually poorer than before. Further, in so far as our enemy of the moment is a part of the same cultural and economic system as ourselves, injury which we do him may harm us. Franco could have smashed up Madrid far more than he did, but he rightly wished to take the capital of Spain as nearly intact as possible.

Most of the truths stated in the last two paragraphs can be found in the writings of the chief theorist of air warfare, the Italian General Douhet. If we accept his premise that the bombing of cities might decide a war very quickly, then there is something to be said for his conclusion: *i.e.* that this means of breaking an enemy's civil will, however superficially cruel, is really the best and even the most merciful. Although many people in every fighting country pathetically believe that their airmen bomb only military objectives while their enemy intentionally bombs civilians, we must face the fact that bombing must often be indiscriminate. Douhet's real argument is: better the death of a few thousand civilians—babies included—in a brief hell of bombing than the massacre of millions of young men as in the trenches of 1914-18. Consequently if the "air-frightfulness" people are right as to the chances of success for their method, then most of the money spent on armed effort might indeed be spent on fleets of long-range bombing planes.

Even then the argument is not watertight. It may conflict with the idea of a better peace. The most brilliant temporary success in baby-killing, provided that the technically successful side was clearly responsible for beginning that practice, might leave so lasting a hatred in the minds of the conquered that the momentary victor might find himself worse off instead of better during the subsequent peace. Also, unless the first stroke succeeds decisively, two can play at that game. Finally, the method presupposes that the enemy's vital centers are within practicable flying range—

Douhet was writing as an Italian with the peculiar geographical position of his country in mind.

The best way to estimate the chances of decisive success in long-range air bombing is to take an operation at comparatively short range and therefore carried on under conditions particularly favorable to the bombers: the German attacks on England in the late summer and early fall of 1940. When attacking the cities of any formidable opponent, bombers must expect to be met by fighting planes. Within its flying range the fighter is dangerous to the bomber because, not being designed to carry a weight of bombs, it is faster and handier than the latter. At the same time, in order to combine comparatively high gun power with great speed and handiness, the flying range of the fighter is much less than that of the long-range bomber. Accordingly, long-range bombing expeditions must expect to contend against fighters without the aid of friendly fighters on their own side.

Last year the German attacks on southern and central England were launched from bases so near that the bombers could be supported and, to a great extent, covered by friendly fighters. Besides this great advantage, the Germans enjoyed other peculiarly favorable circumstances. Their machines far outnumbered those of the English; many good judges estimated the odds as high as three to one. They held and still hold a vast arc of occupied territory from Norway to the western tip of France from which they could converge on their targets. Only on a small sector of this arc did German territory face England; throughout most of it the Germans stood in countries which they had successfully invaded and where they were, therefore, comparatively indifferent to the sufferings of the populations. Further, England is perhaps the most inviting air target in the world. Much of the island is urban and industrial. In the cities few of the buildings have steel frames, and most water and other mains are near

the surface because severe frosts are not to be feared. Nevertheless the German bombers failed. Without trying to estimate how much damage they have caused, the fact remains that England to-day is still unconquered.

The English instance is supported by practically every other available instance. Japanese planes have not compelled a Chinese surrender, although the Chinese have practically no air force. Planes co-operating with the Spanish Nationalists never succeeded in closing the frequently raided ports of Valencia and Barcelona. Most of the citizens of Barcelona considered the average air raid not even as a nuisance but as a joke. The same note has been struck by an American lieutenant long stationed in China—not an elderly admiral, mark you, but a lieutenant—who wrote in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings*: "It is a standing joke among foreigners resident in China that it costs the Japanese Air Force a thousand dollars to blow a hole in a building which the Chinese can repair for two dollars 'Mex.'" In the present war while France was still fighting, the Germans hardly bothered to raid Paris; they did so only two or three times. They did indeed destroy a considerable part of Rotterdam from the air, but that seems to have been done because of a mistake in orders, after Dutch resistance had ceased. In short, no decisive success in bombing cities from the air has ever been scored.

Air raids on cities have indeed had value as diversions, *i.e.* they have led the side which was being bombed to divert to home defense considerable military resources which might otherwise have been effectively used in other theaters. That however is a very different thing from decisive success.

Moreover, we are probably witnessing an all-time high in city bombings, and may reasonably expect the effectiveness of baby-killing to decline rapidly in future. The existing cities of the world were built without reference to such a thing. If the threat of air bombing is

still present in Europe when peace returns, all cities could be made immensely stronger against projectiles dropped from the sky. It would be expensive and a great nuisance but it could perfectly well be done. Abundant and impregnable shelters could be built. Inflammable matter could be cut to a minimum. Light- and water-mains could be buried far below the surface. Essential public services such as powerhouses and pumping stations could be given special protection. Thus, even if we assume that no more fighters were built while at the same time bombers and bomb sights were vastly improved, raids on cities would become increasingly unprofitable.

In the case of American cities for example, against which in the present situation of the world all raids which could be launched would be utterly trivial compared with those which European cities have successfully endured, the point has often been made that—in its present state—the Catskill aqueduct which supplies New York City with water might be damaged from the air. It so happens, however, that the new aqueduct which is to bring water from the Delaware River is being dug far underground.

Since the air-frightfulness people cannot point to a single decisive success, and since the effectiveness of their method, such as it is, will in all probability decline still farther, the gullibility of those who follow them is indeed amazing. Suppose a family of average intelligence called in a doctor to treat an ill person, and suppose that doctor admitted to them that the treatment which he recommended, although thoroughly tried on various occasions, had never cured a really sick patient. Or suppose a lawyer recommended a certain legal approach to a dispute, which approach—even when pressed by counsel of great ability—had never won a case for a client. Such doctors and lawyers would certainly be suspected. Very possibly they would be laughed at. And yet the hullabaloo of the people who shout the

blessed words "A Separate Air Force" as a sort of magic spell infallibly assuring victory still goes on winning converts.

II

Now the long-range bombing of cities is the one sort of operation which an independent Air Force could possibly conduct alone, and not as a part of a military team of which the other members would be ground forces or surface ships. We legitimately argued from the defeat of the German bombers, although protected by fighters, in their mass attacks on England last year, that long-range raids without fighter support would be even less successful; but probably no short-range bombings—by themselves—would ever be intended to be decisive. At most they would, if successful, pave the way for a ground operation. Throughout the history of land warfare offensive bombardments have prefaced assaults. In the Anglo-German case of last year we may be morally certain that the Germans, had they achieved air superiority over England, would have attempted an invasion of that island. No matter how ground troops reach their scene of action, once they do so their success or failure is that of the operation as a whole. For instance had the British planes yielded air superiority over Crete to the Germans as they actually did, but had the German troops subsequently landed from the air been crushed, then the German invasion of Crete would have failed. In other words, as soon as those Germans landed they became the principal part of the operation and the German bombers became their auxiliary—a very powerful auxiliary of course, without which the single British division and the Cretan militia might have sufficed to crush the air-landed invaders, but at most only a part of a team.

In regard to team operations involving ground troops or surface ships the advocates of a Separate Air Force must argue very differently than when discussing

long-range bombers. They can no longer imagine planes winning a war by themselves, but must show that a wholly Separate Air Command will strengthen either an Army-Air or a Navy-Air combination.

The first requirement for team success is co-operation, and the first necessity for co-operation is unity of command. Accordingly in discussing air plus ground or air plus sea operations we must first ask whether a Separate Air Force would promote or detract from unity of command. The answer is easy: it would detract from it. The superficially unifying idea of "only one Air Force" vanishes as soon as we begin to consider any actual operation of war. Since in practice no Army or Navy would dream of doing without air support, an independent Air Command would merely give us three Air Forces instead of two. Instead of an Army Air Force and a Naval Air Force there would then be planes co-operating with troops, others co-operating with ships, and still others operating independently. This brings us back to the proposition just discussed: since we have seen that long-range bombing—the one operation possible to an independent Air Force—has never been decisive and will have even smaller chances of becoming so in future, there is no good reason why we should sacrifice unity of command by increasing our two Air Forces to three.

The reason why most of the world organizes its armies separately from its navies is that the two operate in separate elements and usually at considerable distances from each other. Whenever planes are co-operating either with a ground force or a surface fleet, the fact that those planes can fly indifferently over sea or land is far less important than the question as to whether they are trying to forward the advance of a ground army or the success of a navy. The division of the earth's surface into sea and land areas will neither disappear nor lose its importance merely because of man's new power to fly.

A chief effect of flying upon land versus sea strategy is that it enormously extends the zone of coastal waters in which land-based weapons are stronger than sea-based ones. Since cannon on land can be better concealed and more strongly protected than ships, "A gun on shore is worth a whole ship," as the old French proverb says. Similarly, land and harbor air bases can be made much stronger than any aircraft-carrying vessel. Further, in wars between great powers both possessing strong air forces, when there is a contest within flying range of the shore between land and sea-based planes, the former will normally outnumber the latter because of the limitation of space on plane-carrying ships. This, however, has nothing to do with the question as to whether the Higher Command of the planes in question should be separate from the Army and Navy Commands or not.

The proposal for a single Department of National Defense is equally indifferent to our subject. Although a "Secretary for All Armed Forces" might have three Under-Secretaries, one for the Air Service, he might perfectly well keep the internal organization of the War and Navy Departments as it now is.

In planning any particular operation the desirability of unified command needs no argument. Better a weak team all pulling together than a group of strong players pulling in different directions. Accordingly the arguments for an independent Air Command must be very strong in order to balance the disagreeable certainty that such a Command would increase the number of our fighting Services from two to three.

This brings us to the second main argument for a Separate Air Force. In order to justify themselves in regard to combined air-and-surface operations, the advocates of three Services instead of two must show that the Air-Army team or the Air-Navy team cannot now develop its full power because the air arm is slighted. If we ask why this is so they must answer—in effect—that the Army

and Navy Higher Commands, being composed of elderly men not necessarily trained for the air, are too stupid to give the air weapon its due place.

I believe this second main point of the Separate Air Force people to be a silly slander; but even if it were true it would in no way prove what they suppose it to prove.

Of course no body of men can have their degree of professional competence mathematically proved. It is a matter of judgment. Moreover, war differs from most occupations in that it cannot be fully practiced during peace; people must not be killed wholesale merely to test military theories. When the U. S. Army last had a chance to shoot, which was in 1918, the training methods of our tiny handful of Regulars were soon proved better than those of our Allies—the latter had concentrated unduly upon certain aspects of trench warfare. As General Marshall has recently reminded us, after four years of war the French Higher Command finally issued a set of principles for attack and defense which they could have found practically word for word in the U. S. Army Field Service Regulations of 1913. Since the American military mind was as good as that at that time, it should take a lot of evidence to convince us that it has gone wholly to seed since.

If our Army Higher Command is indifferent to and neglectful of the air as some critics pretend, then it is a little strange that no cadet can graduate from West Point without having had at least twenty-eight hours in the air as an observer, in order to get the general "feel" of flying. He must also have had Air Corps tactics as a part of his general instruction in tactics, together with an academic course in aero-dynamics including wind-tunnel apparatus and supplemented by instruction in the Link Trainer—again that he may get a "feel" of the air. This does not sound as if our generals were altogether dumb.

In addition to this general training, those of the West Point graduating class

who wish to become flyers—no less than sixty-five per cent of the present First (*i.e.* Senior) class—have additional training four afternoons a week, including primary flying, maintenance and inspection of aircraft, and use of the landing field's radio-control tower.

A good proportion of our senior officers, including our Chief-of-Staff, General Marshall, habitually travel by air in order to save time, and have therefore air experience far greater than many who argue that they are unmindful of aviation. One wonders how many of these people know the foregoing easily verifiable facts.

No man or body of men is perfect, and our Army Officers Corps certainly does not claim to be. A glance at almost any one of our Service journals, the *Infantry Journal* for instance, will show the wide latitude of technical discussion and criticism which is constantly permitted. The least we can do therefore when told that our generals and colonels are stupid is to stop, look, and listen for a long time. Let the asserter prove his case—if he can.

The recent campaign against our senior Army officers has had many sources. One of them has been the resentment of certain disgruntled persons who have left the Service after having fallen into acute personal difficulties therein. Another is the desire of enemies of our country and our social order to weaken our confidence in ourselves.

Incidentally, infallibility is not conferred by an air pilot's license. In 1918 the A.E.F. Air Force was commanded by a very gallant gentleman, "Billy" Mitchell, who would not have dreamed of making an official statement in which he did not fully believe. Alas, his accuracy did not always equal his good faith. During active operations he and his merry men, with himself in the leading plane, would go and bomb some point behind the German lines. On returning he would report that the object of their attentions had been a certain village which, according to him, had been wiped off the map. Too often

when the advancing American ground troops presently reached that village, they would find that, far from being demolished, it had not even been scratched!

The Navy, of which the Higher Command has not suffered from organized detraction as has that of the Army, can also show that—in normal times when the full Naval Academy course is being given—no Annapolis cadet can graduate without twenty hours of flying.

Were we to grant that our senior land and sea officers are really the prejudiced blockheads that certain journalists think them, why should those blockheads arrange that all future West Point men and Naval officers should know something of aviation? Also, since our Naval Air Force happens to have invented the practice of dive bombing which the Germans have used so successfully, it is difficult to claim that its technical development has been stunted. In fact U. S. Naval officers of sober judgment (I am thinking particularly of one eminent student of war prematurely retired for reasons of health) claim that we have much the best naval aviation in the world.

If indeed our generals and admirals were greatly at fault in underrating air power how could we trust their judgment in other respects? If they were seriously wrong in so important a matter this would by no means justify a Separate Air Force. Instead, it would justify the wholesale scrapping of the Higher Commands in both Services by the compulsory retirement of all the individuals in question. If our present leaders are wholly incompetent to decide the proper balance between air and surface forces—an important part of this is how much money should go to either—then they are equally incompetent for command in surface actions.

III

Now let us look at European experience with separate air forces. In

Germany, whatever the theoretical independence of the Luftwaffe, in practice the prestige of the Army, with its brilliant technical tradition going back to the Prussian victories of Frederick the Great, is so high that all general strategy and all planning of combined operations are dominated by it. Actions speak louder than words, and most German bombers are short-range "Stukas" incapable of long flights and intended for close support of ground troops.

In England, with its separate Air Force, the Navy of 1939 was deficient in naval aircraft, and has consequently suffered both in Norwegian and Mediterranean waters. Aside from the splendid and indispensable but negative success of the R.A.F. in defeating the German bombers over England in September of last year, the chief positive success yet definitely known to have been achieved by British aircraft, up to this writing, has been the disabling of the Italian battleships in Taranto, which was done by flying boats under Naval Command. A few months ago the planes of the Coastal Command, which co-operates with the Navy in the defense of British shipping against German air, surface, and submarine raiders, were withdrawn from R.A.F. control and put under the Navy, after repeated complaints by the Navy of imperfect co-operation on the part of the airmen. Thenceforward the rate of sinkings fell, and if that improvement has not been caused by the change, certainly the change has not prevented it. While the British defeats in mainland Greece and in Crete could hardly have been prevented by putting the available British planes under Army Command, still the separateness of the Air Command seems to have made the position worse in both cases.

In contrast with the unbroken record of indecisiveness in independent air operations, all the many dashing land victories of the present war have been won by the side which has enjoyed local air superiority and has used that su-

periority in close co-operation with ground troops. We need only call the roll: Poland, Norway, the Low Countries, France, the Libyan campaigns, Yugoslavia, mainland Greece, and Crete. The air-minded must admit that in every case but the Cretan the victor's air superiority has been supplemented by superiority in mechanized ground troops and by energetic handling of his infantry-artillery teams. Nevertheless, air superiority by itself is of the utmost value in reconnaissance, in the transport of troops, in permitting sudden and frequently demoralizing concentrations of fire, and in exploiting successes. But why on earth should this imply an Air Command wholly separate from the Army Command with which the planes are to co-operate? On the contrary, team play through unity of command under leaders familiar with the powers and limitations of both air and surface action is the obviously desirable goal.

IV

Finally, we must consider the geographical position of the United States, with no potentially hostile great power strongly established within two thousand miles. Since London has successfully resisted German planes, although the Channel between Kent and Occupied France is only twenty miles wide, a moderate degree of defense over Boston and New York should suffice to protect those cities against bombers which must either cross waters a hundred times wider or be crammed into the fragile hulls of aircraft-carrying ships. Independent air operations, never yet decisive at close range, are virtually impossible against the United States.

The converse is equally true. Just as we could not be seriously injured by independent air operations, so we could

not seriously injure others by the same means. Thus, except for the extreme calamity of civil war, any major conflict would take one of two forms. If we were fighting alone, operations would begin with attempts to seize or defend advanced bases, in which case air action would be combined with that of ships and ground troops. If we were fighting with Allies then the territories of those Allies would become our advanced bases which we would try to hold, and from which we would try to advance. Either sort of war would involve large overseas operations by one side or the other at great distances far beyond the flying range of practically all existing planes. Nor could any true decision be expected except through the conquest and occupation of territory by ground troops.

Certainly air work would play a part, and probably a great part, in all this, but it would do so not as a solitary star performer but as a part of a naval or military team. If any airman thinks ground troops negligible, we need only ask him: why has the German Army not been allowed to stay at home? Why was not the Luftwaffe sent forth to conquer Poland, France, Russia, etc., by itself? If we are told that planes have superseded fighting ships, then we need only consider what would have happened if Germany's three to one superiority in the air had been a mere equality with England, and if at the same time the German Navy had been three times as strong as the British. Obviously the war would have been over long ago. In fact there would have been no war, for no British government would have been so insane as to fight.

The power of the air weapon is probably in its infancy. All the more reason that that great power should be combined with the other powerful weapons at the disposal of our country.



THE BOMB HIT THE CRUISER

BY A BRITISH SEAMAN

As told to Richard G. Hubler

This story was told me by a sailor aboard a ten-thousand-ton, light-armored cruiser, one of the Royal Navy's fastest and finest equipped vessels. It is especially outfitted to stand off air raids. Both his name and the name of the ship must be withheld for obvious reasons. All of the facts possible to check with outside sources have been so checked. I believe the rest to be completely authentic.—R. G. H.

WE GOT ours just off Crete. But before that there was Greece. . . .

It was near the finish of May, 1941, when we were ordered to Greece. We didn't know we were going to take off the King's troops when we left Alexandria, Egypt. Our sailing looked like another patrol session. But six hours out, the ship loudspeaker told us we were going into the battle zone.

The officers told us: "Only from one part of Greece to another," but we knew different. Wasn't the wireless in the mess room going all the time? Our sealed orders were to stand off Suda Bay. We got there at midnight after less than two days' sailing. Three hours before sunset on the last day the Jerries gave us merry hell.

Only airplanes attacked our cruiser. There were no German or Italian naval units about. Nor did we see any at Greece or Crete. . . .

Bombing at sea is hard to describe. The ship is pushing ahead under full draft, plates vibrating, shoving water back white from the bow. Everybody is quiet, tending to his own particular business. You can smell danger in the air though. The same kind of smell that makes a dog lift his hackles.

The sky is empty, the sun ready to go down. Sudden-like there is a humming in the distance, a low-voiced hum like

a hive of giant bees gone mad. There is a stir up on the cruiser's bridge, the voices of spotters saying in their high voices, "Planes off the starboard bow, sir."

Only a minute and you see them. Stukas, flying in single file, nine of them. You see, the Jerries figure that nine Stukas are enough to sink any ship. The squadron leader usually carries the heaviest bombs and is the last to dive. The others mostly miss. But the leader, he marks the misses and dumps his own load accordingly.

Even below-decks you can tell how the Jerries are coming, when they dive. When they are high up, only the ack-acks—the anti-aircraft guns—are firing, barking like impatient dogs at regular intervals. Black and white clouds burst round the planes. They might be twenty thousand feet or more up.

Now it comes. Just as though it had been tweaked off the invisible thread that holds them in line, the last Stuka slithers off in a sideslip. It pulls out, steadies, and comes straight down for the ship, wagging side to side to make it harder to hit, the struts screaming. As it comes down, the pom-poms—the fat little square of automatic guns—start firing. Like a great pneumatic drill. A minute later the Lewis and machine guns join in the clatter. You know the Stuka, coming down at 400-miles plus,

is ready to pull up from its waggledive and let go the bombs.

The black belly of the plane is right above the ship. Everyone thinks it is diving on him personally. You always duck a little. The good Jerry pilot rarely pulls out at over a thousand feet. Some of them come down to 300 and 400 feet above the sea. Some of them never come out. Whether they are suicides or dead men before they hit water we never know. But many a Stuka has gone straight to the bottom hitting head on in the foam of our wake.

The dive-bomber pulls out and lets go at the same time. Then come the ticklish seconds, most of them split.

The whistle of the bomb is low and pleasant. If it is close the sound gets shrill and impatient. Hitting the water, it explodes like a depth bomb. Disappears, gathers strength you might say, erupts into the air. The force of the explosion generally lays the ship over at a thirty-degree angle, nearly on her beam-ends.

No one ever remembers the sound of a bomb if it hits a ship. No sound of coming or explosion. But our ship didn't learn that until Crete. . . .

At Greece we just looked at one another, sweating, and said: "A bloody near one."

The bombing kept up until night. Then the Jerries went away because there would be no moon until two in the morning. The Jerries figured they had plenty of time to get us anyway.

At dawn we began to take men aboard from Greece, dirty, sweaty, bloody, and exhausted. The work was done inshore by destroyers. They took the men from rafts and small boats, picked them out of the sea and churned over to us to unload.

All this time the Stukas were hammering away at us again. For five hours it kept up—bombing, swerving, loading on the run. We got a thousand men crowded on board and started back. The bombing tapered off and we had no more trouble back to Alexandria. No casualties.

II

Three weeks later orders came to steam out. To Crete. This time we knew. A hellish time was coming up. We had fooled the Jerries twice before, at Dunkerque and Greece. We had got most of ours out under his fire. Now he would be out for murder.

My bunk-mate heard the orders over the speaker. He turned to me. "I wonder what tight spot we'll have to get the jolly army out of now?" he said. But he didn't say "jolly."

This time the shore was steep and rocky. The destroyers could steam up against little jetties and take men, swarms of them, aboard. They were nearly dead, worse than Greece. They collapsed on the deck. We had to carry some below.

Once we put in under a cliff. But we got out fast. The Stukas kept hurtling over the edge of the cliff, dropping their sticks and swooping away before we had a chance to train guns on them.

We went farther out to sea in company with two other cruisers. Night was coming on and the bombings were slacking off. We kept loading from the destroyers. At dawn we were through. Just as it got light and we had steam up, we got our first frantic alarm.

"Plane off port bow, sir!" shouted one of the spotters—a boy of about seventeen. The captain stood by. The men tensed. Men at battle stations waited, nerves on edge. A chief petty officer hurried over to check. He kept his eye to the telescope for nearly fifteen seconds.

"Well," said the captain, "what's it doing now?"

The petty turned round. "The bloomin' thing is flappin' its wings, sir," he said.

We had taken our quota of fifteen hundred men aboard at intervals of fifteen minutes and hurried them below decks. It was a big load. We had to get away fast. We had the speed. But it was getting light. Somewhere we would meet the Jerries' dawn patrol.

One of the destroyers had been crippled by a torpedo. For a while we stuck alongside. But we saw she would slow up our escape hopelessly. We left her at full speed.

Too late. The sun was up. The Jerries arrived, a swarm of deadly black beetles. My shipmates and myself, already on duty for sixteen hours, caught the worst bomb-strafe in naval history for the next few hours. That's what they tell us now. Squadrons of planes from the captured Crete airports were coming at us. From twenty to thirty Stukas at a time were diving on us. Some crashed in midair, they were so thick. Bombs, lifting huge fountains of foam and debris, were going off everywhere about. The air was thick with sweat and the bitter smell of burned cordite.

For the first time my stomach turned over. I was scared.

Yet all of us had our tea and smokes. Except maybe me. One of the petty officers told me to put out my cigarette when the pom-poms started firing.

"I don't mind your smoking when the other guns are going," he said. "But your puffing while the pom-poms are shooting unnerves me." I used a toothpick at pom-pom time after that.

Even hell gets customary after awhile. Men have to rest. Even though they can't sleep they get hungry. In all that racket, screams of divers, rattle of guns, bursting of bombs, I wanted some bully beef. I went down to the mess deck. I got some. And some tea too. I crossed over behind a locker to drink and eat. That saved my life. I had just got a bite down when the bomb landed.

This is what happened. A Stuka squadron leader had at last hit us. The bomb must have been a 1,000-pounder, one of the special, needle-pointed variety. It went through our heavy armor plate like a knife through cheese, and exploded.

My mouth was full of beef when it landed. I heard a crash. Not a loud

one but like a crockery smash on the stage. The air round me seemed sucked out in a vacuum. The atmosphere was full of what looked like burning gas and sparks. Behind the locker, I didn't get it much. Only my hair got full of sparks.

I jumped and cut for the door. The mess room was near the magazine. I was afraid it might go at any minute. I went headlong through a bunch of men in the doorway and outside. The world blew up behind me and the concussion knocked me to my knees. Thick white smoke came out of the mess room. For some reason I went back in there.

I nearly stepped on a dead man's face. The smoke was boiling just under the ceiling. I could see half a dozen bodies about. They were the men I had shoved through seconds before. All of them were dead.

One man, just inside the door, had his body split open. Next to him was another body with head and half of one leg sheared off. Farther over was a body ringed with burning sparks like some unholy halo.

I turned and ran, looking for an officer. The cries of wounded men followed me. I've heard one of your American writers say "the wounded don't cry." He's damned wrong. They do, in a piercing way that twists itself about your heart. The dying men cry too. But their cries are different, awful, with no comparison in this world. Eighty-five men were killed by the explosion. Hundreds were wounded. But the cruiser kept on at full speed.

The effect of the bomb on the men was queer. One chap, happy-go-lucky, boastful, went into a corner and sat there for four hours doing nothing but bite his knucks and say "Fred's gone" every little while. Fred had been his chum. Another man, hard-boiled, began to cry. A petty officer we all disliked was like a man in a dream. He ordered me to connect both ends of a short piece of hose to different fireplugs and turned the water full on. It burst

the hose of course. I must have been balmy myself to do it.

Another man could not rise from the deck. He crawled along it like an animal everywhere. When he had to rise to salute an officer he still cringed, trying to crawl yet stand.

The dead men were completely ripped apart. The only body that was whole was that of a chum of mine who was found dead from concussion under ten tons of metal. The ship's doctor gave his attention, not to the injured, but to cutting out bodies from under girders and the wreckage of steel decks.

All this time the Jerries were after us. They were raging. They knew we were hit and were determined to finish us. The planes kept whirring over, the bomb-spouts dancing, the ship still veering, port and starboard.

After that we showed no mercy ourselves. We got many a Stuka just as they pulled out of the dive.

For three hours the rain of bombs continued like the end of the world. Finally the attacks tapered off as we got toward Alexandria and ceased altogether. Then we found out that some of the soldiers who had been shut up below decks had died in a strange way. When the bomb hit, some had become panic-stricken at the thought of suffocating in the steel coffin of the cruiser. They had forced themselves halfway out of the portholes. They had been unable to get back. Most of them had died there in agony, either from gradual body strangulation or bullets.

Two hours from Alexandria we buried our dead. It does no good to bury

dead in the harbor. The natives think England is invincible. The bodies and fragments of bodies were rolled up in sacks, sheets, and blankets, each with a small-caliber shell at the foot to sink it. They were tossed overside at a mass funeral. We soon got used to handling blood and flesh—but once when a corpse slipped through my hands and a piece of angle iron scalped it I got a dressing down from an officer for it—just as though the body were alive.

Alongside us was the other cruiser, also burying her dead.

That was the end of the expedition in blood. There was a strange silence and the sound of the last post over the water. We had given the Jerries as good as they sent but we had been hard hit. Yet everyone was glad in a way for the bomb, because if we had been untouched we should have had to go back into action.

There was tension aboard for days after. One incident unloading at Alexandria illustrates it. Not all the dead had been buried at sea. One man had got his dead chum out on a stretcher at the docks. The body was quite perfect, except that one foot was blown off. A petty officer tossed another corpse's mutilated leg on the stretcher with the body. The sailor turned, sobbing, pitched into the officer and beat him up with permission of the other officers.

We were out of action for quite a while. We were ordered to proceed to the Suez Canal, around the Cape of Good Hope, and on to New York for repairs. We arrived in less than a month. Without incident.



DAKAR, KEY TO AFRICA

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO AMERICA

BY EUGENE WRIGHT

ONE of the first things you are apt to see as you approach Dakar—in normal times—is the lighthouse. This is significant. It is the only lighthouse visible above the ocean's horizon between Cape Town and Casablanca, and you know, long before you have reached the breakwater, that it was not placed there because of any charitable regard for West African shipping in general.

The next thing you are apt to notice, if you have stopped in the Cameroons or a Congo port, is that there are no hills. This also is important, for it means that you are at the southern extremity of the desert which spreads down into the middle of Africa from the Mediterranean, and reaches from the very shores of the Atlantic to the Red Sea.

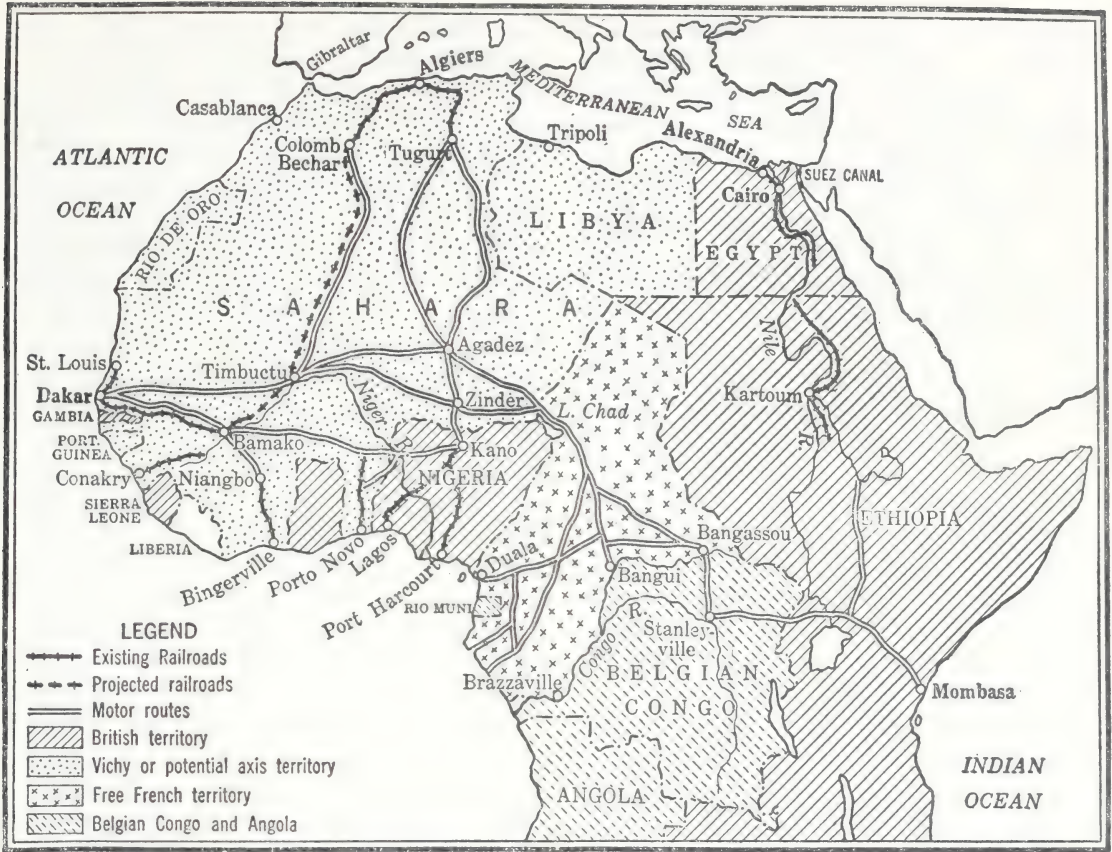
Just why anybody chose to build a city at such a god-forsaken spot and the city should grow to have 80,000 inhabitants, you have no idea at all until you realize, or somebody tells you, that the Cape Verde Peninsula, which is where the lighthouse stands, marks the westernmost tip of Africa and that you are in fact only about 1,800 miles from Brazil. Then everything becomes clear, and because you have found Norwegians in Key West and Hindus in the Canal Zone, you half expect to be able to use your Spanish when you go ashore and see a few gauchos, possibly from a cattle boat.

But there are no Argentinians or Brazilians in Dakar: you know by the time you have reached the middle of the city

that it would not interest them. However, there are plenty of natives. You see Haussa from the upper Niger, Moors from Mauretania, Bambaras from west of Lake Chad, and an occasional Peuhl from anywhere between the Cameroons and Egypt. Almost every African race you can think of is represented in the faces which pass you on the street or gaze at you from behind the counters, and you begin to wonder, inevitably, what brought them here.

Of course peanuts. There were mountains of peanuts along the quay when you came in. In fact they were so high that you couldn't see much of the Governor's palace until your boat had docked and you had got up into the commercial district. And there were more big mounds of peanuts—at least, they looked like peanuts—across the bay. Peanuts are big business in Dakar, you soon learn, though not a monopoly; for every native with a patch of ground back in the hinterland can add to the big heaps along the quays, and you are bound to see a peanut caravan or two, of camels, donkeys, or horses, or a combination of all, making its way toward the waterfront.

There are also a good many soldiers in Dakar and a lot of other people who do not seem to fit into the normal life of the city, and these too may puzzle you until you bump into the administration buildings on the hill and discover that Dakar is the capital of French West Africa, and



a kind of clearing house for military and civil officials en route to various parts of the colony from France. Here with bag and baggage, and sometimes with wives, they stay for a few days, getting used to their khaki and topis until a notice on the bulletin board indicates their destinations. Then they pile into the second-class carriages at the station and are borne across blistering landscapes to points far less civilized, and perhaps even less verdant.

But there is something else about Dakar that keeps tapping at your mind until comprehension dawns. This is indicated by the near and far sound of planes, the presence of more French officers in formal dress, and with plenty to keep them busy, than you have ever seen in a French colonial city, and the unusually large percentage—for a town in which there are no important manufacturing industries—of French and native workmen. Then you remember the destroyers in the harbor and you realize, with

something like awe, that you are in an international hot spot, that Dakar is something like Singapore.

It all begins to make sense now, your nearness to Brazil, the huge volume of European shipping which must pass the Cape Verde Peninsula in order to reach Brazil and the Argentine, and the rather stiff military air of the city.

And suddenly you find yourself forgetting about the peanut trade and wondering what would happen if . . .

But thoughts like these could have come to you only before the war, when any speculation pertinent to the present would have seemed like a mad dream.

II

We know, to-day, what would be likely to happen if Dakar were controlled by Nazi Germany. We have a far better idea of Dakar's importance to the Western Hemisphere than ever before, from the point of view of our own interests

as well as from those of a Nazi-dominated Europe. We are beginning to realize that control of Dakar, together with Egypt, can mean control of the entire African continent.

But very little attention so far has been given to the possibilities of Africa as a part of Germany's New Order. There would appear to have been more urgent business elsewhere. Also, probably, we have been misled by the fact that no great battles such as have been fought in Europe are likely to take place in Africa, since the continent lacks not only the European man power, but the war industries. We are inclined to think of Dakar perhaps as a kind of lone outpost of civilization at the edge of a wilderness, entirely dependent on Europe and separated by 1,800 miles of ocean from a continent whose cities and industries rival some of our own.

This is all very true. The African railroads cannot begin to match those in the United States. African industries—such as they are—can become useful to a nation at war only when their products have been transported to, and transformed by, such factories and laboratories as exist in Europe and the United States. And since it is known that the largest cities in Africa, with the exception of those on the Mediterranean, have smaller European populations than many of our American college towns, one might imagine that the Western Hemisphere would not be seriously endangered by German domination of Africa.

This would be a very dangerous assumption. Not one American in fifty thousand has any idea of the potential strength of Africa. Only those who have traveled the continent and seen its wealth can appreciate the formidable power which Africa and its people could be made to exert under the Germany which now dominates Europe.

Granted, Africa has not yet demonstrated this power. But we must remember that the world until recently enjoyed the bounties of free trade. The Europeans in Africa have been serving

this trade—and not so much for the glory of France or England or Belgium, or whatever other country they belonged to, but for what the products of their labors could bring them in the world's markets.

Thus we find the Belgian Congo, one of the greatest industrial reservoirs the world has known, producing nothing of greater value in the world's markets than radium, tin, diamonds, and copper. French Equatorial Africa, including the huge and mountainous Cameroons, is valued for little except its palm oils and nuts, lumber, and wild rubber. Nigeria, tucked away in the Gulf of Guinea, and yet more than a fourth as large as the United States, has thus far yielded nothing but tin and, for purely local consumption, a little coal. And if we stand in the seaports of French West Africa—which stretches to the headwaters of the Nile and counts 15,000,000 inhabitants—we find that New York, Liverpool, and Marseilles have been interested only in the gums from its thorn trees, the hides of its cattle, and the peanuts which the fertile Niger territories, following the rains, produce by the thousands of tons.

Not a very impressive showing for a continent as large as the United States and Canada; with as great a variety of mountain ranges and prairies, and holding some of the world's greatest rivers. But can anybody doubt that Germany would exploit the empire-building resources of Africa? That she would in time develop an Africa well able to defend itself against the Western Hemisphere? Men able to achieve this end are not lacking: such men have been in Africa for years, hamstrung by politics if not by powerful financial groups interested only in their private enrichment.

There is no potential lack of food in Africa. French West Africa holds a cattle country as great, if not greater, than the Argentine. The high plateau country south and east of Lake Chad, to say nothing of the territories embraced by the Niger River, can be made to rival the wheat yields of the Ukraine.

As for the possible adverse effects of the climate, and of disease, these have been vastly overrated. Some of the most energetic Europeans I have ever met have lived in Africa for twenty years. They have become acclimated. For the factory and laboratory there is air-conditioning, which has brought more invigorating working conditions to many parts of Africa as well as to America. And there are vast sections of French West Africa, Equatorial Africa, and the Congo where Americans—or Germans—can live as comfortably as in our own Southern States, which are now beginning to be recognized as the scene of a great industrial development.

Disease among Europeans is on the way out. To-day among large groups of government officials and the employees of responsible business concerns serious trouble from disease is practically unknown.

Labor? Native labor has always been a handicap to the French, British, and Belgians, but did not prove so to Germany before 1918, even in the Cameroons. There, as in East Africa, consideration for the native did not hamper their undertakings.

III

Consider more closely how Dakar could be used to control this territory. Between the Cape of Good Hope and Casablanca, a distance of about 4,500 miles, there is no other port that can accommodate a large fleet and provide facilities for its repair. At this writing Dakar is closed to the Allies. Between it and Gibraltar (or, if Gibraltar should fall and Lisbon become unavailable, between it and England) there is no quay at which Allied ships can be supplied.

In terms of traffic by sea, Dakar has a tremendous advantage over the British colonies in the Gulf of Guinea, and also the Free French town of Brazzaville, at the mouth of the Congo River, since Allied vessels wishing to reach these points must pass by way of Dakar.

Moreover, it takes at least twice as long for Britain's ships to reach her West African colonies from England as for Axis vessels—despite the British blockade—to supply Dakar from Europe.

To the north, by land, lie Algeria and Morocco. Only British sea power in the Mediterranean now threatens the narrow sea link which interrupts Germany's all-land route between Europe and Dakar. And despite British sea power in the Mediterranean, knock-down submarines and other materials of war are believed to be steadily arriving in Algeria and borne across the Sahara to Dakar by trucks. Eventually much if not all of this traffic will be handled by the trans-Saharan railway now being pushed down across the Sahara to the Niger.

The Egyptian Sudan, three thousand miles to the east, must be dismissed as a serious threat to French West Africa because the intervening Niger territory is well fortified, and because of the more urgent need for British troops in Egypt.

Any strong land resistance to a power which controls Dakar, therefore, must come from the south. But before discussing Dakar's resources and means of meeting this resistance I would like to give a general idea of these southern territories and the various road systems which link them with Dakar.

From the southern extremities of the Sahara to well beyond Lake Chad and deep into Nigeria, the land is level to rolling. Trees dot the landscape in the northern latitudes; here and there are lush, semi-tropical hollows. But as you go farther south the grass begins to get thick and tall; the villages are more frequent, about twenty miles apart, and these conditions may be said to characterize all of French West Africa, from Dakar to the headwaters of the Nile, until you are well south of Lake Chad or, in the west, have struck the hills that stretch in a southeasterly direction from behind Dakar toward Nigeria.

There are roads all through this territory. There is a quite good road from

Timbuctu (near or at which point the new trans-Saharan railroad will have its southern terminus) to Fort Lamy, south of Lake Chad; and there is a very good road, constantly being gone over by army and traders' trucks, from Fort Lamy to Bangui, just across the Oubangi River from the Belgian Congo.

East of this main highway a road goes to Bangassou, far up the Oubangi River, and thence over to Stanleyville, in the Belgian Congo. West of the Fort Lamy-Bangui route, there are at least two good roads that connect with the superb highway system laid out some twenty-five years ago by the Germans in the Cameroons. These strike inland from several seacoast towns and cities—notably Duala, very close to the Nigerian border.

These are by no means the only roads in French Equatorial Africa; they are merely the strategic roads, those that might be used by Germany for an inland drive upon the Free French forces from the railhead at or near Timbuctu. Built by the French with native labor, they are kept in good condition the year round. And I might also add that between Timbuctu and Bangui there is only a single river, the Shari, to be crossed, and this can be crossed on a motored raft in about five minutes.

The next strategic road leads from Timbuctu to Dakar. In sections this route is not all it might be. Passenger cars can have trouble in going over it in the rainy season, from the middle of July to the middle or end of September, but it probably would not offer serious difficulties for caterpillar or wide-wheeled vehicles. Furthermore, it would not be necessary to move all war supplies to Dakar by road, or from Dakar toward Nigeria by road, as there is a railroad from Dakar to Bamako on the Niger River. Thus supplies from Europe, deposited by rail at Timbuctu, could reach Dakar within about four days, and if the Dakar-Bamako line were pushed on to Timbuctu this time might be shortened to three days.

It should also be borne in mind that

there is a second Algerian railhead at Touggourt, about five hundred miles south of the Mediterranean, and that motor cars of all descriptions have been crossing the Sahara from this point for the past ten years. In fact, the commandant of a French outpost near the Niger told me that two Armenian boys had come across on bicycles.

There is no lack of motor routes between the territory south and east of Dakar and the British Guinea colonies, including Nigeria. (Although the Niger River should be mentioned as a strategic route, since it flows down into Nigeria, it probably would never be used by the Germans for war purposes since vital parts of the British colonies can be more quickly and easily reached by motor cars or planes.)

While great use of these inland routes could be made by Germany from Timbuctu, it is fairly certain that they could not be held if Dakar were in Allied hands. In this case the battle for Africa—or for Western Africa—would take place both at sea and probably in the French Sudan. But since Dakar seems already—to all intents and purposes—to be in German hands, let us get an idea of how it can defend itself and aid in an inland effort.

IV

Oddly enough, you cannot see the port unless you approach it from the south, and therefore come within sight of the batteries at Pointe Belle Aire. This is because the Cape Verde Peninsula jutting out into the Atlantic behind the city curls downward in a southerly, and then in an easterly, direction to enclose the sandy shoals that once formed the bay. It is about two miles from the tip of the Peninsula to Pointe Belle Aire; and two large breakwaters, or jetties, which serve as docks, have been built toward each other from inside these opposite points to protect the harbor against the sea. The North Jetty, about a mile long, has recently been furnished with railway lines and additional docks to serve as a coaling

and peanut-loading station. The South Jetty, stemming out from the Peninsula—and originally built to accommodate Messageries Maritimes vessels en route between South America and Europe—is considerably shorter, since the harbor is deepest at this point and affords the best entrance for shipping.

The open water between the two jetties is quite narrow, somewhere between six hundred and eight hundred feet; it can therefore be effectively closed against enemy submarines. No river or rivers empty into the bay; there is therefore no danger that this passage will silt up. For the past fifteen years, however, dredgers have been operating in the northern and eastern parts of the bay, and I should not be at all surprised if almost the entire area—approximately a square mile in extent—behind the North Jetty can now take vessels drawing up to twenty or thirty feet.

There is of course a land battery at the tip of the Peninsula, as at Pointe Belle Aire; and from this dominant position a whole string of heavy gun defenses extends along the coast back of the city for about five miles. They protect the Ouakam airport, some three miles from the Governor's palace, and it is probable that more heavy guns have been installed, or are being installed, between the Senegalese army camp and the light-house.

The hydroplane base is at Hann Cove, a small shallow bay guarded by Belle Aire (it would be on your right as you entered the harbor). Directly in front of the railway yards and facing the sea are the submarine base and naval repair yards.

Since the Vichy Government took over, hundreds of millions of francs have been appropriated for "rail and harbor" improvements and for expanding the facilities of the Ouakam airport. The nature of these "rail improvements" has not been disclosed, but no one should be surprised if, within the next six months or so, an entirely new railroad between Bamako and Timbuctu is announced from Vichy as a *fait accompli*. A recent

press dispatch from South Africa has said that fifteen German submarines were operating from Dakar, and that three French cruisers, two destroyers, three gunboats, and the warship *Richelieu* (damaged in the British attack on Dakar a year ago) were anchored there, together with about thirty interned Allied ships and their crews.

Concerning land power, there can be some debate. During more years than we like to remember at the present time, Africa has been France's military reservoir and training ground. During the First World War it trained and hardened French officers by the thousands, and supplied France with almost unlimited reserves of highly trained native troops. To-day in Algeria and Morocco there are perhaps 500,000 French and native troops, all potential protagonists of Germany's New Order. They could be quickly moved to any part of Africa where they were needed, and—because of the lines of communication mentioned above—could be sustained.

Even if these North African forces were moved, say, into Libya, to act against Egypt, there would remain a second great resource presumably available for the defense of Dakar, the so-called Senegalese. In Dakar and throughout the colony there are probably not fewer than ten thousand French officers and soldiers and twenty times as many Senegalese troops. These are very rough estimates, based on Government figures for French Africa; but interpreted in the light of personal travels in the country and of the emergency that now exists.

I do not know for a certainty, but I doubt very much if the British in Africa have any native troops to compare with the Senegalese. For the British completed the military conquest of their colonies at a very early date. Since Germany was expelled from Africa in 1918 they have had no great reason to develop a powerful native soldiery. In French West Africa, on the other hand, huge territories have only lately been trans-

ferred from military to civil rule. The British must now regret that the entire Sahara frontier, against which they forced the French late in the past century, is still administered by the French from military outposts.

Certainly Dakar can command a much larger trained army than Nigeria and Sierra Leone combined; and from what I have seen of the French and native forces in the de Gaulle territory, the Senegalese would seem to face little difficulty (if the Nazis would have it that way) in taking Fort Lamy in their stride and emerging at Brazzaville via the Oubangi and Congo Rivers.

And I cannot feel, by the way, that the fifteen million inhabitants of French West Africa would constitute any greater threat to the Nazis if the military pressure now being exercised were removed, than the thirty-odd millions of French Equatorial Africa and Nigeria constitute to the de Gaulle forces and the British. Only a holy war, it seems to me, could conceivably knit together the hundreds of different tribes, speaking different dialects and languages and bearing tribal animosities, that inhabit the Dakar territory; and from what source, even if arms could be smuggled in to these defenseless people, would such pressure come? As things stand to-day, a holy war might play far greater havoc with the British than with the Vichy French and Germans.

Some slight military resistance might be given, in the name of Islam, by the Moors of Rio de Oro, the almost-forgotten Spanish colony between Dakar and Morocco; but this, I am sure, would be a purely local affair and of very short life indeed. The several million Tuaregs who inhabit the Sahara and Sudan are, like the Arabs in Algeria, well under control; moreover, they would not lift a finger for Islam—and have almost forgotten the use of rifles.

V

There is still another resource that Dakar can count on in behalf of a New

Order in Africa; and it exists, curiously enough, only by virtue of the democracy that it can be used to destroy. The situation is this: the French, as is widely recognized, have had a more cultural and civilizing effect upon the peoples they govern than any other European colonial power. They have leaned toward the native rather than stood away from him; they have exclaimed over his arts and found virtues in his customs, religion, and practically expressed philosophy. They have accepted marriage between the white and black races and have made places in French colonial society for the resulting children.

In Dakar toward the close of the past century this *rapprochement* between the natives and the French was already far advanced. Nearly all of the indigenous population, the Lebous, had been absorbed by the city's trades and its civic departments. Like the Toucouleurs, who followed the Lebous in making the most of their opportunities, they have not been absorbed by Islam, since the Arabs did not appear in Dakar until long after the French had established themselves as masters of that territory.

Actually, therefore, the standing of the French and the natives in one another's eyes could not have been greatly improved when, in 1924, Dakar was declared a commune. But even greater opportunities were then opened to the natives. They could elect a representative to the Chamber of Deputies. They could protect their interests in the courts. They could feel, if they had enough ambition to care, that the colonies administered by the French belonged also to them.

The result to-day is that a constantly increasing number of natives educated in France as well as in Dakar hold important posts in the city and throughout the colony and have become, to a very large extent, the spokesmen for its population.

Do not question their loyalty to the French: their prestige and relatively high incomes are due to the French. Neither should there be any doubt as to their

potential value to Germany. Among them are foresters, carrying on conservation and reforestation work in the cut-over hinterlands. Hundreds are afield with the agricultural and highway departments, in the coastal patrol service, the postal and telegraph service, and in the navy workshops. Thousands are employed by the railroads, the steamship companies, and other large businesses. In their aspirations, at least, they are

more French than the French themselves; and until controlled by the Free French they must be considered the allies of Vichy.

Such is the strength of Dakar. If allowed to remain in German hands until the Sahara railroad is completed it will swallow half of Africa. And if Egypt falls—make no mistake about it, the shadow of the Dark Continent will reach the Andes.





THE FABLE OF BRITAIN'S DEGENERACY

BY GUSTAV STOLPER

GREAT BRITAIN, the story goes, has been paralyzed and inert during the two decades between the World Wars. Her political structure, immutable, reactionary, remained in the hands of a feudalistic class that would not let go of its lordly rights and by cunning, hypocrisy, and by that medieval stronghold, the House of Lords, kept the modern world shut out from its realm. Her economic setup is over-age, and therefore a prey to that scourge of degenerate capitalism, chronic mass unemployment. Great Britain does not take good care of her people, lets them live in slums, feeds and teaches them badly, while the wearers of the "old school tie" arrogantly stay aloof from the urgent problems of the time in lazy enjoyment of their privileges.

British reality in these two decades is in almost grotesque contrast to this fable. No other country, we submit, made greater strides in that period in political, economic, cultural, and social respects than Britain. None tackled more of the problems of our time, did so with more creativeness and energy, was rewarded with richer returns. The other great European nations fumbled, broke down under factional conflicts, floundered through catastrophes and revolutions. Britain with valiant effort cleared her atmosphere of the postwar fumes in the course of the 1920's, and after the world-wide depression of the early 1930's achieved a quicker and more all-round recovery than any other great nation in the world.

As to economic matters: During the

depression Britain never sank to such economic and social depths as the other great countries; in the recovery she made a far better showing than any other in Europe, in many respects better than the United States. She never submitted to inflation, never had unbalanced budgets; she preserved her unique organization of a world-wide credit system in perfect order. Not for a moment did her banking system totter, although exposed to most shattering jolts from Continental and American bank collapses.

Britain in these two decades rehoused one-third of her population by building more than four million new houses—about half as many as in her entire previous history—and that progressively without public assistance, out of free enterprise and the voluntary savings of her citizens. She built up a series of huge new industries, followed by a large-scale internal migration from the depressed areas of decaying industries in the North to the new thriving industrial centers in the Midlands and the South. Thereby the industrial equipment of the country was greatly modernized. Only a tiny fraction of her working population was permanently unemployed, and all the unemployed were better cared for than in any other country; the totals of the unemployed never rose to anything like the figures in Germany or the United States, and the totals of those employed at a sustained wage level showed a remarkable increase.

As to social matters: The old British trade-unions—after the experiments of

the first turbulent half of the 1920's had been brought to a democratic solution in 1926—continued their historic march as the vanguard of the labor movement into a time when unions were being destroyed in most parts of the Continent and were only beginning their struggling ascendancy in the United States. The great consumer co-operatives—England's democratic specialty, run entirely by manual workers, not even by white-collar folk—developed into the biggest big business in the country, transacted through twelve thousand local retail stores. Thanks to the old comprehensive social health insurance, drastically amended and enlarged in the 1930's, thanks to the slum-clearance activities of the 1930's and to ever improved local government, the mortality rate showed further signal declines, and the infant-mortality rate became more favorable than in any other great European nation (about the same as in Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, but ahead of that in France and even Germany).

As to political matters: Britain in these dangerous decades preserved full democratic continuity. This is certainly an expression of the fundamental British conservatism, shared by all classes, including the great majority of the workers. But this conservatism—whose political function has always been to take up and enact the reforms suggested by the radicals—did not preclude profound changes inside the British party system. Twice Britain handed over her entire government to the Labour party. A Labour Prime Minister directed the fate of the empire for seven years. Other European nations, as we know, during the first five years after 1918 suffered violent upheavals which left indelible marks. Even the United States went through hurtful years of "red scare" and reaction. In England, through the normal functioning of her flexible political mechanism, the voters unseated one of the two traditional parties, the Liberal, from the position of the second alternative party, and put the more radical Labour party

in its place. With unwavering fair-mindedness the old parties acknowledged the young upstart. By banding together, Conservatives and Liberals could easily have subdued the Labour minority, thereby introducing an element of violence into the political scene, as happened in most other countries. In Britain the Liberals (in 1924 still a mighty body of 159 members against 191 Labourites) gave the Labour party a chance to show its mettle by supporting it in its minority government. This decision perhaps sealed the Liberals' decline, but it was in the great tradition of the British political game and saved the country from doubting and distrusting the intrinsic fairness of this game.

In that same period the Labour party came to control most of the local governments. The majority of the great cities are in the hands of organized labor. The city government of Greater London, with the largest population in the world except that of Greater New York, has for years been under the leadership of the chairman of the London Labour party (who has become Home Secretary in Mr. Churchill's war government).

To be sure, there is a House of Lords, as there is a King, in this best-functioning parliamentary democracy of the world. But while conservative England loves her traditions, and honors them by preservation, she knows how to adapt them to her ever-widening social concepts. The House of Lords serves in its traditional functions but (since the Lloyd George reform of 1911) it does not veto, it does not even try to obstruct, the will of the electorate. It is still the highest ambition of the young aristocrats to win their political spurs in the House of Commons before some of them go on to the House of Lords. The old families of the realm have never withdrawn from the council table of the nation, and no one seems to want very seriously to have them do so. In these two decades they have in fact not impeded a thorough redistribution and equalization of wealth through taxation by which the real, not

the formal, remnants of feudalism are fast receding into the historic past.

As to empire matters: In these decades, which allegedly saw no change in tenacious British "imperialism," nothing less happened than that the old British Empire disappeared altogether in all the colonies formed by settlers from the British Isles. Nothing happened except that a completely novel, immensely hopeful, and exemplary society of six independent countries was created in the British Commonwealth of Nations. And wherever you look in the vast ambit of British Empire affairs you will see that nothing remained immutable in these hectic decades, and that in every aspect of these changes British efforts were deeply engaged not to frustrate, but to assist and to guide.

Yet their own "old trite indictment" is more to the liking of the fable-makers of our time. They urge England—of all nations—to become civilized at last. They do not even have to work out for themselves their complacent criticism of British shortcomings, for they find it ready-made in British self-criticism, for centuries an integral part of the British system. For generations the British have been forging ahead by their peculiar methods of trial and error and compromise, both among their citizens as individuals and in their responsible governments. These methods would never have worked out as they did without that important ingredient in the British character which at every turn in the road produces the severest self-criticism. This was the means by which conservatism was wedded to progress without resort to that poor (but vicariously glorified) expedient of politically unimaginative nations—chaotic revolution. In England the dissatisfaction and criticism of to-day again and again engenders the formative ideas of to-morrow.

II

Demobilization of the fighting forces after 1918 threw millions of Englishmen

on to a disorganized home market. The war industries idled and had to be turned to peace production. Rundown plants and outmoded industrial organizations had to be modernized and adapted to completely unprecedented postwar conditions that emerged only slowly. A fundamental question of policy had to be decided: whether to continue the centralized organizations of war economy in the railroads and mines or to return to the British tradition of essential individualism, and on what terms. The question was answered in favor of private ownership, but on a new level of public supervision. And before long, while unemployment figures rose, while minds were depressed and uncertain of the future, while on the home and international scenes business deteriorated in a typical postwar depression, while talk about the impending end of capitalism ran high—in those days British private enterprise was getting busy in many fields. Coal mining, shipbuilding, and consequently iron and steel production fell precipitately from their war heights, Lancashire cotton spinners and weavers suffered under terrifying postwar market conditions, especially the rising competition of India and Japan. But already new industries of first magnitude were in the making. Under an interesting semipublic organizational plan Britain built up her electrification. In a typically British way the widely decentralized power plants were not replaced by new huge centralized stations (which, as it turned out under the bombing attacks in the present war, was most fortunate for the country), but were connected in a comprehensive scheme, the so-called grid. Under this plan British power production rose from 15,000,000,000 KWH to 31,000,000,000 KWH between 1929 and 1938.

Another basic modern industry, the chemical, got its great chance in the First World War, when Germany was thrown out of the monopolistic position she had held since the turn of the century. Within a few years England built up

her great chemical concerns; close runners-up to the German I. G. Farbenindustrie and the rest of the German chemical industry.

In another new industry typical of the age, rayon, Britain took the lead from the first, spreading her subsidiaries throughout the world (the largest American producer, American Viscose Corporation, is an offspring of the British Courtaulds). The English automobile industry competed successfully on export markets even with the American. The steel industry, technically backward compared with the American and the German until the 1920's, now caught up. And in mechanical equipment British industry maintained its traditional position, without which the magnificent achievements of airplane construction to-day would not have been possible. As the building boom developed in the 1930's, all the various industries and services connected with home construction got an ever more marked stimulus. Up to 1937, when rearmament activities began to be felt in the industrial organization of the country, the trend of new industries was decidedly away from the heavy industrial centers of the North to the denser population centers of the Midlands and the South.

Though the upswing in the 1920's was less spectacular than the American or the German boom, the downswing after 1929 was so much milder that the British body social was left intact; meanwhile the German collapsed and the American was suffering from many wounds. In the 1920's talk of "permanent" British unemployment started, and certainly

the economists had cause to be worried by the stubborn residue of about 1,000,000 unemployed. That the strong British trade-unions prevented a drastic adjustment of rigid wage rates in the postwar years had much to do with this inflexibility of the labor market. In consequence, the deflationary pressure exerted by the all-too-high pound-sterling rate, after its stabilization at the pre-1914 level in 1925, fell with full force on

the profit margins of business, and caused unemployment. But this unmanageable dreary figure of about 1,000,000 unemployed concealed the truth that merely a tiny fraction of British workers—a steady body of perhaps 160,000, that is, 1.5 per cent of the workers—was really "permanently unemployed." These were principally the older coal miners in the "depressed areas" of the North, who did not possess the necessary adaptability to changed conditions and preferred to remain on the dole in their deserted valleys rather than migrate southward into new occupations—and of course the "unemployables" inevitably present in every large industrial community in times of rapid reorganization.

Nevertheless, adaptation was continuous and most of the unemployed were a constantly changing group (80 per cent of the insured workers were either never unemployed at all in the eight years from 1922 to 1930 or for not more than 200 days). This is the reality of British unemployment hidden by the fable that "from 10 to 20 per cent of the working population had been out of work for a generation." While in the Great Depression German unemployment jumped to over 6,000,000 in 1932, while that of the United States ran up to (probably) 15,000,000 (who, by the way, were not insured, not cared for, not a steady body of consumers like the British, but real paupers at the time), British unemployment rose to a maximum of 2,200,000 (exclusive of the approximately 500,000 part-timers always included in the British totals), to recede below 2,000,000 in 1934 and to 1,300,000 in 1937.

While in the United States industrial production (1929=100) in 1937 and 1938 was 92 and 72 respectively, it was 124 and 116 in Great Britain. While in the United States the number of workers employed in 1937 and 1938 was 100 and 82 respectively, while in Germany, owing to total rearmament, it was 111 and 117, in Britain it was 110 and 104. While the national income of the United States declined from 100 in 1929 to

around 50 in 1932, to recover only to around 85 by 1938, the British curve went down from 100 only to around 85 in 1931 and 1932, but rose to 120 by 1938. Such a record recovery to 120 was, by the way, equaled by Norway and New Zealand alone; Sweden came close to it; all other countries stayed far behind. Germany, for what her figure may be worth, attained only 100 in 1938 after having gone down to 60 in 1932. The 1929 national income was restored in Britain by 1935, in the United States not before 1941. And while Germany's much-advertised miraculous industrial recovery under Hitler was exclusively due to an enormous armament effort, British industries flourished all through the 1930's on a genuine broadening of home consumption and popular affluence.

III

Any critical evaluation of Britain's economic policy after the First World War must start from these basic facts: that Britain emerged from the War with a staggering public debt; that, on balance, Britain never received any substantial reparation payments, since most of what she did get she passed on to the United States; and that she nevertheless succeeded in keeping her budgets balanced beginning with the first post-Versailles year 1920-21.

The size of the British national debt accumulated in the War may be appraised by some simple figures: In 1914 the public debt was £650,000,000, in 1920 it was £7,829,000,000. In 1913-14 the public debt service took 12 per cent of a total budget of about £200,000,000, in 1920-21 it took 36 per cent of a total £12,070,000,000. The debt service increased from about £25,000,000 in 1913-14 to £350,000,000 in 1920-21, that is, fourteenfold. By "orthodox" financial policies in 1932 through the "Great Conversion" the annual debt service could be reduced one-third, to the low of £224,000,000 in 1937-38. Britain entered the Second World War with a

national debt service of £230,000,000.

To a much greater degree than in any other wealthy capitalist country, the private incomes derived from holdings of government bonds were received not by the rich but by the middle classes. The two decades between the wars saw an enormous growth of the middle classes and of small savings. While wage-earners received steadily about 40 per cent of the national income, salaries went up from 15.6 per cent in 1911 to 25 per cent in the 1930's. Correspondingly, the share of property income declined. Of adults dying, 21 per cent left estates of over £100 in 1911-12, over 31 per cent left such twenty years later. With about the same number of owners, post-office savings rose from not quite £170,000,000 in 1910 to £390,000,000 in 1935, deposits in Trustee Savings Banks from £55,000,000 to nearly £200,000,000. In the same quarter of a century the funds of Building Societies jumped from £62,000,000 to £571,000,000, those of Industrial and Provident Societies from £36,000,000 to more than £300,000,000. "The proletariat of the Marxist textbooks is fast disappearing," wrote E. F. M. Durbin in 1940. Unless we realize how much Britain has become a middle-class country in the past two decades, how widely property has been dispersed, and how radically the inequality of wealth has been corrected, we cannot understand the essentially conservative climate of Britain's domestic policy.

The two means by which the fiscal policy achieved that end were the growing expansion of social services and the tax system. While £230,000,000 was required for the debt service, no less than £360,000,000 was devoted to various social services in the last years preceding the present war. Since 1929 alone these sums had been increased almost 20 per cent. This was the fiscal policy of a Britain ruled by "an oligarchy of hereditary aristocrats, landowners, bankers, financiers, and industrialists to the detriment of the masses." While "in the United States income groups who had

annual incomes of less than \$3,000 accumulate in the aggregate practically no money savings," we know from the studies of both Professor Bowley and Colin Clark that in Britain during the past two decades the rich as a class no longer made any contribution to national savings. For years the great estates in Britain have been in liquidation. It has been forced by huge estate and income taxes. Every year from 8 per cent to 10 per cent of the peacetime budgets were drawn from estate duties. So confiscatory to large property were they that the feudalistic remnants would have died out with the present generation of owners even had this war not occurred.

This was the fiscal policy pursued by Conservative Governments, certainly not motivated by social resentment. At the same time it was a truly democratic fiscal policy. In contrast to the United States, Britain realized that a democratic tax system must be borne by the whole nation, that income taxes must be paid by the great bulk of the income-earners. Virtually every family in Great Britain pays an income tax, and this is why Budget Day—the day when the Chancellor of the Exchequer submits the budget and its tax proposals to Parliament—is awaited with tense interest by the entire nation.

Nowhere in this between-the-wars generation was the going smooth for British democracy. In the critical first half of the 1920's Britain too had to pass through a very dangerous phase, culminating in the general strike and the coal strike of 1926. The details of this crisis repay some attention as an object lesson of a functioning democracy.

In 1918 the old, diversified trade-union movement had emerged with immensely enhanced political and organizational power. All of a sudden it had reached the stage of concentration in a handful of monopolistic bodies. The Trade Union Congress was dominated by the "big four" federations of the miners, railwaymen, transport and dock workers, and engineers. Everywhere in

Europe such centralization of workers' power now posed a fundamental problem. A new "corporate" structure appeared on the scene, to be treated by democratic or by totalitarian means in accordance with the tradition of the country—or its lack of tradition. In England it was the time of the so-called Guild Socialism, and it was the time when trade-unionism, deeply influenced by the "proletarian revolution" in Russia, made a determined bid for political power.

The notion arose that in future three organized partners would face one another in industry: workers, employers, and the state. The trade-unions soon found that they could function as a pressure group with direct access—over the voters' heads—to the government agencies. For this constellation there was no precedent in English constitutional history. There is an unbridgeable gulf between parliamentary democracy and government by pressure groups, no matter from what section of the nation these are recruited. And even the most cleverly led political action could not coax better working conditions from the barren soil of these first postwar years. The experiment of "direct action" was made in 1926; it failed. By one lightning stroke the atmosphere in Britain was cleared, and minds reverted once and for all to democratic methods of social strife.

The experimental field for "direct action" was coal mining, one of the oldest British industries, in its organization most typical of early capitalism: utter decentralization, chaotic diversities between rich and poor, old-fashioned and modernized mines and mining districts. In such a state the industry went through the unprecedented boom and strain of war demand, only to be stricken more suddenly and deeply than any other industry by the postwar depression. Meanwhile the Miners Federation in its newly centralized organization had become mightier than ever.

In these years of Socialist illusions one

immediate goal seemed a universal remedy: outright socialization of the mining industry. In 1919 a Royal Commission under Justice Sankey produced a comprehensive report on urgent reforms in coal mining. It bluntly advocated socialization, calling upon the state to guarantee uniform wages, prices, and general working conditions in this basic industry. The Conservative Governments of the first postwar years did not see their way to implement such an untraditional approach by legislation, nor did the 1924 Labour Government. Six years after the Sankey report another Royal Commission (under Herbert Samuel) recalled the state from its deep involvement in actual partnership in industry to its true democratic role as arbiter outside and above the interested groups. Subsidies and dictated wages and hours were to stop, and workers and employers were again to negotiate by districts collective bargains for the best obtainable working-conditions. This return to private capitalism the miners and their associates in the Trade-Union Executive Committee decided, in May, 1926, to put to the crucial test of the general strike.

At first it seemed as if the entire economic machinery of a nation of more than 40,000,000 people had indeed been paralyzed, was faced with no alternative except Socialist revolution. Besides the miners, the railwaymen, the transport and dock workers, many branches of the metal, engineering, and building trades and the printing and paper trades responded to the strike call to a man. Everything depended not so much on what the Government, but on what the people of England, would do under the circumstances.

Characteristically, it was the muzzling of the free press by the strikers' executive that opened the eyes of the British masses most thoroughly. Was it fair that the *Bulletin* of the Trade Union Executive should be the one newspaper allowed? Where was the voice of the other side? Every Englishman is entitled to a sym-

pathetic hearing. Soon everyone was simply doing his part in keeping essential services going. "It was all immensely good-humored and peaceful." After nine days the general strike collapsed without violence or coercion. Unfortunately the miners' leaders did not relinquish their notion of a rigid, nation-wide, state-guaranteed working order for their industry until the strike had gone on for seven months. The Trade-Union Act of 1927 outlawed political and sympathy strikes, and made the collection of political levies from trade-unionists dependent on their individual written consent. Unionists did not like the act, but unionism continued to expand undisturbed. And so little did the restitution of private ownership in the coal industry mark a reactionary trend that in 1938, by an ambitious legislative act of Neville Chamberlain's Conservative Government, that old remnant of a peculiar British property system, the so-called coal royalties, was finally "socialized." All private property rights to the coal seams were vested in a Coal Commission appointed by the Board of Trade, which within three and a half years was to purchase against government bonds all property rights at the January 1, 1939, values.

IV

The next period of trial and danger came at the end of the 1920's with the impact of the Great Depression. Immediately after the New York Stock Market crash in the late fall of 1929 the then British Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Labour leader Philip Snowden, charged the Royal Commission on Finance and Industry (the so-called Macmillan Commission) to report on possible remedies to forestall an impending catastrophe. By August, 1931, when the Macmillan report was published, the economic crisis had become international and had made fearful strides. The report could not catch up with events; for while its authors still clung to the hope

of averting the collapse of currencies by an international understanding among the Central Banks, the banking catastrophes of Austria and Germany in the summer of 1931, followed by the American banking crisis in 1932, brought almost the entire European financial system tumbling down.

How did Britain manage to weather the storm of the world depression better than any other nation? First, we may note Britain's singular political instinct, which, in the midst of the crisis, led it to turn clearly conservative, not radical or reactionary. It was MacDonald's second Labour Cabinet that had the misfortune to be caught by the Great Depression. This harrowing experience of national responsibility in a time of deflation, when every section of the nation becomes involved in the same plight and no one can possibly act as benefactor to the masses, has haunted the Labour party ever since. It made them chary of the seats of power. The National Government which followed in August, 1931, apparently based on a coalition of the Conservatives and larger or smaller fractions of the other parties, was in fact Conservative. The majority of the Labour party went into Opposition, but this Opposition became lame, stale, paralyzed. It lacked ideas, vigor, and leadership. Its ideological bankruptcy, admitted within its own ranks, was complete.

The first emergency action of the National Government was to go "off gold." This, to begin with, freed the British credit policy from the shackles of deflation by which the parity of the pound sterling had been defended at a terrific price, and it gave British export industries a chance to compete once more on the deflated world markets. It corrected the fateful error of 1925. British Governments, Conservative and Labour alike, had tried to return to the prewar level ever since the war inflation had unbalanced every European currency. They were trying to grasp a phantom, the phantom of normality and repose after victory.

Britain had felt defeated as long as she was not safely back "on gold." In 1925 the pound was overvalued in terms of the one other world currency, the dollar; that means the English price level was higher than the American. Hope of quick readjustment proved an illusion. Pressure on profit margins, and consequently on the labor market, persisted. And the pound was thus still in a weakened condition when the New York Stock Market crashed in 1929. Two years of bitter efforts to protect the pound against the capital flight of Britain's foreign creditors (and some British capitalists) followed. The orthodox means, raising interest rates, was unavailing against such a fundamental drift, and the Bank of England's gold dwindled away. Not until most of the gold was gone in September, 1931, was the momentous decision to sever the pound from gold at last taken by the National Government. Nothing brought home more dramatically to the British and to the world at large what new catastrophe had befallen them after only thirteen years of "peace." After September, 1931, the pound was left to "find its own level," as the phrase went, and a new element of uncertainty was introduced into the stricken world markets; but an economic collapse of Britain, the sole alternative, would have been worse.

When finally the gold standard was cast off, it was astonishing how unhesitatingly the world reacted in favor of the British currency. The gold flow was reversed almost immediately and timid capital again went into the pound, even from the United States. Britain was, after all, the one large country without bank collapses, with impeccable public finances, with intact government authority. To everyone's complete surprise, much of the gold came from the hoards of the Indian princes. The unexpected sudden boom of the gold price in pound sterling threw the chance of huge profit into their laps. They seized upon it eagerly. Indian "national wealth" thus

came to the aid of England. By dis-
hoarding, the princes served their own
interests as well as India's economy, to
which these dead treasures accumulated
over centuries had been entirely useless.
There is nothing more incongruous than
later complaints of Indian nationalists
about the (unsolicited and unexpected)
"drain" on India's gold reserves by Brit-
ain. By the conversion of dead gold into
active sterling accounts no one profited
more than India herself.

All over the world, the countries with
the closest ties to British trade and credit
—besides those of the British Empire,
these were primarily the Scandinavian
countries—followed Britain's lead and
formed the "sterling bloc." Only one
empire nation—Canada, because of her
closer ties with the United States—re-
mained aloof. When it was too late,
Germany and France regretted that they
had not joined at once.

The monetary upheaval was quickly
followed by another revolutionary step:
the turn toward protection and Empire
preference. Up to the 1929 crash all
the war and postwar experience had not
succeeded in shattering Britain's large
free-trade majority. At various times
during the 1920's the protectionist sec-
tion of the Conservative party had tried
to prevail, but in vain, and it was the
same with the constantly mounting pres-
sure from the protectionist Dominions
for a sheltered British home market on
which to sell their products. It took
one shock after another to unseat the
free-trade majority in the House of Com-
mons: the reaction of world markets after
1929, the exorbitantly high Hawley-
Smoot tariff of the United States in 1930,
cumulative effects of tariffs, quotas, ex-
change controls, and export subsidies
of the French, Italian, German, and
most other governments; and, against
these barriers to British world trade, all
the hopes and promises held out by the
imperial-preference idea. Protectionism
won the day when the British trade-
unions became converts.

British protectionism and the Ottawa

system of imperial preference were
granted by history a test period of seven
years, which ended with the outbreak of
the new war. Trade figures do not seem
to reveal any clear-cut, let alone decisive,
influence of British protection on inter-
national trade or, for that matter, on
British recovery. In the years of British
recovery empire trade also recovered
vigorously, in places doubling the ap-
palling lows of 1932. Despite imperial
preference, Britain never quite returned
to her prewar position on the Dominion
and colonial markets. The Dominions
and India, fast expanding their economic
together with their political independ-
ence, roamed throughout the world seek-
ing customers in import and export trade.
They refused to "buy British" unless it
was to their advantage. Preference
helped trade within the Empire to par-
ticipate fully in the general upward
trend in Empire economic conditions.

Yet British trade outside the Empire
also recovered, and remained at least
as vital a factor in British prosperity as
inter-Empire trade. The good sense of
the British kept them from raising in-
surmountable trade barriers against any-
one. The execution of the protectionist
measures was entrusted to an Import
Duties Advisory Committee, the major-
ity of whose members were former
Liberals. They saw to it that protec-
tionism never got out of hand or created
too powerful vested interests. The aver-
age protection for manufactures was
20 per cent, remaining 10 per cent for
numerous goods. On the whole the
British tariff wall was far lower than the
American, and later many duties were
substantially lowered by trade agree-
ments. Almost all imports of raw ma-
terials came in free of duty, most imports
from empire countries were free, most
foodstuffs were free. Wheat was freed
by the British-American Trade Agree-
ment of 1938. This agreement, indeed,
was the turning-point toward a new free-
trade era in both countries. Once more
—as after the Hawley-Smoot tariff—
Britain followed America's lead.

V

The attention of economists has been focused on the spectacular British building boom—the third basic element in Britain's prosperity of the 1930's. In the United States too the 1920's had seen a huge building boom, but it was largely in skyscrapers and did little to improve the shockingly poor housing conditions of the American masses. Many factors contributed to the British building boom of the 1930's, and in each concerted government policies played their part. Housing cannot be carried on without cheap and ready money, and money became cheap when the pound-sterling devaluation in September, 1931, broke the deflationary trend and when government restrictions discouraged capital export. Private construction is conditioned on low interest rates for long-term capital, and interest rates fell after the government had accomplished the Great Conversion of government debt in 1932. Private-home building cannot continue when rents are falling, and rents were kept stable despite the increasing supply of houses, because the Government carefully timed its gradual decontrol of rents (which had been restricted ever since the war shortage of houses) to coincide with the increasing supply.

Beyond these special conditions, the general prerequisite of a broad housing activity was at hand—popular confidence in the stability of political and social affairs, with expectation of a stable or rising standard of living. Yet the best feature of the British housing boom was that it was not government-made, but privately financed and organized. At least 75 per cent to 80 per cent of the financing was done by the Building Societies, that ancient and typical British popular institution which, together with the Friendly Societies (ancestors of the trade-unions) and the marketing co-

operatives, originated in the pioneering stage of British capitalism. These building and saving societies always accounted for the relative stability of British housing through good and bad years. The war of 1914-18 and the first postwar years of course impeded these normal activities, and as in every other European country, a serious housing shortage followed. Accordingly, in the 1920's an uninterrupted series of government subsidy and control schemes had to supplement private housing. Soon, however, the Building Societies were ready to take over. Under the slogan *Your Rent Will Buy Your House* they sold the houses to their members as fast as private contractors built them. Construction rose from about 100,000 houses in 1923 to about 200,000 in 1927, but more than two-thirds of these were built with some sort of state assistance. Building activity expanded further from about 200,000 houses in 1932 to 340,000 houses in 1937-38, but now upward of 80 per cent were built by unassisted private enterprise.

The public outside England failed completely to realize what that country had quietly achieved in internal consolidation and modernization between the two World Wars. Criticism abroad ran in exactly the same ruts as if nothing at all had happened, and Hitler's informants seem to find comfort and reassurance in this lore.

It may indeed be doubted that British public opinion itself realized the greatness of the achievements in this era compared with those of the rest of the world. All these features of mature national effort we mention (and the many others we do not mention) account for the great historical miracle of our time: that in this Second World War Britain, alone and unprepared, has withstood assaults of organized chaos under which any lesser nation must certainly have crumbled.



FULL CIRCLE

A STORY

BY JAMES STERN

TWO small trees in green tubs, rustic sentinels of Hambledon House, stood on each side of the library window. From within the room their tops showed only two inches above the window ledge. Above them a pale shaft of evening sun, like a solid golden bar, came in through the glass panes and shed its light upon the military prints on the opposite wall. All four walls of the library were encrusted with prints, paintings, drawings, etchings—all displaying different phases of military life in the British Army. On the mantel stood an array of faded photographs of dead men as once they had sat alive before a camera, dressed in the multi-colored uniforms of their various regiments. On small uneasy-looking Chippendale tables lay a medley of military knickknacks—trophies, souvenirs of almost forgotten wars, medals hung in a glass frame, and pads of dead foxes killed after having fled from somewhere to somewhere in their last breathless minutes on this earth. Near the door stood a solitary bookcase packed with volumes of Red Books. On the ledge in front of it, beneath some drooping begonias, lay a colored tin box containing a dry chunk of chocolate once presented by Queen Victoria to each one of those who had fought in, and survived, the South African campaign.

Adrian Winter was sitting on the green carpet, gazing at the crown of his father's head which he could see over the back of the paternal armchair. This

was all he could see of the Captain, the oldest (retired) captain in the British Army. It was a black crown, cropped short, so that the hairs stuck up fanwise, like the spikes of a sea-urchin.

The Captain was far away in the *Times*. The 17th Lancers were in Something-abad, most of the officers of the 15th Hussars in the bar of Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, and the 1st Life Guards were still floating up and down the Thames in blue blazers. The Captain was marching through all of these places at the head of a column in the *Times*. Two flies buzzing round his head were roaring into his ears:

Glor-y, Glor-y, Ally-loo-yah

Rud-yard Kip-ling's boots . . . boots. . . .

Adrian could hear one of his father's feet tap-tapping on the green carpet.

All the men are out of step every damned one of 'em this infernal sun's given me a headache those bloody Boers are too blasted near for my liking wonder what to-night's billets will be like thank God I'm a Captain on a horse—*Hey there, Private Moore, keep to the ranks can't you!*

Adrian looked up at his mother; she was sitting on the sofa turning over the pages of *The Good Gardener*. Then he looked at the clock on the mantel. In a quarter of an hour he knew Mrs. Winter would speak.

"Adrian I think it's your bedtime isn't it mind you put your soldiers in

their proper boxes so they won't get broken I'll be up soon aren't you going to say good-night to Daddy . . . ?"

The words ran through Adrian's head as he gazed down at the long cardboard boxes on the carpet at his knees. Although he had been sitting there for over half an hour he had unpacked only one of the six boxes of toy soldiers. He had played a little with the miniature machine gun until he caught and hurt his finger in its trigger. After that he had upset all twelve Guardsmen on to the floor, then stood them up in a row and looked down on them till he lifted his eyes and began to stare at the crown of his father's head.

Mrs. Winter spoke: "Going to hunt to-morrow, Arthur?"

Silence.

"Arthur, going to hunt to-morrow?"

"Hunk?"

"Hunting to-morrow?"

"Oh-er! Huntin'? What— To-morrow? Oh-er, yes . . . of course, Doll. Of course I'm huntin'—whatcher mean?"

"Nothing. I was only wondering. Might be a good day."

Silence.

"Think it'll be a good day, Arthur?"

"Hunk?"

"Might be a good day, I said."

"Good day? Oh, to-morrow. Oh, yes, yes, might—h'm might . . . mi—By Jove, see this?"

"What's that?"

"Old Hunlake's dead!"

"Oh, Arthur, poor man! How awful! I am sorry . . . er . . . who was he?"

"Old Hunlake? My dear Doll, he used to command the regiment!"

"Oh, I am . . . Was he old?"

Silence.

"Was he getting on, Arthur?"

"Hunk?"

"Not very young, I suppose?"

"Very young? Very yo . . . oh, old Hunlake? Oh, shouldn't think so. Let's see . . . h'm . . . he was a Major in eighty-fi. . . . Oh, it'll put it in the *Times*, of course. . . . Hearne, Hirst, Hone—Hunlake! Here he is. Charles

James, of Oak Priory, Beltham, in his sixty-first year. Yers, sixty-one. Great man to hounds."

"I am sorry. So sad for his wife and children!"

"Not a bit, my dear. Bachelor—one of the best-known members of the 'Bachelor's.' Never liked the ladies. Wonderful man on a horse—wonderful. I remember my father telling me that in seventy—"

"Oh, of course, I remember, he was the man who broke his nose out hunt—"

Suddenly, but noiselessly, the library door opened. Cyril Potts, fifteen years butler at Hambledon House, stole in with such inhuman silence that it would have been extremely uncomfortable for a stranger to have looked up and beheld this gaunt black figure, carrying in one hand a silver salver.

"Any more for the post, sir?"

Silence.

Cyril Potts moved toward the back of the Captain's chair like a gigantic cat stalking a bird. Then, with infinite gentility due to years of practice, he pretended to cough into the palm of his free hand.

"Any more letters for the post, sir?"

Silence.

"Arthur, Potts wants the letters!"

"Hunk?"

"Potts, Arthur."

"Who?"

"Arthur—Potts, behind you!"

The Captain swung round in his chair as an elephant might flounder in deep water. The *Times* crackled to the floor.

"Any more letters for—"

"Oh, is that Potts? Letters?"

The Captain's right hand dived into a coat pocket and appeared again, holding an envelope. "Dinner at eight sharp, Potts." (Dinner in Hambledon House had been at eight sharp since the beginning of the nineteenth century.)

"Very good, sir." A blind man could not have told that Cyril Potts had left the room.

"Potts is getting very old-looking, don't you think, Arthur?"

"Hunk?"

"Potts looking old, don't you think?"

"Potts old! Why, dammit, he's not been here twenty years! It seems only yesterday he was fourth footman. We used to call him James."

"Still he works very—" Mrs. Winter bit her tongue, flushed crimson in the face. ("What in the name of goodness made me say that!")

"He *what*—he what—what, what-say, hunk?"

"Oh, I was just thinking he works just as much as he did when he was a young man, Arthur."

"As much as he did! I should damn well think so too! Why the blazes not? The more work these servants do the less time they have to slack about and grumble. I don't s'pose you'll believe me when I tell you that only six months ago I saw Potts talking to a strange woman outside the Hambledon Arms! Whatcher think o' that, eh? Wouldn't mind betting he'd been inside having a drink! Slovenly and loose behavior—I won't stand it!"

But there was no response, and the silence in the library was even more profound than the English evening outside.

Adrian was still staring at the Guardsmen, the twelve of them standing mute and motionless in a line, their faces almost invisible beneath their enormous black busbies.

"Wish I could snap off one of their big heads without anyone hearing! If only they would bleed! Oh, I do hate you, you silly useless things!"

He held one of the twelve soldiers in his hands. He pressed its head far in to one of his palms, then closed his fingers over it. With his other hand he gripped the feet of the soldier, and with a grimace of hate bent them far away from the head. *Snap!* The little black busby and face fell away from the body into Adrian's palm.

"What was that?"

Mrs. Winter gazed about her like a wren on the alert. Out of one eye Adrian peered up at her. In each hand he was clenching a broken piece of the

ruined Guardsman. Then he lowered his flushed face.

"Was that you, Adrian—that noise?"

"Me, Mummy? What noise?"

"A little noise I heard. Seemed to come from—"

"What—what, what-say, what's all this?" The Captain plunged round in his chair, faced his son.

"Did you hear a noise, Arthur?"

"Hunk?"

"A noise, Arthur." Mrs. Winter was staring down at her son's clenched fists.

"Noise? What noise?"

"Adrian!" cried Mrs. Winter, "open your hands—at once!"

Adrian, perspiring, hesitated. Then quickly throwing behind him the pieces of Guardsman, he thrust out his small empty palms. To his horror he heard a crack as the busby hit the wainscoting behind him.

"Adrian! What was that you threw away?" Mrs. Winter was already on her feet striding toward him, past him. Now she was bending down. Adrian shut his eyes tight. His hands were wet.

"Arthur, I'd like you to look at this." Mrs. Winter held out the head of the Guardsman under her husband's face.

"What's this, Doll? What is it? Beetle? That infernal Potts, I told him only—"

"No," replied Mrs. Winter, as though she were about to leave a pulpit. "No, Arthur, this is not a beetle, this is even more serious; this is the mutilated head of one of Adrian's beautiful soldiers which you gave him for Christmas."

Adrian held his breath. ("Can I get out of the door in time, can I?")

"What-say, what?" The Captain was on his feet, his little eyes glaring down at his son, the hairs of his mustache bristling like those on the back of a furious dog.

"Did you—do this, did you—break this, did—you—?" But the Captain's tongue would not work fast enough; the words fell over one another and the sentence ended in a kind of breathless snarl. He was standing over the boy,

the Guardsman's head shaking to the trembling of the palm it was lying on.

"Did you—or did you *not*—break this?" Miles away Adrian heard the door close, and his mother's feet walking away over the stone floor of the hall.

"It broke—just broke—couldn't help it!"

"Now that's a damn lie and you know it! A liar! Know what that means?" The Captain was shouting. "Know what that means, eh? Ever heard o' Hell, eh? Know what they'll do to you if you tell lies in the Army, eh?" The Captain's rage fell in the form of spittle on Adrian's hair. "They'll march you up and down the Square in full kit till you damn well tell the truth. That's what they'll do to you, my boy! You be damn careful or they won't take you in the Army! *I* know they won't—and *I* don't blame 'em—if you don't alter your conduct, and pretty quick too!"

The Captain bent down, gripped Adrian by the shoulder, and when he spoke again his voice was like that of a judge asking one last question before pronouncing the death sentence.

"Did you—or did you not—break—this—soldier?"

"It broke."

Captain Winter, very hot, very red in the face, strode away into the next room. A week ago he had put a thin cane behind a cupboard in the corner, but yesterday Adrian had smashed it and buried the remains in the garden. Before his father had realized its disappearance Adrian was in his mother's room.

"God bless Mummy Daddy make Adrian good boy Amen. . . ."

"Now nicely, Adrian. Elbows on my knees, hands together, properly. Remember Whom you're speaking to and that He can see everything you do, hear everything you say. And mind, you've been very naughty, remember!"

"Our father chart in Heaven hallow'd be Thy name *Thy* Kingdom come *Thy* will be done on earth as it is in heaven—"

"Adrian! Now that's downright

wicked! I'm going straight down to tell Daddy!"

"Oh, no! Mummy, Mummy, I—"

"Too late now, young man, too late!" And Mrs. Winter, flushed and furious, was already outside on the stairs, where she came face to face with the Captain, carrying a leather belt.

"I . . . couldn't find that blasted stick . . . bet it's that swine Potts again. . . . What—what, what-say, hunk?"

"Arthur, I was just coming to fetch you. Adrian's been—" Then for the first time Mrs. Winter caught sight of the belt. "Oh, well," she said, eying it significantly, "he's in my room."

"In your room. *Is* he, by Jove! I'll give him . . ."

"Then you won't be down by eight sharp!" breathed Adrian as he turned the key in the lavatory door.

II

Two flies buzzing round his head were roaring into his ears:

Eets a lawng way to Tipper-rare-ree

Eets a lawng way toooooo go. . . .

"Going to hunt to-morrow, Arthur?"

Silence.

"Arthur, going to hunt to-morrow?"

"Hunk?"

In a dozen years the small trees in green tubs in front of Hambledon House had grown two feet higher. In that time the Captain, now the oldest (retired) Colonel in the British Army, had rejoined its ranks to fight with France against Germany, and for four years he had fought like mad—with his fellow-officers on the Staff.

From within the library the tops of the small trees showed twenty-six inches above the window ledge. Above them a pale shaft of evening sun came in through the glass panes and shed its light upon identically the same objects on the walls, on the tables, in the chairs. The only difference was that there were three more medals in the glass frame, and Adrian, instead of sitting on the floor,

was balancing himself on the fender-seat, swinging one stained gray-flanneled leg and smoking a cigarette.

He was a tall young man with a lock of hair that could not make up its mind whether to fall over one eye or to remain in a semi-loop on the side of his forehead. He wore a striped shirt open at the neck, and he sat staring at the floor as though he disliked all floors, particularly this one, intensely. Mrs. Winter, with a few gray hairs in her head, a few more lines under her eyes, and a copy of *If Winter Comes* lying upside down in her lap, was sitting on the sofa, gazing at her son. The Colonel, now bald, was invisible behind the *Times*.

Suddenly a spaniel at his feet raised its head, tilted it on one side, shut its eyes, and began furiously to scratch an ear with its hind leg.

"Gaaaaaart!" bawled the Colonel, thumping the ground with his foot. The dog leaped up and, slinking off, came to rest beside Adrian.

"Poor brute!" said the young man, and patted the dog's head.

"Hunk?" The Colonel's head appeared and he glared at his son. But Adrian answered only by flicking some ash on to the floor.

"Oh, Adrian," murmured Mrs. Winter, "the ash—"

"Sorry, Mother," Adrian said, and as he bent down to dust it away the lock of hair made up its mind and fell over his face, hanging there like a small curled snake.

"Hey!" cried the Colonel, as though he were driving sheep along a road. "'Bout time you got yer hair cut, my boy—infernal sloppiness!"

"It's not quite long enough yet," said Adrian nonchalantly, brushing back the fallen lock with his hand.

"Long enough!" The Colonel sat up as though he had been bayoneted in the back. "Dammit, man—it's down yer neck and over yer eyes, like a village yahoo! My God, you wait till they see you at Sandhurst!"

"They won't," murmured Adrian.

"They—what's that, what-say, hunk?"

"Oh," said Adrian, with the same exasperating indifference, "I just meant that they won't see me at Sandhurst."

"They won't see—?" The Colonel choked. "Good God, man, it's too late now to start thinking of any other way of getting into the Army!"

"That's a good thing!" said Adrian.

"What the—what the devil are you at now—a good thing, eh? The exam's in October, you know." The Colonel rose and, standing in front of his son, glared down at him. "Ain'tcher preparing for it?" he blurted out.

"Oh, no," said Adrian, as though the very idea were shocking.

"You mean—you mean—you don't want'er go in th' Army?" The Colonel's face was aghast.

"Me?" said Adrian, looking up in splendid mock-surprise. "Me? Heavens, no—*why?*"

Mrs. Winter suddenly emitted a short gasp, closed her eyes, and sank back into the sofa. The Colonel, his hands clenched, his mustache more than ever like a piece of dead furze, was dumb. He began to walk up and down the room; on each turn-about he made an effort to speak, but none of his efforts was coherent. Suddenly he halted before his son.

"Aft'r'll . . . why . . . dammit, man," he struggled like an eel on a hook. "I-er-I-I-I-the Army, why—I never thought-of-anything-else-for-you!"

"Funny," murmured Adrian, "and it never entered my head."

"What's that, what-say, hunk? Why, all your life you must have been influenced toward the military life, serve your country—a decent, honest, clean, healthy exis . . . I-I-I—damned if I understand fools like you! Good Lord, I was in the Army, all my friends were in the Army. If you're not going into it I should like to know what in the blue blazes you *are* going ter do?" The Colonel finished like an express train leaving a station.

"Ah!" said Adrian, rolling his eyes.

Then, with a mischievous smile, he raised his right hand and tapped the side of his nose. "Ah," he said, "that's the question—what's to do!"

"Hey!" shouted the Colonel, "I'm damned if I'm going to have this infernal offhand manner. I've given you a good education, the best money can buy; clothes, food, everything of the best, and now—I-I-I—now, just look at you—" The Colonel, floundering for words, gave Adrian time to look facetiously at himself. He was about to say, "Well, not so bad on the whole," when his father burst out again: "What—what thanks do we get, eh? Whatcher goin' ter do with yerself, eh? If you think you're goin' ter slack about in those filthy clothes and long hair, disgracing us, your father and mother, and do nothing—well, let me tell you, m'lad, you—are—"

"*Not!*" shouted Adrian.

Colonel Winter's effort to control himself was magnificent, and successful, as it well deserved to be. He drew in a deep breath and looked at his son as a ravenous man might look at a meal. Then Adrian did a strange thing—he touched his father. He had not touched, nor been touched by, his father for ten years. Still sitting on the fender, he raised his arm and unbuttoned the bottom button of the Colonel's vest.

"There!" he said, as though he were addressing a child, "you see, if you wore a simple shirt like me, without butt—"

"Like *you!*" shouted the Colonel in horror, and he jumped away as though he had been stung, and did up his button. Mrs. Winter beat a hasty and silent retreat.

"Shish," said Adrian softly, "it's most awfully vulgar to shout. Besides, you know, I'm not really so bad. Taking things all round, I might be much more extreme, more convinced, better—ah, worse, I mean. Now, a Communist friend of mine has just been thrown into pris—"

"Whaaaaaaat!" yelled the Colonel, and he bounced back and faced his son again.

"Quietly," said Adrian, raising a hand. "No, really, it *might* have been me, but, as I say, it wasn't. So that's *some* conso—"

"A Comm-Communi—" The Colonel's face suddenly turned pale.

"Oh, that," said Adrian. "Yes, he has what they call 'very definite and extreme Socialist tendencies'—which means that he is what they'd probably call in the Army—red-hot! A charming person, but he's always fighting and shouting, an awful nuisance even to his friends. At Eton he used to insist on me helping him to address meetings in Windsor. Really horribly dangerous—worse than a war. His father's a general, wonder if you know him—"

"I-I-er-I—" At last the Colonel burst like a suddenly-broken water-pipe. "I simply can't stand all this, what the hell's it got to do with . . . I . . . what I want to know is if you're not going into the Army what the blue blazes *do* you think you're goin' ter—?"

"Ah," said Adrian, shaking his head, "as I said before, that's the question. You know, we who don't belong to the working classes, who need not go on the dole, who've been born in a post-war age like this when everything's so upside down that one wonders sometimes if it's worth living at all, we who've never known want all our youth, but instead been 'educated' and 'educated' for fourteen years instead of four—well, it's a bit hard on us, you know. I mean, there's good reason for there being no *stimulus*—"

"I-I-er," the Colonel burst again. "I don't want to hear all this rot, I want to know what the hell you think you're going to *do* . . . !"

"Well," said Adrian in a tired voice, "I've been thinking it over and I've come to the conclusion I'd rather like to try my hand at—at writing. I—"

"Good God! Whatcher mean—*writing?*"

"Oh, you know, surely," said Adrian, frowning, scratching his head, and then looking up at the bookshelf, "words and

sentences, and—" he pointed at the bookcase, "those things—books!"

Something seemed to be leaving the Colonel. It was as though the air in a tight toy balloon had suddenly found a small outlet and the balloon were growing smaller and smaller. Adrian looked at his father and thought, for the first time in his life, what a little man he was.

"But don't you think that's rather a good idea?" he asked. "I'm one of very simple tastes and, you see, the Army—"

"Well, what about the Army? Certainly the finest and healthiest profess—"

"H'm. As a matter of fact, from the health point of view, I'm not sure that I don't agree with you. But, you see, the awful thing is that I'd simply *hate* it. That uniform, such a color too, and the marching, shaving the back of your head when you've got a good back to your head, shouting at people when you needn't, and being shouted at, and then—worst of all and which is, I suppose, the main object of the whole business—actually shooting at people who may well be very charming—the immorality of it! It's bad enough to have to kill people to make the world better, but when you *know* you're going to make it worse—no, I don't think I could ever be party to anything quite so wicked as that. I always remember your once telling me that if you told lies in the Army they marched you up and down the square till you damn well told the truth. Well, I ask you, 'is that nice,' as someone—?"

Suddenly the library door opened. Cyril Potts, twenty-seven years butler at Hambledon House, stole in.

"Any more letters for the post, sir?"

Silence.

"Any more letters for the post, sir?"

"Potts wants the post," said Adrian to his deflated father.

"Hunk?"

III

Twenty flies buzzing round Adrian's head were roaring into his ears—

Mon-ey, mon-ey—make some—mon-ey!

Ad-rian Winter, work . . . work!

"Going to work to-night, Adrian?"

Silence.

The two trees in front of Hambledon House had grown too large for their tubs, so they had been taken out and planted one each side of the library window, which was very dirty. From within the room their tops were invisible, not because of the dirt, but because the trees had grown too high. Between them a pale shaft of sun managed to ooze its way through the grime on the glass panes and shed its light on a reproduction of Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" on the opposite wall. All four walls of the one-time library, now one of only four rooms in use at Hambledon House, were encrusted with dust-covered prints, paintings, drawings, etchings—all displaying different phases in the art of the French Impressionists. On the mantel lay a mass of faded papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, and backless books. On the floor, partly covered by moth-eaten rugs, in corners, peeping out from under uneasy-looking chairs and the sagging sofa, was strewn a medley of literary reviews, monthlies, weeklies, articles—souvenirs of almost-forgotten work; pipes lay there in their own old ash, as well as cigarette-ends viciously trodden to death between one written sentence and another.

There was but one photograph in the room—in the center of the mantel, under a large portrait of Lenin—a colored photograph of a man it was, resplendent in scarlet-and-blue uniform, holding in one hand a helmet whose long white plume rose like a fountain-jet to within an inch of the gentleman's chin. The likeness was of the late Colonel Winter, who for some years, in company with his wife, had been lying in the village cemetery.

Peter Winter was lying on his back on the floor, trying to discover the crown of his father's head, which was all he could see of Adrian over the back of the only armchair. But Peter couldn't find the crown, for his father's hair was so

long, had gone so long unbrushed, that what crown there might be lay invisible beneath cascades of brown hair that fell over the collar of his scarlet shirt.

Adrian was far away in the book advertisements of the *Sunday Times*. "None of these devils knows how to write and yet every damn one of 'em is a flaming genius. Each Sunday finds 'em like flies on a window—Good God, here am I with eight books written, and while 'Mr. Winter's grim and forceful style is still making us see all he so trenchantly describes,' that same Mr. Winter gets grimmer, less forceful, and poorer every day. . . ."

Peter glanced from the back of his father's head to the photograph on the mantel. Slowly his eyes opened wider with interest and admiration.

"Say, Vera, did old Grandpop go to Eton?"

Vera Winter, Peter's mother, looked up with a start from a drawing she was doing of her husband's head. She was slim and looked five years younger than her age; her black hair, smelling slightly of brilliantine, was an inch or two shorter than her husband's.

"Your grandfather go to Eton?" she echoed. "Yes, he did, Peter."

"Adrian," Peter asked his father promptly, "when am I going to Eton?"

Adrian plunged round in his chair in the familiar family manner. The *Sunday Times* crackled to the floor. "*You? Eton!*" He glared at his son. Then slowly, stiffly, he dragged himself out of his chair, walked a yard toward his son; and when Adrian walked a yard that yard always looked as though it might be his last.

"Did I hear you asking when you were going to Eton?" he said sternly.

"Yep, Father—why the hell not?"

"Don't you call me Father," Adrian said angrily, and as he leaned over his son his hair fell from both sides of his head all over his white face.

"You're never going to Eton, Peter," said Adrian firmly. "Better let that sink into your head now. It's too old,

too big, and too bad a school. A public school anyway is an anti-social institution, hear?"

"Well," Peter began, "I've got to learn something some—"

"There's only one lesson to be learned, Peter," said his father, "and that's to *think*. I was four years at Eton and all I acquired was a horror of women and how not to spend money."

"I haven't got any money," said Peter bitterly, "and—"

"Nor have I," interrupted Adrian, and he collapsed again into his chair as though some unseen hand had pushed him into it.

"Why did *you* go to Eton, Adrian?" asked Peter, after a pause.

"Shish, darling," said his mother, "Adrian's reading. He went to Eton because his father sent him."

"Why did his father send him if it's old and big and bad?"

"Well, dear, it wasn't always old and big and b—"

"What you say, Vera?" Once more Adrian plunged in his chair. "Eton was always old and always big and always bad. My father sent me there simply because he went there himself and because he didn't think. And he didn't think partly because he went to Eton."

"Does no one think if they've been to Eton?"

"Very few," said Adrian. "If they do they're fanatics. I prove the rule."

At mention of his grandfather Peter glanced up again at the photograph of the late Colonel Winter.

"What was Grandpop like, Adrian?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"Grandpop—Grand—oh, my father, you mean! Oh, he was a funny little—"

"Adrian!" interrupted Vera, "your father wasn't a bit little!"

"Well—actually, he wasn't, you're right—but the older he got the smaller he seemed to become. What was he like? Oh, he was very nice, you know—exactly like hundreds of others round here. Well, he was a very wicked man, extremely amoral. His greatest joy in

life was to kill things. Ooh, what a little murderer he was! Four days in the winter weeks he used to put on a red coat—symbolic, I thought—get on a horse, and with a whole pack of strange-looking dogs, gallop across the country after one small fox. The peculiar thing was I often heard him speak quite lovingly of foxes. If the dogs killed the fox after careering across country for about an hour he'd say what an excellent fox that had been, what a pity he was dead, but what damn fine fun it had been driving him to that death. But if the fox had had the luck or common sense to dive down a drain before he'd gone a field, your Grandpop, as you call him, grew furious and called that fox an extremely dirty brute."

Peter was sitting up very straight, his lips apart, eyes wide with excitement.

"But bad foxes or good foxes," Adrian continued, "I remember that he always came home, ate two huge meals within a few hours of each other, and then settled down to tell your Grandmother what a wonderful fellah he was. Actually he was one of a band of Englishmen who were—still are—the very wickedest of men. . . ."

"Really, Adrian," interrupted his wife, "isn't that a rather distorted picture?"

"Not at all, darling," said Adrian in his superior manner that Vera hated. "Peter asked what his grandfather was like. If men are to be judged by their deeds, these were his. Now, let's see, on Fridays he usually went killing birds. Then on Saturdays he killed rabbits: he had a man who stuck ferrets down a hole, and if the ferret didn't eat the rabbits underground they usually bolted out of another hole, whereupon Grandpop would raise his gun and blow bunny to bits. I heard him once vulgarly call that practice 'corking sport.'"

"What about Sundays?" asked Peter, quickly.

"Ah, Sunday," groaned Adrian. "Poor Grandpop, that was a dreary day for him—for he had always made the great

sacrifice never to commit murder on the Sabbath. Instead, he used to moon about and look for bills to pay till the Church bells began to ring, and then he and your Grandmother set out very slowly, very smartly dressed, very silently, with Prayer Books, to the village church. He never missed a Sunday—a very religious man, as he always said of himself. I often think he was not unlike Rasputin, whose belief it was that you must sin in order to be forgiven."

For a full minute Peter had not heard a word his father said, for he had been listening intently to some strange sound like a trumpet being blown in the distance. At last his curiosity overcame him and he rushed from the room.

"Where's he gone?" said Vera.

"Oh, I don't know," said Adrian, with indifference. "Probably up to his room to use those new paints you gave him. He's intelligent, that boy; got the right ideas all right—he might do anything. Interesting to watch him develop."

"I must say," said Vera, "he seemed awfully interested in what you were telling him about your father."

"Of course, dear," said Adrian, a little patronizingly. "You see, if you're not dogmatic with children, don't force things down their throats, just treat them as equals and intelligent human beings, then you get them to listen, and you also earn their respect. At the same time, by degrees, and by humorous if slightly sarcastic implication, you not only force them to think, but you steer them away from the wrong manner of thinking, mold their thoughts along the lines of your own. No, Peter will have a chance, start early. None of this mucking about with Latin and Greek till he's nearly twenty years old."

Adrian paused and, looking up, found his wife smiling. He was suddenly hot with anger. "Why, what the blazes d'you find funny?" he shouted, and for a moment his face assumed an extraordinary resemblance to that of the late Colonel Winter.

"Oh, darling," laughed Vera affec-

tionately, "you are screamingly funny sometimes, you know! If only you could see and hear yourself! You're so horribly cocksure, such a thorough little theorist, aren't you! 'Not dogmatic,' you say! Heavens, you're the most dogma—"

"*Me!* Dogmatic!" Adrian was on his feet, his white face flushed. "What the blue blazes d'you—I-I-er-I—"

"Darling," Vera interrupted quietly, "I think if you didn't feel a little guilty you wouldn't get *quite* so angry—"

At that moment Vera saw the door suddenly open. Cyril Potts, thirty-seven years butler at Hambledon House (and now one of only two servants), stole in.

"Any more letters for the post, sir?" Silence.

"Any more letters for the post, sir?"

"Adrian, dear—Potts wants the post."

Adrian, still striding up and down the room in silent, oblivious anger, came to an abrupt halt. "What?" he shouted at his wife. "What rot are you talking now?"

"The post, Adrian."

He looked up. "Potts!" he screamed. "Potts—ooh, you'll be the death of me! Post, post, post—how many times must I tell you I don't write letters, and that if I did I'd post the blasted things myself! *Why* d'you come and pester me every evening with post, post, post?"

When there came no more answer than a silent, expressionless stare from the haggard face of Potts, Adrian's burst of irritation subsided; he brushed back the hair from his face, and his appearance was at once one of shame and sorrow.

"Oh, Potts," he said sadly, "d'you realize we've known each other all our lives and that you haven't smiled at me since the day when my pony ran away with me and I swore to the Colonel I'd never again have anything to do with the beastly, hairy, four-legged brute?"

"Yes, sir," said the old man without the flicker of an eyelid. "Is that all, sir?"

"Oh, Potts," wailed Adrian hopelessly, "my poor, poor Pott—"

They were suddenly interrupted by

the sound of loud voices outside in the hall. Adrian turned to his wife, who rose from the sofa, and together they stood listening, unaware of Potts' somber countenance slowly relaxing and the mouth gradually giving way to a broad and almost terrifying, toothless grin.

"By Jove!" they heard one loud and hearty voice, "it's the devil of a long time since I was here. I say, but the place has fairly gone to pieces since old Arthur—wonder what's happened to that old Potts, the but—"

"My God, yes," came another, "what a confounded mess it all is. They say this chap Adrian's an absolute rot—"

"Hey, steady!" warned a third, "this youngster who's asked us in is his son, remember—ain't you, me lad? And he says he's going to join the regiment too—stout fellah! Ha, *ha!* Well, well, where's the whisky, I wonder—eh, young man?"

"This way," said a small excited voice.

"Well, I must say I never thought we'd kill that fox—damn fine piece of hound work—eh, what!"

Adrian and Vera stood aghast, their eyes staring, as though hypnotized, at the door. Suddenly it was pushed wildly open and Peter rushed in, his eyes shining and his cheeks scarlet with smeared blood.

"They killed him in the turnip field!" he shouted in rapture.

"Yes, by Gad!" came from a large red form approaching behind him. "Very hell of a hunt—howjer do! Fairly blooded your youngster, haven't they! Tough little chap, got the real makings of a soldier! Ha, *ha.* . . . By God, if this isn't old Potts! Well, I'll be damned—just like old times!"

Cyril Potts, trembling with emotion and memories of faroff days, beamed silently, open-mouthed, on Peter Winter's joyful face. Then from deep down in his throat there came a sound like a mouse squeaking, and he tottered from the room as though it, and not the turnip field, were the chamber of death.



WASHINGTON: BLIGHT ON DEMOCRACY

PLAIN TALK ABOUT OUR CAPITAL CITY

BY ALDEN STEVENS

WASHINGTON the Capital is a symbol of democracy and America. Washington the city is a symbol of almost everything that sincere and thoughtful men know is wrong with democracy and America. Washington the Capital is the hope of world freedom; Washington the city is overcrowded, badly housed, expensive, crime-ridden, intolerant, with inadequate transportation, schools, and health facilities. It staggers under a dilapidated and hopeless governmental organization, and its problems are rapidly getting worse. It is the most undemocratic city in America.

The metropolitan district has grown in population from 621,000 in 1930 to more than a million to-day. No American city of comparable size has shown anything like this expansion. It is much greater than that which Washington experienced during the years of the First World War. More than 5,000 new federal workers are pouring into Washington every month; and with them an estimated 4,000 to 6,000 others—members of their families and employees of the private concerns which serve the Capital.

At times the Union Station is so jammed that no red-caps can be had, and strangers carrying their bags thread their way through the crowds to the taxi stand, where it is not uncommon to stand in line twenty minutes waiting for a cab. (The taxi business is so rushed that many government clerks supplement their earnings by driving cabs in their off hours.)

Lines in front of ticket windows are sometimes so long that trains leave while would-be passengers are frantically attempting to buy tickets.

A summary of current D. C. statistics is a grab basket of all-time highs. Two hundred and twenty thousand federal employees now work there. The government pay roll was up to \$33,000,000 in August. Building permits for the metropolitan area are being issued at 1,500 a month. 1940 brought 82,500 outsiders to 208 conventions, another record. Retail trade is over \$400,000,000 a year. Bank deposits are \$440,000,000—the largest in history. The District government's budget will reach \$54,000,000 in 1942. And so on. There are more automobiles, more new homes, more hotel rooms, more telephones, and more bars than ever before. There is also more crime, more disease, more congestion, and more poverty.

Washington society is having the same continuous field day it had in 1917. The parties are bigger and brighter. Hostesses compete excitedly for the new crop of dollar-a-year men and their families (the "defense people" they are called) with an intensity never in evidence over the New Dealers, few of whom had either social standing or money. Newcomers to the Capital are amazed at the indifference of many merchants who are selling so much they do not seem to care about either making sales or giving satisfaction, and at the shoulder-shrugging careless-

ness of laundries, cleaners, and auto-repair men, who are so busy that they seem glad to lose a customer.

To provide desk space for the 5,000 new employees a month the government has taken over stables, ripped seats out of old theaters and installed partitions and desks in the auditoriums, conjured up "temporary" buildings, and has even used tents. It has taken over old residences and new apartment houses—some of the latter before they were even finished. For a time Leon Henderson's OPACS had a kitchen and a bath for every suite of offices. As this goes to press there are persistent rumors, faintly denied, that the new Statler Hotel will be taken over by the government as soon as it is finished. All this in a city where many families of eight and ten live in a single basement room; where four and five single workers share a room, and twenty may share a bath in a rooming house; where some workers even sleep in shifts in the same sort of "hot beds" for which Harlem is famed.

It is true that there are furnished rooms available; some for single occupancy, some for double or more than double. The Housing Registry office has more than 3,000 listed. These will do for single workers, though the best that can be said for most of them is that they are kept clean and can be slept in. There are apartments vacant too—at prices most defense workers couldn't meet if their entire income went into rent. There is a desperate shortage of small, moderately priced apartments suitable for families with incomes under \$1,500—and half the people who work for the government in Washington make less than this. So incoming workers must leave their families behind, and must double up with other new workers and try to cut their living expenses enough to send something home. The number who do this is reflected in the 2,000,000 postal money orders totalling \$23,000,000 that went out of Washington last year—more in proportion to the population than from any other U.S. post office.

Rents have gone up, though fear of regulation by hard-boiled Leon Henderson has kept them from skyrocketing as they did in 1917. It has been common practice to jam three people into rooms which formerly held one or two; and at little or no reduction per person. Thus a room which brought \$40 a month as a single will now be found bringing \$37.50 to \$40 from each of two or three occupants.

The crush in hotel space, always worst in the spring, is not so bad as I write, but Statler would not be building Washington's largest hotel, with 850 transient rooms, if there weren't a good chance of filling it. The Washington Hotel Association insists there is no room shortage, refuses to cancel or even discourage conventions, and publishes impressive figures to prove its point. Visitors who must, time after time, search for another hotel after finding their chosen house full remain unconvinced.

Scattered like measles in all parts of the city, surrounded by fairly respectable-looking red-brick houses, are Washington's famous alley dwellings—1,700 multiple houses almost every one of which should be torn down, but now more crowded than ever. The Alley Dwelling Authority since its establishment in 1934 has made great strides toward rehousing alley residents, but the defense boom is making it almost impossible to demolish any kind of housing because of the impossibility of finding quarters for the residents. Yet here and elsewhere in Washington are 15,000 dwelling places without inside toilets, menacing an already precarious health situation. Here is the fountainhead of Washington's ill-health and crime, and the work of eliminating them should not stop even for defense, lest their very continued presence make defense more difficult.

Five years ago Washington's hospitals were overloaded. Three years ago a report of the U. S. Public Health Service called for immediate provision of 850 additional beds, 110 new public health nurses, at least 3 health centers, and

various other expansions of health facilities. Since then about 300 additional beds have been provided, a few public-health nurses have been hired, one health center has been built. Meanwhile Washington's population has risen 25 per cent and the recommendations themselves are now out of date and insufficient. Within limits, public health is a purchasable commodity; the city that spends the most gets the best results. The American Public Health Association recommends an annual expenditure of \$2.50 per capita in Washington *as a minimum*; the hard-working health officers now have only \$1.27 available, and as the population grows the amount per capita drops accordingly. One hundred and fifty public-health nurses are trying to do the work of 300. The tuberculosis rate has been beaten down effectively in the past few years, but it is still 89 per 100,000—almost twice the national rate.

The Washington Criminal Justice Association states that in 1940, 5,961 reported major crimes resulted in only 1,167 convictions—a poor record. Defense seems to have brought with it a real crime wave, and there is general agreement that 1941's figures will look even worse: 19 cases of rape, for instance, two of them rape-murders, have been reported since the beginning of the year.

Schools have been overcrowded for years and some of them have double shifts. Lack of teachers prevents any more being so operated. Even though a large proportion of new Washington workers are childless or do not bring their children with them, the new influx has strained facilities dangerously. Before the Tolan Committee on Interstate Migration this spring Superintendent Ballou stated that at least ten new buildings were necessary, with a large increase in the teaching staff.

The building of transportation facilities in any city necessarily lags behind its growth. Washington has some fine new streamlined streetcars that move almost silently, inch by inch, sandwiched be-

tween ancient creaky vehicles suggestive of remodeled horse cars from perhaps the Cleveland Administration. Buses are modern enough but most of them are small, and nearly as many government workers come to work by private auto as manage to sardine themselves into the public facilities. Taxis are cheap, but only cheap enough to be used by about 1 per cent of U. S. workers on their way to the office.

In this city where the inadequacy of the public transportation system makes it necessary for 35 per cent of government workers to get to their offices by automobile there is garage space for less than 10 per cent of the registered cars. The rest stand on the street all night, except on some streets during the winter months when "No Parking—Snow Removal" signs are put up, though there is hardly any snow and practically no snow-removal equipment. The streets are narrowed by lines of parked cars all night and glutted with snail-pace traffic all day. The traffic regulations are the most complicated that experienced motorists can call to mind. Some streets are one-way southbound from 7:30–9:15 A.M., northbound from 4–6 P.M. on week days and from 12–1:30 on Saturdays; two-way at other times. Rates in parking lots run as high as 25 cents an hour, a prohibitive amount for low-income workers to spend daily. There are actually government clerks who come to work at 6 A.M. to find a parking space, and eat a box breakfast and read newspapers until eight! The traffic death toll is not high and has been kept about static in recent years by the simple method of slowing traffic down practically to a walk, a device which anybody could think up and which does little credit to the traffic management officers of the District. A new underpass under Thomas Circle helps automobilists but drives pedestrians nearly crazy by its complicated system of neon "Walk" and "Don't Walk" lights.

Yet the present crisis, brought about by America's need to rearm, is only a sudden turn for the worse in a chronic

Washington situation. In 1917 people were sleeping on billiard tables and under counters. The city has never taken its problem seriously or truly come to grips with it. Congress seems to have the feeling that next year federal expenses are going to be cut to the bone and most of these people will be going home and there won't be any problem any more. This hardly seems likely in the fall of 1941.

All these are mechanical matters which can be solved by engineering means, but the necessity of making the city adequate to handle its share in national defense must be faced. If it drifts much farther Washington itself will be a monkey wrench in the defense machinery through its sheer inability to provide office space and housing and transportation for the men and women who must work there, and possibly even through its inability to prevent epidemic disease in its overloaded and worn-out living quarters.

So far the problem of getting enough office space has been solved mainly by taking over living space, though a new War Department building is functioning now, and another, the largest building in the world, is planned. The new Social Security Building was filled with defense offices before it was finished, and the Social Security Board never got a chance at it. Temporary buildings have been thrown up in sixty days within sight of "temporary" buildings dating from the First World War, and more are coming. These latest shacks look to the casual observer even more temporary than the 1918 models, but they'll probably last just as long, for they'll be needed.

Decentralization is being talked about, and the Federal Home Loan Bank Board has been moving 1,200 employees to New York, while the Department of Agriculture plans to move about the same number out to near-by Maryland. Now if two such moves are consummated *during the same month* it means that a total of about 2,400 employees will leave

Washington. In that same month about 5,000 will come into the Capital, effecting a net increase of 2,600! At least this is better than an increase of 5,000.

Private builders put up 5,500 dwelling units in the first half of 1941. Government defense housing agencies are working on about 3,700 more, including a 250-room dormitory for single women which is being built by private interests with a government loan. It sounds like a lot of housing, but at least 50,000 people, half of them government workers, came into the city in the same period.

From the number of streets that are torn up one might get the impression that a great deal is being done to solve Washington's traffic difficulties. Compared with the work that needs doing, as revealed this summer by a comprehensive government highway survey, it is hardly a scratch. This report calls for a \$44,000,000 program of street-widening, grade-separation, new bridges, and other highway improvements. So far there seems little reason to expect such a program to be pushed through until it is thoroughly outdated, which will not be long hence as things are going now. And even if it is put through immediately, it still does nothing for the mass-transportation system of the city, which is important to more people, and which, if solved, would do a good deal for the traffic problem at the same time.

Washington needs a subway, and needs it as quickly as it can be built. There have been several plans for it. It has been shown to offer a relatively simple engineering problem. It would not be inordinately expensive, and there can be no doubt that it would ease greatly the city's problems. It may be needed as an air-raid shelter—there are none in Washington. It should be thoroughly modern, with quiet, fast cars and large capacity, and it should be started not later than next Tuesday. We are laying keels for battleships that will not be finished until 1945; why not

start the Washington subway, which will cost no more than a battleship and can be partly in use by 1944? Or does the Congress expect the war to be over by that time, and Washington to be a ghost town?

II

All these things constitute really the simpler problems of Washington. Far more difficult will be the putting at ease of Washington's soul.

Here in the Capital of a nation which fought a war round the slogan of "No taxation without representation!" taxes are under the control of Congress, and Washington is not represented in Congress. And if the tax rate is low it is because essential services are pinched and inadequate.

Here in the Capital of a nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, one-third of the residents are forbidden the theaters and the restaurants of the principal business area, are effectively blocked in their search for employment, are commonly charged two to three times as much rent as the other two-thirds are charged for equivalent accommodations, and are hated and feared because they do not like it. In the South the Negro is kept rigidly in what the whites say is his place; but his place is made somewhat more tenable by a tradition of paternalism and a sort of code of responsibility and justice, however arbitrary. In the big cities of the North he is far more free to go where he will and find what employment he can. There is no paternalism, but there is a certain amount of granted independence and even a shadow of equality in the right to vote and in employment opportunities. But Washington combines the worst features of North and South; here is neither the paternalism of Atlanta and Tuscaloosa nor the relative freedom of Chicago and New York. Negroes who have lived in many parts of the country say that nowhere else in America is there such bitter mutual race hatred. The Wash-

ington *Afro-American* calls the city a "cesspool of racial intolerance."

Negroes are being forced out even from their traditional jobs as waiters and hotel workers, and the chances for private employment are even slimmer than those in the Federal government, which officially does not discriminate; but except for some few "co-ordinators of race relations" and the like, you will find colored people only as messengers, elevator operators, and building-service workers. The Washington Urban League reports cases of Negroes who had taken and passed Civil Service examinations and were called by telegram to the Capital from as far away as New Orleans to take emergency defense jobs; when they arrived, and their color was discovered, they got the "we'll let you know" treatment and were stranded penniless in Washington. Even in the local penal institutions, occupied by two to three times as many blacks as whites, there seem to be almost no jobs for Negroes. Yet Washington wonders why two-thirds of its relief cases are black and two-thirds of its crimes are committed by Negroes. When Leadbelly, the Negro folk-singer, accompanies himself on the twelve-string guitar and sings:

Home of the brave, land of the free
I don't want to be mistreated by no bourgeoisie,
Lord, it's a bourgeois town!

Tell all the colored folks to listen to me,
Don't try to buy no home in Washington, D. C.
'Cause it's a bourgeois town!

Eeee—it's a bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues,
Gonna spread the news all round!

—he echoes the sentiments of one-third of Washington's population.

Here in the Capital of democracy no citizen has a vote, for those who maintain residence in a State and vote by mail cannot be called citizens of Washington.

Washington once had the vote. In the beginning it was the general assumption that citizens of the Capital were as good as anybody else. The charter of

1820 provided for election of a mayor and other officials and was in effect until 1871, when Congress abolished it and set up a new District government with a governor and eleven-man council selected by the President and approved by the Senate. Even then Washingtonians were permitted to elect yearly 22 members of a "House of Delegates."

This government lasted until 1874. It was a great public-works period for Washington, with U. S. Grant as President, and streets were paved and trees planted. The Capital was changed from a mud-hole to a modern city, but it all looked highly irregular to Congress, which was shocked at the expense although of course it had appropriated the money. There was an investigation of District affairs, charges of graft and corruption flew fast and thick, and when the smoke had cleared away the last vestige of suffrage in the District had been removed, and Washington was ruled by a three-man commission strictly under the thumb of Congress. There have been only very minor changes in this set-up in the past sixty-five years.

Now the Constitution gives Congress the right "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district. . . ." This has traditionally meant that Congress was to have complete and in effect absolute administrative control. It has never worked out well. As early as 1831 (when the city of Washington still retained the power to elect some of its own officials) President Andrew Jackson spoke to Congress:

"... It was doubtless wise in the framers of our constitution to place the people of this District under the jurisdiction of the General Government, but to accomplish the objects they had in view it is not necessary that this people should be deprived of all the privileges of self-government. Independently of the difficulty of inducing the representatives of distant States to turn their attention to projects of laws which are not of the highest interest to their constituents, they are not individually nor in Congress

collectively well qualified to legislate over the local concerns of this District. Consequently its interests are much neglected. . . ."

President Jackson, or anyone, could make the same speech to-day. It describes with rare succinctness what has always been the matter with Washington, and what is the matter with it now. Two Congressional committees concerned with other matters and lacking both responsibility to the District and understanding of its problems, are running the show. As it happens, they are unusually good committees at present. Pat McCarran, Nevada Democrat, is the active chairman of the Senate committee, and he has repeatedly indicated a sincere interest in the District. He has even said that it ought to have suffrage, though it is hard to see what he is doing about getting it. He seems more interested in depriving Arlington County, Virginia, of its vote by bringing it back into the District, from which it was detached and retroceded to Virginia in 1846. Judging from newspaper reports of interviews with a cross-section of the county's people, re-retrocession is in for some stiff opposition, most of it stemming from the fact that the Virginians for some reason seem to like their vote.

If anything, the present high leadership of these committees proves conclusively that there ought to be a complete change. If the present members can't run Washington effectively no Congressional committees can. Things have more often than not been much worse. Washingtonians still grimace when they think of the days not very long ago when Tom Blanton ran things.

Except in such emergency situations as the present, members of Congress live in Washington only a few months a year, and most of them find it convenient to live in hotels. They are detached from the life and problems of the community and extremely busy with other matters, as they should be. Senator McCarran, for instance, is also on the very important Appropriations Committee, as well as

the Judiciary, Irrigation and Reclamation, Post Offices and Post Roads, and Public Lands and Surveys Committees. Jennings Randolph, who heads the House District Committee, serves also on the Civil Service, Labor, Roads, and Mines and Mining Committees.

III

Washington needs a strong man to take up her cause and get her straightened out. But who can do it? If a Senator or Representative should fight hard for a new deal for the District he would need to spend full time on the job. And what would his constituents say? They would say, "The so-and-so doesn't give a whoop about us; he lives in Washington and that's all he cares about. We'd better get somebody else to represent us."

Many experts on government have studied the District set-up during the past fifty years and published recommendations for improvement. Dr. Laurence F. Schmeckebier of the Brookings Institution, one of our ablest students of government, offered a first-class blueprint in 1929. A "Citizens' Efficiency Committee" offered another in 1937. In 1939 Griffenhagen and Associates, a firm of public-administration specialists, hired by the Congress and paid out of District funds, turned in a most acceptable report on what should be done. Congress has listened to all these experts somewhat as an indulgent father listens to a precocious child of two, and has then forgotten them. It is much easier to peck away at the problem, setting up a new committee here and a new Board there, appointing a co-ordinator of this and that, submitting some harassed District official to a third-degree if he suggests that the District is badly in need of something. As a result, local government in the District is carried on almost as much by Federal government bureaus as it is by the District's own, and nearly every Federal department is concerned with some part of the District's affairs.

The F.B.I., the Secret Service, the National Park Service, and the D. C. Metropolitan Police all take a hand in policing and crime investigation. The Bureau of the Budget, the Comptroller of the Currency, and the General Accounting Office of the Federal government share the handling of financial matters with the District's Board of Accountancy, Office of the Auditor, Budget Officer, and Disbursing Officer.

It is beyond human comprehension to understand where the duties of one office stop and those of another begin; to know what is handled by the District's own government and what is handled for the District by one of the regular bureaus of the Federal government. Even Griffenhagen and Associates, apparently slightly dazed by what they found, made no attempt at an organization chart, being content to report vaguely but truly that the District government includes "branches of Federal departments, independent Federal establishments, agencies definitely attached to the main government of the municipal corporation, hybrid agencies, in which functions having local and Federal or regional characteristics are inextricably intermingled, and a bewildering array of advisory councils, ex-officio committees, co-ordinators, and co-ordinating committees with functions extending across the lines of other established agencies. Little of rhyme or reason, logic or consistency, is to be found in the whole conglomeration. . . . The inevitable result is confusion. . . ."

The Griffenhagen proposal would establish a "District Administrator" (essentially a city manager) and seventeen administrative departments. A council would function as a legislative body for Washington, although Congress of course would retain its legislative power under the Constitution. Thus the report calls for a modern council-manager city government to replace the commission form which is generally regarded as outdated and undesirable. Griffenhagen is chary about the matter of suffrage, but

the city should at least elect its council if such a government is established, and it seems clear too that the District should have elected representation in Congress and the privilege of voting in presidential elections.

Let the District committees concentrate on framing and putting through a bill to establish such a government for the District—one which would get to the root of things. Let them quit the endless deliberations and countless man-hours of discussion of matter as purely local as the minimum age of children taking part in legitimate theatrical performances in Washington, or whether the recreation program ought to be under the schools or under a new board, or regulations concerning the sale of liquor at the new airport. If they are convinced that things are going badly under the new government, once it is set up, they retain the power of appropriation of funds, a very effective check. Democracy is fighting for its existence in the world, and there are better things for our legislators to do than furrow their brows over every purchase of chalk or extension of a sewer line in Washington.

It may be said that this is no time for such an upheaval. On the contrary, it is exactly the time for it. If democracy is to survive it has got to make itself more efficient. We cannot any longer afford the anachronistic, wasteful, and undemocratic hodgepodge that now runs the District of Columbia.

The planners of Washington, from L'Enfant to Frederic A. Delano, have had a mania for monumental stage settings. The Lincoln Memorial cost \$3,000,000. The Washington Monument was cheaper at \$1,500,000; but the new Jefferson Memorial will cost another \$3,000,000. The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Memorial Amphitheater cost over \$1,000,000. Mr. Mellon sank \$15,000,000 into his art gallery. We seem to have no difficulty getting plenty of money for theatrical effects. It should not be impossible to spend at least comparable amounts for a

modern subway, cleaning up the housing situation, putting up adequate schools and health facilities, and for making Washington a decent place to live for people with low incomes, which would include 90 per cent of the people who live there. The effect on morale, especially the morale of the disgusted men and women who work for the government and have to put up with Washington as it stands, would be enormous.

The whole gloomy mall is lit up at night, but there aren't any people on it, and there wouldn't be anything for them to do if they came. Maybe a fine swimming pool would help. Certainly Washington should quit frothing at the mouth because a new War Department building in Arlington may spoil the view from the cemetery and start thinking about whether it would be efficient and convenient for the people who will work in it. Washington must begin to realize that it is an expanding, changing city, and that the only thing about it which is not going to change is its continuous state of flux, and that this calls for a flexible, human-conscious plan. Planning is not a static, but a continuous thing; it goes on and on, bending to meet new situations and facing new problems as they arise. Washington should listen carefully to such critics as Architect Alfred Kastner, who nourishes the peculiar notion that in a Democracy planning ought to mean planning for *people* and that it should take account of their needs before it takes account of avenues and architectural axes.

There is a reason more compelling than the Capital's own needs for planning Washington for use rather than for show. Other American cities have long had a habit of copying what is done here. Philadelphia's new boulevards are very reminiscent of Capital roadways. St. Louis has a new and excellent waterfront development similar in many respects to Potomac Park. Nearly every State capitol looks like a small edition of the national Capitol. The hundreds of monumental new post offices and

other public buildings that have sprung up from Fresno to Bangor in the past few years show the nation's dependence on Washington's architectural fashion. Make Washington a modern, slumless, livable city and watch others follow.

Fortunately other American cities have not aped Washington's local government. They couldn't of course as it stands. But suppose Washington set up a thoroughly competent, democratic city administration, designed and run by experts. Such a pattern might point the way, and help rid other cities of the inefficiency and graft they suffer now.

Washington has many good and patriotic citizens who have been butting their heads against the stone wall of Congressional indifference year after year, trying to improve government and housing and to get suffrage and representation. They are baffled and beaten. There are others called "Cave Dwellers" who were born and raised in Washington and who do not care very much. Some of them would rather not have suffrage

for the District—they fear the Negro vote, or they fear interference with the established real estate interests which are so profitable as things stand, or they simply do not care.

It is not for the Cave Dwellers, nor even for the District's progressive and more public-spirited citizens, that America must rise in wrath and demand a new government and a new soul for Washington—there are few of them and they manage to get along. It is for Democracy the Faith and America the Dream. By cleaning up Washington we do not necessarily wash away the sins and flaws inside Democracy. Without a new soul for Washington, however, Democracy cannot have a new soul. If we cannot, here in this one symbolic place, rid ourselves of intolerance, poverty, and disease, what may the critics of Democracy say? If we cannot here set up a model, a full-scale futurama of what a democratic city should be in government, plan and spirit, can we do this elsewhere?





FORMIDAVEL, FABULOSISSIMO

BY FLORENCE HORN

WHEN the Brazilian painter Candido Portinari visited the United States in 1940 he said he was particularly anxious to see something of the South. He spent a day in Virginia, where his enormous appetite for Civil War battlefields and memorabilia would have astonished and delighted the antiquarians of that State. He insisted on stopping at a roadside museum where he paid fifty cents for the privilege of looking at some guns and a few uniforms of the Virginia campaigns. These he regarded a long time with solemn attention and a curious kind of contentment. He explained that he was reliving his childhood.

As a child, in the little town of Brodowski, far in the interior of Brazil, Portinari and his small friends had played "General Lee and General Grant" rather than cops and robbers or Indians. Portinari himself preferred to be Lee and used to twist his father's hat into a shape which to his mind seemed to approximate Lee's headgear. He tied a piece of muslin round his arm and rigged up some kind of a belt which he thought suitable. A good stout stick served as a gun.

This Brazilian child, the son of very poor illiterate agricultural workers, knew more about North America than he did about his own country. To him the North American cowboy and New York City were far more real than Brazil's own *gauchos* and the city of Rio de Janeiro. Our Civil War was more vivid than any period of Brazilian history. It was the movies that brought such knowledge to the Portinari child; "The Birth of a

Nation" made a particularly strong impression on him. The child had practically no schooling; his horizon was limited to an area within ten miles of his village. The American movies alone brought the outside world to him. And to-day if you visit that town you will see nearly all its citizens flocking to the movie hall without fail twice a week when Hollywood's films are shown for an admission fee of about five cents a head.

The movies have done a magnificent job of unconscious propaganda in Brazil. They have made occasional and outrageous mistakes, often irritating to Brazilians or whatever Latin-American people were concerned in the picture. To-day, however, the Hollywood companies have on their staff men who watch out for just such errors. These experts follow all stages of the film straight through, from story to finished product. From now on the boners will be extremely few. But even before the producers took the trouble to be scrupulously accurate, Hollywood did enormously more good than harm in Brazil.

For the movies have made the United States part of the very mental fiber of every Brazilian except those who live in the remotest jungles and isolated river hamlets. A monumental documentation has been built up in their minds about New York and Hollywood, about the mossy old South, the far West, New England—and the North American people. Of course the record is inaccurate. But it is better than accurate; it is compelling, vivid, and real. The Brazilian

himself suspects that much of it is exaggerated, story-book stuff. Precisely where the exaggeration is he is not certain. Perhaps the total documentation is at least twenty-five per cent misleading. That is unimportant. It is important that every Brazilian has a deep, live interest in the United States and curiosity about it. He feels that he would like to know much, much more. No more fundamental basis for understanding could possibly exist.

II

For rich and poor alike, American films provide the chief form of entertainment. Well over ninety per cent of the movies shown in Brazil are made in the United States, and this has been true for many years. Because Brazilians speak Portuguese they do not have the Spanish-language films which are sent to the other Latin-American countries, and which dilute the Hollywood diet. They have the same films that we have, with dialogue in English, but with Portuguese titles to help them follow the story (just as some French films are shown here with dialogue in French but titles in English). The unreal world into which the poor villager escapes from his poverty and toil, the world into which the rich Rio *granfino* escapes from the summer heat (in an air-conditioned theater) is the U. S. A. When the Brazilian family emerges from the Metro in Rio, murmuring "*formidavel*" or a word which Sam Goldwyn might envy, "*fabulosissimo*," these extravagant terms refer not only to Joan Crawford or Clark Gable; they refer also to the U. S. A., to the gushing oil wells of "Boomtown," to the vast overstuffed drawing room in "Susan and God," to the evocation of a whole period of American history in "Gone with the Wind." The superlatives apply also to the North American people, who appear to be incredible, often preposterous, but usually engaging human beings.

When a Brazilian arrives in the United States he relates what he sees here to the notions he had previously gained about

this country from the movies. Portinari astonished newspaper reporters by observing that New York is a serenely quiet city; the movies always showed it as a dreadful bedlam of shrieking automobile horns and colliding taxis. New York, added Portinari, has a patina; the movies always made it shiny and new. When Paulo Einhorn of Rio arrived in New York he asked his friend and guide to refrain from pointing out the sights. Mr. Einhorn wanted the satisfaction of recognizing Wall Street and Times Square for himself, from his own memory of newsreels and feature pictures. And his accuracy was astounding. Incredibly enough, the reality of New York or Chicago or Washington rarely disappoints the Brazilian visitor. He returns home, almost without exception, to tell his friends that it's all true—and even more so.

The influence of American movies is everywhere apparent in Brazil. "Gone with the Wind" reached the very poorest Brazilian and made a deep impression. One of the carnival songs which was burned into the ears of every Rio inhabitant last February was called "Gone with the Wind." Like all the other carnival songs, it was composed by the poor who live in the miserable slums on the hills back of Rio. The big fat black cook of a Brazilian friend of mine told me that everyone said she looked just like the mammy in "Gone with the Wind." She asked me whether it was really true that she looked more like a North American negress than a Brazilian. I assured her that she did, which seemed to please her very much.

With the movies—or just a few weeks before them—come translations into Portuguese of such novels as *Anthony Adverse*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Kitty Foyle*, *The Grapes of Wrath*—and even *Pride and Prejudice*. These books are more prominently displayed in the bookshops than any other printed matter. The Brazilian publisher of *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone with the Wind* advertised those novels for months on huge billboards in Rio—

which is more than the American publishers saw fit to do in the United States for the two record best sellers.

It would be difficult indeed to prove, but it is almost certainly true, that the sale of American illustrated magazines in Brazil is due largely to the interest created by the movies. *Life* is enormously popular and is eagerly pored over by the Brazilian subscriber and all his friends whether they can read English or not. Women who can read almost no English buy *Vogue* and study carefully all trends in fashion, hair-dressing, and house furnishing. The Rio circulation of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* has increased enormously since France's armistice. The other women's magazines, like the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *American Home*, are sourcebooks of North American life. Gradually the Brazilian woman makes her living room, her dining-room table look more North American. I have heard Brazilian women oo-ing and ah-ing over magazine pictures of American kitchens. "Do most American women have kitchens like those shown in the movies?" they ask.

Taxi drivers love to surprise you with "Okay," "Thank you," or "So long." You can be fairly sure that they picked up those phrases from the movies. Some time ago when a Brazilian opened a restaurant at Copacabana Beach and called it the O.K. Bar someone asked him what the letters stood for. He said he didn't quite know; it was some American expression—a favorable one. There is also the O.K. Hotel. At an "American" restaurant in Rio you can get apple pie *à la mode* or almost any United States dish you can think of. You would expect to find such a restaurant filled with homesick Americans. Not at all; the customers are mostly Brazilians who consult the Portuguese side of the menu and who apparently like *Picadinho de Corned Beef con ovo Pochê* just as much as an American farmer does. In fact Brazilians appear to like almost anything American from Ford cars to Pato Donald (Donald Duck); and there is an unverified rumor that the

consumption of spinach has increased considerably because of Popeye.

Brazilians in Rio see practically every movie issued from Hollywood. The well-to-do go to the cinema three or four times a week. (Portinari, when he lived in Rio, used to go faithfully *every day*.) Often the air-conditioned movie houses are jammed. The Brazilians crowd into the back of the theater five or six deep and seem to be entirely happy about paying the full admission even though they must stand all through the performance and strain their necks to see the screen. Their knowledge of movie stars is prodigious. Every newspaper, even the small weekly in the interior, has a Hollywood column. Anywhere and at any time you can get into a violent argument about Garbo versus Hepburn, or whether Clark Gable is a good actor, or even a beauteous man. From my very incomplete poll it seems that Spencer Tracy rates higher than Gable, and Brazilians are convinced that Tracy is a typical American. Often I have found that Brazilians knew so much more than I did about the movies that I could not keep up my end of an argument. They remembered far better than I who was in what picture.

It would be presumptuous indeed to attempt to sum up what kind of a people and nation we must seem to be to Brazilians who have lived for years on a strong Hollywood diet. But look back over the past few years and imagine it for yourself. Think how dangerous and evil Chicago and New York must have seemed before the cycle of gangster pictures happily came to an end. Imagine what Shirley Temple, who danced and sang so prettily and was always so brave and sturdy, must have done to build a reputation for American children. Recall the movies of university life and you will realize that they were largely a matter of tempestuous campus romance and football matches; education must have seemed a lighthearted matter up here. But think too of the splendid fearless young men who always triumphed in the westerns.

As presented by Hollywood, we are clearly an unbelievably rich and gloriously free people. Our living rooms, often as big as the Metro Theater itself, have a voluptuous luxury with their deep squashy chairs. Gigantic satin-draped beds are a commonplace in American homes. The office of a prosperous New York business man is acre-size, with Venetian blinds and an inter-office dictograph, and nearly as lavishly outfitted as his huge Long Island house or his city penthouse. Poverty does of course exist, but a Brazilian is apt to forget that fact because movies like "The Grapes of Wrath" are infrequent. However, the hundreds of Brazilians who have read the book in Portuguese will probably recall for a long time the woes of the Joads.

American men, as shown in the movies, make in general a very favorable impression. Very often they are patient, thoughtful, gentle, and kind. (There are exceptions of course.) They are almost invariably faithful to their women but, even if they stray a bit they suffer intense remorse and mend their ways convincingly (thanks to the Hays office). Women are *formidaveis*, sometimes hard and cruel. Too often they behave in a manner that is informal, raffish, scarcely decent. Usually they are glorious creatures to look at, be they rich or poor. And they are usually quite moral although they skate extremely close to the brink and although they have unbelievable freedoms. Brazilian men of course do not approve of these freedoms nor of the great power exercised by American women. If you recall your movies you will realize that the woman is, more often than not, the strongest character (for good or evil) in Hollywood's productions.

The question of American women and their freedom has become a very live one in Brazil. The Brazilian women themselves are divided on whether such independence is desirable or not. Some believe that the Hollywood films are having a deplorable effect on their society, causing discontent and rebellion. Others, already in revolt, are militant in their

demand for just such freedoms themselves. These Brazilians have an envy of our women that is pathetic because it is so real. The romantic illusions which some Brazilian women cherish about the blissful life of an American "career woman" are hard to destroy. But whether or not they imagine that they would be utterly happy carving a career, many of them deeply envy the two basic freedoms an American woman possesses: her right to choose her own husband; her legal right to divorce him if things become too hopeless. Women in Brazil, if they are unhappily married, are vigorous in their condemnation of their country's prohibition of divorce. They are also inclined to be bitter about the sheltered lives they had to live before they married—at the age of seventeen perhaps. They are absolutely certain that their tangled lives could be quickly straightened out if they lived in the United States. More and more Brazilian women work each year, but it is not easy for them to find a place—or a decent salary—in a world of men. These women have all too much faith that it would be an easy and happy life in the United States.

One can see a sharp difference in attitude toward American customs and culture between the older and the younger generations. Even before the fall of France the people under thirty or thirty-five years of age preferred reading English to reading French, and wanted to go to the United States rather than to France. For generations Brazilian culture had stemmed from France and rich Brazilians had regularly traveled to Paris to spend their money, to buy their clothes, and to add to their "culture." But recently—and it is almost certainly due to the movies—the younger people have craved American clothes, books, and travel. When their elders protest that it is clear that the United States is a nation without "culture"—and point to American films of college life by way of proof—the younger Brazilians reply that whether you could call it "culture" or not, there is something vital and strong

and compelling about the United States and they would like to know more about it.

To-day the boys and girls of fourteen and sixteen read English avidly. They want to know well that language which beats on their ears every time they go to the movies. They like to use American slang and to learn the words of the latest American songs. Often they know the old songs too. I have heard a group of boys and girls in a Brazilian home singing "O Susanna," "Yankee Doodle," and "John Brown's Body" perfectly, even though they found it difficult, because of lack of practice, to speak English with me.

The elders, however, still deplore the effect of the movies in teaching their daughters to rebel and their sons to want to be athletic, high-powered, slangy business men. A restless generation is growing up, and the new crop is even harder to handle than those who have now reached the age of twenty-five. Once in a while the elders suggest that perhaps a few of the movies sent to Brazil should never have been shown. Yet when you ask them, point blank, if they think it would be a good idea to have the films censored in the United States, they almost always say "no." They would not want the North American authorities to decide what is or is not good for Brazilians. To be denied movies which the American public can see would mean that Brazilians were being treated as inferior, undeveloped people. In the end they want their movies just as they are. They can only hope that the boys and girls of fourteen and sixteen won't get too many notions.

III

To-day the American movies are censored in Rio by Brazilian authorities. Some of them are cut or discarded altogether—but for political rather than for moral reasons. Charlie Chaplin's "The Great Dictator" was denied a showing because it was "too political": it ridiculed two countries with whom Brazil was still friendly and at peace. Various

other movies are blackballed because they are propagandistic, "un-neutral," or too blatantly pro-democratic. The Brazilian government has preferred not to battle with angry diplomats from the Italian and German embassies. But Rio's police have had considerable trouble in keeping Brazilians neutral.

In the early days of the war the Rio movie-goers, ordinarily quiet audiences, took to applauding Roosevelt, and laughing at the mugging of Mussolini or the posturing of Hitler. After repeated protests from the diplomatic headquarters of the Axis, signs were posted in the theaters warning the audiences that Brazil was a neutral country, and Brazilians therefore had no right to take sides in this war. They were forbidden to "demonstrate" in the movie houses. But Brazilians are notably difficult to regiment. (Their flagrant violation of traffic laws makes Rio a dangerous city for both pedestrian and driver.) They kept right on expressing their feelings about the newsreels by laughter or applause. Finally signs were posted which said that if the movie audiences could not behave in a neutral fashion the theaters would have to be closed altogether. There would be no American films at all. At last the Brazilians behaved discreetly because they could not face an arid future without Hollywood's product. But just to warn them—and after all, laughter is difficult to control—there often appears on the screen, just before a newsreel, a reminder that Brazil is neutral. For instance, in March, when a theater was showing the rout of the Italians by the British in Africa, a neutrality statement was flashed on the screen just before the film opened.

There has been talk in Washington to the effect that certain movies which give a bad impression of American life should not be released in Latin America. One film mentioned as an example is "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" because it ridicules our own democratic lawmakers. According to Rio rumor, the Brazilian censor himself hesitated to release it, apparently because of some propagandistic

passages. However, he did decide to permit it to be shown. Possibly he felt that this movie version of American law-making processes would be a recommendation for the Brazilian method which has no place whatever for congressmen and senators. But a curious thing happened: the Brazilians applauded during that movie when a rousing endorsement of the freedom of speech and assembly was made. Such freedoms are not enjoyed these days in Brazil.

Brazilians point out that a movie like "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is good rather than bad propaganda for the United States. The ability of Americans to laugh at themselves is a particularly endearing trait—not found, obviously, in either of the fascist countries. The mere fact that the United States is (so far) willing to send any and all movies

to Brazil and is therefore unafraid to have Brazilians see the bad and the good in American life is in itself powerful propaganda.

For the greatest asset the United States possesses to-day in Brazil is the confidence of Brazilians that neither books nor news nor movies are censored on this side of the equator for political reasons. The news bulletins that go out over the short-wave radio are not edited and "slanted" by our government. Books like *The Grapes of Wrath* were not bowdlerized by our censors for Brazilian readers. The movies which often make us ridiculous are sent to Brazil none the less. That Hollywood now sees fit to avoid confusing Buenos Aires with Rio, and the rumba with the tango is all to the good. It is a matter of accuracy, not political propaganda.

VERMONT AND THE NORTHWEST WIND

BY GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

RIVERS from the drip of dew and the drop of springs.
 Wind over Canada cool and the sky that blue
 The Pole has purified. On moss-grass one cricket rings
 His bell-like drop of sound under meadow dew.
 Good from the ground up the high day goes
 Wheeling the zenith. Crags of ice and lakes
 Draw near us with the wind. Over Vermont it blows.
 The tall weed, gilded, stands on its stem and shakes.



THE ANTI-INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

BY ROY HELTON

THE industrial revolution has lasted for one hundred and fifty years. That it is passing and being succeeded by another great revolution in human affairs is, I think, certain from evidences abounding on every hand. This process has been concealed from us by a faulty and purely political notion of revolution—fostered by Marxian philosophy and by very superficial analogies with the past.

Whatever changes of government may occur in the world—whether Nazism or communism or democratic capitalism survive as the working political form in any particular area—will not much affect the underlying revolutionary impulse now stirring in the West. For each of these forms has, in fact, now become a device for dealing with the consequences of the industrial revolution, while what is working in the human heart and in the deepest and most effective impulses of Western man is a far profounder revolt than any now imagined in human politics. It is a revolt against industrialism itself; and what is ahead of us, and to-day more immediately ahead than seemed imaginable even ten years ago, is a rebellion against the consequences of a machine-ruled world.

To any claim that now, in this year 1941, we are completing the first phase of our retreat from industrialism, the obvious reply is that the world is plunging into industrialism with unexampled fervor. That fact is indisputable, and yet man's revulsion from industrialism has already taken a decisive form.

"I want to give you," cried Ernest Bevin, British Minister of Labor, only a few months ago, "a new motive for industry and for life. I suggest that at the end of this war, and indeed during the war, we accept social security as the main motive of all our national life."

Lay that typical saying beside any dream which thrilled our hearts at the close of the 19th century and we shall realize, at once, the depth of the calamity which has overtaken our efforts to construct a dynamic and expanding civilization in the past hundred years.

Social security is not a new motive. It is simply a motive which we had forgotten—a motive quite absent from our 19th-century social dreams, which were highly charged with glamour, keen with risk and daring, and flushed with great doings pregnant in the years to come. That vision has departed. In every land men look forward into their futures with averted and fearful eyes. That fact preceded this war. It created this war, and there is no reason to-day to believe that it will not follow this war.

What we are afraid of is something which rarely occurred to our fathers as a possible source of danger. We are afraid of the consequences of industrialism. The forward-looking men of the last generation of the 19th century very generally believed that when the golden era of invention reached its climax we should be living in a heaven on earth. But their visions of the wonders to be achieved by technology had one major

premise which is as far from truth as the earth is from Canopus.

This premise is that material advancement, technological triumph, and the possession of unlimited sources of power would transform the spirit of man into something as new and wonderfully improved as the image in a television receiver would be to a picture drawn with a burnt stick on the wall of a Cro-Magnon cavern. As much as to say, "You will have a new suit of clothes next year. Therefore you will have a new soul next year." This has not happened. We have the new suit of clothes, and maybe it makes us walk a little differently, but we have the same old souls. Reading the stories told by men of Galilee nearly two thousand years ago, we read of men precisely like ourselves and some a little better. There is nothing in the Iliad except the intervention of the gods which seems strange to us to-day. Shakespeare describes human beings who are our twin sisters and brothers. It is true that the cruelty of the cruel has been better restrained by law and custom in most parts of the world, that our laws are less harsh and our charities more comprehensive, and that the average of our manners has risen a peg. We are not archangels for all of that, though our power is now comparable to that fondly dreamed for the genii and the gods.

But we are not worse people. It is not human nature that is going to hell, but human arrangements that are going there and going very fast.

And they are going there so fast because all of us are victims of a false religion, which was passed on to us by our fathers, who did not see its consequences—the religion of industrialism. A belief in that religion is in our bones. It was preached to us for a solid century. Its missionaries spread abroad over the whole earth and converted the most unlikely places, which have in turn become fanatical centers of this new faith. It has conquered by persuasion. It has conquered by fire and sword. And

every evil it has engendered has been blamed on everything but on itself, and chiefly on human nature, though very few people's personal experiences in this world justify so much damning of man's character as will explain the horrors of the old-time factory and steel mill and the tragedy of modern war. Humanity has been completely convinced that amid all the genuine griefs and miseries which attended the flowering of the machine age only one thing could not be wrong, and that was the machine, our darling and our creature.

I am contending that the fault is not in human nature, but in the nature of machines, and that in order to get any straightness out of the complex mess the world has blundered into, that is the one truth which has to be apprehended.

I am contending, in fact, that just so long as machinery is conceived of as the St. George to slay the dragon that has crept out of its den and devoured the security of the world, just so long will our troubles grow, our security fade, and any new and adequate dream fail to be formed and realized.

II

Productive machinery is, in a sense, the crowning achievement of half a million years of desperate struggle and of infinite craft and contrivance. Yet it is a jewel with but a single facet. As distinguished from a work of art, with which it is comparable as representing a fruition of ages of effort, productive machinery expresses only one trait in man, and that one trait is his craving for power. Power is its achievement. Power is what it is for—power over nature, power over people, power over time, and power over space.

Now power is good, but so is love good, and so is beauty good, and so is quiet good, and so is truth good, but none of them is adequate alone as a basis for civilization. Yet for the past hundred and fifty years we have been attempting to build a way of life on but one of man's

many hungers, and to-day we are compelled to face the fact that the attempt has failed. For productive machinery has not drained off and sublimated man's hunger for power. It has fed that hunger, and lent it teeth and claws, and also has sanctified it.

It is easy to illustrate this fact and its danger, which is with us, both in a tragic and a comic mask, every hour of our waking lives. What is it that power-activated machinery does to the nature of man? What is its effect? And is there not something in that effect to clarify even those great and dire events which now stir all the earth and send a billion people every night uneasy to their beds?

Let us begin with something apparently very trivial, and but one of the minor hazards of urban life—the pervasive, insistent, and never-ending voice of the radio.

Is it not true that folk who would not ten years ago have tolerated loud talking, even by their own young, and who would never twice invite to their dinner tables any man who would raise his voice to platform pitch, will turn on an unknown radio entertainer or spell-binder and give him the full volume of the instrument without a thought? And that throughout the world to-day normal life, or what is left of it, is consequently overawed, rattled, and befogged by the screams and shouts of propaganda and exhibitionism?

Why is this so? The answer is simple. Machinery is a wonderful thing—the great God of our age. The radio is a mysterious machine. Why should the supermen who invented it have put such power into the instrument without expecting it to be used? This sequence of ideas mars the utility of a very great invention. But machinery is so potent a deity to modern man that every power it provides us confers the authority, and even the obligation to use that power, regardless of consequences.

The automobile is a great invention but also one of the most fatal devices of

all history, second in that respect only to the breech-loading rifle.

But why is it so dangerous? From precisely the same cause that makes our radios so loud. We make frantic laws to control the speed of traffic, and spend millions of dollars enforcing them, though all the while a perfectly obvious fact stares us in the face. If we did not want motor cars on our roads capable of breaking our laws and needlessly endangering our lives, such cars could be supplied, equipped with speed governors set at a reasonable maximum, and our accident death rate would fall overnight.

Why do we not universally demand such controls? Because our civilization is based on a hunger for power. What are thirty thousand American lives a year in comparison with the ideals of power? Is Adolf Hitler reasoning any differently? I think not. He is merely driving a larger machine and, like every one of us, is glorifying power at the expense of human life.

What it is necessary to face now is one simple fact. Power in any form has to be controlled in any kind of civilization, except those powers of creation which are inherent in the artistic and social impulses of man.

Let us carry this matter a little farther. A man with a sword who kills an enemy on the field of battle can assign to the act only one of two responsibilities—his own skill or his cause. But a man with a machine gun can visibly wreak such a destruction of human life and create such widespread havoc and suffering that it is no longer adequate for him, being human himself, to embody the responsibility for what he is doing. So it is not the machine gunner but the machine gun, as symbolizing civilization, and the whole intellectual and technical effort of humanity, which kills fifty men a minute on a crowded front, with only one man's finger on the trigger. The gunner has, in fact, less of a moral problem to haunt him than the wielder of any single bayonet aimed at any single breast.

The bombing of civilian populations

is a comparatively new phase of war. Does it represent an increase of savagery, a reversion to ancestral cruelty? Not at all. No one feels that. It represents merely an increase in man's ability to transfer the effect of machinery back to the ideals of his civilization.

Every day in our papers we read dreadful things about war. What Germany is doing to the stored culture and beauty and to the life and happiness of a land once known as Merrie England. And what England is doing in return to the coast cities of Germany and France. The means by which these wonders of destruction are achieved are the supreme triumphs of our will to power. Yet every bomb which falls is a blow at the civilization of power, for it is not merely churches and houses and factories that are being destroyed, but also our faith in the way of life which has finally led to such atrocity.

But the true peculiarity of the news is not in the destruction of Coventry or the bombing of London, Berlin, or Hamburg, but in the fact that if any one of the bombers is shot down, or lands alive, he is treated with humanity by either party to the conflict. His life is saved, his wounds are healed, and he will survive. He is, in fact, regarded as a very gallant fellow, and in fact so he is. The hell he has caused to helpless civilians is not laid on his head, which receives no brand of Cain. It is attributed to the technical might of man (a thing we all admire).

Machinery was gradually successful in shielding us from all of the disabilities of our place in nature—from cold, from hunger, from solitude and, indeed, from everything external. But not from our own emotions, and not from their consequences. Those things machinery could not and cannot do. They are not in its province.

For a while this fact was concealed from us but the balance of machine defense against machine aggression was lost between 1914 and 1940 through the elimination of the protective power of walls.

What remains on land is only a competition in destruction, and that is a decisive fact, which cuts a sharp line between the past and the future.

In one hour machinery, operating as destruction, can now eliminate and reduce to chaos the constructive creation of ten years of applied technology. Against that destruction machinery can afford us no adequate protection. It can only empower us to duplicate the same feat of destruction in other places. Envy, jealousy, greed, and hatred—all common and perpetual human traits, which have lost no perceptible force in the past five thousand years, and which operate between all races and nations when interests clash—have at last received the benediction of applied science to go ahead at full speed and do their worst.

If any man believes that such a fact is not decisive, marking the end of one long series of historic struggles and the beginning of another quite different one, then he is immune to the testimony of history. If the machine cannot defend a civilization's constructive efforts from the machine (for that is the issue right now being tested in Europe) then I believe the full force of an anti-industrial revolution will begin to develop within a dozen years, and that the fact itself will be as influential on human fate as was the invention of gunpowder in terminating the feudal social structure of the Middle Ages.

I do not say that European civilization is doomed to destroy itself through the logical consequences of man's prepossession with power. As to that no one knows. But certainly it can. And there is no longer anything in the nature of the devices that impulse has created, or of the goals set in creating them, to prevent such an orgy of destruction. What will prevent it, if anything does and can, lies in those goals which modern man has put aside and much neglected.

III

So far we have considered the users of machine-made products, not the makers

of such products. What does machinery do to *them*?

Certainly, laboring in a factory at perpetually unclimaxed work—at the monotonous repetition of a small cycle of acts or skills—is not anything the human body or mind takes kindly to. Man is infinitely adaptable. He can adapt himself to factory work, and he can adapt himself to performing that work in daylight hours and taking all of his amusement after dark. Yet no one who has ever performed such tasks can fail to realize that they frequently involve a suspension of thought, and a reduction of the man's self to the level of his machine. Obviously, in such a process it is the wages of work which become the product of work. What the man or woman produces is only a minute part of a whole which is whisked away forever the instant that part is completed or applied. There is very little for the man to take a pride in but his wages, and even his skill is measured against his wages and not against his product. He cannot say, This is my motor car. But only, That is a lock-nut I applied in three seconds. The makers of machine tools are the élite of industry, and I am not talking about them at all, but only considering the millions of factory workers who produce a uniform product by monotonous and limited activities. On no concept of human fate is such labor worthy of the nature and capabilities of man or woman. It does not employ their multifarious humanity, but instead a trained and disciplined inhumanity. That we have grown used to it does not disguise that fact in any respect. Nor does it in any respect change the consequence that the conflicts between labor and capital are conflicts between machine-conditioned money and machine-conditioned men, both impersonalized by the wheels which spin between them. Away from the factory there is precious little difference between capital and labor. They have the same larger interests, enjoy the same sports and, save for little class-proud differences, are identical in sub-

stance. The vast gulf which so often divides them between eight and five every work day is not a product of the greed of capital or the sullenness of labor, but of common traits, canalized into a single form of expression by the goals of machinery. It is only if the dominance of life by mechanism is a necessary good that Karl Marx is proved right, and class conflict is inevitable.

Against the benefits of machinery, or rather of industrialism, I am thus forced to set two harms, both very serious and both of growing dimension: first, that the machine impersonalizes and sanctifies power and the use of power, and makes power the dominant factor in human life. There can be no international peace while that process continues unchecked. Second, I charge machinery of divesting, by its very nature, any important motive from production but that of profit to laborer or manufacturer. While that process continues there can be no internal peace in any industrial nation.

Power is not enough. It is so little enough that a civilization built on power is bound to fail. Suppose to-morrow morning there should be announced the discovery of an inter-atomic energy release, through which one goblet of water would drive a great liner across the Atlantic, as the Keely Motor once promised to do. What would result? The liberation of man? Or the enslavement of man? Life or death? We have at last reached a point where the answer is definitely, death. We do not need more power. If we get it there will be no use building cities or devices to put in them.

But even apart from war, while there is progress still to be made in whetting the appetite of man for new mechanical wonders and in achieving new markets in the few unexploited lands that have anything to go to market with, and some—but not so much as is supposed—in stirring the appetites, and raising the income of the poor, and paring off more of the merely hoarded profits of the rich,

even so, the thing will not work as a constantly expanding phenomenon. It already has begun to stall and leak steam. Because at least half of the products of industrialism could be dispensed with and our civilization would be unaffected by their loss. Only our habits would be affected. And not wholly adversely.

Those who can remember the period before 1900 remember a time when men lived in houses that are still adequate, enjoyed ball games, hunting, fishing, bicycling, theatrical entertainment, and travel just as they do now, and were not conscious of being at a disadvantage from the lack of anything which has been provided since the turn of the century except better water supplies and modern drugs and antitoxins.

We could not revert to those days very easily, but we could all live in them very easily, and nothing that has happened since has made any better people of us than we were in 1900. We were far less neurotic then and far less inclined to suicide and much less prone to war.

IV

Machinery cannot solve unemployment. It introduces into the industrial process, as I have sometime pointed out, a tremendously powerful unconsuming producer—that is, the stored energy of coal, oil, and running streams—and production inevitably passes consumption as efficiency in the use of those energies rises and their proportion of production goes higher, as it has constantly done.

Enlarging the capacity for production does not enlarge the capacity for consumption to the same degree. There is therefore nothing in a machine-driven world for many people to do by which they can earn their portion of these alleged desirable goods. If they are put at machinery, over-production is intensified.

This dilemma forces all industrial nations into a competition for foreign markets, to find there what they cannot

find at home, further consumers able to pay, and to transfer the unsolved problem of distribution from their own to a distant land.

The struggle for foreign markets proceeds with greater intensity and diminishing success as one by one those markets become also productive of competing goods, manufactured with machinery supplied by the pioneer industrial nations.

This struggle has already brought about two great wars. It implies also, and inevitably, more and more rigid national disciplines for economy of production, in competition with an increasingly industrialized world, and finally declining rather than rising standards of living, which have for a while been concealed by a sharply curtailed birth-rate. But finally liberty has to go or the nation fails in its competitive struggle against more rigidly disciplined neighbors who will accept lower wages, lower standards of living, and a smaller share of machinery's products in order to undercut all competitors and keep the wheels moving. Meanwhile, everywhere, debt accumulates and human rights decay.

To this process Hitlerism and war are logical outcomes. To dispose of manufactured goods which power-driven machinery enables every great industrial nation to produce without needing to employ more than a fraction of its population in the process, the ultimate high-pressure salesman is trinitrotoluol and smokeless powder, and the dive bomber is its delivery system.

After the normal purchasing power of the productive population and the dependent serving population is exhausted, and credit has also been exhausted, or pushed to the point where worry replaces satisfaction, and the same process has reached its limit in foreign markets, then there is nothing left for an industrial nation to do but to accept its own maturity and solve its problems through a control of machinery, or to expand its markets through war, in the hope that, pushed to the bitter end, industrialism will still yield its Utopia.

In such a dilemma Germany has lately elected to be logical, to force consumers to accept her manufactured products, and to collect payment in non-competitive goods. The only streamlined products to which this process can be easily applied are projectiles and bombs. These goods are delivered on the expectation that future payment will be collected with heavy carrying charges. When the customer's ability to consume is finally exhausted, the manufacturer moves in and forecloses on a debtor exhausted by his efforts to consume. Germany is now a criminal among nations, but her criminality merely illustrates the final consequences of industrialism.

I do not know how long this process can continue unchecked, because I do not know any way to gage man's love for liberty and his counter passion for machinery. But I believe this war marks a decisive point where we are compelled, at last, to settle our accounts with industrialism, and that when the war is over and its consequences digested, a long struggle against the domination of civilization by machinery is bound to begin. For the issue is very clearly drawn now between liberty and technology. Whichever of the two we love the more will direct our future.

Which of the two should command our loyalty? The very essence of the machine civilization is progress in efficiency for production—that is, progress in diminishing the human, and increasing the power factor in turning out goods.

The ideal of the machine age is shorter and shorter hours of work and larger and larger pay, a pleasant enough fantasy for a spring afternoon, but nothing by which a civilization could grow, unless coupled with dynamic ideals for the hours of the day not occupied by labor. These ideals have not been generated. There is nothing in a power civilization to evoke them. The instant they are generated the anti-industrial revolution will be in full swing. For it will be immediately discovered that most men and

women are far more quickly wearied of play than of work of a proper and congenial kind. If that were not so there would never have been any civilization, and man would still be an arboreal creature.

Play is a blessed necessity for all members of the human family, but it gets them nowhere of itself. The kind of leisure which advances civilization is that used for effort in the arts and sciences, and in acquiring skills which enlarge their possessors' own satisfactions, while contributing satisfaction to others. The monkey can swing for ten years in his cage, but he makes progress only by cracking nuts.

The ideal of the machine age is consequently false, though many of its achievements have greatly added to human possibilities. Success, however, is the one thing its philosophy did not encompass. We are battling now with the consequences not of a disastrous failure but of a disastrous triumph, which came far too easily and far too soon.

Industrialism has inflicted peculiar hardship on four classes in any modern community: those are our young, our aged, our women, and our farmers. Whatever may be true in other lands, the discipline of industrialism on American youth is not relished. Play has had to be organized in all our great cities. This was necessary and is increasingly necessary. Since Indian warfare and romantic adventure have passed, the tamed Don Quixote of American Boyhood has had to surrender to the supervised playground or perish from the earth. Excellent work has been done. Souls and bodies have been saved. But something has been lost, and nobody knows that better than our present young adult generation who are demanding back their rightful heritage. They are the first generation in all history to be inducted into the fully mechanized society we have made. That society both canalizes and indulges youth beyond all precedent. They have come to dislike it for its restraints and have small

respect for its indulgences. They grow up into it and find it barren of jobs, except in a period of war. They are in revolt. Communism has, to some, been a convenient train to hop on, though it does not represent, in the least, what they are after—which is more opportunity in a world not already strictly made to order.

The aging, denied even a normal chance for employment, find themselves in a world where speed is more precious than experience. They are made dependent on the young or on society, and their hearts are not with the forces which have dispossessed them. And they are growing rapidly in numbers.

Industrialism, while providing farmers with a modicum of comforts, has diminished their share in the national wealth, and greatly reduced the opportunity of employment for those who prefer an agricultural form of life. It is held by many to-day that farming for the production of chemurgic raw materials will revive agriculture. Cotton is such a chemurgic raw material, but the mechanical progress of disemployment through the use of the machine cotton picker and the tractor promises to release labor as fast or faster than chemurgic crops could employ it. And that appears to be the direction industrial agriculture must follow—a release in employment about balancing the increase in the machine use of farm products. When our coal supply runs low the picture may be different.

What machinery does to women in freeing them from disagreeable household tasks and in giving them factory and office employment is not to be gainsaid. Against those benefits must be balanced what machinery has done to family life and to women's chief biological function. It is not a man's business to appraise whether this change has been satisfactory to women. But certainly it is in this field that the Anti-Industrial Revolution has taken its most decisive form.

The civilization based on power has

stopped growing. No doubt for a few years in the immediate future our apparent birth-rate will rise because of the large numbers born a generation ago. But the general fact that in all great cities and in all industrial areas people are no longer reproducing even their present population is unmistakable everywhere. This is true in Italy, in Germany, as in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Sweden, Holland, and the United States.

Just to the extent that machinery showers its benefits and demands their acceptance as a way of labor and life, people, whatever their race or traditions, refuse to supply the children necessary to keep the process expanding. It is only the rural areas that are providing the very slow growth of the great industrial nations.

In large cities another revolt is taking form. Industrial life has become intolerable for many of those who have been most heavily industrialized. The lure of the mile-high tower or the sixteen-lane highway is fading. People in every State are developing zoning and planning programs which put industry in its proper place. Until now its proper place has been everywhere. Air bombing may hasten this process toward decentralization. When carried forward on a national scale and on a world scale, this reaction will be one visible and outward form of a change of front—of the relegation of the mechanical to a place secondary to humane considerations.

But that we of to-day do zone industrialism and do control it, and are aware of that need, is a long step from that deification of machinery which dominated our urban development in the past.

V

One cannot walk observantly by the shop windows of to-day without realizing the subtle but persistent growth of hundreds of forms of handicraft which had been almost forgotten and forsaken as living arts, even so late as ten years ago.

One also cannot go very far into the

countryside surrounding any large city without realizing that a passion for outdoor and non-mechanical forms of amusement is gaining headway every year, among the young and their elders.

Such matters are not, by my reading of events, minor symptoms of a mild reaction, but rather straws pointing a change of direction forced on human nature by bitter necessity. But if this change of direction is real, if the evils of a power civilization are now becoming so emphatic and so appalling, if in consequence of the debt, unemployment, and industrial bitterness, and the diversion of human effort which the industrial revolution has finally produced, together with those well-known and accepted benefits which must not be lost, if for all these reasons the pursuit of power now receives in this war a decisive blow and man votes for freedom first and machinery merely second or third in his list of wants, what can he do about it?

To stop having children is not an adequate answer. That is merely to love a vice more than a value, and to hold that machinery is more precious than man. The answer has to be far more positive than that. It appears to take two essential forms: first, that whatever world organization finally survives our machine-made struggles must be given authority—not over political subdivisions; not over the increasingly cut-throat commerce of nations; not over colonies or autocracies or democracies or ships or armies, but over the primary sources of power—coal and oil. On power control, and on that alone, the peace of the world finally depends. Just as, in another way, it is on power control that the safety of our streets depends and the quiet of our homes.

To achieve so much will, in fact, be essential if machinery is ever to be disciplined to human service, instead of, as now, being the terrible master of man's fate. There will never be an association of nations worth its own upkeep which does not control, in the interests of all nations, every source of fuel energy by

which the mechanisms of war can be powered and provided with fangs. If that is too remote a possibility to talk about this year, it may not seem so if this war continues as long as the last one.

For domestic tranquillity, the task of the Anti-Industrial Revolution will be that of providing opportunity for a large variety of handmade products to replace the products of machinery. Clothes, shoes, food, houses, and furniture are all of them to-day produced in part by non-mechanical labor, and so also are a thousand objects of luxury and decoration. To extend this field of hand labor may diminish somewhat our quantity of goods, but vastly increase the numbers employed in their production.

Under such an economy our apparent standard of living might very well fall as compared to 1929, but hardly as compared to several years succeeding that peak of production. Yet many more would find employment. Our standard of possessions might fall while our satisfactions in living rose, as the possibility of earning through the creation of wealth was gradually opened to a large number who now have no such possibilities at all. An internal revenue tax on certain types of machine-made products would stimulate a transfer of labor into hand production and encourage the training of hand workers, a vital matter which has of late years been widely neglected. There is an adequate place for both machine and hand labor in human economy, and, indeed, both have to find a place in that economy if it is to survive. Such an arrangement as that here suggested would fuse and make parallel the interests of agriculture and industry, and not set them, as they are to-day, in two opposing economic systems.

No proposition is being advanced here that what humanity will ever do or ever ought to do means turning the clock back to 1900 or to any other epoch of the past. The past is irrecoverable. The human clock has never been turned back. But clock after clock has run down or

spun too fast and been laid aside for its betters. And that is the task which the Anti-Industrial Revolution is compelled to face.

The great and enduring triumphs of modern science are not products of the hunger for power. They are products of humanity, of a struggle not against space, but against suffering, not for speed or sensation, but for health and sensibility. The Anti-Industrial Revolution must accept all the industrialism needed for sanitation, for medical progress, and for personal hygiene, and go on from there to create a standard of living based on motions not solely rotatory. I believe in the desire for freedom as inherent in the nature of man, and I consequently believe that this revolution will succeed, and that with its success the motives which gave rise to communism and Nazism in the first half of the twentieth century and to the orgy of wars and hatreds which have occupied our lives will die of malnutrition. So soon as modern man perceives that if machine ideals continue to dominate his world the large advantages he has planned for himself must be waived for collective power and collective competition, this change may proceed at accelerated speed.

So soon as man realizes that he has had to surrender his purposes to his devices, the chromium-plated altars of the god of wheels will suffer a slow corrosion. So soon also as man realizes that to maintain industrialism on its present expanding scale, and to deal with its terrific consequences, taxation must absorb more and more of those fruits of power to which he has devoted his civilization, he will turn on power as power has turned against man. Debt has so far concealed this bitter reality, but cannot conceal it much longer.

Machinery has destroyed the peace of the earth. Machinery has led civilization into a feverish decadence. Machinery cannot cure the diseases created by the nature of the impulses which have given it this awful power to disorganize the whole life of man. The only cure

lies in the discipline of machinery and its relegation to a minor function.

Some industrialists and many inventors and technicians, who have a sacerdotal interest in industrialism *per se*, will deny every premise on which these conclusions are based, just as they are compelled to repeal the law of diminishing returns in planning their technological future. Industry, they tell us, will yet save man and make for us a wonderful world—a kind of Santa Claus' toy shop—for that is the complete nature of the dream. Mechanical industry will save man. But from what? From the elements? That has been done. From hunger? That also—and both by simpler devices—and by them nearly as dependably for the population they were adapted to. It is not from these dangers man is to be saved by machinery. But obviously from machinery itself. Machinery will outwit machinery and do better sometime than it has done in the world it has made and possessed.

By what? By new and more devilish devices? By new and more curious patents to tie our shoes a new way, or to dress us in seamless garments? Or by what? Faster motor cars? Airplanes on every roof, bearing bonbons and not bombs? But why not bombs? What has industrialism yet done to transform and mollify the human spirit? It has had fifty clear triumphant years to show its worth to the human spirit. I am casting the unpopular vote of No Confidence in its result.

And for what will industrialism save us? For more and more industrialism? I vote "No" again. It is not an adequate adult goal. For creative leisure then? If so, why not let machinery perform the irreducible minimum of necessary unpleasant work, and begin to explore the possibilities of creative labor on that background before most of us are reduced to cowering robots with no creative impulses left? In short, if we have an ideal for a finally creative and liberated America why do we not let that ideal get to work now?



FASHION GOES AMERICAN

BY WINIFRED RAUSHENBUSH

WHEN France fell the reign of the Paris *couture*, otherwise and correctly known as the world fashion dictatorship, came to an end.

The future, it seems probable, belongs to the American fashion industry. From the point of view of American women, and with full acknowledgment of the very real accomplishments of the *haute couture*, this is nothing to mourn over. American designers can dress American women better than Paris ever dressed them. In fact, they have been doing precisely that for some years. As everybody in the fashion industry knows, the Paris fashion dictatorship was slipping long before the Nazi tanks rolled down the Champs Elysées. During the past decade, while the prestige and the glamour have continued to carry a Paris date-line, most of the significant achievements have taken place in Hollywood, California, and on Seventh Avenue, New York.

Fashion is a sociological phenomenon of great interest whose essence is imperfectly understood. The people who know most about it generalize least; the people who generalize boldly are frequently not very convincing; and the industry has increased the confusion by insisting, as a matter of tradition and policy, on hanging the whole subject with veils of mystery.

The late Louis Harmuth, who collected and founded the Fairchild fashion library of New York, once said: "After a lifetime of studying fashion, all I know is that fashion has nothing to do with

beauty, modesty, or utility, and that it is a great natural force. We use it, just as we do electricity, but we do not know what it is."

But while fashion is genuinely mysterious, the fashion *business* is not. Whether it be French or American or English, it is a consumer-goods business, selling clothes; that is, fabrics that cover the body and have some relation to heat, cold, comfort, modesty, and illusion. It is also a show business, selling not just clothes to cover the body, but a valuable spiritual ingredient, known at various times by such names as modernity, chic, and glamour. It is also a publicity business, selling loyalty to what are ostensibly the decrees of fashion, but are actually, ninety-nine per cent of the time, the necessities and desires of the fashion business.

The central fact to understand is that the fashion industry does not make money out of being a consumer-goods business. A bare living could probably be gained from supplying women with sensible, serviceable clothes, but then no designer would pile up a bank account of millions as Chanel did. The fashion industry makes money by selling fashion to women, and for business reasons it changes the fashions as frequently as possible.

At present our high-style American designers give their customers not just new clothes but new *fashions* every four months. Elements of these new high-style fashions quickly appear in less expensively priced ready-made clothes, but

the complete high-style costume is seldom reproduced at once for the medium- or popular-style customer because it is too daring, and represents too advanced a conception of the direction in which the fashion cycle is moving.

The four-month seasonal changes in fashions are important to the designer and manufacturer who charge top prices for clothes and to the women whose chief aim in life is to dress fashionably; they are not a matter of intense concern to the bulk of the ready-to-wear business and its millions of customers. The medium-style manufacturer uses high-style fashions chiefly as a guide to the direction in which fashion is moving and as a source of new ideas. Although most women find pleasure in the new crop of seasonal fashions which bloom in the shop windows, they do not feel that they are being coerced into buying these clothes.

However, the fashion changes which occur in connection with the five- or ten-year fashion cycle are a very different matter. These changes affect all women from the very rich to the very poor. Moreover, it is not only fashions that change; the silhouette changes too. The reason why the silhouette has to change is that you cannot make women look entirely different from one cycle to another merely by changing their dresses, hats, shoes, and such. Something much more radical has to happen. Women actually have to change their shapes. Since women cannot accomplish this feat which the fashion dictators demand of them by thinking beautiful thoughts, it has to be done with underwear.

For instance, in 1939 Paris introduced the wasp-waist corset. It suggested that any woman whose waist was over eighteen inches was indelicate and gross. The entire American fashion industry was in a dither. Would women accept these corsets or wouldn't they? Most of the Fifth Avenue stores backed them, a few openly pooh-poohed them in the advertisements. Within a few months the whole matter was settled. Women

had said no; the wasp-waist corset was out.

By this rejection, whether they realized it or not, women altered the entire history of fashions for the next five years. 1940 was the logical year for one fashion cycle to end and another to begin. Since 1935 Paris had been gradually getting women used to a new silhouette which it was hoping to put over by 1940. The new silhouette was to be that of a Dresden-china shepherdess; the new fashions were to include natural shoulders, a pushed-up bust, an eighteen-inch waist, and a short, very full skirt to cover the spread of the hips created by the wasp-waist corset.

When women rejected the corset which would have given them this hourglass figure it meant that the plans for a whole fashion era, for which Paris had been patiently and cleverly building the foundations, had to be scrapped.

When Paris fell in July, 1940, it had not yet had a chance to improvise a new silhouette. New York, which never before in history had handled the machinery of the ten-year fashion cycle, was obliged to take over. Out of Paris's intentions it preserved a few elements: the natural shoulder, the short skirt (which of course will always appear in wartime), and an emphasis on the up hair-do.

Although the Paris dictatorship is no more, there is absolutely no doubt that fashion cycles will continue. No fashion business can live without them. One of the principal reasons why the American fashion business respected Paris was that the French designers had invented this intricate piece of promotional machinery and that they knew how to operate their invention.

II

As any architect or dress designer will tell you, some proportions are much pleasanter than others. A 1:1 proportion is not good, a 2:3 proportion is. The Greeks had a name for this one; they called it the golden section.

The flapper fashions of the nineteen twenties, when the belt was worn somewhere round the hip-bone, depended upon a 3:2 proportion, the waist being longer than the skirt. The fashions of the thirties, which Paris introduced in 1929, reversed this balance and demanded a 2:3 ratio, in which the skirt was longer than the waist. The Paris dressmakers had long been preparing the way for a return to long skirts by coaxing the skirt-length down, inch by inch; by the time they had dropped the American woman's skirt down to the point where waist and skirt were about the same length the dress lacked any purity of style. Consequently when a new style, which was consistent, integrated, and harmonious, was finally presented in 1929, women who were sensitive to æsthetic nuances were in a mood to try something new.

By August, 1929, Paris felt that it had got women so used to the idea of the longer skirt that it could definitely end the old fashion cycle of the twenties and begin the new fashion cycle of the thirties. The new styles were shown at the races and a campaign began to change the silhouette. At this point the French used their customary and hitherto successful tactic of invoking the Authority of Fashion. *Vogue* Magazine, one of Paris's principal spokesmen in the United States, said:

"Never in years and years has there been such a dramatic change in fashions, demanding so much of the wearer. Women may flutter and hesitate, but the new mode is in. *Make no mistake about that.*"

In spite of *Vogue's* admonitions to American women not to squirm, they did squirm. What they disliked most about the new fashions, it appeared, was the fact that they could not be worn without corsets. According to *Vogue*, a considerable number of women of fashion had been going without corsets as early as 1913. College girls had shed theirs by 1917. By 1929 most American women had not been wearing them for

ten years and thought they were rid of them for time and eternity. Actually of course, there have been only two periods in history when women got rid of corsets even momentarily; the first period was the French Revolution, the second was the period from 1910 to 1930, during which women acquired votes, jobs, and lovers, and tossed the security of the Victorian era out of the window.

Paris decreed corsets in 1929 for a number of reasons. Its primary reason was that it feared the competition of the American ready-to-wear business. Paris thought that if it introduced tightly fitted clothes with a lot of intricate sewing, the American ready-to-wear industry would not be able to copy these clothes. (This assumption was at least in part correct. Shortly after 1929 some of the best houses which were making clothes in women's sizes failed and went out of business, and the depression was not the only reason for their fall.) Paris also needed to show the world that it still had power enough to put through a radical change in fashions. Between July and September, 1929, Paris therefore decided that women must stop looking like breastless, hipless boys and begin to look like a super-movie star who combined the wide shoulders and narrow hips of Crawford and the long legs of Garbo with the opulent curves of Mae West. To accomplish this change in shape, women needed not only corsets but shoulder pads and flaming-youth brassieres. In case these three varieties of underpinnings were not enough to create the desired illusion, small beige silk affairs, looking like field mushrooms, could be purchased in department stores or the Five-and-Ten.

The women of fashion and the devoted employees of the fashion business straightway took up the new Paris style. The very young, the social climbers, the women who can wear anything or think they can, the women whose figures looked ravishing in the new fashions, and the women whose figures had looked like meal bags in the old fashions followed.

But most American women, feeling that the new clothes would be uncomfortable and unbecoming to them, hung back. The sales clerks in the stores whose wages depended on how much they sold had a slim winter. So did many of the stores and manufacturers who catered to the medium-style and popular-style trade. The fashion business underwent considerable strain that winter of 1929-30, but so did the women. When March came and it was time to buy summer clothes most of the women who had been living in a state of violent indecision for months could not stand it any longer and headed for the shops en masse. The revolt against the long skirts was definitely over.

But the revolt against Paris was not over. American women had become rebellious. So unpopular were the new fashions for a time that not only in the United States, but also in England and other outlying provinces of the French fashion empire, women, somewhat to their own astonishment, defied the edicts of Paris, wrote violent letters of protest to newspapers and magazines, and even held mass meetings.

The first and most immediate effect of this uprising was that the high-style fashion magazines, which for years had been exhorting American women to follow slavishly the edicts of Paris, changed their tune. After the spring of 1930 neither *Vogue* nor *Harper's Bazaar* ever said another word about the inferiority of Americans and the superiority of all things French. All the bright people in the American fashion industry realized that the days when Paris was regarded with unquestioning respect by American women were definitely ended. The road was clear for the American fashion industry to assume leadership in case it was able to do so. And from 1930 on this is precisely what the industry was engaged in doing.

A year later Elizabeth Hawes was staging the first and only American designer's show ever held in Paris. By 1932 Lord & Taylor, a New York store,

under the leadership of Dorothy Shaver, was backing a whole group of American designers, most of them under thirty. Kiviette and Annette Simpson were charging two hundred dollars for the privilege of seeing their collections. A few years later, Hawes was getting six hundred dollars for a dress, which was more than the Paris designers had ever dared to ask.

By 1935 America's Paris apron-strings had come almost completely untied. It is true that Paris was still managing the ten-year fashion cycle, but that was all she was doing. Up to 1930 most American clothes had been adaptations of French models. By 1935 less than one per cent of the clothes sold in the United States were Paris imports or adaptations; America was already doing its own designing. That even rich women, accustomed to buying Paris imports, preferred American-designed clothes to French-designed clothes was made clear by the president of Bergdorf-Goodman, who testified in the course of a Fashion Originators' Guild case that while his store continued to import two hundred to two hundred and fifty French models annually, they did this only "to show our customers what they *don't* want."

While New York was democratizing fashion, Hollywood was teaching the world how women of different physical types should be dressed. New York accomplished its fashion revolution by intention; Hollywood, by accident — the accident that Hollywood was professionally concerned with exploiting all the varieties of feminine beauty, and that clothes design was one of the major technics of this business.

What women want, and what every fashion business needs, is a set of fashion models, a group of women who wear clothes so superbly, with so much authority, charm, and ease that other women become enthusiastic and say, "That's just what I want. I must have that right away." The French fashion business has had a succession of such fashion

models. First it used dolls; then, mannikins; then, that famous international coterie known as "They," of "They are wearing" fame. Because the New York fashion business was for so long dependent upon Paris for fashion publicity it had developed no important fashion models of its own. It had its mannikins and debutantes, its commercial artist models, and Mrs. Harrison Williams; but that was all. When Paris fell, American fashion writers recently returned from Paris tried to arouse interest in an American "They" who would from now on set American and perhaps world fashions. Nothing much happened.

However, nothing much needed to happen because Hollywood had already provided America with a set of fashion models who were not only satisfactory, but who were on several counts superior to anything the French fashion business ever had. In the first place, their clothes were selected on a different principle.

Madame Schiaparelli stated the Paris principle very crisply when she said on being interviewed by an American reporter in the spring of 1939: "I can say this—the woman with the worst possible taste is the woman who dresses to look pretty. Women should dress to look smart, not to look pretty."

The Hollywood principle was noted by a well-known fashion columnist, for many years resident in Paris, when she remarked that she had been watching two of the leading motion-picture stars trying on hats, and what they wanted was hats which would flatter their faces, rather than startle and excite their friends.

The Hollywood principle was better adapted for ready acceptance by American women than the Paris principle; and Hollywood followed it with the utmost skill. All the technical aids at the disposal of Hollywood serve one purpose only: to put the looks and personality of a particular woman into headlines and make her a box-office figure. This is of

course the effect which stage clothes always try to achieve. But Hollywood is thoroughgoing; no single small detail which will serve this purpose is overlooked. An actress's bad points are minimized or corrected, her good points are played up. In addition, Hollywood has never failed to recognize that one woman's clothes are another woman's poison. And because the stars of Hollywood represent a number of different feminine types—women of every shade of coloring and shape, wide-shouldered, narrow-shouldered, long-waisted, short-waisted, wide-hipped, narrow-hipped, short-legged, and long-legged—a woman movie-goer can see with her own eyes how a first-rate clothes designer would dress *her* face, *her* figure, and *her* kind of personality.

This is something which women who cannot afford to have their clothes made by the high-style designers of Paris, or New York, or the Pacific Coast have long wanted to know. During the nineteenth century when women saw an actress of the theater whose clothes they admired and whom they would have loved to look like, they usually sighed and said: "What's the use? She's a brunette, and I'm a blonde. Besides, I haven't got her figure." Over the course of years the individual woman gradually taught herself what to do about dressing her own physical type. If she had natural æsthetic sense and cleverness she learned quickly; if not, she learned slowly or not at all. In any case no one in the fashion industry gave her much assistance in this particular task.

Hollywood changed all that and permanently. Listen to women talking after a movie: "I saw that picture twice to be sure how Garbo does her hair. Almost any way she wears it seems to look well *on me*." "Did you see that hat Ginger Rogers was wearing in Kitty Foyle—*that's my hat*." "I want an evening dress like the one Vivien Leigh wears in 'That Hamilton Woman.' We both have sloping shoulders and anything she wears looks *exactly right on me*."

Nor is the influence of the Hollywood stars as advertisers of Hollywood clothes limited to America. The stars themselves have been collected from three continents, and they are known to a world-wide audience. If the American fashion business ever wishes to set international fashions, here is its medium.

III

When the French fashion dictatorship was in full swing there was no contact between American women and the French fashion dictators or between women and the American fashion industry. Within the past five years this situation has changed considerably. Gradually the industry and women are getting acquainted with each other.

The first point of contact was between high-style custom designers like Hawes, Robert Dudley, and Omar Kiam, who set up shop in New York City after the passage in 1930 of the Vestal bill (the first piece of American legislation protecting the rights of clothes designers), and their rich young clients. These clients were women who had traveled extensively, had shopped in both Europe and the United States, and knew what they wanted. They were able to describe to the designers in general terms the kind of clothes they had in mind, and they left it to the designers to work out the color, lines, and feeling of the actual clothes. The result was that they became one of the best-dressed groups of women in America.

Presently the relations between the fashion makers and their customers began to improve at another point. A second group of American women had decided what kind of clothes they wanted to wear and refused to take anything else. What happened was this. The stores became aware that the college girl was not buying the clothes they offered her. She wouldn't wear the high heels, hand bags, or fussy street hats of the city woman. Instead, she wanted odd items like skirts, sweaters, saddle

shoes, pieces of men's clothing, work clothes, and whimsies originated by popular campus leaders. Worse even than the fact that the stores were losing money by this impromptu boycott was the fact that the college girl had become a recognized fashion leader. Because she was young, attractive, and confident, the office worker, the debutante, the high school girl, and the young matron living in the suburbs imitated her and began demanding from the stores the kind of clothes the college girl had invented for herself.

There was nothing the stores could do but capitulate. They made up in ready-to-wear versions the clothes which the college girl had originated, adapted, and assembled. They found that every important campus was a design center which originated its own fads and fashions. They discovered that fads blazed up on a particular campus at odd and inconvenient moments and swept across the country like a racing prairie fire. The industry did not complain about this complexity; it faithfully followed the cues handed out by the college girl. And it made money by doing this. The stores are by this time so proud of these clothes that they have begun to feature them in their advertisements as "the most typically American of all our fashions."

Note that in the case of the college girl it was the *stores* which took the initiative in persuading the ready-to-wear manufacturer to give this particular group of American women the kind of clothes they wanted. The stores had even begun to ask women themselves what they wanted. For example, Hortense Odlum took over an upper Fifth Avenue store, Bonwit Teller, when it was failing. Mrs. Odlum made a policy of asking her customers what they wanted and then seeing that they got it. Six years later this store was selling ten million dollars' worth of merchandise a year. Other stores followed suit.

One of the things which the customers at Bonwit Teller's asked for was plain

dresses at moderate prices. In 1934, at the time they made this demand, only high-priced dresses succeeded in being plain. In this instance, the store did precisely what other stores had done about college girls; it went directly to the manufacturers and persuaded them to make plain dresses. At first, the manufacturers were recalcitrant. They insisted that the store didn't know women as well as they did, not realizing that American women's tastes are far from static. Mrs. Odlum finally won them over by saying: "It will cost you less to make these dresses if you don't sew on these yards and yards of trimming, and you can charge just as much for them." Since 1934 the store has been selling plain dresses in quantity.

While women have at certain points succeeded in establishing excellent relations with designers and stores, they have so far been less successful in achieving contact with the manufacturer. At the present time almost the only point of direct contact between women and manufacturers is provided by design contests. Chicago held an important amateur ready-to-wear contest after Paris fell. Fairchild Publications of New York City, which publish the fashion industry's trade papers, sponsor an annual textile-design contest for amateurs. The Campus Originals Guild of New York buys designs from college girls and sells them to the manufacturer. Even high school girls are being used as a source of style ideas by the industry. The entries for these amateur design contests which are on their way to becoming as much of an institution as the country fair are not only numerous, but in some cases highly superior. Manufacturers who have initiated design contests primarily for the sake of advertising their product frequently find themselves so stimulated by the results that they decide to make the annual amateur-design contest a part of their institutional policy.

Limited as the contact between women and the fashion industry has been, it

appears to represent a trend indicating that such democratic devices are commercially profitable and otherwise stimulating to the industry. The clothes worn by rich women dressed by important New York and California designers and the clothes worn by college girls are among the most interesting clothes in this country. Their distinction is manifest compared with run-of-the-mill fashions.

In both these cases the excellent result has been achieved, not by having women dictate the kind of clothes they wanted to the designer or manufacturer, but by an effective cross fertilization of the design ideas of women with the designing and production skills of the American fashion industry.

Significantly the history of design is full of similarly felicitous collaborations. The best fashions are never dictated either by women or by the designer; they are always the result of working together.

IV

Pinching an imaginary fold of cloth, Nettie Rosenstein once said:

"Half an inch to the right or the left, higher or lower *here*, under the bust, can make a woman look ten years younger than she is."

This is no idle boast. There are a few American ready-to-wear designers who can do this. They can give a woman clothes that hang well, wear well, are easy to take care of, minimize her defects and play up her good points, make her look sophisticated, fascinating, and ten years younger, are fashion-right at the moment, and also in advance of the fashions; in short, they can give her the dream clothes she has always wanted.

The fifth- or tenth-rate designer or manufacturer cannot do this. It takes brains, and brains are rare.

At present we have in the United States too many designers and too many designs. What we need is more publicity and public support for our outstanding designers, and fewer and better dress designs.

In Paris, out of twenty-two *haute couture* houses, only six or seven were important, and only two or three designers originated the fashions which the whole world at one time wore. America needs more clothes designers than Paris, because the *haute couture* catered to only one economic class: the very rich. We need designers to adapt clothes styles to different classes, occupations, types, ages, and sections of the country. However, the careful thinking and creation in this field, as in every other, is done by a few people. When, after the fall of Paris, Maurice Rentner, president of the Fashion Originators' Guild, heard that a New York store was featuring sixty American designers, he remarked quietly that there weren't sixty creative minds in the entire world, let alone in the dress-design field.

The hope of our mass-production civilization is that we shall presently all be able to afford products invented, manufactured, or designed by the best brains in the country. In certain fields the application of designing genius to objects which the majority can afford has already occurred. The Museum of Modern Art in New York holds every year an industrial arts exhibition called "Useful Articles Under Ten Dollars." Many of these articles came from five-and-ten-cent stores. No such application of the best talent to the making of low-cost goods for the millions has yet occurred in the production of women's clothes. Paris used to produce 15,000 dress designs a year, and we produce 35,000, but only a few of these designs have merit. A famous New York store stated this fact crisply, when it announced in an advertisement:

"There are only six good dresses a year. This is one of the six."

Everyone in the dress industry understands that the 35,000 models turned out annually are, for the most part, trivial variations of a few acceptable original and distinguished ideas. Women who know clothes and fashions understand this too, and would rather have

good copies or adaptations of these few original ideas than trivial and debauched variations evolved for the sake of evading charges of style piracy or beating a competitor.

During the nineteen twenties American women were able to buy for quite nominal prices fairly good copies of clothes created by great French designers like Vionnet. To-day it is not possible to get similarly inexpensive copies of clothes created by great American designers. Unless you have a leisure-class bank account you may not be able to afford a Rosenstein or Gallagher original. That takes money. Yet it would be perfectly possible to organize the creation of clothes in America in such a way that the great designers would be working for you. It is a matter of spreading the brains.

One of the things which could happen would be that the handful of great designers who now work exclusively for the high-style customer could release their designs, after a given period of time, to manufacturers who would then make and sell copies of these designs in the medium- and popular-price brackets. Such an arrangement would benefit both women and designers. Women would enjoy it both because it is fun to wear big-name fashions, and because the clothes would be superior products. On the other hand, the designers whose clothes sold not only as originals but also as copies would make additional money, just as an author does who sells his novel or play to Hollywood.

Another way of spreading the brains would be to have manufacturing houses that create clothes for the popular and mass markets employ a really top-rank designer in the same way that refrigeration and kitchenware manufacturers employ some of the country's best industrial designers. Among the manufacturing houses which could afford to employ first-rate designers are those which have established satisfactory working relations with the great American chain and mail-order houses.

But if the women who cannot pay high-style prices want the great designers to work for them it will be necessary to protect these designers against style piracy. At present the designer has very inadequate legal property in his work. Women can serve themselves and the dress industry by backing well-considered legislative reforms in this field.

France had laws against style piracy as early as 1857; we had none until 1930, when the Vestal bill was passed. Consequently, we also had very few American designers until 1930, for designers cannot afford to set up in business unless their work has legal protection.

In 1932 a group of New York designers and manufacturers organized the Fashion Originators' Guild, one of whose objects was to enforce the provisions of the Vestal bill. Original dress designs created by Guild members were registered with the Guild. In case one of the twelve hundred stores which was co-operating with the Guild persisted in selling clothes identifiable as copies of Guild originals this store was blacklisted by Guild members. For a number of years this form of policing worked well. However, during the past five years the Guild has had trouble. Manufacturers

of inexpensive clothes who were not Guild members suggested that the government investigate the way the Guild was handling its affairs. The result was that in March, 1941, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the Guild's enforcement practices constituted "a monopoly in restraint of trade."

The question is: what can the American designers do now? M. D. C. Crawford, an American authority on fashion art, believes that the American designers will never get adequate legislation and enforcement directed against style piracy unless they take their case to the public. This is probably true.

What makes the situation intricate is that the public and the designer *both* need protection. In France the practical effect of the style-piracy laws was to protect the right of the rich women who bought *haute couture* models not to have these models worn by people in the lower-income brackets. Obviously the American public is not going to back laws which merely, as in France, sanctify and implement the snobbism of the high-style customer.

If this problem can be solved both the designers and women will benefit, and the future of American leadership in the field of clothes fashion will be bright.



WHEN WILBUR WRIGHT WON FRANCE

BY FRED C. KELLY

AVIATION reached Europe by way of the Wright Brothers. Not until late 1906, nearly three years after the Wrights' first flights, did any of the French copyists or imitators, applying knowledge first gained by the Wrights, finally succeed in making even short hops with a heavier-than-air machine. But there was still much incredulity in France about the achievements of the Wrights themselves.

The incredulity did not cease until 1908. That year was therefore of epochal importance for the future of European aviation. It was in May, 1908, that Wilbur Wright went to France for the purpose of making the first demonstration in Europe of his and his brother's invention. (Orville Wright remained in the United States to conduct the tests of a Wright machine for the U. S. War Department.) If Wilbur accomplished what he expected, final details of the Wrights' business arrangement with a recently formed French Wright Company would be carried out.

The locality for these flights by Wilbur Wright, destined to astound Europeans, was determined in consequence of the courtesies of Léon Bollée, an automobile manufacturer who had a factory at Le Mans, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Paris. When Bollée learned that Wilbur Wright was in France and looking for a suitable field he sent a message to Wilbur suggesting that a satisfactory place could doubtless be found near Le Mans, where there was a great stretch of level country. He added that Wilbur would be welcome to use a

wing of the Bollée factory for assembling his plane. Wilbur then made a tour of inspection of the Le Mans area, accompanied by Hart O. Berg, European associate of Charles R. Flint & Co., the Wrights' business representatives in all except the English-speaking countries. They spent several hours "looking for a good pasture." Naturally there was not yet in Europe any place designated as a flying field. The most nearly ideal field for Wilbur's needs was a large open area at Auvours, about five miles from Le Mans, used by the French War Department for testing artillery; but it was not then available. Another place they noticed was the Hunaudières race track. The oval field within the track appeared to be large enough for their needs. There were a few trees, but Wilbur said he could easily steer clear of them. The next day, in Paris, M. Nicolai, president of the Jockey Club and principal owner of the Hunaudières race track, agreed to the use of the field at a monthly rental for as long as needed.

Now the crated Wright plane was brought to the Bollée factory and, late in June, Wilbur set to work there. He assembled the working parts and put the motor and cooling system to a series of rigid tests. On July 4th Wilbur met with a painful accident. A rubber connection in the cooling system burst and he was badly scalded on his left arm by hot water. This was one of several unavoidable delays that made many skeptics think it would be a long time before Wilbur would attempt a public demon-

stration. One Paris newspaper said: "*Le bluff continue.*" Wilbur had been quoted as saying that the tests would be "child's play," and "*jeu d'enfant*" was often repeated, with sarcasm, by the incredulous.

While working on his machine at the Bollée factory Wilbur did something, probably just because it seemed the natural thing to do, with no thought of the impression it would make, that delighted the hearts of the factory employees. He kept the same hours that the others did and acted as if he were simply one more workman. When the whistle blew for the noon hour he knocked off along with the others and went in overalls to lunch. This lack of any sign of aloofness caused much favorable comment.

Wilbur's greatest admirer, however, was Léon Bollée himself. Though they had no common language they managed to exchange ideas and formed a warm friendship. Bollée, a jolly, rotund man with saucy chin whiskers, was ever ready to be of service.

But the work was soon transferred from the Bollée factory to the field at Hunaudières where a hastily constructed hangar had been built. Another item of preparation was the setting up of a launching derrick, similar to the one the Wrights had first used in their experiments at the Huffman pasture, near Dayton. Huge weights were attached at one end of a rope which ran over pulleys and had a metal ring at the other end to be caught on a hook at the front of the plane. When the plane shot forward the rope automatically dropped away. As at previous trials, the plane when ready to take off rested on a small truck having two flanged wheels that ran on a single-rail, iron-shod, wooden track about sixty feet long.

II

Not until August 8th did Wilbur attempt his first flight. A good-sized crowd was present, the majority from Le Mans and the nearby countryside; but it included many members of the Aéro Club

of France and various newspaper representatives from Paris.

In describing the scene, years afterward, Hart O. Berg said: "Wilbur Wright's quiet self-confidence was reassuring. One thing that, to me at least, made his appearance all the more dramatic was that he was not dressed as if about to do something daring or unusual. He of course had no special pilot's helmet or jacket, since no such garb yet existed, but appeared in the ordinary gray suit he usually wore, and a cap. He wore, as he nearly always did, when not in overalls, a high, starched collar."

At least one man among the spectators felt certain the flight would not be a success. That was M. Ernest Archdeacon, prominent in the Aéro Club of France. M. Archdeacon was so sure Wilbur Wright would be deflated that as the time set for the flight approached he was explaining to those near him in the grandstand just what was "wrong" about the design of the Wright machine, and why it could not be expected to fly well.

Wilbur's immediate preparations had been made with great care. First of all, the starting rail had been set precisely in the direction of and against the wind. The engine was started by a man pulling down a blade of each of the two propellers and the plane was held back by a wire attached to a hook and releasing trigger near the pilot's seat. After the engine was warmed up Fleury, Berg's chauffeur, took hold of the right wing. Wilbur released the trigger, and the plane was pulled forward by the falling weights. Fleury kept it in balance until the accelerating speed left him behind. By the time it had reached the end of the rail the plane left the track, with speed enough to sustain itself and climb.

At some distance, directly in front of Wilbur as he started to rise, were tall trees; but they gave him no concern. He bore off easily to the left and went ahead in a curve that brought him back almost over the starting point. Then

he swung to the right and made another great turn. Most of the time he was thirty or thirty-five feet above the ground. He was in the air only one minute and forty-five seconds, but he had made history.

The crowd well knew they had "seen something" and behaved accordingly. In the excited babel of voices one or two phrases could be heard again and again. "*Cet homme a conquis l'air!*" "*Il n'est pas bluffeur!*" Yes, truly Wilbur had conquered the air, and he was no bluffer. That American word "bluffer" had been much used during the time that reports from the United States about the Wrights had been stirring controversy in France. Now "*bluffeur*" became a part of the French language. "To think that one would call the Wrights '*bluffeurs*'!" lamented the French press over and over again.

For the next few minutes after Wilbur landed, Berg was kept busy, laughingly warding off agitated Frenchmen who sought to bestow a formal accolade by kissing Wilbur in the French manner on both cheeks. He suspected that Wilbur might consider that carrying enthusiasm too far.

One Frenchman, M. Edouard Surcouf, a balloonist, one of the skeptical members of the Aéro Club, had arrived at the field late, barely in time to see Wilbur in the air. Now he was about the most enthusiastic of all. He rushed up to Berg, exclaiming: "*C'est la plus grande erreur du siècle!*" Disbelieving the claims of the Wrights may not have been the biggest error of the century, but obviously it *had* at least been a mistake.

The only person who offered criticism or minimized the brilliance of his feat was Wilbur Wright. When asked by a reporter for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* if he was satisfied with the exhibition, he replied, according to that paper:

"Not altogether. When in the air I made no less than ten mistakes owing to the fact that I have been laying off from flying for so long; but I corrected them

rapidly, so I don't suppose anyone watching really knew I had made any mistake at all. I was very pleased at the way my first flight in France was received."

A crowd of Aéro Club members and other admirers were insistent that Wilbur should go back to Paris with them to celebrate the achievement at the best dinner to be obtained in that center of inspired cooking. But Wilbur just thanked them and said he wished to give his machine a little going over. Early that evening, so the newspapers reported, "he was asleep at the side of his creation."

The French press the next day not only treated the flight as the biggest news but was unsparing in its praise. The *Figaro* said: "It was not merely a success but a triumph; a conclusive trial and a decisive victory for aviation, the news of which will revolutionize scientific circles throughout the world." *Le Journal* observed that: "It was the first trial of the Wright airplane, whose qualities have long been regarded with doubt, and it was perfect."

Two days after that first demonstration, on August 10th, Wilbur made two more short flights, the first one a figure eight, and the other, three complete circles. He flew on August 11th for three minutes, 43 seconds; the next day, six minutes, 56 seconds; and on August 13th, eight minutes, 13.2 seconds. This time he did seven wide "*orbes*," as the French described them. In landing that day Wilbur broke the left wing of his plane and repairs kept him from flying until August 21st. He took time out on August 24th to attend an agricultural fair where reporters observed that he seemed much interested in pigs and cattle and, as one paper expressed it, "talked much more freely about them than about aviation."

After those first few flights the army officer in charge of the artillery testing grounds at Auvours let it be known that the military people at Paris would be proud to have Wilbur Wright's further demonstrations carried on there. As the military field was larger than that at

Hunaudières, Wilbur was glad to make the change. The Hunaudières hangar—which Wilbur persisted in calling the “shed”—was torn down and rebuilt within twenty-four hours at Auvours. As the two fields were only about ten miles apart, Wilbur could have flown the plane to the new location; but with so much at stake he was taking no chances. The plane was placed longitudinally on two wheels fastened behind Léon Bollée’s automobile and towed to the Auvours field without removing the wings. Within a month after setting up operations at Auvours Wilbur was flying many times the distance between the two fields.

III

All parts of France were now flooded with souvenir post cards bearing pictures of Wilbur or of his plane in flight. And the French people gave him all the hero worship of which they were capable. There was talk of a public subscription for a testimonial to him. When the French ambassador to the United States reached New York a short time later he declared that Wilbur Wright was accepted as the biggest man in France. It wasn’t alone his achievements in the air that won the people, but also his modesty, decency, and intelligence. The French papers made enthusiastic comment on the fact that in conversation he seemed to be exceptionally well informed not only about scientific work, but also on art, literature, medicine, and affairs of the world.

Newspapermen liked Wilbur because he always made it plain that they were welcome. They probably liked him all the more because, as a joke, he usually put them at manual work, to fetch tools, or help drag the plane in and out of the hangar.

Those who had access to the hangar were impressed by the orderliness of the place. Wilbur’s canvas cot was hauled up by ropes toward the roof during the day, and the space where he slept was divided from another section of the build-

ing by a low partition made of wood from packing cases. Wilbur explained that one room was his bedroom, the other his dining room. It evidently did not seem to him quite proper to have his bedroom and dining room thrown together, and the French liked that notion. Another trait that appealed to the French was Wilbur’s punctuality at all appointments. No one ever had to wait even a minute for him.

Nothing he said seemed too trivial to be recorded by French journalists. One day he said “Fine” to an assistant, by way of commendation, and the next day a Paris paper explained that Wilbur meant “*c’est beau.*” He was flooded with letters of all kinds. Some were from scientists seeking information, and hundreds came from women who desired to make his acquaintance. He tried his best to answer all sensible questions from scientists; the others went into the stove. He was equally considerate of scientific-minded people—including those who might be considered rivals in aviation—who came in person. To all who had real interest he patiently explained any detail of his machine. But he was capable of quiet sarcasm toward the ill-informed who started to enlighten him about aerodynamics.

It now became the fashionable thing for Parisians to take a train down to Le Mans and drive from there to the Champ d’Auvours to see Wright fly. Amusing episodes grew out of that. Since the flights were not often announced in advance, those who made the sightseeing trip had to take their chances. But some of the callers felt almost a personal affront if Wilbur made no flight on the day they happened to be there. One American society woman living in Paris was bitterly resentful when told that Monsieur Wright was taking a nap and therefore would not fly that afternoon. “The idea,” said she, petulantly, “of his being asleep when I came all the way down here to see him in the air!”

Cabmen at Le Mans found the sudden influx of visitors so profitable that they

tried to make the most of it and encouraged people who had been disappointed to come again the next day. They would always say: "He is sure to fly to-morrow. We have it on good authority." So grateful to Wilbur were members of the "Le Mans-Auvours Aeroplane Bus Service" for the brisk trade he had created that they wanted to give a banquet in his honor.

News of Wright's flights at Le Mans naturally caused talk in England. Members of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, one after another, went to Le Mans doubting that the flights were as wonderful as reported, but returned convinced that the age of practical flying machines had come.

One of the first to go from England to investigate was Griffith Brewer, who had been making balloon ascensions since 1891. Half-apologetically, lest he be thought over-credulous, he confided to an old associate of his in ballooning, Charles S. Rolls, founder of the Rolls-Royce motor car firm, that he was going to France to see Wilbur Wright fly. Rolls laughed and said he had just returned from seeing him fly.

On September 12th, Wilbur was guest of honor at a dinner in Paris given by the Aéro Club of the Sarthe (the governmental department in which Le Mans was located). It was understood that he would not be expected to make a speech, but Baron d'Estournelles, member of the Senate from Le Mans, who presided, did nevertheless call upon him. Wilbur, in justification of his unwillingness to say much, made a remark that became famous.

"I know of only one bird, the parrot, that talks," he was quoted as saying, "and it can't fly very high."

For the first time in France, Wilbur on September 16th, took up a passenger, a young French balloonist, M. Ernest Zens.

Two days later, in the early morning of September 18th, as he was about to make a flight, Wilbur got word about the tragic accident at Fort Myer, near Washington, the day before, when Lieu-

tenant Selfridge was killed and Orville Wright injured, it was not yet known how seriously. When Wilbur found his voice he said he had always felt that he should have stayed in America with Orville, "because two heads are better than one to examine a machine before each flight." Within a few hours cables brought word that Orville would recover, and Wilbur was able to fly again the next day.

Many passengers now made short flights with Wilbur. Now that it was clear that the machine could lift considerable weight and make longer and longer flights, the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* became impressed with future possibilities for carrying mail by plane. It predicted that the time might come when there would be special stamps for "aeroplane delivery."

IV

A witness to several of these flights in early October was Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, President of the Aeronautical Association of Great Britain (and a brother of the founder of the Boy Scouts). He was so impressed by what he saw that he sounded a warning to his fellow-countrymen. Major Baden-Powell was quoted as follows in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* on October 6, 1908:

"If only some of our people in England could see or imagine what Mr. Wright is now doing I am certain it would give them a terrible shock. A conquest of the air by any nation means more than the average man is willing to admit or even think about. That Wilbur Wright is in possession of a power which controls the fate of nations is beyond dispute."

On October 7th Wilbur took Mrs. Hart O. Berg for a flight of two minutes, three seconds, the first ever made by a woman. Berg tied a rope about the lower part of his wife's skirt to keep it from blowing. A Paris dressmaker who was among the spectators noted that Mrs. Berg could hardly walk, after landing, with that rope above her ankles. There, thought the *couturière*, was a sug-

gestion for something fashionable. A costume with skirt thus drawn between the ankles and the knees to make natural locomotion difficult should appeal to any customers who happened to be both stupid and rich. Thus was born the "hobble skirt" which for a short time was considered "smart."

The next day, October 8th, her majesty, Margherita, the dowager queen of Italy, who was touring France, came to see a flight and Griffith Brewer, making his second visit to Le Mans, won the distinction of being the first Englishman ever to fly. Brewer was followed almost immediately by three other British Aeronautical Association members, C. S. Rolls, F. H. Butler, and Major Baden-Powell.

One of the Englishmen remarked: "How decent it is of Wilbur Wright never to accept a fee for any of these flights when there are scores of persons who would gladly pay hundreds of pounds for the privilege."

Among the distinguished people who made passenger flights were two destined to die by assassins' bullets: M. Paul Doumer, member of the French parliament, afterward President of France; and M. Louis Barthou, Minister of Public Works and Aerial Communications, afterward Premier.

Under the terms of the contract between the Wrights and the newly-formed French company, one of the Wright brothers was to train three pilots, two civilians, and one army officer. Wilbur began their training at Auvours.

From time to time Wilbur made new records. On December 31st, the last day he ever flew at Auvours, he made what was then an almost incredible record of staying continuously in the air 2 hours, 20 minutes, 23.2 seconds. For this feat he won the Michelin award of \$4,000, or 20,000 francs.

As the weather at Le Mans was no longer ideal for flying it was necessary to seek a warmer climate, and Wilbur decided to go to Pau, at the edge of the Pyrenees. The city of Pau provided a field and a hangar.

At about the same time Orville Wright, now rapidly recuperating from his injuries at Fort Myer, arrived in Paris with their sister, Katharine, for a reunion with Wilbur. Then Wilbur went on down to Pau, and his brother and sister joined him there a week or two later. En route to Pau their train met with an accident near the town of Dax, in which two persons were killed; but the Wrights escaped injury.

Wilbur was besieged, as at Le Mans, by letter writers and others who had no claim on his time and, courteous as he was, he knew when to be aloof. One day when he was at work a card was brought in bearing the name of a lady of title.

"That lady, who is an entire stranger," remarked Wilbur, "wrote that she was coming the next week. As she had already decided to come there was no need for me to reply. Then she telegraphed yesterday that she would come to-day, and as she had also settled this there was no necessity for me to reply to her wire. Now she is out there in the field and wants to waste my time without any kind of an excuse."

He tossed the card aside and went on with his work.

An American millionaire from Philadelphia who was spending some time at Pau announced, with the self-confidence money sometimes gives, that he intended to make a flight with Wilbur. When told that Wilbur was not taking up any passengers, he replied: "Oh, I daresay that can be arranged."

"I'd like to be around when you do the arranging, just to see how it's done," observed Lord Northcliffe, owner of the London *Daily Mail*, who had recently become acquainted with the Wrights. The American went away without having had his ride.

In February King Alphonso XIII of Spain came to Pau with his entourage, and the Wrights were formally presented to him at the field. "An honor and a pleasure to meet you," said the King, who showed more boyish enthusiasm about the plane than almost anyone.

He was eager to fly, but both his queen and his cabinet had exacted a promise that he would not. However, he climbed aboard the plane and sat there for a long time, fascinated, while Wilbur painstakingly explained every detail.

A little later, on March 17th, still another king arrived. Edward VII of England, with his suite, came by automobile from nearby Biarritz. The presentation of the brothers and their sister was made at the field and Edward showed his customary graciousness. He did not seek many technical details about the machine but was much interested in seeing the flights themselves and in meeting the Wrights.

Other famous personages continued to come to Pau, among them Lord Arthur Balfour, former Prime Minister of England. Sometimes when Wilbur was preparing for a flight visitors would pull on the rope that raised the weights on the launching derrick. Balfour insisted that he must not be denied this privilege of

"taking part in a miracle" and did his share of yanking at the rope. Another man who aided in handling the rope that day was a young English duke.

"I'm so glad that young man is helping with the rope," said Lord Northcliffe to Orville Wright, with a motion of his head toward the duke, "for I'm sure it is the only useful thing he has ever done in his life."

Northcliffe after his meeting with the Wrights at Pau became one of their most enthusiastic supporters in England. Long afterward he publicly made this comment: "I never knew more simple, unaffected people than Wilbur, Orville, and Katharine. After the Wrights had been in Europe a few weeks they became world heroes, and when they went to Pau their demonstrations were visited by thousands of people from all parts of Europe—by kings and lesser men; but I don't think the excitement and interest produced by their extraordinary feat had any effect on them at all."





PORTRAIT OF A POTTER

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

IT is not easy to believe that a man who lived to see human beings in crowded cities listening fearfully for demons in the sky should have lived also in the world that he knew in his youth. For his early years were spent in a vast luxuriant woodland where there was nothing more fearful over one's head than towering oaks, and on above these in the clear sky, hawks circling or occasional great blue herons winging their way in slow rhythm toward the river. When he was old enough to be sent to tell his father that dinner was ready he went out into solid forest. When he attended school—for a few weeks each year in a log school-house where he sat on a backless bench, or stood at the wall and practiced penmanship on a planed slab—he went beneath trees that seemed as ancient as the earth from which they grew. And when he went off to church and back on Sunday he walked through the same enveloping forest.

Sometimes he climbed the highest hill in the region to look out and see what things were like on top. From among the trees up there he could see the forest stretching away in every direction, rounding rough hills into flowing endless green. It was like that right from where he stood all the way back to Maryland and Virginia, where his grandfather and grandmother had lived; like that southward across the Ohio river and on over the mountains to where there were black men; like that on and on to the westward until the trees ran out and there was nothing left except such unreal things

as prairies burning and buffaloes and Indians.

But down in his own world beneath the trees everything was real enough. There was freshness of meaning in the most everyday names: Snake Hollow, Deer Lick, Bear Run, Gobbler's Knob, Buzzard's Glory. Life consisted of being alert. If one stood in immediate need of meat it was only necessary to crouch behind a fallen tree, make certain imitative sounds, and wait for an inquisitive wild turkey to come within rifle shot. Migrating wild pigeons were so numerous that they sometimes broke the branches of trees with their weight, and needed only to be watched for. Coons and possums peeped cautiously round the side of tall trees down at one—or, from some extra large tree, a bear. And there were deer and rabbits and grouse without number and fish in every stream. Always too one kept an eye wide open for the rusty copperhead that could lie so still and unobserved and then suddenly kink into a writhing knot and strike home in a venomous flash of bronze.

In this woodland world he was a quiet, small-sized young human being who received little attention from his fellows. Yet he was not without fame. For he had the distinction of being present when matters of unending concern took place. One Sunday morning, for instance, he stood unnoticed in the edge of a group of men and heard them argue whether or not men were property. The preacher had said they were not. And late one afternoon when his father returned from

the county seat (his father had once taught school) he brought the news that a man named Old John Brown was trying to capture the Government and put human slavery down by force. Just then it seemed a disgrace to have anybody named Brown trying to do that.

Thus he enjoyed the glory of partaking of mighty events. And sometimes the far-off extended itself right into the heart of his woodland seclusion. One evening after supper when he walked up into a newly planted orchard above the house he heard the throb and rattle of drums and the shrill voice of a fife along the ridge road just there beyond the clearings. His country was at war over the matter that John Brown had had in mind—that and others—and his neighbors named Brown were out drumming up recruits to save the nation. He could not sleep that night. He thought he had better go. But he was only thirteen, and that was too young.

On another occasion, when he and his father were cutting corn in a clearing that was full of stumps, the Methodist preacher came along and sat on a great poplar stump and told them that President Abraham Lincoln had freed the slaves—simply by his own say-so. It was good to be away from the sharp-edged corn blades for a half-hour and listen to a man of limitless information discuss the President's audacious step. When he was sixteen and the President's government was hard pressed, and therefore not too insistent about the age of recruits for the army, he offered himself as "going on nineteen." But the recruiting officer said, "That part of it is all right, son, but the trouble is that a little fellow like you don't look nineteen." Somewhat later, when he had walked to church one Sunday morning in spring air that was full of the blue smoke of burning logs and brush piles, he found that he had just missed seeing a fight. The President of the United States had been assassinated—had died only the day before, according to the telegraph operator up at the little railroad station—and one

parishioner, a "butternut," had declared it all to be the work of a kind Providence. Another, whose brother was in the army, had dissented. But however that was, the country had lost a President—and in a new way.

What he was busy with there in the smoke of new clearings had its necessity. But for him there was a greater fascination in whatever it was that encompassed his little day of work. Events of moment, he could see, filled a world that was not his. They provided him with a second life. He had time to wonder about many matters, and to grow hungry for news. By the time he had rolled logs and burned brush piles until he was as large as he was ever to be, he was a slightly bent little man who always walked expectantly as if he were about to hear music.

II

The primitive abundance of a slowly yielding woodland provided him with a craft. Wild fruits were everywhere; and as the clearings grew there were fruits from the garden and orchard as well. During the summer and early autumn there was more than enough of everything. But it was necessary to live on through the winter. So everybody was looking for something to put things in—something tight enough to "keep" fruit and vegetables. While some of the men who were aware of this need grubbed saplings from the hillsides they discovered clay.

The "bluebird" potteries sprang up—little log pot shops with a mill shed at one end, a potter's wheel or two and ware scaffolds and a drying loft in the middle, a kiln and a burnt-ware platform at the other end, and a ware-yard out in front. If a man knew how to make even the crudest kind of ware, or could engage somebody to make it for him "on the shares," he built one of these log pot shops near his house—which might be in a hollow where clay and water were at hand, or on a ridge where neither was to be had without special effort. Anybody

could load ware into a wagon and peddle it with more or less profit.

The ancient craft called to the young man who did not like the constant hurt of wood smoke in his eyes. He apprenticed himself to a neighbor who was a good potter; rather quickly became a potter in his own right in a pot shop that his father had built "down in the hollow"; rode horseback across the country to the Methodist parsonage beside a pink-cheeked, dark-haired young woman who became his wife; and after a period of years in a small log house across the trickling little run from the pot shop, was living in a log house of his own high on a ridge a distance away.

It was while he lived here that he came into his stride. He was up every morning at four-thirty and worked in the garden or cornfield or peach row until breakfast. Then he walked to the pot shop—through locust thicket and woodland—and kicked the wheel all day. At intervals he stopped the wheel, wiped the slushy, clean-smelling clay from his hands, and sprinkled the clay that the horse was grinding in the mill shed, or took up the ground clay from the mill and put in a new grinding from the clay pen. Or he balanced a long stiff board of drying ware on his hands and carried it out into the sun. Or he rushed out to bring in one board of this kind after another when a summer shower descended suddenly and threatened the work of two or three days.

And then from time to time he had to stay away from the wheel for an entire day and set kiln; then stay up all night to fire with huge four-foot sticks of dried oak in the hazardous process of burning kiln; and then some time the next day "burn off" the kiln. Three or four days later when the ware had cooled slowly, he had to take another day from the wheel and draw kiln and carry the ware down into the ware yard. There, piled in attractive symmetrical arrangements, were blue-gray or black fruit jars, jugs, water jars, Dutch pots, butter jars, milk crocks, and churns.

When the days were running evenly he sometimes walked home at noon "just to have a bite of something warm." If he did not, he ate from a dinner bucket and then walked about and noticed things while he rested. At the end of the afternoon he was home in good time for supper. A part of his preparation for the meal was an extra careful combing of his very dark hair, his stiff eyebrows, and his sandy mustache. After supper in early summer he hitched up a nervous horse and followed a bull-tongue plow in sweet corn or potatoes, row on row, until dark. Or he walked somewhere to sit up with a sick neighbor. Or he walked to the church to rehearse singing—three or four miles there and back. He had learned sight reading in a neighborhood singing school when "buckwheat" notes were still in use.

Occasionally when he had the scaffolding full of "green" ware that dried slowly, or when the weather became too cold for clay-working, he took a holiday and walked to see his only sister—a round trip of fourteen miles. He was forever walking. In the computable activities of his eighty-seven years he walked as far as from the earth to the moon.

When he was at home in the evening and it became too dark to work at anything, he read. He had to know what was going on. In the first half of his life his reading matter consisted of a small-town newspaper that was two-thirds "boiler plate" about things in general, from the growing of cucumbers to the small size of the feet of Chinese women; a religious weekly that likewise devoted space to affairs of the day; a Sunday School *Journal* that contained commentary and articles by prominent churchmen; and a Bible that included a concordance and plenty of maps. His wife was a subscriber to a religious journal of her own preference called *The Divine Life*, but he thought it lightweight and unworthy of the attention of a masculine mind. He read with great concentration—leaning forward toward the page—and weighed every word, every sentence,

every paragraph. Sometimes he declared, with a sudden slapping of the folded paper on the table, that he found things in print that simply were not true. They did not accord, he insisted, with everyday fact that anybody could possess if he wished, or they did not accord with human nature. Wasting good print to say such things as that! He had to laugh. But when he came upon something that seemed profoundly true he reread it a half-dozen times.

Always he read with a dictionary on his knee. He never passed a word that he did not understand or could not pronounce. His method of learning pronunciations was to study the marks of words he was sure of and then apply these to the words that were new. This was not so easy to do to all the names in the Old Testament.

Sunday afternoon was a special time for reading. In summer he carried a rocking chair out to the shade of some apple tree and read as if his life were at stake. Then he took a nap. Then he read again. Then he left his reading matter and the dictionary in his rocking chair—sometimes to be forgotten and rained on—and walked about over the small hill farm, looking at growing fruit, growing lambs, growing meadows. When he came back he read again, without napping, until Sunday evening supper-time. In the course of years he came to have opinions on Queen Victoria, William Tecumseh Sherman, Frances E. Willard, Grover Cleveland, Solomon, Jeremiah, Saint Paul, and all the bishops in the Methodist Church.

Sunday evening in summer was a special time to observe the clouds. He could wonder which way it was going to be—sunny, so that he could put green ware out to dry the next day and watch the corn shrivel up, or rainy so that the corn roots would be soaked and the scaffolds remain full of heavy green ware. But he had other reasons for watching clouds. As they marched across the blue sky, or rolled up from the horizon in leaden blackness just before a thunder-

storm, they were a part of the enveloping world, the majestic rhythm. He would stand out in the open near the house where he could see to the westward, and enjoy the spectacle of an approaching storm until the sky was wild with the driven clouds, the roar in the trees deafening, and the bolts of lightning incessant—before he rushed into the house through the first heavy splatter of rain.

III

The time came when he had to make fundamental changes in his means of earning a livelihood. He had purchased a pot shop wholly his own in order that he might be established for life. But he was scarcely in it when he began to hear talk on every hand about "the panic," and about glass fruit jars, tin cans as a substitute for clay, and the coming of steam-power potteries. He stuck to his wheel. Making things by hand from clean-smelling clay and burning them into nicely glazed ware was something not to be given up lightly. His craft had been an honorable one ever since anybody could remember. Did not the Bible speak respectfully of the potter's wheel? He filled the ware-yard with bright new-looking ware—the most perfect he had ever made. He rented some additional ground and filled that—filled the hollow with ware that he could not sell. Then reluctantly he went to work on the kiln gang in one of the big potteries.

He was lost without his wheel. But he could still be with ware. He worked from six in the morning till five in the afternoon—for a dollar and ten cents.

The entire household had to be re-ordered to meet the requirements of his day. In winter he was up and had a roaring fire in the fireplace at four-thirty. By ten minutes to five he sat down in the warmth and firelight with the family to "get ready for breakfast" by reading something from the Bible. At five-twenty he was off. The crunch of his quick steps out along the road came

back distinctly in the quiet of morning darkness, before he turned off into a briary pasture and went down over the hill by the shortest route to town. The family always listened for a while. For if he had forgotten to say anything that he had meant to say he always called back before he made the turn. When he arrived at the pottery he began a march that lasted all day. One of his sons who once substituted for him and was interested in statistics found by computation that in a day he walked thirteen miles. And on half of every trip that entered the total, he carried either a heavy jar or a half-dozen small fruit jars. The new-style work exacted almost thirteen hours out of twenty-four away from home.

But an awkward, lengthened day away from home did not prevent him from being interested in all sorts of matters in the encompassing world. After he had walked to work, walked all day, walked home in time to sit down to supper at six o'clock, he frequently went back to the little town to hear discussions of the tariff, free silver, saloons, baptism, Palestinian excavations, labor unions, higher education in church colleges; or he attended "protracted meeting" night after night for three or four weeks—or even six. He listened to all discussions, however uninteresting, with an attention that was absolute. "Couldn't make head nor tail of it!" he would say in disgust of the loosely strung speech, no matter how great the reputation of the speaker. But good speeches were landmarks in his life. Twenty years afterward he could tell you just what a thoughtful speaker had said. There was time to think matters over while he walked.

He was to have other reports from the outside world. A son went away to college, then another, then another. He saved up questions for them. When they reappeared they faced somebody more difficult to satisfy than any professor. For he took it for granted that in a college which men and women had established by working their fingernails off students would inevitably grow in knowl-

edge, insight, and ethical sensitivity. In any event, they brought back books. He would glance them over, toss the dry-looking ones aside as if he could tell by touch that they were only so much unnutritious literal fact, pause over one that he professed to believe "might have some juice in it," read a little without his glasses, institute a search for them and his dictionary, and then drop into a rocking chair and read ravenously.

He was destined to have his three sons live in regions remote from him. But he only saved up more questions than ever. He never pressed his inquiries. Some day after a silence he would ask quite deliberately, "Just how does this Soviet government operate? I'm not sure that I like the jingle of things over there but I'd like to know how it is." He required details. When he could not get them from one son his estimate of Harvard University suffered a tragic decline. How was it that in a place like that they all did not acquire such knowledge when they had nothing else to do? He felt that he had almost worked it out himself, and he had had plenty of other matters on his hands.

He had long craved more freedom for reading and thinking. In order to have it he had invested the savings of a lifetime in a pottery that had been paying dividends. But an irresponsible management left the investment worthless. He was too well along in life to accumulate savings again. He would have to manage in some other way. He would grow more fruit, he thought, and with this and the butter and eggs that his wife could sell they could make out. From time to time he hitched up the horse and hauled everything marketable to town—and got the mail. On the way home he could read. Automobiles had a way of missing him.

In his expectancy there was always a trace of desperation. He had never been quite free from the pinch of life. Day by day when he was no longer young he watched an oil well go down on his modest hill acres, and speculated on all

the untried kinds of comfortableness that he and his wife might derive from the royalties. When the well turned out to be dry—right across the road from a neighbor's well that was productive—he took a long walk with his head low as if he were not seeing far. But when he returned he was noticing distant objects. Such things as that had happened to him before. He was not going to let a mere oil well keep him from thinking about things that were interesting.

He had his own ways of revealing the nature of his preoccupation. "Well," he said when he was not far beyond sixty, "I've got to buy a new horse. I guess I'll try to get a fairly young one, then it will be the only one I'll ever need." A son cautioned him that he must not feel too sure, that the family came of a tough breed. When he was past seventy he said to the same son one day: "Do you know, I guess I'll have to hunt up another horse. But this will be the last one." In his early eighties he said one day while he helped repair a garden fence: "I never believed the time would come when I'd have to buy another horse." He saw a smile playing over his son's face, and added as if he were triumphing after all: "But I don't believe I'll need bother too much hunting up a young one this time."

IV

When he was eighty he was a young-looking, well-informed, thoughtful, kindly man. He could have gone to the most sophisticated center in the world and in ten minutes have had a respectful hearing, because of his irresistible sincerity and his startling habit of discussing every matter as if it might have a relation to the state of affairs in general. But since he had not been able to go to the worldly wise, they had established the practice of coming to him—men in business who professed to feel cramped in what they were doing, churchmen who led but did not feel too sure of their destination, judges, a Congressman or two, college professors, a governor, two or

three Senators. A governor who once sat beside him at a church dinner in the pottery town got up before daylight the next morning and walked out into the country through mud and rain to talk a little more with this man and his wife about matters in which political blah did not figure. Sometimes friends of his sons sent him autographed books. But they had to be good ones if they received more than a glance.

His one complaint filed against life was that he could not get everything done. There was not time enough. And he was not big enough. "I am just one of the little fellows," he would say to some distinguished person who came to see him; "just one of the hundred million."

In his middle eighties he revealed unintentionally some of the things he had been unable to do. An illness and a turn in the hospital—his first—left him with a memory that played him tricks. He lived through periods when he could not distinguish between what he had done and what he had only thought of doing. In these periods he revealed with impressive fidelity to detail, just as if he were recalling the happenings of yesterday, the things that he had hoped to do, but could not. He had once set forth on a trip round the world. He wanted to see for himself what Russia and Africa were like, and how much or little good the missionaries were doing in India. He was so vivid that the son who had listened in amazement to the account dreamed that night about helping him off on the long journey—about seeing to it that his steamship reservation was made and his passport forthcoming.

The other parts of his unexpressed life likewise had been dramatic. When a woman was on trial—this much an actual instance—he had risen in the courtroom and said, "Your Honor," and the judge had heard him out and dismissed the case. He had gone down to Washington and had said to the President of the United States, "It is a disgrace to everybody to have these children of former

slaves denied the decencies of human beings"—and had presented his plan, which bore definite marks of Bible reading. The President had said, "If that's the way you feel about it, that is what I shall try to have done." He had handed a hundred dollars to a neighbor whose horse had broken a leg. He had sent fuel into the Dakotas where human beings were having their feet frozen off in blizzards. He had established missionary hospitals in China and Africa.

Yet it was what he had actually done rather than dreamed of doing that remained impressive. He did not trouble to see how important "one of the little fellows" may be in the history of the race. He himself had helped clear the land in one of the greatest of all pioneer migrations. He had been one of the men who developed the potter's craft in a region later to be known as the pottery capital of the world. For seventy years—from the time he was a mere boy—he had held a religious office, and for years at a time attended meetings without ever missing. For a half-century he had directed group singing of one kind or another. He knew by heart more than three hundred songs and hymns—could sing the stanzas without opening the book. He had read the lives of a hundred religious or lay characters. He had mastered the map of the United States and the world. He knew the whole of the Bible familiarly. He and his wife had passed through the evolution of living in the crudest of log houses, a better one, and then a frame house of customary comfortableness.

There were plenty of other performances to his credit. He believed in the efficacy of friendly conversation. One of his best friends was a Catholic of his own age. When they were young and about to marry they talked matters over and made a solemn vow that they would never let "the hatreds of religion" destroy their friendship. In their eighties they stood beneath a great apple tree and laughed in each other's face, and poked

each other in the ribs, and celebrated their triumph.

He was a potter. Everything he did expressed that fact. He liked to take something shapeless and give it shape. He had made long ricks of glistening gray or shining black ware that would be around—in fragments at least—for a thousand or ten thousand years. The chuck piles that had resulted from his squeezing the stiff chuck-clay into supports for the stands of ware in the kiln of his father's pottery alone had been sufficient to repair the low spots in a road a half-mile long. He enjoyed picking up one of these chucks from the road and showing that this particular flintlike lump of clay the size of one's fist bore his palm-print and fingerprints—his, unmistakably. He laughed a quiet laugh over the thought that he had left a record which in fact no one else could leave.

When he was no longer shaping clay he had to shape something else. An apple tree had to be not only productive but symmetrical. A fence row had to be neat. He had a passion for cleaning up roadside fence rows even when he was old enough to find it pleasant to lean a little on his scythe. Everything had to go—the horse-weeds, the poison ivy, the Virginia creeper, the locust sprouts—everything except the bittersweet, which his wife cherished. He would look at it twining itself over the wire fence, over anything it could reach, would make a menacing movement or two with his scythe without cutting anything, say rather regretfully, "I suppose I might as well leave that," and then work on—carefully, yet as if he were thinking about matters far more important than the roadside. And a field had to be clean. He marched in relentless battle against ironweeds and thistles and mullein. You could fly over his hill farm and recognize it as far as you could see, just by the clearness of its outlines. He had to be shaping up things. He belonged to the very ancient and honorable craft.



WHEN YOU GO SOUTH

To supplement Jonathan Daniels's article on "Seeing the South," which appeared in our November issue, we offer a group of comments by several writers who are variously and intimately conversant with the region. We sent them proofs of Mr. Daniels's piece in advance of its publication, and asked them particularly to suggest any Southern sights and symptoms which he had overlooked but which they felt should be included in an intelligent visitor's itinerary. — The Editors.

THE first is from a Southern author, editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, a man born and bred in Virginia:

In "Seeing the South" Jonathan Daniels reveals the same sure touch, the same high virtuosity as an interpreter of the Southern scene that he showed in his full-length, best-selling travelogue of 1938. An article of such scope is necessarily selective, and consequently its author cannot be held too strictly to account for his choice of material.

Yet one wonders whether Texas is going to take its complete omission lying down. If so it is one of the few things this former Confederate State ever has taken in a prone position. It will be recalled that when Mr. Daniels discovered "the South" a couple of years ago it was a South minus Texas, although Arkansas was included. Texans are somewhat inclined to be Texans before they are anything else, but they are Southerners too, and I wonder if they oughtn't at least to have been recognized as being on the planet.

Charleston, S. C., always has been one of Mr. Daniels's favorite spots, and I do not demur to his opinion that the Battery is "the loveliest street in the South." At the same time I wish he had reiterated the excellent advice he gave in his book, namely, that nobody should miss the tomb of James Louis Petigru in St. Michael's Churchyard. Petigru was the

one man in Charleston in the late fifties, when the city was leading the South into the vortex of war, who had the intellectual integrity to dissent publicly from the fiery secessionist views of his fellow-citizens. The "antique courage" with which he went his lonely way is described in an epitaph which is one of the precious things in our literature.

Passing from South into North Carolina, I must raise an incredulous eyebrow over the short shrift which this distinguished alumnus of the University of North Carolina gives his alma mater. Possibly Mr. Daniels feels that any high praise he might bestow upon the great university at Chapel Hill would be written down as partisanship, but I think he should have ignored such considerations. There is too much quiet beauty in the Chapel Hill campus, and too much kinetic drive in its university's searching explorations of Southern phenomena, for anyone interested in the South willingly to pass it by.

We come now to an omission from Mr. Daniels's article which sent many Virginians to the wailing wall. His references to Virginia in both the early and late stages of his Grand Tour are so extremely complimentary that it seems captious to enter a bill of exceptions. But when he brings the traveler back to the Old Dominion and fails to tell him, at one point, that he is within forty

miles of the University of Virginia, with one of the few matchless groups of university buildings in the world, and the home of their designer, a man named Thomas Jefferson, I rise to a point of order. Moreover, there is in the town of Charlottesville the finest equestrian statue on the American continent, Keck's brilliantly dynamic bronze of Stonewall Jackson. If any reader of these lines visits the aforesaid Virginia shrines without a feeling of gratitude for having done so this writer guarantees to provide him or her with one compensatory mint julep—not to be guzzled through a straw, after the barbaric custom of Kentucky, nor drowned in rum and syrup and garnished with tropical fruits, in the outlandish *genre* of certain New Orleans bartenders, but lovingly fashioned in a frosted-silver goblet of those authentic Virginia ingredients which uplift the soul.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

Note: We hereby absolve Mr. Daniels from blame in omitting Texas. We suggested that he make the Mississippi (roughly) the western boundary of his survey—not because Texas is not of "The South" (a question in which we have no intention of becoming involved), but because we were thinking in terms of a not unmanageable tour.—The Editors.

The author of Stars Fell on Alabama who, though Northern-born, spent many years teaching at the University of Alabama and served briefly as a columnist in New Orleans, makes his suggestions:

Jonathan Daniels has packed so much of common sense and poetic sensitivity into his Southern word-journey that further remarks must of necessity be scattered footnotes. Here are a few adventures he did not mention, however, adventures whose worth is attested by the fact that they are the accustomed delights of thousands of Southerners.

The next time I go South I want to roll into Durham, North Carolina, on maids'-night-out. Grumbling golfers will have piloted black Susies and Mat-

ties home to their Thursday evening's freedom when I arrive, and family sedans will be converging, through the rolling Piedmont fields, on the farm of big Josh Turnage (Tunnage if you speak North Carolinian). Inside the long frame barbecue-shack which now covers nearly a whole field big Josh greets most of the whites of Durham and hundreds from near-by towns.

A dollar buys "all you can eat," and by the time you are seated a running black boy has slapped a bowl of steaming Brunswick stew under your happily excited nose. While you devour it you watch the shoats roasting on the spits over the glowing coals of the barbecue pit. The Negro cooks are basting them with dripping mops which they have just dipped into pails of secretly concocted barbecue juice. As the stuff drops on the coals an aroma rises, creating an ecstasy of anticipation. Wooden bowls of the crisp barbecue—grilled for seventeen hours—appear on the tables full, disappear empty. There is hot corn pone, cole slaw, and sliced onions. Hundreds of coca-cola bottles lift in parallel lines as the thirsty drink their "dopes." In a storm of Southern chatter a whole community "eats out."

Another item to add to Mr. Daniels's list: If the traveler would see the least-known land in the United States let him drive south from New Orleans along the hundred-mile stretch of the Mississippi that ends in the Gulf of Mexico. Let him go when the little black boys stand all day on platforms above the flooded rice fields and snap their long whips to scare away the hungry crows. Let him talk to muskrat-trappers, nuns, and Easter-lily growers. Let him see the ocean-going ships moving on the levee-lifted waters and seeming, from the land below them, to float in the sky.

Mr. Daniels is not entirely accurate when he says that the big boats are gone from the Southern rivers. Every week-end thousands of young people of the river ports board the great white excursion boats of the Streckfus line—*Sena-*

tor, Capitol, Admiral—and step away the hours of their cruises in such fancy gyrations as only the deep South can invent. Sometimes the dance boats tie up at steamboat docks beside the ginger-breaded *Gordon C. Greene*, the passenger-packet that lifts a stern-wheel veil of foam all the way from Cincinnati to New Orleans and back several times a year. The old Tennessee River packet *Golden Eagle* discontinued her service abruptly this season, ramming the bank in traditional fashion to let all her passengers escape ashore before she sank, but next spring she will be as good as new.

As Mr. Daniels says, Antoine's, Gallatoire's, Arnaud's are the food meccas of the nation's epicures. But at Tujaques down by the New Orleans docks the jambalaya, the court-bouillon, the inevitable boiled-beef course, the grillades, are delicious though unpretentiously consumed by fruit dealers, river men, and farmers who have brought their harvests to the French Market across the way. It is worth staying up until the early morning to drop in at the market coffee stalls and sit on stools next to truck farmers from the Côte des Allemands, and barge crews, and debutantes in evening dress, and Cajuns from the bayous, all in joyous mood over the chicory-bitter, milk-tinged brew.

CARL CARMER

The following note is by a Southern novelist, author of Days Before Lent, who was born (as the reader might guess) in New Orleans and who has served on the staffs of several of that city's newspapers:

The only possible fault I can find with Mr. Daniels as a guide to the South—and I am going out of my way to find it—is that after having urged us to avoid the obvious (Charleston during the "season," Natchez during the "pilgrimages," New Orleans during the Mardi Gras) he falls into a certain obviousness of his own—inevitably forced upon him by the necessity of conducting a lot of people over a lot of territory in, I should gather, about two weeks' time.

Take his Grand Tour by all means; but while you're about it, if ever you are, there are a few detours I'd like to suggest. You will want to see Williamsburg naturally; or, rather, unnaturally—for until they get rid of those costumed attendants, so many of whom look like authentic accidents in technicolor, there will be no naturalness about it. Williamsburg is a museum piece and a memento: that dead past is dead. Only a lesser ghostliness broods over Charlottesville, but on the lawn there you will find one of our greatest architectural monuments—East Range and West Range and the Rotunda; and in and about Monticello, where on a good day you look down upon what seems like the ultimate country of man's content, you will know you are walking on noble ground.

You must see Charleston also, taking Mr. Daniels's advice and trying to avoid the "season." Better than Charleston, however, if what you are seeking is a glimpse of what Southern life was like one hundred and fifty years ago, is the little town of Beaufort (pronounced Bewfort), S. C., whose Bay Street can challenge Charleston's Battery and where you can get almost as good plumbing for considerably less cash. You will get too a chance to ride across the bridge to Ladies Island, almost entirely populated by Gullah Negroes who won't understand a word of your language or you theirs. (You'll have no difficulty in understanding the marines who come to town from the big base on Parris Island; their presence has wrought more changes in Beaufort than did the Civil War.)

As for New Orleans, Mr. Daniels betrays a kind of prejudice whenever he writes about it. I suspect he has been fed too many stories about the French Quarter. And it is true, as he says, that Mardi Gras has been transformed from a folk festival to a business men's holiday: but why should that keep anybody from having fun? The essential condition, if you're under sixty and don't mind crowds, is to put on a false-face and go out into the streets. (Don't

expect to see a carnival ball though: they're closed corporations.) But, Mardi Gras or no, New Orleans remains one of the three or four truly distinctive American cities. It ought to be seen—in early spring if you want to know it at its best, in the middle of the summer if

you want to know it as it really is. Mr. Daniels always writes about New Orleans as if he regretted it were not more like the rest of the South. There are a few of us who regret that the rest of the South is not more like New Orleans.

HAMILTON BASSO

FLORIDA DETOUR

To Philip Wylie, popular fiction writer and writer for the movies, we gave a difficult assignment. Could he supplement Mr. Daniels by conducting our readers through Florida, where he makes his home, perhaps suggesting a few things which might escape the visitor's eye if he went, as many of us do, simply to enjoy the sun and warmth and recreation?

South of "the South" lies Florida, a land which Mr. Daniels did not cite in his "Grand Tour" of Dixie. It is true that Florida is a separate region, with different, indigenous Indians, different legends, another history, and a modern publicity that could never emanate from Savannah, Atlanta, Charleston, or the Mississippi delta. It may even be that Florida, like Key West during the War Between the States, was captured by the North, and is held in the name of commerce as a threat against the lush, magnolia, julep, ladies-and-horses culture of the Confederacy. But to turn from Georgia without an adventure along the tropical peninsula is to make mock of the soul of junketing.

Florida must not be missed. It is an afterthought of nature, a spur fixed on this continent to give us a sample of the latitudes of Benares. It is also a land bridge to myriad south sea islands, many still unstaked by real estate dealers.

Most of the millions who have spent seasons in Florida have failed to see it. That is not due to the inaccessibility of the sights or their lack of interest, but to the curious incuriosity of man himself and to the local custom of concentrating the advertising dollar on certain limited features, such as race tracks, bathing beauties and the beaches under them, hotel accommodations, show places of the rich, orange groves, and the ubiquitous presence of fish eager to be hooked but reluctant to be brought to boat.

Florida is a "sun porch" and a "playground"; Miami is no doubt a "magic city"; but eons before white men set foot on the golden sands Florida was a landscape, a geology, a flora and a fauna unique in all the earth. The first white men who came turned Florida into a part of the Spanish Main—a fact in itself not without color. There was a city established in Florida a good long time before Miles Standish and John Alden stepped ashore at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Take Route Number One, or any other convenient highway, and enter Florida at Jacksonville. Drive from there to St. Augustine and Marineland, just below, and thence west, toward the lake country. The *Yearling* terrain lies hereabout—the blackwater swamps, the columnar cypress, the 'gators—you can reach an example of it by boat on the St. Johns, a river that slowly becomes a moss-hung Styx, such as Poe would have manufactured if he had been afraid of rivers. Next see Silver Springs.

Orlando and the other lake towns are prettily arranged among small hills clad in citrus fruit, trim as golf links and adorned with water hazards the color of sky. South, now, to Okeechobee. Round this monster shoal sheet of tepid fresh water, to Clewiston. This is the sugarcane country; grown cane is bigger and greener than corn and I think even better to look at. East to Palm Beach. South to Miami. Again south

to Key West, on the "Highway That Goes to Sea." Miami once more, and west on the Tamiami Trail for a look at the 'Glades, the Gulf, the Ten Thousand Islands, Tampa, and St. Petersburg; thence to wherever you wish, without troubling to examine the barrel of the gun-shaped State, unless you collect shabby capitals or have a pass to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola.

All of that you can approximate by train, by bus, by small boat, and by plane. None of the many mysteries lacks guides and boats and conducted tours, or inns and hotels, at prices in every range, with comfort-levels scaled precisely to fit those prices. Cross-country travel on foot is almost impossible. Much of the vast terrain, though flooded, should not be attacked by neophytes in canoes. The 'gators and crocs seldom, if ever, eat people. Moccasins, rattlers, and coral snakes sometimes bite them. So do the spiders. So, the scorpions. Worse are the insects. Men lost overnight have been bled to death by mosquitoes. The flies are fierce, and the red bugs. But the roads are innocent of danger, and so is the Inter-Coastal Waterway, which unrolls an enchanted aquatic carpet from "Jax" south for four hundred-odd miles to Key West. Florida is a big country.

There are two superb man-made "sights" on this journey. One is Marineland. This aquarist's dream lies on the Atlantic edge of the State, a half hour's drive south of St. Augustine. Here, in two building-sized tanks with glass view ports round their sides, the animals of the southern ocean live together in a state of nature. Polyps build a segment of coral reef in one tank. Beside it lies a wrecked ship. Through this Dali submarinescape swim tropical fish, in uncountable schools, brighter than parrots. Gigantic creatures—great bass, tiger sharks, manta rays—somerly hunt them before the eyes of the beholder. Anemones "bloom" on the coral. Divers descend to feed the wan horrors by hand—holding out mullet to

beasts as big as themselves and bigger. The other tank contains, among numerous startling oddities, a family of porpoises as waggish and quite as aware as seals. Here the common man can stand in the bluish light and pretend he is Captain Nemo.

The other spectacle is a road, the road to Key West from the mainland. This was made possible by a very ill wind—a hurricane that tore up a railway and for some years exiled the twelve thousand most south-living Americans. Over the railroad bridges and trestles, an automobile highway has been constructed. It surges across the green water, the indigo water, the purple water, the glass-clear water, in hundred-yard jumps, in mile stretches, in one great reach of seven miles. The keys are as different as separate continents, pine-covered keys with deer in their woods, jungle-clotted keys, keys with lime groves, sandy islands bordered by bent cocoanut palms, a fern-covered key, mucky keys, keys with tiny towns on them, and keys owned by crocodiles.

At the end is Cayo Huesco—Key West—where the "Conchs" live—the descendants of Cockneys, still dropping an "h" now and then, the offspring of pirates, still haughty and secretive. Their colonial houses are made of mahogany. Many were built in the Bahamas and towed to our shore by sail. They are painted white and they stand close together on the narrow, quiet streets archetypal in seafaring towns. Key West is the Salem of the Caribbees, smelling of varnish and drying nets; but it lies beneath an overhead sun; its noon is a painful lithograph of light and shadow; for elms, it has royal poincianas—for maples, Spanish olives—and for apple trees, mangoes.

Of the other man-made spectacles, a vast amount has already been said by press agents. Urban and suburban Florida was at first quasi-Spanish in architecture and is now becoming "moderne." In either period it could not exist without the pastel shades of stucco. The

Bok Memorial, the so-called "Singing Tower" at Lake Wales, is a much-admired phenomenon. Here, in the midst of a tended garden that is a sanctuary for birds a carillon clangs one-finger music for vast daily accumulations of parked cars. But the suitability of this monument to a great American, and its value in relation to its cost, its overhead, and its upkeep, are subjects which lie in a realm beyond my appreciation.

The Everglades, in spite of what everyone expects, are not great gloomy swamps, but wet prairies dotted with tree-clusters called "hammocks." Those who whiz through them on the straight, flat roads, will not see the standing cranes and herons, the morning and evening flights of egrets and ibises and other wading birds. They will not see the villages of the Seminoles, either—the houses on stilts, with thatched roofs and no sides, the bead-collared women with sleek, black hair molded into sunshades, and the dugouts sliding through the fish-infested water. Only those who venture into the hammocks will feel the dank clamp-down of the jungle, see orchids showering from bracketlike trunk-holds, discover the blue, slow-winged butterflies, or pluck one of the gorgeous tree snails.

Silver Springs, near Ocala, moved me to more wonder than most of the world's post-card marvels. Here a gout of crystalline water that would supply a great city boils up in a basin the size of a big pond. From the shore it seems undistinguished. To a person embarked on its surface in a glass-bottomed boat it becomes an immense region—abysmal, lunar, full of strange waving weeds, giant blue catfish, reptiles, blizzards of age-old shell, mountain ranges, deserts, lairs, and caverns. The pond is a watery Fantasia; to look is to feel guilty of trespass in a secret place. Here too, because the water is shockingly clear, are diving bells in which submarine motion pictures are almost continually made.

On the West Coast of Florida are the Ten Thousand Islands where every sort

of lurid criminal is supposed to have found safe refuge, and none but a native may venture far in a boat without being lost. Here too are Marco and Sanibel and the other "shell" islands where amateur and professional collectors walk with bent backs slowly along the beaches.

St. Augustine is the historian's headquarters. Up and down the State are vestiges of old colonies, old forts, and old fights. Buried treasure from the pirate days is still found, sometimes, in the sand and marl. You can see galleons on the bottom out on the reefs that fringe the Gulf Stream. Florida's Historical Society in St. Augustine welcomes the inquirer. It is a history that began with Ponce de Leon and is still being written in terms of the American dreamland—a land self-evidently composed of equal parts of Babel, Sodom, and Paradise.

Florida is a leading cattle State; it has cowboys and, at Arcadia, annual rodeos as wild as any in the West.

In south Florida the plants of Ceylon and Java and Samoa will and do grow out of doors. Miami's Chamber of Commerce can tell you where to see them. To view the Valhalla of the unsubmerged fraction, take a Miami Beach sight-seeing boat. The homes, yachts, gardens, and canals will awe you. Miami is the last continental step on the air route to the Indies, the Canal, and South America. Its Pan-American Airport—blue harbor, green lawns, chrome steel, and trimmed bougainvillea—has a dining room and a bar from which you can watch the clippers make their foamy runs and their insectile disappearances against the sun-painted sky. Florida has sunsets that equal in flamboyancy, and surpass in frequency, those of the Mojave. But Florida has no mountains. The Ireland-sized southern half of it is about ten feet above sea level and ruler-flat. Its only palpable contour is in the tinted Caribbean clouds which troop overhead on the sigh of the southeast trade winds.

A glance at the temperature charts for Los Angeles and Miami, as recorded in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, could end for-

ever the specious feud between California and Florida. In Miami in the winter the air is nearly always warm and the sea invariably is. In California, in the winter—as well as in the autumn and the early spring—only idiots and movie starlets venture into the Pacific in bathing suits. During July and August Miami Beach is comparatively cool. Its record high is ninety-two degrees; it is a summer resort for the élite of hot, continental Birmingham and Atlanta. In May and June south Florida is empty of visitors. Nobody can say why; the weather is celestial, each lawn and patio a flower shop, and every other tree a Brobdingnagian bouquet.

Do not miss the sights of Florida—the palms, pines, birds, fish, flowers—the transparent water, the hypnotic veldtscape, the ominous beauty. But go advisedly.

The literate tourist had best be something of a natural historian—next best, a heliophile who has left his æsthetic sensibilities north of the Mason and Dixon line—and, at the least, a cynic not entirely lost to hope. The Florida that nature made is weird and gaudy, rich, green, multitudinously alive, dangerous and seductive. As for man's handiwork there—hard by the crested egrets stand the jook joints.

PHILIP WYLIE





One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



TO-DAY I should carry the pumpkins and squash from the back porch to the attic. The nights are too frosty to leave them outdoors any longer. And as long as I am making some trips to the attic I should also take up the boat cushions and the charts and the stuff from the galley and also a fishing rod that belongs up in the attic. To-day I should finish filling in the trench we dug for the water pipe and should haul two loads of beach gravel from the Naskeag bar to spread on top of the clay fill. And I should stop in and pay the Reverend Mr. Smith for the gravel I got a month or two ago and ask him if he has seen a bear.

I ought to finish husking the corn and wheel the old stalks out and dump them on the compost pile, and while I am out there I should take a fork and pitch over the weeds that were thrown at the edge of the field last August and rake the little windfalls from under the apple tree and pitch them on to the heap too. I ought to go down to the shore at dead low water and hook on to the mooring with a chain and make the chain fast to the float, so that the tide will pick up the mooring rock and I can tow the whole thing ashore six hours later. I ought to knock the wedges out from the frames of the pier, put a line on the frames, and tow them in on the high water. First, though, I would have to find a line long enough to tie every frame. If I'm to do any work at the shore I ought first put a cement patch on the leak in my right boot. After the frames are on the beach another fellow and myself ought to carry them up and stack them. And there is probably enough rockweed on the beach now, so that I ought to bring up a load or two for the sheep shed.

I ought to find out who it is that is shooting coot down in the cove to-day, just to satisfy my own curiosity. He was out before daybreak with his decoys, but I do not think he has got any birds.

I ought to take up the wire fence round the chicken range to-day, roll it up in bundles, tie them with six-thread, and store them at the edge of the woods. Then I ought to move the range houses off the field and into the corner of the woods and set them up on blocks for the winter, but I ought to sweep them out first and clean the roosts with a wire brush. It would be a good idea to have a putty knife in my pocket, for scraping. I ought to add a bag of phosphate to the piles of hen dressing that have accumulated under the range houses and spread the mixture on the field, to get it ready for plowing. And I ought to decide whether to plow just the range itself or to turn over a little more on the eastern end. On my way in from the range I ought to stop at the henhouse long enough to climb up and saw off an overhanging branch from the apple tree—it might tear the paper roof in the first big wind storm. I shall have to get a ladder of course and a saw.

To-day I certainly ought to go over to the mill and get four twelve-inch boards, twelve feet long and half an inch thick, to use in building three new hoppers for dry mash feeding to my pullets, which are now laying seventy-eight per cent and giving me about eighty dozen eggs a week. I should also need one board which would be an inch thick, for the end pieces and for making the ends of the reels. I shouldn't need anything for the stands because I have enough stuff round the place to build the stands—which I had better make

twenty-three inches high from floor to perch. If I were to make them less than that, the birds on the floor would pick at the vents of the birds feeding.

I ought to get some shingle nails and some spikes while I am at it, as we are out of those things. And I ought to sharpen the blade of my plane if I am going to build some hoppers. I ought to take the cutting-off saw and have it filed, as long as I am going over to the mill anyway. On the way back I ought to stop in at Frank Hamilton's house and put in my application for government lime and super, because I shall be passing his house and might just as well take advantage of it. Frank will ask me to sit down and talk a while, I imagine.

It is high time I raked up the bayberry brush which has been lying in the pasture since the August mowing. This would be a good chance to burn it to-day because we have had a rain and it is safe to burn. But before burning it I ought to find out whether it is really better for the pasture to burn stuff like that or to let it rot for dressing. I suppose there is so much wood in it it wouldn't rot up quickly and should be burned. Besides, I was once told in high-school chemistry that no energy is ever lost to the world, and presumably the ashes from the fires will strengthen my pasture in their own way.

I ought to take the buck lamb out of the flock of lambs to-day, before he gets to work on the ewe lambs, because I don't want them to get bred. I don't know just where to put him, but I ought to decide that to-day, and put him there. I should send away to-day for some phenothiazine so that I can drench my sheep next week. It would probably be a good idea to try phenothiazine this time, instead of copper sulphate, which just gets the stomach worms and doesn't touch the nodular worms or the large-mouth bowel worms. And I ought to close the big doors on the north side of the barn cellar and board them up and bank them, so that the place won't be draughty down there at night when the

sheep come in, as they are beginning to do. I have been thinking I ought to enlarge the south door so that I won't lose any lambs next spring from the ewes jamming through the narrow single opening, and this would be the time to do that.

To-day I ought to start rebuilding the racks in the sheep shed, to fix them so the sheep can't pull hay out and waste it. There is a way to do this, and I know the way. So I am all set. Also I ought to fix up the pigpen down there in the barn cellar too and sweeten it up with a coat of whitening, so that I can get the pig indoors, because the nights are pretty cold now. The trough will probably not have to be rebuilt this year because last year I put a zinc binding all round the edges of it. (But if I *shouldn't* get round to fixing up the pen I should at least carry a forkful of straw down to the house where the pig now is—I should at least do that.)

This would be a good day to put in a new light in the window in the woodshed, and also there is one broken in the shop and one in the henhouse, so the sensible thing would be to do them all at once, as long as I have the putty all worked up and the glass cutter out. I ought to hoop up the stove in the shop to-day, and get it ready for winter use. And I ought to run up the road and see Bert and find out why he hasn't delivered the cord of slabwood he said he was going to bring me. At any rate, I ought to make a place in the cellar for it to-day, which will mean cleaning house down there a little and neating up, and finding a better place to keep my flats and fillers for my egg cases. Incidentally, I ought to collect eggs right now, so there won't be any breakage in the nests.

It just occurred to me that if I'm going to the mill to-day I ought to measure the truck and figure out what I shall need in the way of hardwood boards to build a set of sideboards and a headboard and a tailboard for my stakes. I ought to bring these boards back with me along with the pine for the hoppers. I shall

need two bolts for the ends of each side-board, and one bolt for the cleat in the middle, and two bolts for the ends of each of the head- and tailboards, and there will be three each of them, so that makes fifty-four bolts I shall need, and the stakes are about an inch and a half through and the boards will be three-quarters, so that makes two inches and a quarter, and allow another half inch for washer and nut. About a three-inch bolt would do it. I better get them to-day.

Another thing I ought to do is take that grass seed that the mice have been getting into in the barn and store it in a wash boiler or some pails or something. I ought to set some mousetraps to-night, I mustn't forget. I ought to set one upstairs, I guess, in the little northeast chamber where the pipe comes through from the set tubs in the back kitchen, because this is the Mouse Fifth Avenue, and it would be a good chance for a kill. I ought to gather together some old clothes and stuff for the rummage sale to raise money to buy books for the town library, and I ought to rake the barnyard and wheel the dressing down into the barn cellar where it will be out of the weather, because there is a lot of good dressing there right now. I ought to note down on the calendar in my room that I saw the ewe named Galbreath go to buck day before yesterday, so I can have her lambing date. Hers will be the first lamb next spring, and it will be twins because she is a twinner. Which reminds me I ought to write Mike Galbreath a letter. I have been owing him one since before Roosevelt was elected for the third term. I certainly should do that, it has been such a long time. I should do it to-day while it is in my mind.

One thing I ought to do to-day is to take a small Stillson wrench and go down cellar and tighten the packing nut on the water pump so it won't drip. I could do that when I am down there making a place for the slabwood—it would save steps to combine the two things. I also ought to stir the litter in the henpen in the

barn where the Barred Rocks are, and in the henhouse where the crossbred birds are; and then fill some bushel baskets with shavings and add them to the litter in the places where it needs deepening. The dropping boards under the broody coops need cleaning and I should do that at the same time, since I should be out there anyway. As far as litter is concerned, a man could take and rake the lawn under the maples where there is such an accumulation of leaves and add these dry leaves to the litter in the houses for the birds to scratch around in. Anything to keep their minds occupied in healthy channels.

To-day I intend to pull the young alders in the field on the north side, as they are beginning to get ahead of me. I must do that to-day, probably later on this afternoon. A bush hook would be a good tool for that. I should also clean up the remaining garden trash and add it to the compost, saving out whatever the sheep might eat, and should remove the pipe from the well under the apple tree and store it down below in the barn.

I also think I had better call up a buyer and get rid of my ten old hens, since we have canned all we are going to need. After the hens are gone I shall no longer need the borrowed range house that they are living in and I can get two long poles, lash them on behind the truck, and load the house on and drag it up to Kenneth's house. But it will be necessary to take an ax and flatten the ends of the poles so they won't dig into the highway, although the tar is so cold now they probably wouldn't dig in much anyway. Still, the thing to do is do it right.

Another thing I should try to manage to do to-day is to earmark the two purebred lambs. That will be easy enough—it just means finding the ear tags that I put away in a drawer or some place last spring and finding the special pliers that you have to use in squeezing a tag into a sheep's ear. I think I know where those pliers are, I think they are right in my cabinet next to that jar of rubber cement. I shall have to get the lambs up, but they

will come without much trouble now because they are hungry. I *could* take the buck away at the same time if I could think of a place to put him.

To-day I want to get word to Walter about the plowing of the garden pieces, and I had also better arrange down cellar about a bin for the roots, because on account of the extra amount of potatoes we have it will mean a little rearranging down there in order to get everything in. But I can do that when I am down tightening the nut on the pump. I ought to take the car into the village to-day to get an inspection sticker put on it; however, on second thought if I am going to the mill I guess it would be better to go in the truck and have a sticker put on *that* while I am seeing about the lumber, and then I can bring the boards back with me. But I mustn't be away at low water otherwise I won't be able to hook on to the mooring.

To-morrow is Tuesday and the egg truck will be coming through in the morning to pick up my cases, so I must finish grading and packing the eggs to-day—I have about fifty dozen packed and only ten to go to make up the two cases. Then I must nail up the cases and make out the tags and tack them on, and lug the cases over to the cellar door, ready to be taken out in the morning, as the expressman is apt to get here early. I've also got to write a letter to-day to a publisher who wrote me asking what happened to the book manuscript I was supposed to turn in a year ago last spring, and I also should take the green chair in the living room to Elliot Sweet so that he can put in some little buttons that keep coming out all the time. I can throw the chair into the truck and drop it by his shop on my way to town. If I am going to take the squashes and pumpkins up to the attic I had better take the old blankets which we have been covering

them with nights, and hang them on the line to dry. I also ought to nail a pole up somewhere in the barn to hang grain sacks on so the rats won't be able to get at them and gnaw holes in them; empty sacks are worth ten cents for the heavy ones and five cents for the cotton ones, and they mount up quite fast and run into money. I mustn't forget to do that to-day—it won't take but a minute.

I've got to see about getting a birthday present for my wife to-day, but I can't think of anything. Her birthday is past anyway. There were things going on here at the time and I didn't get around to getting her a present but I haven't forgotten about it. Possibly when I am in the village I can find something.

If I'm going to rebuild the racks for the sheep it would be a good idea to have the mill rip out a lot of two-inch slats for me while I am there, as I shall need some stuff like that. I ought to make a list, I guess. And I mustn't forget shingle nails and the spikes. There is a place on the bottom step of the stairs going down into the woodshed where the crocus sack which I nailed on to the step as a foot-wiper is torn off, and somebody might catch his foot in that and take a fall. I certainly should fix that to-day before someone has a nasty fall. The best thing would be to rip the old sack off and tack a new one on. A man should have some roofing nails if he is going to make a neat job of tacking a sack on to a step. I think I may have some but I'd better look. I can look when I go out to get the Stillson wrench that I shall need when I go down to tighten the packing nut on the pump, and if I haven't any I can get some when I go to town.

I've been spending a lot of time here typing, and I see it is four o'clock already and almost dark, so I had better get going. Specially since I ought to get a haircut while I am at it.



The Easy Chair



LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THIS is the seventy-fourth Easy Chair I have written. How many articles I have published in the body of *Harper's* I could not readily determine, but there must be at least twenty-five of them. The first was written in 1926 and I was spending the summer on an island in Lake Michigan when I received a letter accepting it signed "Lee Foster Hartman." Two years later I went down to New York from Cambridge, whither I had moved from the Middle West, and met Lee Hartman. Years before as a college boy I had briefly interviewed several editors in search of a job which I did not get, but Lee was the first editor I had met in the flesh since I had become, by anyone's admission except my own, a writer. Beyond the Abbey paintings in the reception room, a congeniality instantly recognized, and the fact that he took me to a number of the period's speak-easies, I remember only one thing about that first meeting. We were discussing work I might do for the magazine and he sketched an article he wanted written. I said, no, it wasn't my stuff; he'd better try So-and-so. Lee nodded and we took up other subjects. Later I came to understand that I had passed a test, a test I should not have been made aware of if I hadn't passed it. Lee liked writers who stuck to their lasts, who knew what they were talking about.

On that autumn day in 1928 I made a friend and found my editor. I am trying as a writer who worked for his magazine, to write about the editor, but it is im-

possible to separate him from the friend. I am a professional writer and my product is presumably on the open market for any editor to buy who may be interested in it; but from that first meeting on I have written little except literary criticism for any other magazine. It proved that I was a *Harper's* writer, that I had found an editor whose mind worked on the same wave length as mine. So in the thirteen years since 1928 every little while I have walked up and down the platform of the South Station, smoking a cigarette, waiting for train-time, and feeling as the principal anticipation of a trip to New York the fact that in a few hours I should be seeing Lee Hartman. I paced that platform one hot summer morning in 1935, wondering what was on his mind. He had telephoned, asking me to come down but saying nothing further. Since there had been some talk of my writing some literary comment for the magazine, I ended by deciding that the time had come. Lee met me at the Grand Central and took me to a wine-tasting which Frank Schoonmaker was giving for the press. Then we went to the Century Club, and Cass Canfield and Gene Saxton were there to have dinner with us, and on the balcony in muggy evening he offered me the Easy Chair. I will remember as the finest tribute I have ever had what he said when I accepted it. He had been worrying about who could take Mr. Martin's place, he said; it had been troubling him, now he needn't worry about it.

Late in the afternoon of September 22, 1941, he signed his initials at the bottom of the day's last letter. The letter was to me and it dealt with an article by a young man which I was urging him to buy for the magazine. I got it the next morning and had just written a brief reply when the telephone rang and New York was telling me that he was dead. The following night I walked up and down the platform at the South Station, smoking a cigarette and waiting for the Owl to start. As I threw that cigarette away and got on the train I felt a familiar lifting of the heart: once more I was going to New York to see Lee Hartman. I could not realize that I was going there to speak at his funeral.

As a contributor and as a member of his staff I have always felt the strong demand his integrity made on me and a realization that I had his complete support. He required your best; no one ever had his permission to relax into carelessness or to write trivialities. I have known him to send a knotty job back time after time till it was right, not almost right but altogether so. He would go to any length, sometimes searching for many months, to find the best man to write an article about some subject he had in mind. Having found the best man, he might have to work with him for months more to get the job in proper shape for the magazine. And you had to make sense. He once returned an article of mine with a remark that the firm's insurance would have been canceled if the underwriters had known that it was in the safe overnight. Some years later I found it in a drawer and realized that it was not inflammable but only pretentious—which was his point. In the course of the last evening I spent with him he spoke admiringly of a woman who frequently writes for *Harper's*. You could depend on her, he said; she got the facts before she did anything about them.

He liked specialists, writers who knew what they were talking about, and he liked people who put the facts first. Most of all he liked writers whose minds

were naturally tuned to the *Harper's* wave length, as his own mind established it. When he found one, that writer could do whatever he might want to thereafter. Elmer Davis, for instance, wrote for *Harper's* on cats, Mr. Hoover, Wagner, Hitler, or the hurricane. Lee was confident that if a distinguished writer wanted to treat those subjects the *Harper's* audience would approve. He required you to be responsible, and he therefore did not edit your text. He might query a passage, asking you to make sure of your facts, but there was never any question about your being free to say what you wanted to say. If a piece had to be cut to make space, he sent it to you—he would not even exercise any editor's right to trim it. When I took the Easy Chair I had known Lee Hartman for years and so we did not even bring up the question of editorial freedom. I knew that I could say whatever I might want to about anything that might interest me, and I have done so. He fired back one Easy Chair on the ground that it was trivial, occasionally he asked me to comment on something that had appeared in the magazine or to commemorate some anniversary, and for the rest it was up to me—in the knowledge that an eye which knew shoddy when it saw it was watching me. He was frugal of praise; if he found no pretense to deflate or attitude to reduce, you were doing fine; if, once every two or three years, you got two lines of satisfaction about something, you were lucky. Meanwhile you had all the assurance you needed: you knew the quality of the man who had found your stuff acceptable.

Since he had found it acceptable you knew that there would never be any division of responsibility if the piece should make trouble. He put the dignity and the force of the magazine solidly behind those who wrote for it. He never hesitated to let his writers take extremely controversial stands, and I have seen really tremendous pressures brought to bear on him as a result. He withstood them, financial, political, or merely

troublemaking; the Magazine did not back down, and so long as I have known it has not yielded to any threat and has only once had to repair a misstatement. On that occasion the misstatement was only legally inaccurate; in intention it was true. Once when an angry manufacturer was trying to intimidate Lee with the offstage blackmail that angry business men (and angry politicians) sometimes practice on editors, I asked him if he had not been a little scared, considering that, though he would certainly have won the threatened suit, the defense would have more than wiped out the small annual profit of the magazine. No, he said: he had confidence in the writer, who knew what he was talking about; if it had come to a suit that would have been too bad but unavoidable. Just a professional risk.

The magazine he edited was a forum where responsible writers who knew what they were talking about could say what they pleased. They could not appear there at all unless he respected their intelligence and integrity; since he did so it did not matter that his own opinions and interpretations might differ widely from theirs. This meant complete freedom of expression in *Harper's* for scrupulous and adult minds, and it had an important corollary. The net sum of the magazine's contents during his editorship has been "progressive," which is to say well to the left of the center, and that net effect rests on his refusal to open its pages to fanatics and the crackbrained. His mind was skeptical, he had no gift of easy belief, and a curious humor of providence has arranged it so that the skeptics of this world are primarily responsible for maintaining liberality of discussion. Lee understood this very clearly and understood both the responsibility and the sanctions of his disbelief. The service of the dream, he found when he looked round him, usually implied first the misrepresentation and then the suppression of the dream's opponents. He respected intelligent opinion; he shunned dogma. Causes could be aired

in his pages but no one could crusade there. When I have heard his withering disgust expended on anything journalistic it has usually been on some magazine ostensibly devoted to discussion which permitted crazed believers or devoted advocates of a cause to write dishonestly in the service of virtue. For this reason primarily it was his pride that *Harper's* paid its way. He had no use for subsidized journalism, especially the kind that is subsidized toward the noblest goals. He believed that subsidies canceled the two indispensable requirements of a magazine—to be interesting and to be honest. Competition for the reader's cash was the only effective guaranty of freedom and of interest. What else was a magazine for?

It is extraordinarily hard to express his standards and his aims. He himself did not put them into words; he expressed them twelve times a year in the kind of magazine he put together. But when you think back over the magazine during the years of his editorship, which cover the most troubled years of our history, you realize how formidable an achievement the maintenance of its integrity has been. In those years of turmoil Lee Hartman edited a magazine to which the most intelligent group of readers in America turned for information, discussion, and editorial comment and interpretation. The dedicated weeklies were chasing one illusion after another down the corridors of wish. New kinds of journalism rose and flourished, satisfying a mass demand for summary and for a sensationalism that was not called yellow only because it was printed on coated paper. Almost all the magazines that had ever competed with *Harper's* either forfeited their function or were killed outright. Mencken left the *Mercury*, which promptly became a different kind of magazine. *Scribner's* several times changed its skin and structure and ended in the service of a mission. The *Century*, which had been founded to compete directly with *Harper's* and as a result had, with *Harper's*, permanently improved the highest level of journalism in America—

the *Century* could find no way of maintaining its function in the new age and so disappeared. Lee Hartman was able to win the battle that others lost. He inherited a tradition of dignity and integrity. He held intact the audience which values such a tradition by accommodating a quality magazine to the needs of a post-war world that was becoming a pre-war world.

That, as part of that audience, you are reading these words is the earnest of his success and the final measure of his achievement. When at his request I wrote an Easy Chair about the magazine's ninetieth anniversary, I said of the *Harper's* audience, "Its tastes and interests have shifted as the currents of American life shifted but it has always consisted of the educated, the discriminating, and the liberal." Well, what he accustomed that audience to find in these pages was news that had been sifted free of rumor and guess, information certified by authoritative specialists, opinion by men who had earned their right to opinion, discussion that had been triply tested against prejudice and obscurantism, the free play of the best minds thinking without fever and without fear. It found here the best American journalism of the time, forbidden to be either heated or pedantic, never in the service of a crusade, inquiring but tranquil, alert and unafraid. Under his editorship *Harper's* was not a magazine of big names. Many of the period's best writers were contributors; many of those with the biggest reputations were not. If a

man with a big name knew what he was talking about, all right; if he did not, or if he used his name for special pleading, Lee would have nothing to do with him. Some of the omissions were probably as conspicuous as they were deliberate, and a list of prominent writers of the time who did not contribute to *Harper's* may simplify the labor of literary historians when they begin to appraise the period. They will certainly have to take *Harper's* into account, and so will all other historians. They will find there an honest, trustworthy presentation of the time, its colors and rhythms and accents, its aspirations and experiments, its hopes and its dreads, its achievements and failures—and a constant endeavor of honest minds to work with these things and to pass judgment on them.

Lee Hartman was not a man to talk much about service to democracy. But journalism has no more honorable service to offer democracy than the maintenance through years of chaos of such a magazine as he edited. Serving in the republic of letters the traditions he believed in and the ends he valued, he was content to sink himself in the institution he shaped. In shaping it, in helping to shape the thought of his time, he helped to shape the time and the commonwealth. It is in the institution, in *Harper's Magazine*, that seekers must look for him: be sure he will be sought. Those who are now charged with the maintenance of that institution will find in the obligation that he laid on them their principal hope of succeeding.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harpers Magazine

THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE LIFEBOAT

THE STORY OF MARY CORNISH OF THE *CITY OF BENARES*

BY ELSPETH HUXLEY

THE *City of Benares* was four days out of Liverpool when the torpedo struck. For those four days ninety British children, bound for the safety of Canada, had kept their ten escorts busy—nursing those who were seasick, keeping the others entertained and out of mischief.

The escorts—men and women who had volunteered to accompany the children on the voyage—had no peace by day, and Mary Cornish, for one, had little sleep by night. Even if sick children did not need attention she lay awake, half-dressed, alert to catch the first intimations of danger. It was hard work, but rewarding, for in a very short time a real affection sprang up between escorts and escorted. From the first day there was a cheerful, friendly atmosphere aboard the *City of Benares*.

As for the children, they were free of worries and in the highest of spirits. Never had they encountered such entrancing places to play as on this ship. Never had they (or those who were not

seasick) eaten such resplendent meals, served by white-coated, brown-faced stewards. The *City of Benares* had been built for the India run; so while her officers were British, brown-skinned Lascars made up her crew.

But an undercurrent of tension ran through the ship, at least among the grown-up passengers. Mines to begin with, and later raiders; powerful Focke-Wulf aircraft, and the ever-prowling U-boats; all these threatened their safety at every hour of the night and day. Yet everything had been done to guard against the danger and to prepare for it, and few passengers feared anything worse than a ducking and the loss of their kit. Whatever happened—and the ship's officers shared and encouraged this belief—the *City of Benares*, with her precious cargo of children, would be well looked after. Two other ships of the convoy flanked her on either side, at times almost within shouting distance. Should she be torpedoed, both these

vessels were confidently expected to stand by and pick up survivors. An hour or two in the lifeboats at the most, it was thought, was all they had to fear.

Boat drills were held every day. Passengers carried their life jackets about with them and few undressed at night. The children slept in warm pajamas and life jackets; coats and shoes were stacked in readiness at the bottom of their bunks.

Then on the evening of September 17, 1940, tension was relaxed. The passengers for the first time looked forward to undressing completely when they went to bed. Not until they reached the *St. Lawrence* could all danger be at an end, but now it was only a shadow. People congratulated one another on having reached virtual safety; passengers stood one another drinks. The sea, which had been rough, had gone down a little, and all but the most seasick of the children were up. With every day that passed they became more excited; already they looked healthier and slept better, and the salt wind had whipped color into their cheeks.

That evening the escorts toasted the children and their future in the New World. They were in high spirits, with more than half the weight of responsibility lifted from their shoulders. After the children had said prayers the escorts, as usual, tucked them into bed and said good-night. To-morrow, they hoped, might be calm and fine.

II

At about nine o'clock, after coffee, Mary Cornish went on deck to get a breath of fresh air. There was a strong breeze and the sea was choppy. The moon was nearly full, but cloud-wrack drifted across it and only now and again did it shine out clearly over the sea. On either beam two black shapes showed plainly—the two vessels keeping steadily abreast of the *City of Benares*.

Mary Cornish had never before been on an ocean voyage. For twenty years she had been studying and teaching

music. At the age of forty-one, wanting to do what she could in the war emergency, she had volunteered to act as a children's escort for the government's Children's Overseas Reception Board. Down in cabins astern were her fifteen charges—girls ranging in age from six to fifteen.

After about an hour on deck, Mary Cornish decided to go below. She had reached the end of the alley way on C Deck, leading off to the children's quarters, when the torpedo struck. The ship shuddered; the lights went out. The explosion sounded like a heavy muffled thud, followed by a noise of crashing glass and splintering woodwork. Mary Cornish started along the alley way toward the children's cabins, found her progress blocked part way along by a mass of debris, and saw that she was gazing down into a black abyss where the bathrooms had been. She realized that she was looking into a vast hole blown in the center of the ship, a hole that was quickly filling with the sea. The torpedo had struck the afterpart of the ship, passed just below the children's cabins, and exploded beneath the central row of bathrooms, blowing them to smithereens.

Her job now was to reach her batch of children and get them into a boat. She started, with her bare hands, to tear a hole in the debris blocking the alley way, wrenching aside splintered partitions, lacerating her hands, until the gap was just large enough to crawl through. Mrs. Towns, one of the other escorts, was with the children on the far side. She had been asleep and the explosion had thrown her out of bed. Rallying the children, she and an engineer officer who had arrived on the scene managed to extract them from the shattered cabins. Mary Cornish pulled them through the gap in the debris and got them up on deck.

The children were frightened but not panicky. The force of the explosion—almost directly beneath them—had hurled most of them out of their beds,

and in the darkness and confusion there was no chance to recover the coats, shoes, and spare blankets neatly folded at each bunk's foot for such an emergency. To calm them Mary Cornish found herself repeating in soothing tones: "It's all right, it's only a torpedo"—until it occurred to her that this was perhaps rather an odd form of reassurance.

There was no chance of reaching the boat station allotted to her group. On deck people were starting to climb into the boats under the supervision of the ship's officers. By this time the emergency lighting had come on. Leaving her charges with Mrs. Towns, Mary Cornish returned below to make quite certain that none of her girls had been trapped in their cabins. In the blocked alley way she bumped into an officer coming forward from the children's quarters.

"I've just been through there," he told her. "There's nobody left. Go on deck." She obeyed, returning with him to the upper deck; but by that time Mrs. Towns and the children had disappeared. She started aft to find them, but the ship's officer ordered her into the nearest boat. She hesitated, wondering whether to obey or whether to search for her own charges. Looking into the lifeboat, she could see that it was full of Lascars from the ship's crew, and that among them were huddled several small boys.

Her own children, she reflected, were well looked after by Mrs. Towns and by one of the stewardesses, a trained nurse. Here were several small boys in a boat full of Lascars; and the officer had ordered her into the boat. There was no time to think it over. She climbed in.

They crouched in the boat for what seemed a long time, swinging from the davits. In the changing moonlight, now strong, now clouded, she could see other lifeboats, but dimly, as they were in the ship's shadow. Below them was a black, heaving ocean. During this interlude Miss Day came by and shouted to Mary Cornish that the girls of her group were safe in other boats. At

intervals people slid down a rope from the deck above and landed in the boat, causing a mild commotion while others squeezed away to make room for them. They could hear creakings and shouts as other boats were lowered into the rough sea. One capsized as it reached the water, spilling out its occupants; Mary Cornish heard the screams of children and the shouts of people on deck who threw down rafts and life belts. Her boat was one of the last to be lowered and the last to pull away. From the crests of the waves, in fitful moonlight, she could see other lifeboats dotted about, and brief signals flashed from torches, and sometimes the speck of a head or a tossing raft whirling by. Now and again a shout would rise above the wind's screaming, to be quickly drowned again. During the night four or five dripping, half-conscious figures were hauled over the side of her boat, rescued from an ice-cold sea.

It seemed a long time later that the *City of Benares* went down. All the lights were ablaze, and it looked to the passengers as if she were on fire. At the last moment her bow dipped, her stern reared, and she sank slowly into the ocean. Although hours seemed to have elapsed since the torpedo struck, in fact the interval, as later established, was only forty minutes.

There was no sign of the other ships in the convoy. Indeed, both the ships that had flanked them went down that night. The rest of the convoy scattered and sailed on, for that is the rule, leaving lifeboats and rafts and swimming figures alone with the storm and the sea.

The night seemed endless. It was bitterly cold. No one was dressed to meet a storm in the North Atlantic in an open boat. The boys wore pajamas and the kapok life jackets in which, luckily, they had slept; but only one had a coat and two wore shoes. Mary Cornish had on a thin silk blouse, a thin skirt, a short-sleeved jacket, and silk stockings with sandals. She soon became numb with cold as well as seasick, and the cuts and

bruises sustained while pulling her children through the debris on board the *City of Benares* grew sore. She was wedged among the Lascars too tightly to move. In face of great difficulties the crew, with the fourth officer in command, managed to keep the bows head-on to the waves, and thus to prevent their boat from shipping water and becoming swamped.

Dawn broke at last, gray, sullen, and cold. There was no rescuing vessel steaming toward them; no fellow lifeboats; not even a raft; only now and again a sodden piece of wreckage bobbing quickly past. They were alone, with the wind rising and the seas high.

III

After this cheerless dawn those in the lifeboat took stock of the situation and sorted themselves out. The boat was thirty feet long—four feet longer than a London bus. Into it forty-six people were crammed. The fourth officer was at the tiller in the stern. With him were four other British members of the crew: a signalman, a steward, a naval gunner, and a young cadet. There were thirty-two Lascars in all, huddled together on the thwarts and on the floor of the boat. Among them were the boys, six in number; Mr. Nagorski, a Polish passenger, and Mary Cornish herself. Only when daylight came did she discover that the boys had after all an escort, Father O'Sullivan, a Roman Catholic priest. For two days before the disaster he had been ill, running a temperature and suffering from acute seasickness and a severe chill. He had carried one small boy and shepherded others to the lifeboat, clad only in pajamas and a coat, without shoes; during the night he had lain in the bottom of the boat, incapacitated by sickness.

The spirits of the passengers rose with daylight in spite of the cold and the cramp from which everyone was suffering. The steward busied himself by issuing blankets and rigging a canvas

awning over the bows to make a shelter. When this was done the six boys, their escort, and Mary Cornish were separated from the Lascars and moved into the bows, where they arranged themselves as best they could along the thwarts and in, and on top of, a locker which occupied most of the space.

The boat was equipped not with oars, but with a propelling apparatus. Two handles, like those used in bars for drawing beer, only much larger, stood up from the floor between each pair of seats. By pulling these backward and forward with a regular motion, a crew of ten turned a shaft which revolved a screw under the rudder; this propelled the boat. The handles had been used during the night to keep the boat head-on to the waves. In the morning the two handles in the bows were taken out of their sockets to make more room, and the fourth officer called for volunteers to take regular turns at working the remaining four pairs. He turned the bows eastward, and set a course for the nearest land—the coast of Ireland.

IV

Of the boys, the youngest was eight, the eldest thirteen. When daylight came they were lively and cheerful in spite of the loneliness of the sea; at this stage the whole thing was a great adventure. No one seriously doubted that a destroyer would pick them up that day. But two of the boys had younger brothers in the *City of Benares*; they had seen a lifeboat capsize and heard the cries of frightened people. They had to be reassured that it would be all right, they would see their brothers in a day or two—perhaps in the destroyer that would pick them up that afternoon at the latest.

The steward served the first meal at noon—one sardine each on a ship's biscuit and a dipperful of water. The dipper was a small cylinder, of about the diameter of an English penny; it held something less than a quarter of a pint. Even by noon on the first day—Wednes-

day—they were all thirsty and wanted more than this. The steward had full charge of the provisions. He started from the first day to ration water on the assumption that water would be the problem.

As time went on it became clear to Mary Cornish that her greatest problem was to keep the boys occupied. They were cramped and uncomfortable and had nothing to do. The awning was so low that the escorts could not sit upright beneath it, except on the floor of the boat. Mary Cornish had to crouch on the foresheets with bent back and shoulders; after a few hours it was a form of torture.

The boat rolled and pitched ceaselessly with a short, bucking, ill-tempered motion. Mary Cornish, seated on the foresheets, had to grip hold of a stanchion to keep her position. There was no relaxation, no rest. To move about you had to pick your way among human heads, limbs, and bodies so closely packed that you were hard put to it not to stamp on somebody's feet or fingers. At night, if you wished to move, others had to guide your feet into place with their hands. For this reason progress from one end of the boat to the other was ruled out except when it was essential; as, for instance, when the steward brought food and water from his locker in the stern (though even that was passed from hand to hand after the first day or so), or when one of the sailors went up to the bows to snatch a few hours' sleep in the shelter of the awning. Although the fourth officer was only about thirty feet away, Mary Cornish could not speak to him—even shouts would not carry over the noises of a storm. A phalanx of Lascars was wedged between the escorts and boys and the English sailors in the stern.

In these conditions the problem of keeping the boys' attention occupied was a tough one. How could their minds be distracted from their physical discomforts?

At first they sang popular songs: "Roll Out the Barrel," "There'll Always Be an

England," and "Run, Rabbit, Run." Then there was talk: a repetition, over and over again, of all that they could remember of the shipwreck.

"Which would you rather be," the boys asked Miss Cornish, presenting that strange choice confronting their generation, "bombed at home or torpedoed in the Atlantic?" For the first few days the boys agreed that it was more exciting to be torpedoed. Other prevailing topics were the loss of their clothes and pocket money, and the prospects of food. The first was a major disaster.

"Four-and-eight, I had," a boy would reflect, as one still unable to grasp the extent of his loss. "Four-and-eight. Saved up, it was, ever since Mum said I was to go to Canada. Dad gave me two shillings. I'll never be able to get that much again."

On the first day everyone kept watch. By perching on the gunwale the watcher could lean out from beneath the awning to feel the full strength of the wind on his face, to see far and wide across a wilderness of waters. Gulls soared by, and the wind tore the sound of their screams from their beaks, dispersing it; land could not be so very far, the escorts said, since gulls were about. Later on the boys took turns as lookout beside the creaking mast, standing up and hanging on while the boat pitched and shook, watching the horizon for a finger of smoke, and the sky for a speck of Sunderland. But the days wore on without sight of a vessel.

The boys' worst enemy was cold. The blankets, of which they had only two, could barely be stretched to cover them completely; or if, with some difficulty, this were managed, a few moments later a twitching arm or leg would jerk the blanket, and some part of a boy would become exposed.

Mary Cornish had only a thin, short-sleeved jacket to break a half-gale in the north Atlantic. The boys slept fitfully; she was forever having to tuck in their blankets, rearrange their limbs, or soothe them with a word of reassurance. But at least they slept. There was no sleep for

her. There was no room to move her legs; a Lascar pressed against them. The boat rolled continuously; there was not even a blanket to soften the sharp edges of the boards. The noise alone would have prevented sleep: the slapping of waves, the wind's shriek, the mast's groaning; but in any case the bitter cold, the endless motion, above all, the misery of not being able to move made it seem as if the nights would never end.

Volunteers took turns working the handles. There were plenty of Lascars to do it, but their energies flagged as the voyage went on.

It was a strange experience to travel at such close quarters with men so alien and apart. They spoke few words of English but talked endlessly in their own tongue. All night long they kept up a noisy and incessant debate. What were they talking about so intently, crouched in the middle of the boat? The Englishmen in the stern sat in silence, watching the stars when the clouds broke to reveal them and the waning moon, gaging the strength of the wind, trying to hold their eastward course.

Sometimes the Lascars sheltered under the sail after dark. They made a sort of tent out of it and retired there to smoke the queer-smelling cigarettes they had somehow managed to bring with them, secreted in their loose, thin cotton garments. The smell of these cigarettes was sweet and yet acrid—perhaps drugged. They passed a cigarette from mouth to mouth, and as each one drew on it the brief glow lighted up a lean, coppery face—to a white man's eye so like its fellows, so baffling in its lack of expression.

Their religion too was strange. At dawn, at noon, and in the evening they rinsed their mouths and washed their faces with sea water, and then, cleansed, chanted their prayers to an alien god. At night they lay huddled in blankets, an indistinguishable mass. They slithered about on the floor of the boat and under the thwarts. Sometimes, under cover of darkness, they crept into the bows, under the awning; but there was no room for

them and the escorts had to push them back. They made no protest. When the English seamen gave orders they obeyed, but for the most part without briskness, as if they did not really believe that the order would serve a useful purpose. Allah was compassionate and would save them if he wished; Allah was wise and would send storms if he deemed it best. It was the will of Allah, which no foreign infidel could mitigate or alter. They were very clean, and washed their turbans and their shirts continually, hanging them out to dry over the awning.

As the days went by, the Lascars' presence put an extra strain on the Europeans, outnumbered (not counting the children) by four to one. A gulf, intangible as light but wide as the universe, stood between them and their closest companions. They must put a guard on their tongues, a governor on their actions. No trace of despondency, however momentary, must be allowed to show in their manner or expression, lest it infect the Lascars with the virus of alarm.

V

On the second morning the wind abated somewhat, and the sea went down; hopes of rescue were high. The sail was hoisted and the boat drove forward at a fine speed, while the passengers forgot their discomfort in the exhilaration of sailing before a strong wind across the open sea. The boys were cheerful, still enjoying the adventure; but they missed their breakfast. The first meal of the day was issued at noon. It consisted of bully beef on a ship's biscuit. The boys wolfed the bully beef but found the biscuit very dry, with only a dipper of water to wash it down. After the second or third day they could not eat the biscuit, yet they did not like to throw it away.

"Auntie, will you mind my biscuit, please?" they would ask. So Mary Cornish found herself the repository of scraps of dry biscuit, which soon filled her pockets and overflowed into odd crannies of the boat. One of the Lascars asked

her to mind his biscuit too. No one ever asked for his piece back but they all liked to know that the biscuits were there, safely minded.

Conversation turned on the first meal they would eat on landing. They talked a great deal about their homes and of the surprise of Mum and Dad when they returned. They wanted to take Mum a present; then the loss of their pocket money returned to them with poignancy. But Mr. Nagorski found a way out.

"Don't worry," he said, "when we get back I will make up to each of you the pocket money you have lost." This was greeted with delight. The boys' gravest anxiety was now allayed.

Mary Cornish started games. They played "Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral," and when that palled, "I Spy." But there were not so many things to be spied from a small boat in mid-Atlantic. Their companions, the boat's essentials—sail, mast, tiller, handles, a barrico of water and tins of bully; at sea the waves, spray, clouds, and a few sea birds.

When games ran out Mary Cornish started to tell them stories. Dim recollections of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *Bulldog Drummond* lingered in her mind. Now she tried to drag from her memory tattered shreds of these and other stories and to hang them on a new framework. It was a desperate task for she was not by nature a story-teller, although fortunately a nephew had provided her with some experience of small boys' tastes. Captain Drummond was the hero: square-jawed, strong, lean, tough, and fearless. In the first installment he became deeply embroiled with a gang of Nazi spies. Airplanes, submarines, parachutists, secret wireless installations, master minds, and ciphers were soon involved. The story reached a point where she could think of no way out for Captain Drummond, and the first installment ended.

"Go on, Auntie, *please* go on!" they implored. They were promised more next day. Thereafter there was no es-

cape. The installment of the day, eagerly awaited, was given after supper (a few swigs of condensed milk sucked out of a hole punched in the tin) before settling down for the night.

To invent new episodes for Captain Drummond every day became almost a nightmare. Only the most thrilling adventures, the most hair-raising escapes, the most breathless fights, would satisfy her audience.

It was hard to keep clean and to preserve something of the decencies. Escorts and boys washed their faces every morning and evening, using for sponge a handkerchief tied to a piece of string and dangled over the side. But they had no soap. For handkerchiefs they used scraps of a Polish newspaper discovered in Mr. Nagorski's coat pocket. On the third day out Mr. Critchley, the cadet, was seen to be using a comb; this was seized upon with shouts of delight and made public property, being passed morning and evening from hand to hand.

Sanitary arrangements were more difficult. Privacy was out of the question in a boat where you could not flex an elbow without hitting a neighbor. There was a bucket and a bailer on board. The bucket was heavy and clumsy and the bailer was used until it was lost overboard on the fifth day out. Then only the bucket remained, and empty sardine tins. An order was given to reserve the bucket for Miss Cornish, but it was needed also as a bailer and it was kept in the stern. If she needed it word was passed along. "Who wants it?" the query would come back. A helpful shout would go up from the Lascars: "The memsahib!" and the bucket would come from hand to hand down the line. Nobody could move from his place, nor could his neighbors do more to ease the situation than to look the other way. But the body has little to eliminate on half a pint of water or less and a sardine and a mouthful of bully beef a day, so that such embarrassments became fewer as the voyage went on.

A little before dark Purvis, the steward,

passed round tins of condensed milk to suck from and a dipperful of water for each person. There was no food. The boys said their prayers (this they did every evening without needing to be told) and disposed themselves for the night as best they could on the hard boards and the locker-top. All day long eyes had raked the sea in vain; ears, strained to catch the drone of aircraft engines, had heard only the pounding of waves on the boat's timbers and the cry of gulls. Now another night had fallen and long, weary hours of cold discomfort lay ahead. It was at such moments only that the boys' spirits fell. Sometimes a half-stifled whimper would come from under the blankets.

After the first three or four days the boys' feet and legs began to give trouble. Blood grown sluggish failed to nourish them, and this laid a strain on the heart: the earliest stages of death from exposure threatened them all.

Sometimes, in the past, when one of her music pupils had been playing in public Mary Cornish had massaged the pianist's hands at the last moment, coaxing blood into the fingertips. Now she tried this technic on the boys' feet and ankles before they went to sleep and when they woke in the night, stirred by cold. This kept their feet from going numb and enabled them to sleep. Her own feet she could not massage, and by the end of the fourth or fifth day they had become as nerveless as blocks of wood. The only way to stretch the aching limbs and to generate a little warmth in the body was to work the handles. Mary Cornish volunteered to take her turn. It raised blisters on her hands, but the exertion helped to keep her circulation going, and the handles drove the boat steadily closer to the Irish shore.

The gunner sometimes made his way to the children's end of the boat. He was a small, wiry sailor, tough as leather and colorful in his language, to whom a shipwreck was all part of the day's work. He believed in good discipline, getting on with the job in hand, and no nonsense.

Probably the most experienced seaman in the boat, perhaps twenty years older than the man in command, he had no part in the navigation, and did not trouble to conceal his doubts as to whether it was being efficiently conducted. "Ought to be in Ireland by now," he would mutter. He had a poor opinion of the Lascars and their ways, and sometimes said so in terms which caused a little uneasiness among the rest of the party, since there were thirty-two Lascars and only six English members of the crew.

The gunner took an active interest in the welfare of the boys. But he seemed to develop a knack of coming up to the bows at the wrong moment from the escorts' point of view—when a boy had kicked his legs clear of his bit of blanket, or another had just waked up to complain of the cold.

"Here, what's all this?" he would demand. "This boy's got no blanket on. No wonder he's cold, poor little bastard. Come on, son, let's tuck the blanket under—that's the way—ought to be someone keeping an eye on these kids."

The escorts took these strokes of intervention in the kindly spirit in which they were meant, although sometimes the gunner's visits—always undertaken for helpful purposes—did not make their task any easier. At night, believing the boys to be asleep, he would speak freely of the difficulties facing the crew: of dwindling water, ignorance of their true position, the unlikelihood of reaching Ireland alive. His raucous whisper, raised to overtop the noises of the sea and swinging handles, would sometimes wake the boys, and his words, though true enough, were hardly calculated to reassure them.

So Friday and Saturday passed, the third and fourth day on the same pattern. By Saturday no one could even attempt to eat the daily ration of ship's biscuit. With difficulty the passengers swallowed a little bully beef or tinned salmon at noon, but at night their throats were so dry that they could barely suck the condensed milk out of the tins. Thirst

was the thing. Throats became painfully swollen, tongues harsh and dry.

Sometimes gray walls of rain swept over the water, driving in at them under the awning. Once a hailstorm tattooed the sea with countless pinpricks, and all the empty tins on board were held up to catch the stones. But it was surprising how little could be trapped in a tin. Next time it rained they rigged up the sail to catch a puddle, but the salt with which the canvas was impregnated made the rainwater no sweeter than the sea, and the crew decided that it was not fit for drinking. The Lascars protested at this, claiming that in the part of India they came from all the water was brackish, so that they were used to salt. Disobeying orders, they drank the sail water, but it did not seem to slake their thirst.

The Lascars were beginning to grow surly, and when the fourth officer appealed for volunteers to work the handles they sometimes sat quite still, refusing to co-operate. Luckily the cadet knew a little of their language and was able to give them orders in it, while the man who appeared to be their leader did his best to make them obey. They were disheartened and sick rather than mutinous. Many of them had cuts and bruises, and these men would make their way to Mary Cornish, who had charge of the first-aid box, and ask her to dress their wounds. On one such occasion the head Lascar warned her against one of his fellows: a bad man, he said, who was watching her when he should have been looking away. "Don't speak to him," he advised.

Sense of time grew blurred. It became harder to remember what had happened yesterday and what the day before; each day was a repetition of the last; they seemed to have been a lifetime in the boat. One night there was a cruel storm, and they could make no progress either with the handles or the sail. The sea-anchor was thrown out, and all night long the boat pitched and heaved throwing the passengers about

without respite, till their limbs were freshly bruised and battered.

A dozen times that night it seemed that they were done for, as a wave came at them from above like a falling tower. The men bailed without respite. The boys were frightened, chilled, and seasick, and slept only in snatches. But dawn found them still afloat, and when morning came the storm went down. It was hard to believe that they had lived through such a night, and impossible to imagine that they could survive another.

VI

The fifth day was Sunday. The steward promised them a special Sunday dinner. It came down at noon: a small segment of canned peach. Soft and cool, it slid easily down their thirst-contracted throats. But a dipperful of water poured carefully into an empty condensed-milk tin and eked out, on this occasion by a little peach juice, was still their ration, and by now their lips were cracked and dry.

They sighted a steamer on Sunday afternoon. A shout went up, and hope bounded like a porpoise. No false hope either. A speck on the horizon slowly expanded before their eyes. It grew into a dot, and then a fine feather of smoke, and then the plain outline of a steamer. The boys jumped up, waving, long before there was any chance of being spotted through the strongest telescope. Mary Cornish's petticoat, requisitioned on the first day as a signal of distress, was run up to the masthead. Father O'Sullivan called on the boys to pray that they would be sighted from the approaching steamer.

The steamer headed directly toward them. She had altered course; there could be no doubt that she had seen them. A cargo vessel of medium tonnage, she appeared. Everyone was in high spirits. The signalman was busy with his flags in the stern and the children were shouting and singing in the bows. The lifeboat was under sails and

a good breeze was carrying them rapidly toward the rescue ship.

The steamer stopped and turned slowly until she was broadside on. Those in the lifeboat guessed that her crew were preparing to throw down a line and to lower a rope ladder.

One of the sailors had taken down the awning. Now he came round pulling out of their sockets the heavy iron stanchions that supported it, for fear lest the boys' legs should be crushed between the stanchions and the steamer's side. There was nowhere to stow them so he threw two of them (out of three) overboard. They would not be needed any more. It was a great moment. In a few minutes they would be safe, their ordeal over, free to stretch their limbs and straighten their backs, above all to slake their thirst. Their approaching security seemed all the sweeter because another savage storm was getting up. Already the dark seas were rising, and beyond the steamer black, angry clouds were massing on the horizon.

Then the unbelievable happened. The steamer had seen the lifeboat—there could be no doubt about that. Now they saw her turning slowly around and the water churning behind her screw. Then slowly, inexorably, incredibly she steamed away.

In the lifeboat they gazed after her in horror, silent with incredulity and dismay. No signal showed from the steamer. She grew smaller and smaller until only a streak on the horizon remained. Then the storm that had been threatening gathered force and swept toward them, and the smoke too disappeared.

Darkness fell soon after the unknown steamer left them. In the lifeboat they discussed the matter, but not for long, because they had to shout above the sound of the rising storm, and their throats pained them. German U-boats, it was said, had been known to disguise themselves as lifeboats, and then to fire on ships that approached to the rescue. The only explanation that could be suggested of the steamer's strange and terrible behavior

was that her crew had suspected the lifeboat of being an enemy submarine so concealed, and had made off without waiting for proof. Now that two of the three stanchions supporting the awning had gone, the canvas was forced down lower than ever on the boys' and the escorts' heads. This added a great deal to their discomfort. The gunner made his way for'ard. In such moments of distress his confident outlook was a tonic. The episode of the steamer he dismissed as a good omen, nothing more.

"That ship shows we've reached the sea lanes," he said briskly. "What's the matter now? Down'earted 'cos she didn't pick us up? That's nothing to worry about. We'll see plenty more ships to-morrow now we've reached the sea lanes."

They rode out the storm that night with the aid of their sea-anchor. The boys slept at times in spite of the buffeting, but the escorts could not rest at all. Once more they lived through a night that no small boat, it would seem, could have survived except by a kind of miracle.

By the next morning they were beginning to feel symptoms of exhaustion. Feet and legs were numb, their limbs black and blue from bruises. Water was running low. Several of the Lascars were too weak to move. They lay in the bottom of the boat, red-eyed and silent. It was part of their religion to rinse out their mouths before prayer, and this all the Lascars did, using of course sea water. The English feared that they were swallowing surreptitious mouthfuls of brine. They seemed to be sinking into a sort of coma, with the will to live dying down in them. Only a few now responded to the calls made to man the handles. When rations were doled out at noon and sunset they followed with their eyes every movement of the steward as he measured out the water.

Dawn was gray and stormy. They strained their eyes to find the land and saw nothing. Progress was slow in such heavy seas, but they did not give

up hope. In the afternoon a shout went up that the land had been sighted. And there it lay, a long, low band of indigo smudged across the horizon.

They gazed at it until their eyes ached. The edge was surely too hard and sharp for cloud, the whole thing too solid. Low hills were outlined against the sky, and in front a foreshore. They could doubt no longer. *It was land.*

Once again excitement rose. A strong wind carried them forward under sail. Was it Ireland? Scotland? The Shetlands? And would they make landfall before night? Behind them the sun was sinking, silvering the ragged edges of a cloud deflated by the passing of the storm. Night was coming; it was a race with time.

The land did not get any closer, but they did not despair. Twilight overtook them, and the land's outline faded. Night came. The fourth officer had a flare hoisted on the masthead, a signal to the coast guards or to coastwise shipping. All night long it made a pool of light in the encircling blackness.

That night one of the boys became delirious. He was suffering acute pains in his feet. Mary Cornish took off her jacket and wrapped it round them after massaging them in an effort to restore the circulation. After a long while he fell into a fitful sleep.

They passed through a belt of phosphorescence and leaned over the side of the boat to watch it, fascinated and forgetful of their thirst and bruises. It flashed in the water like molten silver, and fishes, silver-scaled and fiery, leapt by. At dawn all eyes were strained toward the eastern horizon. The sky paled flat and empty. When light came they could see only the familiar gray desert of waves. The land had vanished, with the cloud that mocked them.

VII

This was on Tuesday. They had been a week at sea. The strength of the boys was ebbing fast. They had barely

eaten for five days and their thirst was becoming acute. Almost as bad was the constant pressure against other bodies, the aching of bruised muscles, and the pain of sleepless, bloodshot eyes. Several of the Lascars were lying semi-conscious in the bottom of the boat. Still the lifeboat kept her course, under sail now, for the sea was a little calmer.

At noon the steward brought round the usual water ration, which each person poured into his empty condensed-milk tin. This was the last time—although the steward did not tell them then—that they would get water at noon. Next day the ration was to be halved, and issued only in the evening. They were nearing the bottom of the cask.

The delirious boy recovered with the coming of daylight although he was weak and his feet were sore. Thirsty or not, that evening the boys still wanted their bedtime installment of Captain Drummond, and Mary Cornish gave it to them. She found the effort considerable, for not only was it difficult to speak with a parched, dry throat and a swollen tongue, but a week with little food and water, and with constant anxiety over the boys had begun to affect her mind. She had to force her thoughts with conscious effort, like squeezing hardened paint out of a tube. But she managed to think of the day's plot somehow, although her voice sounded thick and barely intelligible in her own ears.

That evening messages came down from the stern that the Lascars were restive and needed to be watched. On board was a hatchet used to split open cases of canned provisions. This was kept in the bows, and the escorts by way of precaution put it down within easy reach. After nightfall another of the boys became delirious. His feet were so painful that he could not bear to have them touched. As the night wore on he became obsessed with the fear of going mad. Sometimes he screamed horribly and shouted: "I'm mad, I'm going mad, I *know* I'm going mad."

A message came down from the stern: could the escorts for God's sake keep that boy quiet; his screams might drive the Lascars over the edge. Mary Cornish tried to calm him, but if anyone touched him he shouted all the more. Father O'Sullivan said in French:

"This boy is dying of thirst."

"The others aren't. He must hang on somehow."

A message went back to the steward: could he spare an extra dipperful of water? A few drops were smuggled past the Lascars by one of the seamen. But after this no more could be done. Only one torch with a live battery was left on board and the Lascars had it. They were keeping its beam on the sick boy in the bows. They were not taking any chances; no one was going to cheat them of their share of water by giving an extra ration to the sick boy.

There was one service that the priest alone could perform. He knelt beside the boy and offered prayers for his soul. The others could not understand the rapid Latin phrases, but the low-voiced words had a soothing effect.

There was a disturbance among the Lascars, and then the gunner appeared. He took in the situation at a glance: the boy's exposed legs and feet—he had kicked off the blanket—the kneeling priest, and the solemn atmosphere.

"What's going on here *now*?" he demanded. "What's wrong with the poor little blighter?"

The boy, croaking like a frog, cried out for water.

"Water?" the gunner said. "Is *that* all? Of course you want water; we all do. You'll get some in the morning."

The boy only cried out again for water.

"Now you forget about it," the gunner commanded. "You'll have plenty of water when we're picked up, and that won't be long now. Is *that* all that's wrong with you?"

"My feet are cold," the boy answered weakly.

The gunner snorted triumphantly and glared at the escorts. "Huh! So your

feet are cold. That's a nice way to look after a kid. . . ."

The cadet took his coat off to give to the boy, and the gunner wrapped it round the sick boy's feet and tucked it in.

"There. Any better?" he demanded.

"My feet are still cold."

"No, they're not," the gunner said firmly. "They're wrapped up properly now and they'll be warm as toast in half a jiffy. Now, are your feet warm?"

"My feet—" the boy began.

"Don't let me hear another sound out of you till morning," the gunner said fiercely. "No more of this yelling out. Now—*are your feet warm?*"

"Yes," the boy whispered feebly.

"Then you'll be all right till the morning."

He went off, muttering under his breath about boys with cold feet, women who didn't know how to look after kids, and the respective merits of saying prayers and keeping children warm. His methods were effective; the boy did not scream any more and he gradually quieted down.

The sun rose into a clear sky, over a blue and sparkling ocean. Now at last the sea was calm, for the first time since the sinking of the *City of Benares*. There was little wind, and the boat idled along under a white sail toward a misty horizon. Even those in the lifeboat, weary and thirsty as they were, felt life quickening in their thickened blood. A sense of exhilaration came as the sun warmed their stiff limbs.

For the first time since their long voyage started they could move about without risk of being hurled off their feet and into the laps of their neighbors. Mary Cornish took down the canvas awning so the boys could sit in the sun, and allowed them (all save the sick one) to dangle their cramped feet over the side. The gunner made the most of his first smooth day and swam alongside the boat for some time before climbing back, apparently in the best of health and spirits.

At noon, the steward sent round por-

tions of tinned salmon on the usual ship's biscuit that nobody ate. There was no water.

VIII

It was a boy who first saw the flying boat. With a cry of "Sunderland!" he pointed to the west. A speck in the sky was growing larger. Nobody believed it at first. A dozen Sunderlands had already been sighted, only to resolve themselves into gulls. But this time it was real. By freak of chance the path of a flying boat patrolling far out into the Atlantic had crossed their own.

Once more the white petticoat was run up to the masthead. Even the Lascars came to life. Beyond doubt the Sunderland had seen the lifeboat. It came straight for them, and swooped low in a wide circle. A helmeted pilot leaned out and waved. They waved wildly back. Their arms were heavy, but the excitement made them forget their thirst and fatigue.

The flying boat circled round several times and then made off eastward. The people in the boat knew they were saved.

Sometime later—they were not sure how long—another Sunderland came. Her crew dropped a note and a parcel done up in a Mae West jacket. The note said that a destroyer was coming and that she was only forty miles away. The parcel contained food—beans in tomato sauce, cans of salmon and peaches. They cheered and laughed as the steward went to work with a tin-opener. Someone in the stern produced a mouth-organ, and a sing-song followed. Then they feasted: the best meal they had eaten since the voyage began. They drained every drop of peach juice and tomato sauce out of the tins. But the steward refused to issue the last of the water. They were not rescued yet, he said. Never count your chickens. The Lascars protested, but to no purpose. They were still eating when, a few hours later, the destroyer came in sight. There was no mistake this time. She raced toward them at an astonishing

speed, came round, and hove to within a few yards of their lifeboat—a beautiful piece of seamanship. Sailors on deck threw down the lines and in a moment they were made fast.

Even then Mary Cornish could scarcely believe it. She had the feeling that all this was happening to someone else and that she was looking on. This gave way to an irrational fear that the destroyer was German. She knew the fear was stupid but could not banish it. She distinctly heard one of the crew say something about "herren"—and then realized that the voice was Scottish, and was referring to the stern. The lifeboat passengers looked up at the grinning faces of the sailors who lined the rails, and smiled thankfully back. Two ratings jumped down into the lifeboat to help the boys out. The Navy was there.

When the survivors reached Gourrock in Scotland they learned that of the ninety children who had sailed on the *City of Benares* only thirteen were saved. Seven, including only one of the girls in Mary Cornish's group, had been picked up by a destroyer. Only two of the ten escorts besides herself and Father O'Sullivan (who had to go to a hospital on his arrival) had got back alive.

For weeks thereafter Mary Cornish suffered acutely from the effects of her ordeal. Sores in her mouth, neuralgia, fiery pain in her feet, nightmares, sleeplessness. This was part of the price exacted for eight days in an open boat.

In March, 1941, Mary Cornish and Fourth Officer Cooper of the *City of Benares* were invested by the King with the medal of the British Empire. Some months later Purvis, the steward, received the same honor. Mary Cornish did not feel that her part in the episode merited a decoration; she was only carrying out to the best of her ability the responsibilities of an escort's job. She thought of herself in her own words as an adjunct to the children; and this is perhaps the best summary that can be given of her part in the affair.



A WARNING TO THE PEACE-PLANNERS

AMERICA'S NEW INDUSTRIAL RIVALS

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

How to reorder world trade after the war, how to plan new international economic relations—these are favorite topics to-day both with the stratospheric politicians, economists, and sociologists, and also with the Rover Boys of Reconstruction, who plan for the future with good will in their hearts and memories of the Versailles Treaty in their heads. Underlying all the talk there is this assumption: with the Axis defeated and helpless, it will be up to the United States and Great Britain to get the world economy functioning once again. Or maybe the United States alone will have to do the job. Representatives of both the State and Commerce Departments have lately told us that Britain is going to need help in getting on her feet again. She will need access to larger export markets than she had before the war. But whether as equals, or as senior and junior partners, the United States and Britain must see to it that all hands have access to raw materials and adequate sales areas for manufactures. "Perhaps then," says the National Resources Planning Board, "our greatest opportunity to help others economically will be found in Asia and in parts of North and South America, working in co-operation with the peoples and governments of those lands. In all international dealings, however, we will have to remember that selling can only be maintained in the long run by buying. Trade is a two-way street." No one will deny it.

But there is a fundamental trouble with nearly all of these discussions. The prescription is right out of the standard economic pharmacopoeia, but the patient that the doctors are hopefully prescribing for is dead. Co-operation with the peoples and governments of other lands for peaceful and constructive purposes is certainly required if the goblins of chaos are not finally to get us. But if we are to avoid disaster we must watch closely to see what sort of patient the doctors will have to minister to. Our friends are talking mostly about a world which doesn't exist; they are proposing to rationalize a state of affairs that is over and done with; they propose to reorganize a world that has disappeared down the drain of history.

Twenty years ago when I was a college student James Harvey Robinson published a book called *The Mind in the Making* which had a vast sale but which almost nobody really read. Dr. Robinson's thesis was that the great task of the time was "bringing the mind up to date." The job is still not done. Here we are talking not about why what has happened did happen but about the future of the human race, with minds so out of date that Rip van Winkle seems like an up-and-coming citizen.

This is the picture of the world in the minds of the reconstruction boys: "The industrial revolution began in England and the English discovered that they could build a mighty nation by exporting

manufactures to the wide world and importing in return fibers, metals, rubber, wheat, meat, dairy products, and so on. Later the United States went down the same garden path, chiefly on the basis of her own resources, but drawing heavily on the entire world for the stuff she could not produce at home. Then came Germany. And later still Japan. But whoever got into the game, always England and the United States remained the star players. The rest were either definitely second string, with a genius in one direction maybe, like the Germans with chemicals; and some were frankly nuisances, like the Japanese with their cheap textiles. But anyhow these few players, the big industrial nations, lived by swapping their industrial products for the raw materials and foodstuffs of the backward parts of the world." With Germany and Japan knocked out, the task of reconstruction is thus up to the two survivors, Great Britain and the United States.

The trouble with this picture is that, although it was reasonably true once upon a time, it isn't true to-day. The world cannot be reconstructed on the basis of it. The philosophers say that life is a "process of becoming." In dealing with the future we must discover the direction of the process. For years now the great manufacturing nations have been ceasing to be unique in the world. To-day their uniqueness is somewhat tarnished; to-morrow it may be terribly corroded. The old sharp distinction between the few great manufacturing nations and the many raw material and foodstuffs producers is gone. *The world is filling up with manufacturing nations.*

Canada, Australia, and India are politically parts of the British Empire-Commonwealth. Economically they are industrial competitors of the United Kingdom. Yesterday they competed chiefly in their home markets. To-morrow they will be competing abroad. Australia considers that the normal outlet for her export steel is Netherlands Indies and Malaya. After the war she

hopes to sell many manufactured articles there. Canada is busily negotiating trade treaties in Latin America. Inconspicuous little newspaper items tell of successes in Chile and Brazil. To reorganize the world it will not be sufficient to figure out where Great Britain and the United States can buy and sell without cutting each other's throats, or even how to give Germany and Japan and Italy reasonable chances. It will be just as necessary to calculate how Canada and Australia and India are going to sell their stuff, including manufactures. And with regard to manufactures, it will be necessary to take into the calculation not the dribblets they poured into the international market before the present war broke out, but the vastly increased quantities they will be pouring out when they shift their war plants to making peace-time goods.

It will go hard with the world if our reconstruction boys think only of English and American salesmen combing the world for customers, with the Germans and Japanese trailing on behind, and forget about the Indians trying to sell steel, the Australians trying to sell steel and steel products, including machinery, and the Canadians offering a fine line of miscellaneous goods—to say nothing of a long list of other lesser but growing competitors. It will go especially hard if it is also overlooked that the very countries marked down in the lists as customers are now manufacturers in their own right. There is hardly an "outlet for manufactures" in the world now that isn't interested in producing this and that at home to escape the need for importing such things; and a little bit shaved off in Cuba and a little bit shaved off in Ceylon is going to be, when added up, a whole lot shaved off the world demand.

II

The story of how Britain, the mother of manufacturers, wound up by exporting the machinery to equip her economic rivals is a familiar one. I have told it in

Harper's. The intense pressure of the resulting competition, *even within her own family*, was all too painfully clear twenty years ago and finally led, in 1932, to a desperate effort to redress the balance by promoting trade within the Imperial household at the expense of foreign countries. (The rationalization was thrown in that this was preliminary to stimulating the trade of the world.) This was brought about by the so-called Ottawa agreements, when England—long after the Dominions had adopted tariffs and preference for British goods—finally adopted the preference and protection system for herself. But the Ottawa agreements were breaking down by 1938; there was simply no way in which England could absorb all the raw materials and food-stuffs which the Dominions could send; and the Dominions themselves, with expanding industrial plants, were in an unhappy situation from which Ottawa offered no true escape. Consider the jam in which Canada found itself.

The formation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 out of the several British North American regions was engineered by Canadians who feared that eventually their country would be absorbed by the United States. They wanted both to preserve the tie to Britain and to assure a future of their own.

To provide for this future they built a transcontinental rail system to carry Canadian exports to Canadian ports, opened the prairies to agriculture, and set up a protective tariff to encourage home industry. Their efforts brought no results until the great wheat boom of the '90's which provided grain for export and stimulated manufacturing in Ontario and Quebec. Population increased and by the time the boom was over the Canadian economy had moved forward at a great pace. Canada was saved from a depression by the First World War which both boomed production and provided a market.

After the War came the painful awakening. The Canadians discovered that the disintegration of the world market for

wheat was, for them, more than an economic reverse; it was a disaster of the first magnitude and might undermine their whole economy. Increased profitable production on the prairies was necessary if the railways were to pay their way and if the industries of the central provinces were to flourish. But wheat prices fell as markets dried up and the prairie provinces suffered permanent depression. Currency experimenters captured political power in Alberta.

What shored up Canada was the growth of the metal and newsprint industries. Nickel and wood pulp were Canada's salvation, even though both production and prices slumped during the depression. Canada has a virtual monopoly of the world's nickel production. (Her copper, lead, and zinc are mostly by-products of nickel.) Over four-fifths of her newsprint goes to the United States, the world's greatest consumer. But the Imperial effort to escape the Great Depression, via the Ottawa agreements, had its effects on Canada too. Those agreements tended to canalize trade within the Empire. They did so in part by excluding foreign suppliers from the Imperial market or increasing the tariffs on foreign imports, thus worsening the bargaining position of the foreigners. In order to gain direct access to the Imperial market, therefore, American industrialists built branch factories in Canada and supplied their Empire customers from them. (American automobiles seen in Empire countries come chiefly from Canada.) These factories were not built to supply Canada alone; the Canadian market would not have justified them. The expansion of Canadian industry—while agriculture was on the rack—was further accelerated by the present war. When the war is over, for what market is this huge industrial plant to make goods? Will sufficient hungry millions be anxiously waiting to pay high prices for the superlative Canadian hard wheat to keep it going full tilt? If not, what of the overflow? Canada must export or die—and export manufactures

as well as wheat, metals, and wood pulp. She is going to take her place in the congress of nations desperately looking for customers after the war. Trade is a two-way street, as the National Resources Planning Board says, but there will be some terrible traffic jams in the crowded streets of the post-war trading world.

Consider the situation of India. Once upon a time, in the early 19th century, India had a considerable manufacturing industry of her own devising. In 1813 Sir Thomas Munroe mentioned the "unrivalled manufacturing skill" of the Indians as one of their claims to high civilization. But the English prohibited the importation of Indian silks and cottons into their islands, began to flood the Indian market with cheap Lancashire goods, destroyed the Indian village industries and drove the workers back into agriculture. The "brightest jewel in the Imperial crown," "the linch-pin of Empire," became a great market for English cotton spinners and British manufacturers of all sorts. Before the century was ended, however, it was discovered that industrialism was the only way out for India. With all the work in irrigation, jungle clearing, animal husbandry, and what not, agriculture alone simply could not support the rapidly expanding Indian population.

But between 1880 and the First World War the industrial expansion was chiefly in two directions only—cotton goods for the Indian market and manufactured jute for export. As late as 1910 Lord Morley refused assent to the plans of the Madras government for the encouragement of a variety of new industries. The British emphasis was on facilitating the production of raw materials for export—on plantations, railways, and shipping facilities at the ports. Not until the war provided a non-competitive market in which the supplies would quickly be dissipated was India taken seriously as a source of manufactured goods. From then on there was a steady growth of industries. The present war has encouraged further expansion.

The great industrial centers of modern India are Bombay, the principal cotton textile center; Calcutta, the headquarters of jute processing; and Jamshedpur, metallurgical center and the home of the Tata Iron and Steel Company's tremendous plants. India has enormous reserves of rich iron ore, the greatest in Asia, perhaps in the world. All told, the Indian iron and steel industry produces 2,000,000 tons of pig iron and over 1,000,000 tons of finished steel a year. Iron has long been an Indian export. Steel production has now outrun the domestic capacity to absorb it for processing and it too must find export outlets or else more steel processing industries must be built at home. The jute industry is based on a near-monopoly of the production of raw jute. The cotton industry has all but destroyed the Lancashire cotton trade in India, an infinitely more important cause of its collapse than Japanese competition. Whose steel trade, whose textile trade, will India cut into after the war?

Bata, the great Czech company, has a shoe plant near Calcutta and sells its product through a chain of seven hundred Indian retail stores. The aluminum industry, started a generation ago but held back for years, is now booming and in 1942 will operate entirely on local resources. Chemicals, soap, and paper are also thriving. The Indian capacity for making automobile tires has been expanded to meet seventy-five per cent of Indian demand. Ford and General Motors recently expanded their Indian plants; and a factory to build "native" automobiles is being constructed near Bombay. The Indians are manufacturing their own army rifles, machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, and the ammunition for them. They are building naval vessels. Indian capital and technicians are finding their way into these industries. Pictures of the King and Queen smiling on young Indians, called "Bevin Boys," being trained in English factories are published in the Indian papers. Lord Morley is forgotten.

III

Turn to Australia. That great wool-growing continent will emerge from the present war with an industrial plant capable of supplying not only Australian basic requirements in manufactures but also highly specialized goods as well. Before the war broke out manufacturing provided employment for more Australian workers than any other occupation and made the largest single contribution to the national income. Between wars the industrial structure, given a sound foundation when steel came into production in 1915, had expanded by leaps and bounds. The machine-tool industry has gone forward a vast distance on forced draft since 1939. The English, always skeptical of Dominion industrial capacity, recently sent a commission to Australia which reported, "We have seen remarkable evidence of initiative and resource in the production of articles which Australia was informed she could not produce. . . . Australia will deliver the goods and any hesitation there may have been in the past on the part of the United Kingdom to sanction expenditure should not be repeated. . . ." When this war is over Australia will find herself possessed of an industrial plant infinitely more elaborate than the one she had in 1939. The business community is already appraising its chances in the export markets of the East and the islands. The proportion of manufactures exported will rise well above the four per cent characteristic before this war. Yet like Canada, Australia still must export foodstuffs and raw materials if her economy is to be healthy. She will be a hard competitor in post-war markets.

Don't overlook New Zealand either. Years after Canada and Australia were thoroughly committed to industrialization, New Zealand continued to live by selling primary products and buying manufactures. She was a pasture for the United Kingdom, devoted to the cow and the sheep. But during the Great

Depression the New Zealanders learned that they were completely at the mercy of international price trends and they didn't like it. They stared bankruptcy in the face. The Labour Party, which came to power in 1935, advocated "economic balance," or building manufacturing industries to supply local demand and give an outlet for workers no longer needed in agriculture. Half a decade is hardly time to effect a fundamental change, but within the first two years that Labour was in power 554 new factories were operating, 16,000 factory workers were added to the rolls, and value of factory production jumped about \$55,000,000. (There are only 1,600,000 people in New Zealand.) Had not the war intervened, making it excessively difficult to import machinery, the boom would undoubtedly have continued. After the war it will be resumed. The Hutt Valley, near the capital city of Wellington, where in 1839 "the sole white inhabitant was a man named Robinson," is being planned as a center for light and heavy industry.

There is also Japan. After the Meiji Restoration of 1868 one of the first tasks undertaken by the Japanese leaders was the industrialization of the country. They saw that industrialism was the source of the power of Western nations. Utilizing what capital they had, they set about accumulating more by heavily taxing the peasants. But Japanese industry made a slow start. Real progress has always been associated with war: the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95 stimulated development; the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 further stimulated it; and the First World War, during which European suppliers were virtually eliminated from the Asiatic market, caused a boom. The great changes now taking place are also associated with war.

Japanese industry has been more elaborately developed on the "consumption goods" side, especially textiles, than on the side of heavy industry. But a fundamental change has recently taken place. Great emphasis has been put on

heavy industry building. It has been pushed forward, even at the expense of the light industries. All recent studies of Japanese industry emphasize this. While obviously related to war needs, it is also a part of the scheme to make Japan the center of heavy industry for Greater East Asia, on the theory that the newly conquered countries will contribute the raw materials so sadly lacking at home. Whether or not the military program of bringing the missing resources under Japanese control is successfully carried out, Japan will become an East Asian center of heavy industry, if only because she has pioneered in that field. What she has built up at great social expense to strengthen her military power, can under a trading regime become a foundation of her commercial strength. And because Japanese industry, both heavy and light, depends upon imported materials, Japan *must* trade; no nation more certainly. Any future schemes for reconstruction in the Orient must take into account the industrial equipment the Japanese have accumulated.

Before the Japanese invasion of 1937, Chinese industries were located chiefly in the great coastal cities. They had been piling up for seven decades. These were either destroyed outright early in the war, taken over by the Japanese, or transported inland by the retreating Chinese. To-day it is impossible to judge the extent of industrialization in China, but we do know that the Chinese have learned the hard way that they cannot live and fight without factories and machine-made goods of all kinds. Their desperate efforts to hang on to old industries and build new ones on a co-operative basis—the *Indusco* system—illustrate that they are committed permanently to industrialization. Experts on Far Eastern resources have said that a really great steel industry will one day be built on the basis of Chinese coal and Philippine iron ore. It is a possibility that China, freed from foreign domination, will put Japan in the shade as an industrial nation.

There are several important conclusions about Asiatic industrialization. First, industrialism in Asia is still "exotic." It is something which has been added on to the social structure without transforming it in all its aspects, as industrialism has invariably transformed Western nations. Asia will never make progress with industrialization commensurate with its huge population until there has been an agrarian revolution to break the fetters on peasant production forged by the landlords and money lenders. To-day Asiatic industrialization is confined to the "fringes" of the various countries and the demand for industrial products is therefore limited. A little industrialization goes a long way toward exhausting the available market. That is why the industries quickly develop the problem of overcapacity. Second, that is why they quickly cause embarrassment to overseas suppliers, as Indian cotton has long since embarrassed the Lancashire cotton exporters. Third, that is why they invade the world market for industrial goods long before they should on the basis of American precedent. The future of Asiatic industrialization presents a difficult problem.

For the nations themselves, industrialization of the "fringe" is of little fundamental benefit to the great masses of the people. But properly directed it could do a great deal. Industrialization will in the future become the most explosive of all issues and round it will gather all the nationalistic forces in Asia.

For the world at large the problem is direct competition. If Asiatic industrialism fails to make organic connection with the "crowds of Asia" then it may be expected first, to push the overseas suppliers hard in the markets of the fringe; and second, to enter into competition with the older industrial countries in every price market of the world. These will be "unhealthy" results for America and Europe.

As industrialism invades one country after another the basis of trading relations shifts. Failure to realize that this

is true, or blind resistance to its implications, brought depressed areas to England between wars. Failure to keep it in mind in the future will bring more and better depressed areas, not only in England, but also in other highly industrialized exporting countries. If every country turns to making as many things as possible at home, obviously those who formerly sold them these things must find some other way of disposing of them, preferably also at home, or get out of the business of making them altogether.

IV

The drive to industrialize is worldwide. In the pages of the Department of Commerce publication entitled "Economic Review of Foreign Countries, 1939 and Early 1940" (1941) one finds notes on manufacturing activity in countries from Ecuador to Ceylon. Here are a few of them [my italics]:

ECUADOR.—A number of new industries were established . . . during 1939, particularly by European immigrants. Most of these plants are relatively small, but *they affect to a certain extent the import requirements.*

CUBA.—While Cuba's industrial development has been neither extensive nor rapid, the National Industrial Association has been working steadily for a number of years toward *Cuban independence of other countries with respect to certain manufactured articles which have in the past been imported in large quantities.* . . . Among such industries, most of which have been established since 1927, may be mentioned the following: canned milk and other dairy products, packing-house products, canned goods, shoes, cement, nails, wire fencing, agricultural implements and other iron and steel lines, wooden and cardboard boxes, tin containers, and a number of other items. *The present trend seems to be toward further industrialization.*

NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES.—With the outbreak of European hostilities . . . it was stated officially . . . that vital domestic industries would be kept intact and *the establishment of new industries for the manufacture of products generally imported* would be encouraged. Most important of the government-encouraged industrialization measures were plans for the establishment of a major chemical industry, an aluminum manufacturing plant, a scrap-iron smelting plant and rolling mill, a paper mill, a large hydroelectric station, and a margarine and edible oil factory. Operations were begun

or plans formulated for the manufacture in Java of cement, glass and glassware, aluminum ware, and for the eventual erection of a spinning mill. The Bata shoe factory, near Batavia, was practically completed . . . it was announced that a jute factory in East Java would be reopened. Progress was made on a modern plant in Sumatra for the production of high-octane gasoline for aircraft. . . . The possibility of mining iron ore in Borneo for processing into pig iron and crude steel with locally mined coal was considered.

THAILAND.—Legislation designed to improve the country's economic position came into effect during the year 1939 and *the Government's industrialization program was advanced.* . . . Toward the close of 1939 tenders were invited for an iron-ore mining, smelting and manufacturing concession in southern Thailand and for a hydroelectric project 80 miles north of Bangkok. Plans also were announced for a rubber factory, as well as paper and sugar factories in addition to those now owned by the Government.

CEYLON.—With government aid, industries designed to supply some of the more simple needs were started in 1939 and various other projects formulated. As the basis for future industrialization, a hydroelectric scheme was begun. . . . In its efforts to encourage the establishment of industries, *the government hopes to increase employment and raise the standard of living.* It also is desired *to make Ceylon less dependent on foreign supplies and to keep in the island some of the money now going abroad for the purchase of imports.*

And so on.

Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are underpopulated and hope through industrialization to expand their populations. Canada first passed a protective tariff in 1879; the Australian Commonwealth adopted a strongly protective tariff in 1907. Both these dates fall well before the First World War; it is worth noting that the reform was not carried out by men suffering from economic heresies peculiar to the past quarter-century. During the Great Depression the deterioration of the international markets for foodstuffs and raw materials violently stimulated the struggle for industrial self-sufficiency in the countries where the exports of such goods provide a large proportion of the national income. Did the markets for foodstuffs and raw materials collapse because of economic nationalism? In part, without a doubt. Are the nations bent on industrialization compounding the ef-

fects of economic nationalism? In part, no doubt. But that is not the point here.

The point is that the manufacturing industries are well established in lands which we still like to think of as backward areas, and are multiplying rapidly under the pressures created by the present war. To-day they represent very powerful vested interests. In India, Japan, China, Cuba, Thailand, Ceylon the drive to industrialize is inspired by a desire to escape dependence on the ex-

port market (or, in reverse, to cut down imports) *and also* to provide remunerative employment for the millions who are to-day "excess population." The industries, whatever the reasons for their establishment, are "given" factors in the world economic picture. Post-war plans must take account of this advance of industrialization throughout the world. We shall get nowhere if we persist in invoking the facts and principles of the past as the foundation of our ideals for the future.

OF THIS FULL MOMENT

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

WERE there a way to prolong this fluent, keen
 Solar-ecstatic moment for a day,
 Would not, within its orbit, all that's mean
 In the mind's memory of time be swept away?
 Under the hard-trod earth of the heart would not
 The somnolent seed of love, urged by such sun,
 Quicken, sprout, and the green, pale shoot be shot
 Into the light that spectrum day had spun?
 Ring within ring of light outreaching far
 Unto the utmost pole of the past's despair,
 Would it not make of the reeling earth a star
 Less like to Mars? . . . Oh, that we might, aware
 Fully of this full moment, watching it go,
 Will it a day for the world and have it so!



THE COLLEGE IN A CHANGING WORLD

BY WALLACE BRETT DONHAM

As men are men, not gods, and therefore limited in vision, few individuals or institutions are prepared for sudden drastic changes in their environment. In the past twenty-five years we have witnessed some of the bitter results of this unpreparedness, in the collapse of agricultural prosperity after the boom of the World War, in the bankruptcy of individuals after the stock-market crash of 1929, and in the progressive weakening of many businesses through the depression years 1930-1940.

We see the results of unpreparedness now in the inability both of employers and employees to adjust labor relations to a state of reasonable harmony under the present emergency, and in our intense and belated efforts toward patching up past failures in order to make adequate provision for the national defense. Unless the educational world exercises great foresight and translates it into action we are likely to see almost at once similar results affecting our universities and colleges.

Change forced by external conditions is rarely pleasant. It is easy to build up a mental resistance to the new conditions and to find reasons for doing nothing. It requires clear vision and courage to face violent readjustment of methods which have been used for generations. Yet there never was a time in history when change was so rapid or chaos so near. It follows that the necessity for courageous and rapid adaptation to changing conditions, however painful, was never so great.

"Time and men and circumstances change about your changing character with a speed of which no earthly hurricane affords an image. What was best yesterday, is it still the best in this changed theater of a to-morrow? Will your own past truly guide you in your own violent and unexpected future?" Education, like business, will do well today to take these questions of Stevenson's to heart. Certainly our educational institutions face critical problems in the years immediately ahead. Those that depend on endowment and tuition are in a peculiarly vulnerable position.

The price of a useful and successful life for the college is a bold policy of change and adaptation, skillfully designed to preserve the most significant contributions to our community life and to strengthen the fields which appear most likely to be of service in the future. It is becoming increasingly clear that the job ahead of all colleges, large and small, is both more difficult and more important than we have realized for the past two generations. In the future only those institutions which understand the job can hope to command the support necessary to effective survival.

The colleges have been typically middle-class institutions. In spite of efforts to broaden the base and to draw from all classes in a "classless society," it is probable that in the future, as in the past, the greatest proportion of students will be drawn from the middle class. But the middle class, though more numerous, is

far weaker than it was twelve years ago. Unemployment, insecurity, and the decline in investment values are factors. The sharp and inevitable rise in taxes this year will at once become a new factor.

From one generation to the next, even more than within each generation, incomes and living standards of the middle class are and will be lower. They cannot support so long or so expensive an education in the future as they did in the immediate past.

Nor can colleges look forward to so lavish support from larger incomes as they have had in the past thirty-five years. Large fortunes are rapidly disappearing and with them the hope of large gifts. High taxes in the high-income brackets and high inheritance taxes complicate the situation.

I do not mean that substantial financial support will no longer be forthcoming from loyal friends and alumni. There will still be many persons with funds who understand the needs and importance of our educational institutions and will support them to the best of their ability. Even large gifts may still be possible for a while, but in the long run the large incomes generally will have much less to contribute. We must depend increasingly upon many small gifts or else fall back upon the church and the state. The endowments we already have will produce less and less and may even disappear.

Added to these forces are other influences. Population at school age has been declining at a rate that will soon show in college enrollment and then in the graduate schools. We cannot rely upon a continuation of the complex factors that more than quadrupled the regular college and university student population, not including summer schools, between 1915 and 1940.

The almost stationary enrollment of the past several years indicates that these factors are already ended and I suspect that most of them are being rapidly reversed. Enrollment in the law schools,

even before this fall's catastrophic drop, discloses a ten per cent shrinkage during recent years. Last fall we experienced a somewhat similar decline at the Harvard Business School.

It is easy for the graduate schools which now suffer most severely to attribute current enrollment difficulties to the draft; and the draft is undoubtedly the great immediate factor, both in its primary effect of taking students out of school and in its secondary effect on the psychology of men not yet called who would otherwise enroll in our institutions. Regardless of the fact that they may not be called for a considerable period, these men are facing a possible absence of a year or more for military training, and many of them hesitate to start an educational program which they may not be able to finish.

These influences of course are widely recognized and some schools have taken temporary steps to meet them, but those who consider the draft to be the whole story are inviting tragedy. The draft may prove to be only the spark which is touching off an explosive decline generated by a number of less obvious factors. It is these factors which ought to command attention.

If serious contraction comes the results may be catastrophic. In a time of shrinking enrollment we shall face an over-supply of physical equipment, land, and buildings, and too large faculties, with fewer men preparing to teach because there are fewer jobs awaiting them. We risk the situation which came about in Germany after the inflation and economic collapse: the sad spectacle of highly trained, capable men unable to get jobs in life. The end of this road may be a shortage of properly trained and skilled men vitally important to the national welfare.

We face also the danger that over-organization may lead here, as in business, to unwise competition, to pressure toward maintaining volume by lowering quality and reducing salaries, rather than toward an orderly contraction in size or a

more imaginative attack on the problem of continued usefulness under radically changed conditions. Nor can we assume with complacency that the State university, supported by the public at whatever cost, will be a wholly satisfactory substitute for privately endowed institutions. The two types are and should be complementary.

Not only is the State university not a substitute, but it would be a sad day for these universities themselves if there were *only* State-controlled higher education—regimented, occasionally politically dominated, big, widespread, incapable of quick action, less capable of unusual experimentation, and unadapted to specific specialization. And yet in many States if the privately endowed college goes out there is nothing left as check, balance, curb, or foil for the State-supported and controlled institutions.

II

There is another and perhaps even more serious complication of the problem which must be faced before sound solutions can be considered. By no means all of the danger originates from outside. Long before the present emergency there was clear evidence that the colleges and universities were out of step with the changed social conditions of the previous twelve years.

Many parents and students have complained of four years spent in not too hard intellectual effort, "bull" sessions, organized athletics, organized social events, play as the major objective, long summer vacations—all valuable but leading nowhere; and all at the age when New England boys of a century ago were commanding ships that scoured the seven seas and when other young Americans were opening new country to the westward. Our modern college groups are not so contented as they used to be. They are too detached from real things and frequently feel at loose ends. Uncertainty, loneliness, discontent, obsessive thinking, and neuroses afflict large

numbers, particularly in the big city colleges.

Of course this is not all the fault of the colleges and universities. Studentwise, our institutions are a cross section of selected youth in communities that are afflicted with the same unrest. Nevertheless the colleges have given far too little attention to training men to co-operate with their fellows in the everyday work of the world. They have watched the gradual disintegration of this capacity for co-operation without doing what they might have done to find out why it is happening and what can be done about it.

They have fallen woefully short of any practical recognition that democracy presents the most difficult problem posed by any type of society. Historically, most democracies have been short-lived, and we would better beware the easy course of taking its perpetuation here for granted. The fact that a democratic form of government offers the maximum of individual freedom and opportunity is by no means enough to assure its continuity. These very elements which lend so much satisfaction to life through their emphasis on the individual tend to break down the capacity to co-operate and, with this, the capacity to maintain effective equilibrium.

A democracy which loses the capacity to work together is headed for autocracy. Widespread respect for other people and a capacity to work with them happily are necessary corollaries of freedom. Freedom without routines, habits, and successful collaboration is sheer naked individualism, bringing loneliness, fear, unhappiness, and destruction of the social order. Since human nature abhors a social vacuum, the only alternative to collaboration is authority—as Europe so well illustrates. As Dr. Elton Mayo phrases it, perhaps the most deep-seated of human needs is the need to collaborate socially with other men.

Not only have the colleges failed to study these problems but much of their instruction, particularly since the last

World War, has trained men, not to work together to some common end, but in dialectics: in words! words! words! Debunking and narrow criticism—much of it sheer destruction because it ignores good and comparative growth and emphasizes only error—has too often displaced balanced consideration. This has led to skepticism as an end in itself rather than to constructive co-operative effort or capacity for accomplishment. It has made it too easy to avoid honest effort by demanding that alleged wrongs be removed before the effort is even considered. As a result colleges have made significant contributions to national unrest by weakening faith, by discrediting tradition, and by training for co-operation in disillusionment only.

In my judgment our colleges are too narrowly intellectual in their criteria. Too great a premium is placed on memory, on verbal brilliance, on cleverness, sometimes on stolid but uninspired hard work; too little on common-sense judgments of men and things—on those qualities which we find so hard to define but so easy to recognize—qualities summed up in such words as “teamwork” and “leadership.”

We have heard much talk about the values of liberal education as preparation for life rather than for making a living; some of it wise, much of it rationalization and a defense of existing conditions. Too often we overlook the cultural value of being able to get a job and keep it. The collapse of the old Germany was hastened by the inability of university-trained men to fit themselves into the economic life of the community. The long procession of college-trained men who have sought my help in getting jobs in the past ten years leaves the strong impression that in most instances cultural values fly out of the window when men cannot earn a living. The men to whom my sympathy goes out are the liberal-arts graduates who stop their training at the end of college, in no sense prepared to make a living. At least they should be prepared to work with other men.

Preparation for life must include preparation for making a living, for without this capacity self-respect ceases. Making a living generally involves co-operation with one's fellows and associates in common tasks. Is it too much to ask that serious attention be given to this fundamental basis for life? Yet in our colleges training for team play is generally left to extracurricular activities.

The sharp contrast between liberal education and vocational education is historically and contemporaneously untrue. We often forget that our liberal-arts colleges have always been largely, if not mainly, vocational schools. My own alma mater, Harvard, not only trained men for the ministry in its early days, but provided a severe intellectual discipline which, under the simpler conditions of those days, qualified men to enter apprenticeships in the counting house, at the bar, in medicine, and in politics. During the intervening years Harvard College was a training school for teachers and gave many men effective training for apprenticeship in affairs. To-day it trains many secondary-school teachers, takes other men through the first part of their training for teaching and research in our universities and colleges, gives premedical training, and in all major sciences gets men well started toward jobs in industry. Such students think of their work in vocational terms.

To-day there are two eminent chemists on the faculty of Harvard University, one of whom started preparation for his specialty with a four-year liberal-arts training, including a few basic courses in chemistry. His preparation for the Ph.D. took him four years. The other concentrated heavily in Harvard College in chemistry and took his A.B. in three years and his doctor's degree two years later. As the second man, now President of Harvard University, puts it, if his training for the A.B. was not vocational what was it? With these examples why should so many liberal-arts students leave college, as they do, without securing any foothold for making a living?

III

What can be done to meet these problems? With an eye on the effects of the draft, the Association of American Colleges has recommended a three-year program as an emergency adjustment. But even a three-year forward commitment frightens many men. I anticipate a serious drop in enrollment in the upper classes of American colleges this year in spite of this measure and a calamitous drop in the following years unless we do more to meet the needs of the times. We should re-examine our existing practices with willingness to sacrifice many things we like in order to keep and strengthen the remainder.

Many of our practices date from early days. At some time in some past period which I have not explored our American colleges settled on approximately nine months as an academic year. If I am correctly informed, the long college vacation was fixed originally to fit the farm growing season. For some the farm growing season is still important; but I question whether most young men of college age should have their lives controlled under present conditions by a calendar that no active workman, manager, or executive willingly applies to himself. There is of course the argument that the long summer holiday gives the student a fine chance to play and a more attractive access to the matrimonial market. I question whether most college youth need the play or this advantage, and I do not think college men are overworked. Even the men who must earn money to pay expenses could probably earn more if they worked for longer periods at a time than summer holidays allow—interrupting their educational progress to put in a whole term at an outside job. At present men hate to do this, having a natural preference for “staying with their class.” But changing economic conditions will surely alter this. Accordingly, my first recommendation is a revision of the student year as an aid to shortening and intensifying college courses.

Another tradition from early days is the four-year course, which appears to have been established first at Harvard, in 1638, in contrast with three years for the B.A. at Cambridge and Oxford and two years at the gymnasiums on the Continent of Europe. But two things may be noted about the Harvard practice when it was adopted. High schools, as we know them, did not then exist; men customarily graduated from college at today's entrance age. Second, there was nothing sacred about the four years even in those days. Nathaniel Eaton, first head of Harvard College, so manhandled the funds and the student body that the institution was seriously weakened both in finances and enrollment. Dunster, who followed Eaton as the first actual President, temporarily reduced the requirements to three years to entice more students.

Yet four years is still typically required for the first degree. I do not agree that the emergency three-year recommendation of the Association of American Colleges goes far enough. I am more and more deeply impressed by the lack of self-respecting stopping points in the educational system as a whole. I should like to see our four-year colleges give a degree for a creditable two years of work, and I should like to see the same degree offered by the good junior colleges.

For admission to the junior class in a four-year college, or for transfer from junior colleges, I think we need a further selective process. I suggest that men be allowed to go on for their last two years in college only if they are both able and willing to do work which would rank them in the upper two-thirds of their class; and only, in addition, if they have begun to show promising personal quality. This would improve the quality of our training in both divisions: in the first two years by providing an incentive to qualify for advanced work and in the advanced work by improving the average personal and intellectual levels.

Definite provision should be made for able, serious students to take a reasonable

overload in order to finish four years' work in three without increase in tuition or relaxation of standards except as required to make better adjustments with graduate work. But even under these conditions there should be recognition of accomplishment, in the form of a degree, at the end of the second year.

Surely, it will not be suggested that a standard which allows all but the bottom third of a class to pass through an intellectual sieve on to advanced work is too drastic. I do not believe it is drastic enough and I would set up a practical sieve as well. The test for admission to advanced work should require also a recognizable standard of those non-intellectual qualities, teamwork and leadership, of which I spoke in connection with our failure to keep up with modern needs. I believe a man can be trained in these qualities, and if a man in the upper third of his class shows little growth in them at the end of his two years I should consider him less likely to be the kind of graduate the nation needs than the man of lesser intellectual gifts who has developed the capacity to work with other men.

We in the graduate schools select very carefully those we admit from among the Bachelors of Arts or Science. Why should the college not give recognition for respectable accomplishment at the end of two years and then select as carefully the men who should go on for the two advanced years? A two-year degree would reward instead of stultify the man who earns it but who falls short of meeting the higher and different standards required for admission to the second two years.

A program offering two years of cultural work recognized by a degree at the end would mean a significant increase in the number of families who would be able to send their sons and daughters to college. I believe that enrollment could thus be maintained while at the same time standards were actually raised. Certainly two years is long enough for young men and women to attend college primarily as a finishing school, and long enough for the college to sort out the

able and promising who should go on. I am not decrying the importance of four years for many of our youth, but I do say there is a group for whom two years would give good results, while four years too often turns them into impractical dilettantes, unfitted to live and work in a free country.

In any event the unit of education should be the individual, not the institution. To make it so, not only are new self-respecting stopping places needed, but the requirements of the colleges should be better integrated with those of the graduate schools. Many of the resources now directed to four-year courses taken simply as a social convention, or because of the lack of an earlier self-respecting stopping place, should be concentrated on selected men.

I believe that many small colleges ought to become high-grade junior colleges. This suggestion springs from no failure to appreciate the contributions which such institutions have made. When Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, and Princeton had perhaps their most significant influence on national life they were all small colleges. A surprising proportion of leaders in church, state, education, and affairs has always come from colleges limited in size, closer to the soil, more intimately related to the home, more closely geared to the work-a-day life of the community surrounding them than the large national and State universities.

I make the suggestion because I believe that in becoming junior colleges to-day many institutions may discover the means not only of survival but of increased usefulness. Perhaps a part of their resources should be devoted to fellowships to assure their most promising graduates the opportunity to go on for two years in other institutions. Perhaps too those colleges which choose to stay on a four-year basis have an opportunity for service in aiding worthy junior-college graduates to continue their work on the advanced level. Many institutions now struggling with inadequate resources to build up graduate work might with far

less cash accomplish far better results by offering scholarships to their selected youth to do graduate work elsewhere.

Perhaps in effecting the necessary readjustments there should in some cases be mergers of two or more institutions of limited resources into one strong college. A considerable number of colleges in China, founded and supported largely by the American missionary movement in various denominations, have shown how much can be accomplished in strengthening weak institutions when wise combinations can be worked out. The denominational colleges in this country might profit from these examples.

I have tried to illustrate the kinds of bold action which I believe are needed to meet changing conditions. I am suggesting nothing more radical than the plans which the Faculty of the School over which I preside has worked out during the past two years. We have adopted for the period of the emergency a continuous twelve-month course started this September, training men for work in defense industries and leading to the professional degree of Industrial Administrator. This is in addition to our present two-year course. There is no academic reason why the student may not keep on for the old degree of Master in Business Administration. We are thereby for many men radically shortening the length of our course and are giving a new degree at the end of the short course. We shall watch results closely, for the plan saves each man about one thousand dollars and adds eight months to his earning capacity.

IV

The survival of particular colleges and perhaps types of colleges in the near future will depend mainly on the wisdom with which they face changed economic conditions. Their ultimate usefulness will call for a good deal more than the mere revisions of program needed to maintain enrollment. I believe that nothing less than a complete and drastic

change of attitude toward our liberal-arts students will serve.

I am not suggesting that our colleges become business schools. I am suggesting, since men need the capacity to co-operate with others in practically all kinds of jobs in all fields of endeavor, that the colleges give real attention to this fundamental need. I am not ignoring or minimizing the importance of the great arts or the great literatures. But I believe that from the Greek philosophers on, when the truly great men of the past dealt with subjects of lasting importance they almost universally wrote and thought with the contemporary scene in the forefront.

And it is well to remember in a slightly different emphasis the philosopher Whitehead's aphorism that "knowledge keeps no better than fish." It is habits and points of view that count. It would be fine, for example, if all college graduates throughout life read and pondered the wisdom of the past, as well as the present. Unfortunately they do not, even with four years of liberal-arts training.

Education is not a matter of three or four years; it is never a matter of twelve or fifteen hours of lectures a week. Education is an internal process. The benefits of lectures are too often limited to the lecturer, who profits by the necessity of preparation. Meanwhile the student fills an evanescent memory with facts, or more often, opinions, which elude him after the final examinations are over. It is only occasionally that a lecture gives great inspirational lift, and then only because it stirs the emotions as a means of stirring the mind.

Co-operation among men is not something extemporized for an emergency. It is a habit. So too, true education is not preparation for examinations. At its best, it is a habit lost only at death—and two years of inspired teaching may do more to create this habit than four years of uninspired offering of material in preparation for examinations.

Teaching by any method is successful only as it reaches the individual. This

is not easy. Intellectually and emotionally the human race varies vastly more than other species. Physiologists tell me this is because of the very great development of the central nervous system. For educational purposes these individuals must be brought into groups, first because the instruction of individuals by individual teachers is prohibitively expensive, and second, because part of the needed education is participation in group activities. Nevertheless every effort should be made to break down time requirements that pay no attention to the particular student's needs and capacities. For those men who are going to take training in professional and graduate schools as well as in our colleges it ought to be possible to plan a five-, six-, or seven-year program as a unit adapted to individual needs with less attention to the historic subdivisions between undergraduate and graduate work.

Once this principle of the individual as the unit is accepted, then every effort should be made to accomplish as much of the training as possible within group activities, in order to condition our youth for co-operative life in a democracy. The college population is one of the most important elements to be so conditioned, for they are selected youth. Is freedom worth systematic efforts to rebuild the habit of co-operation with other men which this country once had in high degree? If not, even fighting for freedom can lead only to some type of autocracy.

The real issue here is often misread. For example, many loyal citizens fear that the current concentration of power in the President of the United States, which is an essential part of our effort to handle the emergency, will result in loss of the freedom we are trying to defend. Lincoln had similar powers, and without hesitation the country returned to its normal freedom. Wilson had similar powers, and again our democracy restored its own balance. If we lose our freedom after this emergency it will not be because of power granted as a defense measure to the chief executive, but be-

cause we individually have lost the loyalties, the love of country, the acceptance of voluntary disciplines, the willingness to work, the courage to face the future, and, above all, the habit of co-operation without which a free democratic nation cannot exist. The colleges have a great task to perform in assuring the strength of these national resources through developing men with the ability to lead and to co-operate.

Somewhere in our college and university training I believe we need to give men skills—practical skills in the responsible handling of facts, skills in handling men, skills in working together, skills in reaching practical agreement with other human beings; even manual skills. To maintain normality, human beings need contact with men and things. How often the psychiatrist uses training in manual skills as a first step in restoring the capacity of men to live with their fellows!

Perhaps this type of training is less needed in the small rural college than anywhere else in our educational system, because family life in the country and small towns gives such training through household chores and work on the farm and in the garden. Much of this work is co-operative by nature and much of it gives training out of which comes responsible judgment. The middle class in our larger communities has lost this asset during the past two or three generations. Lower incomes may restore co-operative effort in many households. If so, fewer boys will be at a loss when they are faced with situations which baffle and confuse them but need nothing more difficult than responsible co-operative action. Whether such boys are many or few, no college can afford to neglect training which fits men to work together.

I am proposing no lowly or mean task to the college, and certainly no easy road for college men and women. In all aspects of American life it is critically important to-day that we look ahead and keep ourselves in elastic step with novel conditions—that we take care not to

defend, just because they are familiar, procedures and attitudes which no longer fit the facts. The closed or frozen mind may be quite as ruinous as rash ungovernable change, of which indeed it is too often the parent. Obtuse reaction begets radicalism.

To train men for co-operative effort and responsible action in a democracy is perhaps the hardest task in education.

The student of to-day has an equally challenging assignment; for learning how to work with others, and finally how to lead them, is in itself a difficult and even desperate business. Yet in so far as these things can be done they offer to the college the best chance for useful and fruitful survival, and to its graduates the best chance for individual happiness that education can provide.

TO MAKE A POEM

BY DAVID MORTON

*T*O make a small sound
In a large place,
So that, for miles around,
It being of such grace,

*All other sound is stilled,
Though a moment only,
And all the air is filled
With the grave and lonely*

*Listening to a word
Wherein is drowned
All else, and nothing heard
Save this small sound.*



NOTHING MADE

A STORY

BY COLIN WILLS

THE sooty London rain smeared the carriage windows until the train was well out in the suburbs; then it eased off to a gray dew.

He lowered the window and breathed the wet air. It had that choking *débris* smell that comes from old buildings when they're bombed, and he could see through the mist the ragged shape of ruins—terraces of pinched little houses blasted apart and deserted. Those who weren't killed had gone, leaving only a few tatters of blue and pink curtains and smashed ornaments, and on one doorstep a battered enamel chamber-pot.

A jerry for Jerry, he thought. Hell, I'm going nuts all right. The woman opposite was laughing to herself at the jerry. They smiled at each other. She was a good-looker and smart. He had developed an eye for tweeds since he had been in England, and hers were good. Kind of a mustard check. He looked at her shoes and they were good too. Not like American shoes, but good at that. So was her luggage. He passed her the *Times* and she handed back *Punch*. The summer number with colored pictures of Mr. Punch in the uniforms of all the Empire armies.

"A man does go to pieces in this country," he said with a grin. "I even like *Punch* now."

"I only took it up recently. I used to prefer the *New Yorker*," she said.

"But you're not American?"

"No."

That was all she said, but he knew from the way she talked she wasn't English either. Her English was perfect but she pronounced all the syllables.

After a while he asked her how about coming along to the restaurant car for some coffee, and they went; but they had tea, because they agreed the English couldn't make good coffee. So it came out she had lived mostly in France although she was born in India. Her father was an Irish officer and her mother was French.

So he told her about Kansas and flying on the airlines. But it was just like driving a bus, monotonous; so he took up private flying for rich men, and teaching them to fly, and once he had taught the British Ambassador. He was a funny guy, that; no sense of humor, but everything he said gave you a laugh.

Then, when the war started, he came to England to join the R.A.F.; but they wouldn't have him because he had a German grandmother or something and M.I.5 weren't satisfied about him. But his father had been a Canadian, and he was still trying to wangle it. In the meantime he was a ferry pilot in the A.T.A., ferrying aircraft from factories to air fields, and from one R.A.F. station to another. It was interesting all right, and damned dangerous, handling all sorts of strange machines in country you didn't know. He had cracked up a crate only the week before, hit a high-tension cable. That's why he was on leave—

nerves kind of shot to pieces. Not scared, but kind of all on edge and couldn't concentrate.

Well, it got to showing her pictures taken back home and then she showed him one of her daughter, who was still in France with her father, who was a horse-breeder in Normandy. That was pretty rotten for the mother all right. Mrs. Romfils her name was.

She was on leave too, from her job with a mobile canteen. She had been at it ever since she came over from France. He wondered why she had come alone and left the kid behind, but he didn't go into that. She was no quitter, that was clear enough, working right through all the blitzes, carting round tea and stuff to the rescue workers.

He gave her a Lucky, and she said he was an angel; you couldn't get cigarettes for love or money half the time in London now.

When they had dealt with rationing and picked the war effort to pieces and summed up on grand strategy the waiters were flicking tablecloths and bread baskets in their faces to get them out of the way for the first service of lunch, so he took two reservations for the second service and they went back to their carriage. Then they got started on defeatism, and what they said wasn't one hundred per cent Churchillian enough for the old boy in the corner, and he got up with a snort and slammed the door behind him.

They laughed about that and had another cigarette. They were getting along fine. And then she started to talk about how wrong it was to blame the French, and got all fiery about it, and in a more marked accent than ever, and he began to wonder if maybe this wasn't careless talk on his part. After all, he didn't know this Mrs. Romfils. But when she got on to the Nazis he knew she was all right. The slickest spy in the world couldn't fake that flash in the eyes and that little flick of spittle on her lip-rouge when she spat out those ace-high expletives that nobody but a lady would dare to use.

Her eyes got a bit wet when she talked about the Nazis in France, and he told her not to worry; that everything would be all right, though he had to admit he couldn't see quite how, the way things were going, and sometimes he felt a bit defeatist himself.

She said who wouldn't? and they went along to lunch feeling savage and very companionable, like fellow-citizens of some nameless country of the mind, and they cold-shouldered the two Englishmen at their table, a snooty young Guards officer and a little old man in tweeds with a face like a smoked haddock and bright blue eyes. But when the salad arrived there were only three radishes and after they'd all tried to give them all to Mrs. Romfils and she had insisted they toss for them, they all got quite friendly, and the Guards officer turned out to be a regular fellow after all, and the old man talked about Devon, where he came from and where they were all going. And when it turned out that Mike and Mrs. Romfils were both going down on the chance without booking rooms, the old man said they wouldn't have the ghost of a chance, because North Devon was a reception area for evacuees, and half the hotels had been taken over by evacuated schools and all the rest, and the boarding houses and farms and cottages were all filled up with mothers and babies from London and Plymouth and Bristol.

Well, Mike and Mrs. Romfils looked at each other and laughed and felt more companionable than ever, and they both said they were going on to try their luck just the same. On the way back to their carriage he asked her to call him Mike, and she said her name was Alice, and he said she was certainly having some adventures in Wonderland, and he must be the Mad Hatter, or maybe the March Hare. They went in the compartment laughing, and the old boy in the corner glared and sniffed, and Alice nodded her head towards him in a French way and said "The Mock Turtle!", and that set them off again and they laughed all the

rest of the way and told crazy stories and some moderately hot ones, until the old boy was purple.

When they got out at Barnstaple it looked like where the pavement ends, but they found a luggage clerk who wasn't a defeatist about their chances of getting rooms, and he helped them hunt up hotels in the directory and Mike got busy on the telephone. When he was through the list he came out and told Alice none of the hotels could give them two single rooms, or even one single. She looked a bit blue at that and he felt very fond of her and said, "There's one has a double."

She said: "Too bad," in a completely final tone, so that was all about that, and he hunted up the luggage clerk again and got two more hotel names. The first hotel manager was terribly discouraging and advised Mike to take the next train back to London. The second groaned a bit and then said to wait while he talked to his wife, and after a lot of dim conversation at the other end he came back on the line and said all right he could take them for three days only.

After the way they had been feeling this sounded like a free gift of a manor house for life, so they piled their luggage on the bus and Mike gave the porter ten shillings. Alice said a bob would have been plenty, and didn't he know there was a war on? He said English money was no good anyway, and they both started getting things off their chests about England till a Home Guard sitting behind them wanted to turn them off the bus or even have them arrested for spreading gloom and despondency.

And then suddenly the bus came to the top of a high hill, and they saw Devon rolling and surging away beneath them in great still waves of moorland and downs and big check patterns of rose-colored earth and green fields and yellow gorse, and hills like half-shorn sheep with a fleece of trees on their backs; and they stopped talking and held hands very tightly.

The hotel looked terrible from the out-

side—a dingy gray farmhouse with high walls and small dark windows, and the hall was full of revolting oleographs of The Wedding Morn and Baby's First Prayer and the storming of Majuba Hill. But Alice pushed open a door and said: "My God, a bar!"

They both fell in love with that bar at first sight—a low ceiling, walls out of plumb, a fire in the grate, and four fat barrels cocked up behind the counter. There was nobody behind the counter, so Mike pressed the bell, and after a while a short sandy man of fifty came in and said: "Arrternoon, zur, arrternoon, ma'am," in a voice like the way rough cider feels going down your throat.

They each had a pint of ale and Mike said, "Set up another, barman. Say, what's your name?" It was Arrthurr. So Arrthurr set up two more pints and went off to fetch their luggage from where they had left it by the road.

"You see, zur," he said, "I'm the boots here as well as the barman."

"I couldn't let that old man clean my boots," said Mike.

"Don't be absurd," said Alice, "who do you think cleans them for you in London hotels?"

"I thought the brownies did."

"Brownie yourself," said Alice. "Let's have a game of darts."

She beat him three times and then went upstairs to unpack. He rang the bell and the hotelkeeper came in, a farmer with manure on his boots. They got talking and Mike said, "I suppose you're a native of these parts?"

"Oh, no," said the hotelkeeper. "I coom from Silvercombe."

"Where's that?"

"Ah, Silvercombe would be matter of mile and 'arrf from 'ere."

That night the bar was full of those deep, soft, burring cider voices, with a lilt like the contours of the country. The pint glasses passed over the counter full of yellow cider and brown ale, a steady stream of darts flew across the light in threes, like birds in migration. They thudded softly in the colored cork of the

board, and the wooden ball hanging on a string toppled the table skittles with a hypnotic rattle.

At nine o'clock the innkeeper switched on the B.B.C. news. Deep in Devon, the announcer's English sounded like foreign speech.

Afterward, from the shadowy benches, polished by generations of rustic back-sides, the undulating voices rolled out their comments and philosophies, with pauses between, like the slow puffs of the pipes.

"South Wales again last night, then. Thought as it were. 'Eered them planes goin' over yer steady all night long. They flies over yer on way to Wales, ee know, zur. Do say as one were brought down in Devon few nights back. Good dart that were, Sammy."

"Fifteen double top for to get for game. Like to see one of they Nazis coom down in these parts. Wouldn't get no coop of tea from us volks, I tell ee."

"Ah. Like to see un try invasion on this coast too. We'd deal with un as Devon men dealt with Spanish Armada."

"Ah. Swing un round more, Joe. Ee'll not get king pin that way."

"I'll get un all right. Spanish Armada didn't have they Tommy guns and tanks, did they though?"

They went up to bed feeling mellow. Peace dripped over the moorlands like the dew. Night-birds called somewhere in the combe that carried the river to the sea. Mist dimmed the moon. Around midnight an air-raid siren wailed out over the downs from the town miles away, and later they heard the throb of German bombers going over to raid the industrial towns of South Wales, just across the Bristol Channel from this North Devon coast. But it seemed a long way away.

He woke before sunrise and went down and borrowed the innkeeper's gun and some shells, and then out through the mud of the farmyard and the soaking bracken of the hillsides. The mist shredded away, and he saw the rabbits lolloping through the fern by the mossy brookside. He got in two barrels at one

bunch that had a long way to run to their burrows, and hit three of them.

As he was sloshing along on the fringe of the woods through the wet branches and brambles Alice came up to him. She looked fine; her cheeks were pink and her eyes shining. She was pleased when he shot two more, but when they came up to them the smell of the blood reminded her of the air-raids, so he laid the gun on a stone fence and they went walking up on the rise of the moor, watching the early birds come out with the early sun on their feathers. It was good. Everything smelt alive. The wild violets and primroses were shaking as the dew rolled out of them, and the white flowers on the hedges were just beginning to get a scent with the warm air.

They went back wet to the knees and ate breakfast in a dining room full of more oleographs; but they were only funny now. It wasn't much of a breakfast for hungry people, what with the rationing, but they got along fine; not talking much, just watching the sun color up the wallflowers in the garden and now and then smiling at each other as though they had had breakfast together for years.

Afterward they walked along a road that wound over the hills high above the shore. Shaggy sheep were grazing in the green fields inside the hedges and stone fences, and the larks went up like autogyros. The sun came out hot, and after about six miles they sat on a stone on the crest of a hill and let the sea breeze cool them. Beyond the last fields the sheep picked their way over rock ledges and steep slopes covered with gorse. It was all in flower, deep yellow, a hot color like the smell of honey.

"It blooms somewhere or other all the year round," said Alice. "That's why they have an old country saying: 'Kissing's out of season when gorse is not in bloom.'"

Across the sea they could make out the dim coast of Wales. Far below them they could see the shore, all tumbled rocks and boulders, with the big head-

lands jutting out like rearing horses. Inland, the downs rolled and the moor stretched out to the horizon. Ahead, down the winding road, they could see a small village; white walls, thatched roofs, and a church with a square gray tower.

"Do you know what?" said Mike. "In a village like that—"

"What?"

"I'll bet there'd be a pub."

"I thought for a minute you were being poetic."

"I am."

There was a pub, all right—no bar, but a whitewashed stone room with two oak settles and a bench. They had a pint of ale and wandered back along a sheep track that wound through the gorse on the hillside. Great gulls with gray backs and white bellies came sailing over and planed down to the sea at a dizzy angle, their wings half folded and motionless.

"You call yourself a flier," she said. "I'd like to see you do that."

"I know," he said. "I often wish I had wings. Real wings. Imagine now if we had. We could just take off, with a kick, and soar away straight to—"

"Where?"

"That bar of ours."

They got back in time for lunch. In the afternoon they took a bus to a town on the top of the cliffs and rode down a steep cliff railway in a little green car. There was a little seaside village at the bottom with fishermen in blue jerseys doing things to their boats. They walked on along the shore. It had no sand, but all smooth pebbles, gray, blue, and pink and purple, from wrens' eggs to ostrich eggs, in millions. They undressed among the rocks and swam. It was cold. They came out and lay on a rock in the sun. The sky was blue and the gulls screamed around them. A lugger tacked up the channel, but nothing else moved. The cliff that towered above them was all bright green, with grass and ferns and trees.

From over the channel they heard the

noise of aircraft, and every now and then the thump of gunfire. They didn't know whether it was a raid or practicing, or what. But it all seemed a long way off, and the blitz in London seemed like something way back in history.

They lay for a long time without talking much and then they started talking quite a lot. It got round to personal things, and she told him she was divorced and her husband had the child. She had come over to England just before the war, after a holiday with the kid, and then she couldn't get back. She hadn't heard anything since. It was a hell of a thing.

After a while they heard a bomber way up out of sight, heading down channel fast. He said he couldn't tell if it was a Jerry. It didn't seem likely in daytime, but you never could tell. It might be reconnaissance.

"What does it matter," she said, "ours or theirs. It's all senseless, anyway, all this killing, killing. . . ."

"That isn't really exactly the way you feel, is it?"

"Yes, in a way it is. And yet if that plane came down in the channel now, and it was a German, and I had a chance . . . he'd get no cup of tea out of me either."

When they got back to the fishing village the boats were coming in, and he asked would she like to go out fishing next day. She said yes, it would be fun. So he hired a boatman named Daws, a shrivelled brown of sixty, only about five feet tall with hardly any teeth, but bright eyes like a gull. He was walking away when Daws called out to him:

"Better pay 'posit, zur, if ee wants to make sure of un. There's plenty after un."

He gave him a quid and they went home to the hotel, to dinner and darts and ale.

In the night he couldn't sleep. He dressed and was going out, but he saw that Alice's light was on, and he knocked at her door and went in when she said to.

She couldn't sleep either. After all,

she said, heather for asphalt and rocks for ruins doesn't mean you get peace of mind just like putting a penny in a slot.

She was right. This peace was so shallow. And yet it must mean something. If the two of them, strangers, each with plenty on the mind, could come down here and feel something in this country touching them, giving them back something that they had lost, that must be something, mustn't it? And yet they couldn't sleep. It was a problem. Naturally, he thought: how about if they slept together? But that wouldn't be a solution. He knew about that already. The real solution was, if there wasn't a war. Fine, but there was a war. The trouble was they didn't feel Churchillian. Oh, yes, they wanted to win; they wanted to wipe the Nazis off the face of the earth. But Hell! you can't wipe off Nazis with ferrying planes and running mobile canteens. It's part of the war effort, yes. But how about the effort? Is the effort okay, he wondered. Well, you can't do anything about that. You've got to hope and try. But he didn't feel like trying any more, not by ferrying planes. If he could get in a Spitfire, and have a smack at them with those eight guns, then it would be all right. But now . . . well, he just felt like taking time out. Devonshire, this country that was the peaceful, enduring country every man wanted, this was doing something to both of them. It ought to make both of them want to go back and fight, but somehow it didn't do it. When you've been through a lot you can go on fighting, but it's hard to go on thinking.

"What do you figure, Alice, this country's doing to us?"

"England?"

"No, Devonshire."

"I never was much on countries. I wouldn't care if this was Kent, or Luxemburg, or Kansas . . . or Normandy."

"Alice, you can't be cosmopolitan when there's a war on."

"You can't be anything else. It's the world against the Nazis."

"Then how do you account for the way we feel down here?"

"Only that since we came here we've both felt different. We don't feel now it's a holiday from a job. This is like being in another world. We've slipped out of war into peace. We can't think the same any more. Maybe we shouldn't have come."

"You're telling me. And yet if we hadn't . . ."

"I know."

"Alice," he said, "maybe we ought to relax."

"The bar's closed."

"I know. I didn't mean that."

"I know. I know what you mean."

"Well?"

She didn't say anything, lying there on the pillows, with her hair all anyway. He leaned over and kissed her.

"Mike," she said, "what do you do about that sort of thing?"

"There isn't any that sort of thing," he said. "This is you and me."

"All right," she said. "If you think it would help at all."

He didn't think it would help, but he liked Alice.

They got to the stone pier at noon, and Daws was waiting. There wasn't any bait, he said; you couldn't buy fish any more except for food. So they trolled with red rubber imitation worms, running down the coast from headland to headland, and going in now and then to pick up a lobster pot. They didn't get any fish, but they got three lobsters, and Mike bought the lot from the fisherman for five shillings; which was something. You'd pay God knows what for them in London.

That was a lovely coast. The headlands towered sheer from the sea, bold, green, and overpowering, and in between there were wild black masses of rocks and little beaches with one or two bathers basking; unreal, bright colored figures from some lost age of peace.

Mike said it was the finest coast he had seen, and he meant it.

Daws said, in his strange idiom of comparing things to something else unknown:

"Yes, it's more natural like, Devon is."

Then he added: "You know; all natural, nothing made."

"Nothing made," said Mike. "I get that. I like it."

Finally Alice said she was sick of that kind of fishing, and Mike said how about cruising over the channel, down by the coast of Wales, and it seemed good to him to cruise along the coast of an unknown country.

Alice said all right, and Daws said that would cost them another two pounds. So they set off across the Bristol Channel, and ran down under low cliffs and a dark line of hills, and smoke was going up from a factory somewhere; but it all seemed very unreal, as life on the land always seems from the sea, and as life at sea always seems from the land.

It had been clouding up ever since they lifted the last lobster pot, and it had meant tricky steering to get it up, at that. It kept on clouding up and the tide was tough.

Gunfire started and it was so close it shook them, even out there at sea.

The fisherman was all hunched up over the tiller, and when they asked him what was the matter, he said he had toothache, bad. He had only about five teeth left and couldn't hold his pipe; so he'd been smoking Mike's Luckies all afternoon. But one of his last teeth was aching and he was all in.

He lay down up in the bows, and Mike took over the tiller and the engine. It was easy, but he didn't know the waters or the tides.

Daws lay huddled up like a small dog asleep, small and pathetic in his blue jersey and cap, his brown face wrenched with the pain, even in sleep.

Mike thought he'd better turn the boat for home. The currents were funny all right and the clouds were low. It was almost dark, although it was early in the summer evening.

They headed across the Channel toward where Mike had figured the port would be. The gunfire had stopped but they still heard the drone of planes.

It grew and got savage. A lot of planes were about and they were flying fast.

They heard machine-gun fire above the clouds—and it wasn't very far up. And then they heard a big plane coming, diving down through the clouds away from pursuers.

"This is a Jerry," said Mike.

It was. It came in sight, a good way off up the Channel, a long black Dornier, flying despairingly low. There were Spitfires after it, but they had lost it in the clouds. Suddenly the war seemed a good deal nearer.

They were still a long way from the Devon coast, and Daws was unconscious, with sleep or pain, or both.

Mike steered for where he had fixed on as the port, and watched the Dornier come nearer.

Suddenly he saw it let go its bombs, the whole rack at once. They burst in the sea, a good way off still, but near enough to shake the boat plenty and shower them all with spray.

Then the long plane shot down toward them, still losing height, and as it passed over they heard the machine guns go. The Nazi pilot was all out to escape, but the gunner thought he might as well have a pay-off, even if it was only a fishing boat.

He was a good shot or lucky. The bullets hissed on the sea and rattled on the motor boat, all along from stem to stern. Daws gave a jump like a rabbit and then curled up, a little more clumsily than he had lain before.

Alice called out in fear and then sat back. The engine made ugly noises and then was silent. The plane flew away and there they were, with no engine, a long way from the coast.

Mike had a look at the motor; it was all right. The petrol tank was smashed.

Daws had at least one bullet through him. He was bleeding and still unconscious, but alive.

"Are you all right?" Mike asked Alice.

"Yes, I'm all right," she said.

"I'm going to row," he told her. She said she would take an oar.

Each took an oar. It was heavy. He cursed the dead weight of the useless engine. He cursed the dead weight of Daws too; but the wounded man was alive; they had to get him to port.

Pulling in the bows, he watched Alice's bare back straining. She had a bathing suit on, to get the sun, and she had got it plenty. She was red-brown. Her arms were slim but her shoulders were strong. They pulled together, and the current now seemed to be with them. He didn't understand these seas at all. The clouds had lifted and the sky was blue. There were no more planes and the gulls came wheeling down.

Only the creak of the rowlocks and the futile struggles of the lobsters in the tin pail broke the quiet sound of the sea.

They got to port at last and pulled in to the pier. There was a lifeboat man there and he helped Mike to lift Daws out and on to a stretcher. Mike asked Alice if she would be all right, and she said yes. She sounded very tired.

They carried Daws to his cottage, and somebody went to fetch the doctor. When the doctor came he said Daws would be all right. Two in the thigh, he had, and one on the shoulder.

Mike asked would he come along to the boat. There was a girl there who had been rowing too hard. She seemed to be all in.

The doctor came along. Alice was lying down across the boat. The doctor had a look at her and said she was dead. She had a bullet somewhere in the stomach and an internal hemorrhage . . . and of course the strain of rowing . . .

Mike went up to his room at the hotel. There was a telegram there from Harry Forbes, the fellow who had been trying to wangle it to get him in the R.A.F.

The telegram said it was all right. He could join up as soon as he liked. He filled in the form and sent it off with a telegram to Forbes.

They had Alice in the hospital mortuary but he didn't go to see her. He went down and sat on the edge of the cliff and looked along the coast that Daws had said was "more natural like . . . nothing made." Sunset threw up the headlands in fierce, impressive relief.

Late in the evening, as the light was dying, an air-raid siren wailed.

He thought about flying a Spitfire and firing eight guns together.





YOUR PRIVATE AIRPLANE

WHEN AND HOW YOU CAN USE IT

BY WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

WHAT has happened to the flivver plane? What has become of those prophecies that some day soon we should all fly about in our own private airplanes, casually, as we now drive cars? It might seem as if the war had ended that sort of dream; certainly the press now judges airplanes purely in terms of speed and size and killing power; and OPM classes the private airplane, as far as its aluminum requirements are concerned, with pots and pans, *i.e.* way below the private automobile. But that is only the surface news. Underneath, the idea of a cheap and handy airplane keeps brewing, and the truth is that you may be flying yours sooner than you think.

Millions of dollars are being spent right now to get it ready for you. Ford engineers are hard at work on a foolproof family plane. Most of the big warplane manufacturers have at least some corner of some loft set aside for experimental work toward a popular airplane, and are plowing back into that work some of their current earnings; they hope to get a product ready that will cushion the shock at the end of the war when the warplane market will collapse.

There are of course deeper compulsions in our culture that will make us accept the flying machine into our daily lives just as we have accepted so many machines; but even if there were not, the flivver-plane idea would still get an extraordinary impetus from this one fact alone—that the giant businesses which the

war has called into life are going to try desperately to stay alive in the post-war world by selling airplanes to the public.

They will not have to start from scratch. During the past few years private flying has made an energetic beginning. Even now the small airplane is a thoroughly salable commodity. Even now there is a regular airplane trade, patterned quite closely after the automobile trade, with distributorships and dealerships, salesmen under pressure to make sales quotas, and in New York City even plate-glass showrooms, one on Park Avenue and one in Radio City. Just like the automobile trade, this airplane trade has been going in for easy payment plans, one-third down, balance in twelve monthly installments; for fancy prices such as (for the cheapest fully licensed two-seat airplane ever offered) \$898.50; and of course that old stand-by, the little-used demonstrator that you can buy at a bargain *if* you act fast. At some airports there are open-air lots where second-hand ships are staked down and where \$500 will pick up a job that has 1,000 hours on it, has just been "majorized," *i.e.* given a major overhaul and relicensed, and that ought to be good for another 1,000 hours; trade-ins accepted, terms arranged.

Just like the automobile trade, the airplane trade applies all sorts of psychology to its merchandising. The makes and annual models are no longer bluntly labeled C2 or YMF3, as they were in the

good old days when pilots were pilots; but they are called, for instance, "The Voyager" (standard or de luxe), "Silvaire," "Cloudster," "Cub," "Reliant." Just as among the makes of automobiles, there rages a continual battle of "features," hard-boiled technicalities which if given soft, non-technical names make good talking points for salesmen. While ship A features "selective glide" and "fingertip starting," ship B features "metal-structured wings" and "airline-type trimming tabs" that promise you "peace of mind." In advertising, cheese-cake is employed liberally, the rather awkward cabin door arrangements of the small airplane offering remarkable opportunities for the display of feminine legs.

The product itself, like the trade, savors strongly of the automobile. For several years now the manufacturers have employed industrial designers who "style" the product for "owner pride" and "eye appeal," using clever paint work, chromium grilles, gleaming trademarks, and playing always upon the American public's familiarity with the automobile. Thus the control stick is supplanted by the more familiar steering wheel; the uncompromising realism of altimeter, airspeed indicator, and compass is softened by fancy lettering and by mounting them on a "Jewel Case Instrument Board," done along Hollywood Modern lines, in beige plastic. While your own ideas about a small airplane might still be, first, whether it would stay up at all, and second, whether you, yourself, could possibly fly it, the trade is already deeply involved in such niceties as two-tone upholstery, ash trays, and glove compartments. To make the airplane look as much as possible like an automobile, the efficient tandem seating has been supplanted by the more companionable side-by-side arrangement; even windows and windshield are arranged as in a coupé, though this restricts vision and thus adds an element of risk; the customer must be shielded, the trade believes, from the view straight down.

Admittedly, much of this camouflage

is directed not at the prospect, but at the prospect's wife. Fear of the air is deep-seated and irrational. The salesmen keep reporting back to the sales promotion managers that something is needed to stop that tugging at a breadwinner's sleeve every time he only wants to stop and take a look into the inside of an airplane. "You can't argue with the women," say the salesmen. Yet they know you can't sell a man an airplane unless his woman approves, and it won't stay sold unless his woman willingly flies with him and enjoys it. Automobile mimicry may not be the final way to neutralize the female veto power, but the mere fact that this has become a problem in aeronautical engineering shows that the airplane is even now becoming less of a vehicle for supermen and more of a conveyance for the family.

II

My friend Al Bennett is an airplane dealer; you might want a close-up view of how he manages to sell a contraption that most of the public are even now afraid merely to ride in—let alone handle, let alone buy. His establishment consists of an office, hangar, aviation gasoline pump, repair shop, and parts store, at the edge of a flying field. This field is a small one, leased exclusively for his own operations; but he might as well be located, along with other dealers, at some town's municipal airport. Any location is satisfactory to him as long as it is hard by a heavily traveled road. "You've got to be where a lot of people can see you," he says. "Selling airplanes is just like running a grocery store."

For Bennett believes that anybody can be sold an airplane—if only he gets religion. Maybe you can tell by hunch, he says, who is a prospect and who is not; but you cannot tell by any clear-cut indications such as age or sex, income or occupation. If you are broke he will help you form a club to buy a ship co-operatively; if you have an eye missing

he will help you get a waiver on it from Washington. Nor can you tell by temperament or personality. It is not the conservative and staid who buy airplanes, though some of them do; nor is it the adventurous and athletic, the calm and collected, or those of tormented personality: it's some of each. If he had to specify, Bennett would consider a doctor a good prospect, especially a country doctor; doctors are pressed for time and need their recreation concentrated. He thinks that farmers are about to buy airplanes in large numbers—they already own the airports to run them from. A married couple would look promising to him, especially if they have no children (present-day light planes have not room for a complete family), and especially if the husband were an engineer or otherwise on the operational end of things rather than the purely commercial; that sort of man takes more kindly to airplanes. But really, he says, you simply cannot tell; and hence the importance of the dealer's location. Out of 100,000 people that drive by, 10,000 will look, 1,000 will stop, 100 perhaps will take a one-dollar demonstration ride (during which he lets them take the stick and "feel out" the airplane while he keeps the rudder pedals, on which a mistake could do real harm, slyly to himself). Of those hundred, ten will come back to take occasional lessons; and to one of those he can perhaps eventually sell an airplane.

To get the vast samples of random population to present themselves at the airports, there to be combed over for real prospects, the manufacturers have recently begun to advertise much as you might advertise less odd and expensive products—in the mass magazines, over the radio, and even on that most random of all advertising media, the match-cover. Bennett supplants this with a device of his own—the Al Bennett wings, a lapel pin which he awards to everyone who takes a ride at his field. And if you think that such a pin does not help crystallize a lot of hazy interests, just

wear one! The drugstore clerk will question you and want to know the details, and strangers will approach you and say, "You an aviator?" and at every party the conversation will soon come round to flying and to Al Bennett's airport where it only costs a buck and you can handle the stick yourself.

Bennett makes his real money and sees his real future in sales and service to private owners; and he would look at his other operations merely as missionary work, self-supporting but subservient to sales and service. For instance, his Flying School—almost every dealer must have one to give the prospective customers a first going-over, because you can rarely sell an airplane to a man who doesn't already know how to fly. Or, for instance, his fly-it-yourself rental service by which licensed pilots can get ships to fly by the hour—another necessary service because it is here that the customer finally becomes completely enthusiastic about airplanes. But, at the same time, he actually does most of his airplane retailing through his school and his rentals—selling airplanes piecemeal, as it were, in very small chunks. It is as yet the exceptional customer who actually buys a whole airplane for himself, and the vast majority of private flyers in America do their flying by the hour and pay as they fly on the livery-stable basis; as yet, two-thirds or so of all small private-flying airplanes produced are "operated," as the trade term goes, by the dealers, *i.e.* used up as school and rental planes.

III

Through this triple arrangement of flying school, fly-it-yourself rental, and actual sales, usually on the installment plan, the airplane trade has by now opened up the air to almost every American, wherever he lives or whatever his means; it has made the small airplane even now part of the American common culture. This is a truer statement than you may think because it is truer of the small towns and the open country than it

is of the metropolitan areas where our cultural consciousness is manufactured. You may inquire anywhere in the Corn Belt or the wheat country, and you will be directed to some pasture somewhere within thirty miles where a fellow has hung up a wind-sock and put up a tarpaper hangar and is "operating" one or two of those small, yellow-winged Cubs—and it takes about fifty farm boys and garage mechanics (each buying "time" as his means permit) to keep one such ship busy and its operator in meals.

Or, you might snoop round in the hangar of some small town's municipal airport and look over the array of small red and yellow and silvery sky buggies, all lovingly polished up, and find out who owns them. You would immediately see how far the airplane has come since the days when it was associated in our minds mostly with sudden fame—or sudden death. The list of the town's airplane owners might run about like this: The manager of a dairy, the owner of a hardware store, a Chevrolet dealer, a girl who is secretary to the town's big lawyer, a doctor, an insurance salesman, a young fellow whose father owns the town's big hotel, and some mechanics who work in the local textile mill and own a ship jointly under the club name of "The Skyfarers."

Again, if you want to be statistical, take Muncie, Indiana, the Middletown of *Middletown*, the Lynds' scientifically typical American community: since you last read about it that town of 50,000 has gone in for flying to such an extent that there are now about two hundred private flyers among its citizens—not including the twenty students of the Civilian Pilot Training Program whose flying is "pre-military" and paid for by the government. The Muncie airport now hangars thirteen privately owned ships, ranging from a twenty thousand dollar five-place that will outfly an airliner and is flown by a fifty-year-old executive, to a five hundred dollar second-hand two-place job that needs a tailwind to beat the Greyhound bus.

Nor are all airplanes hangared at airports. Al Bennett has one wealthy customer who keeps a two-place Cub on her own grounds which lie well within the built-up area of Princeton, and she flies it in and out over the surrounding tall trees with considerable skill and nerve. Incidentally, she had driven past his airport hundreds of times until one fine day she took a notion to stop and take a trial lesson and see what flying is like when you do it yourself. And here, also incidentally, you get a glimpse of how an airplane dealer sometimes uncovers a whole new set of customers. After making her first solo flight this woman not only bought a ship of her own but also sent her daughter to take a flying course, as well as her sister-in-law. Her sister-in-law, after soloing, bought a three-place Cub and sent not only several friends but also her maid, her gardener, and her groom. At the same time Bennett was making inroads into Princeton's indifference to airplanes in another way: from college students training at his school under the Civilian Pilot Training Program, the contagion spread to the faculty. A professor of physics made his pilot's license, and a professor of architecture even bought an airplane and took an advanced course in stunt flying.

Riding round with Bennett over his territory, we landed to investigate a little two-seat ship that was staked down all summer in an open field a few miles from Princeton; but the farmers plowing near by could tell us merely that "some fellow" owned it, and didn't seem to think the matter worth any curiosity. A dozen miles the other side of Princeton, we used to drop in on a gentleman farmer who kept his airplane in a wagon shed along with the mowing machine and some fancy old sleds. To take off, he must first roll down a grassy hill, then rumble along a winding wagon track between his fields, and finally make his take-off run on a bumpy pasture and dodge out between two hills; yet both he and his wife do it successfully every day. Our last call there was to discuss with

his wife the idea of trading that ship in for the 1941 model, as a birthday surprise for her husband.

IV

Suppose you and your wife should buy one of those \$1,800 airplanes, what would you get out of it? As of to-day, your flying would assay at only ten per cent of hard-boiled utility and ninety per cent of something else. The one service most people seem to expect unquestioningly from any airplane—fast, long-distance transportation—the small private airplane does not perform very well. An airplane's speed and carrying capacity, unlike an automobile's, are directly bound up with its price: double the number of seats and you double the price; double the speed and you quadruple the price; it is thus that a five-place ship of airline speed comes to \$20,000. In those small, cheap ships you cruise at 90 mph, which is about twice as fast as the train; but too many delays cut down on your speed, and, like the cavalryman who retreated on foot because he wasn't waiting for no horse, you would rarely bother with your airplane if you really wanted to get somewhere in a hurry.

First you would confront the long drive to the airport, and the tricky and tedious work of extracting the ship from a crowded hangar where it is barricaded behind other ships and well-nigh interwoven with them. The quick trip to the Weather Bureau to get ceilings and visibilities along your route. The consternation: it's brilliant here, but it doesn't look so good about Philadelphia (ceiling 1,000 feet, visibility two miles, light fog, light smoke); the hesitation: better give it up? If so let's do it fast and try to catch the 8:45 train. But a new weather sequence is coming through on the teletype at 8:27, and Philadelphia may improve; let's wait though that means missing the 8:45. At 8:27 Philadelphia reports 1,200 feet, three miles, and light smoke. You decide to go. Then the time-wasting

maneuvering about the airport: you sometimes taxi half a mile across a field; you may wait ten minutes before the tower gives you the green light to take off; then you still have a wide swing around the airport in a slow climb before you can level off and start traveling.

En route, each stop for gasoline consumes about half an hour. To stop an automobile is about the easiest thing in driving; to bring an airplane into an airport is about the most delicate maneuver in flying; it is almost a sacred act. Even the buying of gasoline for an airplane is quite a transaction. It is tax-exempt, and you register the ship's number and the owner's name and address and the pilot's name and license, all in triplicate; then the gas man hasn't any change.

When you finally arrive you are stranded far from town somewhere between the gasworks and the prison farm and without a car. You telephone for a dollar and a half taxi to town, and at that you wait for it half an hour while it comes to fetch you.

Soon after lunch you get that worried look as you start calculating your chances of getting home before dark. With most airports unlighted, unmarked, and invisible at night, most pilots refuse to fly cross-country at night in single-engined ships; being caught out in dubious weather at nightfall can be a terrifying experience. But your business associates don't know that, and they talk and dawdle while the critical last few minutes trickle away and after you've gone they say, "Old Harry sure has got nervous since he started fooling around with that airplane of his."

In short, the transport utility of the small airplane is as yet mostly an illusion; it cannot compete with the automobile or pullman car, much less with the airlines. You can indeed collect, and your dealer will help you collect, a brilliant array of examples of airplanes being used for hard-boiled utility. Practically hard-boiled at least. For instance, a marshmallow manufacturer from Chicago makes

a twice-a-year tour of his regional sales offices throughout the South and reports how much travel time he saves and how much fun he has into the bargain. And in addition, he says that every time he takes one of his customers up for an hour's ride he thereby saves himself a whole tedious day of playing golf with the fellow! What makes flying efficient for him is (besides a comparatively expensive, fancy ship) that at his main stops he is met by his own men and their cars are at his disposal.

There are other types of workaday transport that the small airplane performs well. In rough country or wilderness where ground transport is slow, road-building contractors use them, pipe lines are patrolled by them, pay rolls are flown to oil-well drilling locations; cattlemen are beginning to use them to shorten their Western distances; in the new Civil Air Guard, they should perform brilliantly for patrol duty, rescue work, and the like; within the growing aviation industry itself, where plants are usually located at airports, much business flying is done by salesmen, advertising men, maintenance men. But those are special uses. Most of us have no occasion for that sort of travel.

In your own civilian and urban scheme of living the airplane would behave in no sense like a car. But the chances are that, nevertheless, your airplane would become the biggest thing in it. It would be baby, yacht, vacation, pet—all in one, and in addition a responsibility somewhat like that of a ship to its captain. The idea of damage to it would be intolerable to you quite apart from the financial loss. You would spend your evenings writing up log books and calculating navigational problems for practice; your wife would become an arithmetical wizard with the slide rule; pilots' jargon would pop up in your everyday conversation, and not by way of showing off either: a U-turn would become a "one-eighty," short for a 180-degree turn. You would drive out to the field in the evening just to see if "she" was all right,

and if you could you would start buying things for her—a sensitive altimeter, or a radio direction finder, or maybe a fancy compass. It would be expensive: these small ships will do twenty miles to the gallon of gas, but when you count in hangar and maintenance, depreciation and insurance, it would cost you perhaps six dollars per flying hour, or seven or eight cents per mile flown. To own an airplane and replace it every few years with a new one would cost you perhaps twelve hundred dollars a year.

You would fly it on week-ends and on summer evenings; and you would fly it mostly for the sake of that something that makes up the other 90 per cent of what you get out of an airplane—after that dubious 10 per cent of hard-boiled utility. What that something is, is hard to explain. It is not simply being up in the air without visible means of support. One gets accustomed quickly to that and becomes remarkably unconcerned about it. After the first few times there is no special emotional lift to be had merely from looking at the scenery from two thousand feet instead of from ground level. Nor is it pleasure really; least of all, the comfortable, lulling pleasure of motoring. Like the sea, the air is often a gray and melancholy place and not nearly as hospitable once you are alone with it as it had seemed when you looked at it from terra firma. What flyers find in flying is similar perhaps to what Englishmen of Whympers' generation found when they punished themselves on the icy steepnesses of the Alps—an exercise of the spirit.

As to that, you may hear two mutually contradictory opinions, both of them widely believed, both half true. The superman school of thought, the classic one, holds that the airplane is difficult to fly, that a pilot must be endowed with exceptional courage, nerve, presence of mind, and keenness of perception; that flying is dangerous and for most people impossible to learn; that as far as *you* are concerned, you had better wait for the autogiro or something of that sort.

The nothing-to-it school of thought—more recently become fashionable—holds that flying is as easy as driving a car; in fact, easier.

Now against the classic opinion, it has been proved in recent years that any normal person can be taught to fly the conventional airplane competently provided he wants to put some effort into the learning and provided someone goes to work and really shows him how. This is important. In the old days pilots themselves did not know just how they flew, and thus could not effectively teach flying. But in recent years—until the military flying boom began—most American airports and most American airplanes earned their keep by training flyers. For about \$65 they turned the novice into a solo pilot, and for about \$350 more, into a licensed pilot of the “private,” *i.e.* non-commercial, grade. What those small airports by the highway have picked up in human material is truly a cross section of the population. Almost every airport has its fairly good-looking girl flyer, its flying mother, or even flying grandmother. Almost every airport has its amateur flyer who is slightly deaf, or is well on in his sixties, or stammers, or is in some other way not at all the sort of youth who, eyes ever skyward, adorns our magazine covers.

As for the nothing-to-it idea, it has been encouraged by the airplane trade as part of their automobile mimicry—those advertisements that show a pretty girl and her escort casually dropping in at the country club, smiles of enjoyment on their faces. “Nothing to this” has also been the reaction of the 300,000-odd assorted citizens who in recent years have had their first feel of the controls, have found that an airplane in normal flight will float along without any help from the pilot, and have jumped at conclusions before they have had time to get far away from home and to experience a few good scares. Thus at the very time when you could read that flying was as easy as driving, the crash rate in private flying was such that the magazine

Air Facts declared: “If we were driving cars the way we are flying airplanes, we would have 800,000 deaths per year and the operation of automobiles would have to be prohibited by law.” To those who actually do it, piloting—even piloting a mild and meek Cub—is much bigger, much more demanding than that. They go at their flying with an intentness and perfectionist attitude that goes with championship sports rather than pleasant recreation, let alone a taken-for-granted skill such as driving. The airplane is, in truth, a delicate and cranky thing to handle, especially when approaching the ground and when landing. To stay at your best—however good or however poor your individual best may be—takes an hour’s systematic practice at least twice a week.

Thus if you owned a plane you would go out to the airport in the evening and practice maneuvering your airplane, and especially approaches to the field and landings: each approach and landing would be like a difficult golf shot, never quite perfect, and you would go out again the next evening and try to make the thing behave. To go cross-country, which is largely straight and level flying, would seem to you like quite a waste of time, so little does the flyer look on the airplane as primarily a means of getting from one place to another.

But in the long run, the kind of service your airplane would deliver most brilliantly would be for vacation travel; for touring, those small ships function so convincingly now that there would be a big market for them even if they could never be tamed down for more workaday transportation. Military reconnaissance is based on the premise that almost every activity leaves some sort of trace that can be noticed and interpreted from the air: the same thing works for the aerial tourist who wants to know his country. Once you have flown over a given stretch of country, your previous ground-travels over the same stretch seem in memory more like underground burrowings. Flying your own small ship is in this respect

utterly different from travel on the airlines. You fly slowly and low, and you not only get a geographer's overview of the land as you do from an airliner, but also an intimate insight into the life there that is almost godlike: not without reason do the old paintings show God looking down on his creatures from the sky. You see a farmer plowing his field, and at the same time his wife hanging up the wash behind the house, and at the same time the children in the court of the high school, and you watch a whole phase of a baseball game and you can see there is an important meeting at the county courthouse because of all the cars that are parked there.

Traveling not to get there but for the sake of traveling, free of schedules, free of the necessity for getting through, you discover that all the trials and tribulations of small-ship, cross-country flying turn into adventure, and the comparative difficulty into a sporting challenge.

V

That is where the small airplane stands at present: utility 10 per cent, exercise of the spirit, 90 per cent. As for its future, the trend is toward more utility and less of the other thing. For instance, very rich men, who are able to buy faster, bigger ships, get real utility out of airplanes even now. And since the speed and carrying capacity of cheaper airplanes are increasing steadily, and will probably soon approach theirs, the rich men's use of private flying may be a preview of what is to come on a popular scale. Paradoxically, the most hard-hitting, most successful private use of airplanes just now is not for long-range travel but for suburban commuting; that is, between the estate belt of Long Island and Wall Street, New York. At present the air commuters are all millionaires, or nearly so; the ships they are using are seaplanes costing anywhere from \$10,000 to \$70,000. Most of these ships are chauffeur-driven, as it were; in fact, some of those commuters are worth so much

that those who insure their lives demand not only one but two high-grade professional pilots, airline style, and many of the planes keep busy all day with duties that would ordinarily befall a chauffeur-driven car. In the morning such a ship will pick up its owner at his own private beach a few hundred yards from his house and whisk him downtown along Long Island Sound and the East River in the leisurely hurry of one city block per second, to alight finally on the water of New York harbor and dock at the Wall Street seaplane ramp, where a red carpet unrolls itself to keep his foot from slipping on the wet wood, and the great man steps ashore, dapper and fresh, within two minutes' walk of his office. Next, the owner's family wants the ship, for shopping trips or for taking the children to the dentist (there are additional seaplane landings strung out along the East River waterfront of Manhattan, at 23rd Street, at River House, at 90th Street); or to go visiting (most of the resorts and summer homes of the East are on some sort of water and thus immediately accessible by seaplane).

The war is interfering with deliveries to private airplane-users—but not too seriously so far: the small airplane built of steel tubing, wood, and fabric requires few strategic materials. Actually, the war may speed up the development of the small private airplane. Scarcely has the private airplane idea been temporarily shoved into the background, as far as civilian life is concerned, when it immediately pops up again in the field of warfare itself. If the small airplane really does promise better transport than the automobile, the Army needs it no less than do the civilians. Shortly before France fell word went out in American airports that the French wanted to buy in a hurry every available "Stinson 105." At that time that ship was the most highly "fool-proofed" of all our small private-owner airplanes. It was the kind which a wealthy father would buy for his daughter, but which a real human pilot couldn't fly without being

twitted a bit by other real pilots, because it absolutely would not fall into tailspins and practically refused to kill you whatever you did wrong; yet the French Army had suddenly discovered that just such a sissy airplane was needed for communications work. More recently, the U. S. Army has allowed sales-pilots of several flivver plane manufacturers, organized as the "Grasshopper Squadron," to participate with a fleet of \$1,500 air flivvers in the Texas and Louisiana maneuvers. Here, as in France, the small cheap airplane's role is not to be actual combat, but what one might call motorcycle and light automobile duty—fast messenger service, liaison, staff transport, light supply, light ambulance work: duties which the modern warplane has become too fast, too "hot," too expensive to perform. The questions studied in those maneuvers are exactly those on which the flivver plane's civilian future also depends. First: Can the small airplane be handled efficiently by just anybody? For the idea is to have these ships flown by the troops themselves, rather than by hard-to-get, highly select, expensively trained Army Air Corps pilots. Second: Can the small airplane, efficiently handled, do useful work?

The private airplane cannot develop faster than its landing facilities. In this respect progress is very slow. The private airplane obviously needs many small airports close to the towns, the beaches, the national parks, the factories. What the authorities have been promoting exclusively is the airport for the airliner and military ship: expensive, concrete runways, spaced far apart and far from the towns. A town will spend several hundred thousand dollars on paving of runways, whereupon each of the local small ship owners will have to spend about one hundred and fifty dollars for a more elaborate landing gear so as to be able to use those runways!

But hopeful trends can be distinguished if you do not mind some rose-colored glasses. For instance, take Wings Field in Ambler, Pennsylvania. While local

householders elsewhere still consider a flying field in their vicinity a nuisance, this field, in Philadelphia's Main Line district, has actually raised the value of neighboring real estate and caused a local building development because so many private flyers jumped at a chance to build a house directly adjoining an airport so as to be able to step from the house into the ship. In a style somewhat less luxurious, an association of private flyers recently published plans of a real estate development laid out somewhat like the more pretentious tourist camps: medium-priced houses spaced out along the edge of a small, L-shaped flying field with individual airplane sheds bridging the gap from house to house. The plans were perhaps meant mostly as a glimpse into the future of private flying, but the association was immediately swamped with when-do-we-start inquiries from would-be tenants.

Already airports are getting more popular; eating places, tourist camps, even hotels, begin to cluster about them just as such facilities used to cluster about railroad stations. Already you can figure out a route across the continent that will permit you not only to sleep and eat without taking a taxi to town, but also to get a shave and a haircut, to buy a paper or a shirt, to go dancing. It is forcing a point, but you can already see how, some day, business may find it convenient to locate near airports. At one airport they have a State police station because here the police can charter a ship and go at a moment's notice where they are needed. At one New York airport a local press association maintains an office with reporters and photographers, not to cover aviation news, but to take advantage of the charter-planes lined up outside their window in which they can get about quickly to cover stories that break elsewhere. At a Texas airport an oil-well supply firm keeps not only its own airplane and pilot but also a store-room full of oil-well tools and parts. Draw all that into one composite picture and you can see how one of the private

airplane's most serious handicaps, its inability to get at the place where you really want to go, may disappear.

All this though is not yet the real thing. It is but a shadowy blueprint of the real thing. In many ways private flying stands now where the airlines stood in the twenties: there *were* airlines in the twenties though we now hardly remember them, and they were being duly celebrated in contemporaneous articles, analogous to this one, as marvelous achievements of the age. But now, in retrospect, we can see that they were not the actual achievement at all. They were but the demonstration of an aim, an almost-heroic feat of pioneering. Then, about 1930, all of a sudden, in the space of a few short years an airline system crystallized in America that was workable and that, though growing and becoming more elaborate, has remained essentially unchanged and promises to be workable for decades to come. What did the trick for the airlines was the airliner. Instead of depending on slightly adapted bombers and reconnaissance ships, the airline companies got an airplane designed radically, specifically, for airline work: multi-engined so that it could keep on flying with one engine dead; sound-proofed and ventilated and in general designed for passenger comfort; equipped with gyroscopic instruments and radio telephone so that it could be flown "blind" through almost any weather. In private flying now we are still using essentially the airplane of the First World War with a cellophane enclosure added to keep the wind out. And the manufacturers, forced by the exigencies of the market, carefully keep their ships true to that type, carefully design them so that they will reproduce—in mild form—the flying behavior of military and other "hot" professional planes, *i.e.* that they will stall, will spin, and won't be too easy to land; for this makes them marketable also as trainers. And the real coming of private flying now waits for a ship de-

signed radically to meet the private flyer's needs.

It is this type of airplane that the industry is now preparing for post-war manufacture. We can write its specifications to-day. It must be fast (probably at least one hundred and fifty miles an hour) and it must be family size, *i.e.* carry four or five persons and luggage as well. It must be fool-proof in the specific sense in which designers use that word, *i.e.* it must be incapable of stalling, of spinning, and of bouncing on landings, though it may still be capable of being flown into a tree or running out of gas over the Dakota Bad Lands. It must glide down steeply over obstructions to a short landing, and take off steeply from small fields across tall trees. Some companies believe that it must be amphibian, able to use both airport and water, and thus to penetrate, for instance, to downtown waterfronts; and one very practical designer will whip out a pencil and cover the tablecloth for you with sketches of a ship that can fold its wings, convert itself into a road vehicle, and roll right to your front door.

Each of these things is feasible and has been achieved by some ship or other in the past. In fool-proofing, especially, recent development has been sensational. What remains to be solved, and what the engineers are working on now, is merely the problem of combining all these points—or most of them—in one ship. And with millions of dollars going into the development work, there is no doubt that such a ship will be ready soon. Beyond that comes the problem of producing it at a price the public can afford; it is purely an industrial problem. The airplane is really a simple device that uses little material and has but few moving parts: there is no reason why mass production should not eventually yield such a ship at such a price—and anything the industry may not have known about mass production of airplanes it is learning now.



I WAS ON RELIEF

BY JO SINCLAIR

LAST week I got myself a sixteen-dollar-a-week job in private industry. Forty hours a week, forty cents an hour, union job (A. F. of L.). After close to five years on WPA, I'm in the regular world again.

It—it's a pipe dream. Sometimes, during the hot afternoon, I look up from the lines of type and from the Ludlow machine (they're breaking me in on it), and stare around me at all the books and magazines waiting to be bound. An unreal feeling grips me. For minutes I stand there, waiting to wake up and find myself on the project again.

No, but look, this is a real job. Wake up. You're working, kid. This ain't the WPA! This is private industry. You belong now. (The Ludlow makes a dry, crisp, wonderful sound as the line of type is snapped out.) You're working in a sure enough bindery now.

In this year of speed and rush of defense work, where are the thousands upon thousands of Americans who, not so long ago, were on WPA; and before that, on relief? Ask me. I'm one of them. Now, in the year of national defense and imminent war, we are straggling back into that world of private industry which, for so desperately long a time, seemed to me mythical.

Can we regain, or make (for many of us never did cut the right little niche) a place for ourselves in that world? Have our years in relief work ruined us for so-called "real work"? I want to know. As an ex-WPA worker, I want to know if the years of depression and made work

have so weakened what they call the spiritual fiber that I am no good, and what's more will never be any good.

I strongly suspect myself. I suspect myself of bitterness, lack of belief in myself, loss of capacity for really hard work, and an intolerable envy of other people and other people's jobs.

I suspect not only myself, but those thousands who, only yesterday, had WPA jobs along with me. To-day they are slowly going back, are becoming part of the huge, crashing American work scene. I am wondering—God help me!—if they and I are going to add anything to that scene. I am wondering what a slow, deadly infiltration of weakness and softness may do. There is such a thing, it occurs to me, as unconscious sabotage, where the worker, totally unaware of his own limitations, eagerly and in the best of faith does sloppy, haphazard work. It is a terrible thought; it tends to make the hands shake on the Ludlow.

Do you remember us at all? Not too long ago we were referred to as "the forgotten man." It was fashionable (in the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, even in the *Saturday Evening Post*) to write articles on the economics of us, the ethics of us, and the duty of this country toward us. Well, the forgotten man, after his long diet of relief and made jobs, is being carried back into industry on the gigantic wave of the world war.

Fine! But I am wondering if the years and the kind of dying he went through have not atrophied him. Will he be able to make a go of it?

Me, for example. I was a WPA white-collar worker. I worked on a library project and on several research projects over a period of close to five years. Editing; writing small, unimportant pamphlets on vocations and the like; doing historical research on the local scene and past local glories.

Say what you will, WPA work is different. (Click! says the Ludlow. The line of type is clean and clear. It feels wonderful to the fingers.) The tempo, the methods, the *mores*, all are different. They have to be; they are attuned to the most varied, most peculiar conglomeration of people ever assembled, and all of them seeking a single shelter, the one against want.

Don't get me wrong! Man, I was grateful for it; I'll always be grateful. But it's a different kind of life. A different sort of spirit gets into you. I know—it got into me. I was too full of fears. I did not and could not believe in myself. On the one hand, I could not reconcile myself to the projects, which were teeming with odd creatures of all sorts—people I termed “unemployables.” At the same time I could not work up the requisite bravery or nerve, or call it what you will, to take my chance in “the world.” I became, gradually, in my own eyes, one of these same unemployables.

On a WPA project some days the work is too listless and some days it is too feverish. There can be no happy medium, for there is too much fear pressing against the hundred doors. Will the government appropriation run out, with the result that the project will be closed down? Shall I be fired to-morrow for some red-tape reason? Did you see in the paper yesterday that Congress is going to cut WPA in half? I notice the Federal Theater was discontinued; maybe our project is next on the list. So run the fears, like little fierce wolves, from door to door of the heart. Fears get into you and sap the blood and weaken the tissue of independence. Look, I know!

All right, I have a job now. So what's wrong? Why do I sleep badly? I still

don't believe in myself. *I'm deathly afraid I'll flunk out on this job.*

As my hands fumble with the machine I steal glances at the men and women on the floor. The room is full of motion—the swift, sure motions of hands on books, the almost rhythmical motion of bodies in tune with machines. How can I ever get to be as fast and as sure as they are? Look at their hands! How absolutely sure, how good.

What's wrong? This is a job I've wanted every minute of those five years I spent “on the dole.” What's wrong? Is it the dryrot of those five years working at the bone of me now?

Lord, Lord, I want to know: what's wrong with me? I've got this job. Sixteen good, honest dollars a week. But all of a sudden I'm wondering if I'll ever get out of this factory, wondering if I'm any good at all. And the work is really tough here. There's no letdown at all. Oh, no slave-driving, but a steady eight-hour grind. (On the WPA project we worked seven-hour days, sometimes six, depending on our schedule.)

I wonder if the bookbinders know I was on WPA. Lord, I hope not. They're the kind that would jeer. Honest as the day is long; rather starve than be on relief or WPA, I'll bet. They think WPA workers are a joke, a cartoon in the papers or a vaudeville story.

You know what?—I'm acting as if I'm *ashamed* of having been on WPA.

(Hush now. You know it gave you bread and butter, cigarettes, rent money, an occasional movie. You know it saved your life.)

Would you walk up to anybody and say you've been rolling around from project to project for close to five years? Do you remember those times in your WPA years when you were in a room with people who didn't know you well and the word *jobs* was bandied about; how silent you were; how the others talked about their jobs, but never a word out of you concerning yours? Five years of such things must take their toll of a person. Shame is a deadly weakness.

The boss knows. He must be watching me extra carefully. (Click! says the Ludlow. Be—careful.) I remember that look in his eyes when I told him I'd been on WPA. I didn't really expect him to hire me. I wonder why he did. Did he feel sorry for me? Never mind, mister, I'll show you.

Well, but look, *can* I make a go of the job? Not that I want this job for long; I want to go on to better things of course. But if I make a go of this it means I'm not so bad. It means I'm capable of real work. Then maybe, next year, I can go out and grab myself a really decent job, using this one for a reference, a real private-industry reference, not that low-toned, almost whispering, "I've been working on a WPA project."

Lord, what do they think we were doing on the projects, just hanging around or sleeping? We worked! But I can hear the employers sitting and passing judgment: "Made work, manufactured work, that's what. Anybody who sat all day on one of those WPA jobs can just stay out of my office." Are they right? Maybe I'm just not capable of anything but relief work. How am I to know? I've forgotten what I was like before WPA. How am I to know if I'm any good?

And what about after this war is over? Where will the thousands of us go then? Will there be a new and different alphabetical haven for us?

(The Ludlow makes a dry, crisp sound as your hand performs its chore. Your hand is slow, clumsy. The stick of type drops out. You are conscious of the bright-colored buckram cloth used for the binding of books. The cloth is standing in large bolts all about you, waiting for the binders to take it and cut the right-size piece for a book. Will your hand gain skill and cunning at this? Will it?)

I've been out of the swim a long time. Am I strong enough to get back in? Am I basically good enough? These men and women standing on all sides of me, they're so sure of themselves! They act as if mistakes were impossible to make. How many years did it take their hands to become so sure of themselves? I'm—scared.

(Click! goes the Ludlow. Slow and dry and crisp; a sound of work.) Shall I be able to do it? It's been almost five years. (Click! click! here comes the type. How many mistakes do they allow you here before they fire you?)

Five years. Time enough to corrupt the bone and water the blood of any weakling. Maybe I'm really no good. Maybe there's no place for me in the work world. Five years. (Click! says the Ludlow; on—your—toes, kid! This ain't the WPA!) Five years is a long time. Lord, maybe I'll have to go back on relief!



THE TREND OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

BY TALBOT HAMLIN

AMERICAN architecture to-day is much like the proverbial little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead—when it is good it is very very good, but when it is bad it is horrid. On the one hand there is the clear, clean power of the Norris Dam or the Chickamauga Powerhouse of the T.V.A.; on the other, the listless and ill-applied classicisms of the Jefferson Memorial or the National Gallery of Art. On the one hand again, there are the tense, slim grace of the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge and the interesting forms, materials, and colors of the Farm Security Administration migratory labor camps; but opposed to them one has the vast square miles of suburban dreariness of Queens Village or North Philadelphia—little unimaginative blocky houses in unbroken rows destroying the landscape they are supposed to adorn.

Why this extraordinary divergence in merit? Why does a culture which is at heart and in general basis so homogeneous as ours produce buildings some of which rank with the best done anywhere in the world and some of which have a complete and almost arrogant backwardness difficult to match? Perhaps an examination of this problem may reveal important facts about America as well as about architecture, for our buildings cannot help expressing what we are.

The simple fact is that people do not put money into buildings unless they like those buildings or feel that enough other people will like them to make it worth their while. There would thus seem to

be an inescapable conclusion that the same people and the same governmental bodies like equally well the best and the worst, the most advanced and the most retrogressive, those in which creative design gives new richness to American life and those in which the design impulse has been buried.

Let us take first the stupid buildings—the poor little apologetic half-timber dwellings; the sentimental, misunderstood Colonial houses that line all too many American streets, alike in Los Angeles and the Boston suburbs; or the flashy pseudomodern conglomerations that vulgarize our shopping areas. Not all that is glass and metal is good contemporary design; not all that seeks for an effect by being merely different is thereby better architecture. Is there not behind both the little stylistic houses (or the big, expensive stylistic houses that still somehow get built) and the screaming bars or dress shops, different as they are in superficial shape, some basic similarity of idea that may help cast light upon this fundamental question of the duality of our architectural taste?

Here one comes up at once against the question of fashion—how it is created and broadcast—and the ensuing problem of marketability. Just as women and, even more, men will buy clothes they know are not essentially becoming, comfortable, or economical just to keep in fashion, so they will buy houses or furniture. In buildings fashion naturally cannot change so rapidly as it does

in clothes; for buildings last many decades and furniture many years. Little by little a picture of the desirable building is developed in the average person's mind by the accretion of many impressions, memories, and desires. This picture is the result primarily of three things: first of all, the things other people slightly richer than oneself have done before (the "keeping up with the Joneses" motive); second, advertising and the influence of many "smart" types of publication; and, third, the average appearance of what the market offers—that is, the average appearance of streets and towns as they are.

The charming arrangement of Greenbelt, Maryland (Hale Walker, site planner; Ellington and Wadsworth, architects), built by the Rural Resettlement Administration, has had but little influence in speculative community design despite its manifest advantages. This is because any change for the better in systems of land usage or in the basic space distribution of building areas would obviously tend to make many existing buildings obsolete and destroy or lessen their salability or income-producing possibilities. So such experiments are made only rarely; there are not yet enough of them to affect the unimaginative person's picture of what a suburb or what a city is. The new experiments frequently look to him strange; he cannot at once appreciate their real human advantages, and he tends to shy away to something more like the picture furnished by the three great forces just mentioned. If you are trying your best to keep up with the Joneses and to resemble the bright pictures in the advertisements or in the smart magazines certainly there is little temptation to go off on a completely new tack. Naturally the speculator who is building for profits or the shopkeeper who is building for patronage has little motive for embarking on radical novelties.

Yet novelty of a certain type is one of the first necessities in this kind of commercial enterprise. There must be enough

new elements in what is offered to attract the client's or buyer's attention. One must be able to say of a commodity that it is up to the minute, and yet one must in no way destroy the old confidence-making picture which has been so carefully built up. In other words, these buildings all have to be both new and old at the same moment, and the result is that the novelties included are only of the most superficial types, and design at once becomes a mere sort of postage-stamp affair—a series of things you lick on the back and stick on the front, like the sculpture at Parkchester or the false half-timber on many suburban houses. The entire aim of true architecture is thereby defeated; for architecture is the creative approach to the building problem as a whole, and no mere question of superficial doodads, whether modern or Colonial or English or anything else.

There is of course one exception to this general condition—the question of efficiency in working areas and of the mechanical means of conditioning the physical qualities of living. In heating and air conditioning we are advanced; the growing substitution of grilles for radiators may, for example, indicate true architectural progress, clearing and simplifying rooms, making them easier to furnish and better to look at. Efficiency of motion in work is such an instinctive phase of American culture that anything that assists it is immediately welcomed. Usually the kitchen is the most architecturally distinguished room in the average speculative house or apartment, and the bathroom in its clear expression of a reasoned and carefully formed solution of physical problems is its close second. This is true not because one cannot make a Colonial bathroom or a Gothic electrical icebox, but merely because these utilitarian rooms show an adequate, an economical, and nearly always a beautifully simple creative acceptance of the problem; the æsthetic quality depends upon and arises from this acceptance.

I believe we need to carry some of this same thinking into the realms that produce such magnificent monstrosities as we see in Washington and, alas, in other places as well. Here the "keeping up with the Joneses" motive is replaced by a somewhat similar and at bottom equally snobbish attitude of attempting to outdo the past in its own field, while the remembered pictures of the advertisements and the smart magazines are replaced by the memory pictures of the monumental buildings of all the world. Just as in the case of the speculative house, so here the combination of these emotional attitudes leads unavoidably to superficial design.

In the pure sense buildings are aesthetically bad not because they are modern or ancient but because within the terms of each problem involved they are good or bad answers to it; in every case where architecture is realizing its true potentialities the problem is not merely one of hanging a decorative exterior on something with which it has nothing to do, but rather one of taking use and construction and the desire for beauty and integrating them all into a single architectural structure—integrating them so closely that a reconsideration of any one factor will necessarily mean a reconsideration of the other two. End pavilions that have nothing to do with a building's mass but are merely applied to a box, as they have been applied to the National Gallery, cannot produce anything but bad architecture and eventual boredom; and in the Jefferson Memorial the awkwardness of relationship of the colonnade to the dome as well as to the pedimented portico in front is the inevitable result of superficial architectural thinking.

II

Fortunately there are in America many architectural problems in which snobbish imitation is without significance and fashion without power, and where no false sentimental pictures of past achievements exist. It is in these that the Amer-

ican architect finds his most congenial expression and displays the true quality of his creative ability. And it is precisely in these problems that certain important new trends in our national life may be read. They arise again and again from the new conceptions of what governments (local, State, and national) owe to the people—from the basic feeling that the enriching of the citizens' whole life (emotional, intellectual, and physical) is perhaps the main object of all governmental action. There is in this concept a quality of such breathtaking nobility, such magnificent sweep, as to furnish an instant inspiration to any sensitive designer. If the architect feels that he is not planning merely a frame more or less chic for a wealthy family's life, or helping some perhaps completely ordinary individual to make a little more money, or merely adding to the prestige of a local politician through an ostentatious minor public building, but, on the other hand, that with every line he draws he is making all our citizens richer in mind, healthier in body—if he is, in a word, through his buildings helping to create a happier America—he cannot but feel the kind of challenge to his best efforts that must have motivated designers in past great ages of faith. Every building that rises from his designs then takes on a more than personal value; it is part of a great co-operative enterprise the eventual potentialities of which are almost limitless.

Moreover, any such problem must be a challenge as well to his creative use of every new material and every new method that may help toward the great aim. Even economy in building becomes not the cheapening of a conception in order to gorge some individual's pocketbook but rather a creative search for those materials and methods and those arrangements of parts which shall enable the social benefits to be most widely distributed. So in the great dams of the Tennessee Valley Authority (designed by C. Roland Wank, architect for the T.V.A.) there is a creative economy

at work; and the superb sweep of the Norris Dam shows how the gradual simplification of parts and the necessary economy in materials and labor have led to magnificent beauty. So too the powerhouses, like that at Chickamauga, owe their compelling effect to that quality of neatness of finish, of exquisite study of detail, which controls even their smallest parts.

The same is true in schoolhouse design; for the ideal of universal education demands a similar study of creative economy—a study that has already destroyed, we hope for good, the old ostentatious, overdecorated masses of Tudor or Colonial city schools. Instead, in the best work, where the designers have been least hampered by conventional patterns, one gets a new and pure type of school beauty developing—not standardized, for the field of education itself is not standardized—but varying with climates and with the needs of individual buildings. Simple long rows of windows pleasantly rhythmical; quiet areas of brick wall; entrances inviting and human, almost homelike rather than terrifyingly monumental—these characterize the new schools. The high schools of Idaho Springs and Boulder, Colorado (Frewen and Morris, architects), and the Ansonia, Connecticut, high school (Lescaze and Sears, architects) are characteristic of this trend; their inviting, unassuming beauty is the direct result of the new conceptions. Sometimes where land is ample, as in the case of the Thomas Jefferson High School, Los Angeles (Morgan, Wells, and Clements, architects), or that of the Acalones Union High School, California (designed by Franklin and Crump), larger schools are broken up into groups of smaller buildings in order to make the scale still more human. These new schools, in addition to being monuments of which a town can be proud, are schools that children can love. They are brand-new creations of architecture inspired by a great opportunity.

Factories offer a somewhat similar

challenge; yet here the older conceptions of nineteenth-century *laissez faire* economy too often weaken the effect. Even now factories are built that are enormous unformed sheds with an “architected” administration building stuck in the front as though to hide the confusion behind. In reality of course, the problem of architecture for modern industry is one of marvelous opportunities in the daring arrangement of space and the imaginative use of materials. It is encouraging to note that this seems definitely realized in the case of many of the most recent defense industry plants. In these, despite the necessary speed in design (perhaps indeed because the speed itself allowed no time for applying unnecessary features), interesting form develops inevitably from the frank expression, creatively composed, of the essential industrial spaces. Higher elements for assembly rooms, butterfly roofs and monitors to give light and ventilation, all take their necessary place as the rhythm of the manufacturing process demands; and the long areas of glass, the repeated dimensions of standard bays, combined with these necessary form variations, make buildings that are truly architectural.

Aircraft plants with their multiplicity of functions are especially congenial to this interesting expression; the Brewster plant at Johnsville, Pennsylvania (Silverman and Levy, architects), the Ford aircraft plant at River Rouge, Michigan (Giffels and Vallet and L. Rosetti, engineers and architects), the Republic plant at Farmingdale, New York (Turner Construction Co.), and the Sikorsky plant at Stratford, Connecticut (Albert Kahn, architect), all express the systematic power of American industry. Machine shops too are often inspiring in their variety and airy height; the Olds Foundry at Lansing, Michigan (Albert Kahn, architect), and the same architect's great stamping shop for the Westinghouse Company at Mansfield, Ohio, and his Detroit Tank Arsenal are magnificent enclosures of efficient space.

But even these new plants do not go far enough. Industry is as yet only partially converted to the new ideal. The human quality of the workers is still only imperfectly considered except in so far as the conception of mere efficiency demands sanitation, light, and air. Would it be too much to ask that eye-rest in shapes and colors and harmony and beauty in surroundings be sought for every worker in industrial plants as apparently they are now sought in the best office buildings?

Many buildings connected with popular outdoor recreation and with transportation seem also to have escaped the inhibitions of current fashion and past forms. Especially is this true of work connected with parks and parkways, with the layout of playgrounds and the buildings associated with them, with the design of swimming pools, with the retaining walls and bridges for parkways and highways. In these architecture proves itself, as it always must, a matter more of general planning, of basic design, than of mere details; for especially in our park work—and I think this is true in almost every city—the real beauty lies in the planned relationships of the different parts; the individual buildings are often merely adequate, yet the total effect is heartening. The reason for this is not far to seek; it is simply that in the problem of major relationships there are no precedents for this new kind of park or playground design.

No one ever before tackled the problems involved in planning such a development as Jones Beach, New York (designed by H. A. Magoon)—the parking of thousands of cars, the layout of safe pedestrian paths from cars to beach, the design of bathhouses and recreation centers and restaurants so that the whole effect should be at once gay, inviting, and pleasant to look at, and all so artfully built that the vastness of the enterprise should be concealed and the long lines of beach and surf and sea remain the dominant visual accents. This is architecture paying homage to man's

love of the sea. Such a problem is a new one developed from a new attitude of the American people toward outdoor living and outdoor sports, and the designers have been forced to think in terms of human use and material. Unhampered then by preconceived notions, their true imagination comes gaily forth, and in the balance of pavement and lawn, of building and tree, of water surface and sheltered sitting area there is almost necessarily a fresh, welcoming beauty.

It is this same lack of precedent that has made so much of our highway architecture exciting. The automobile brought with it into American life a clamoring need for new kinds of road intersections, new types of bridges; the problems of separating different kinds of traffic, of avoiding grade crossings for pedestrians, and of minimizing intersections combined to demand structures in which creative imagination was a first necessity. One may see this clearly in the bridges for pedestrians over many of the newer New York parkways and in the smaller bridges and many of the minor buildings of the Tennessee Valley development. Of course the great bridges like the magnificent span across San Francisco Bay (T. Pflueger, Arthur Brown, Jr., and J. J. Donovan, consulting architects) were works of great engineering skill; that they are works of great architecture in which an architectural imagination has played an important if not a dominating part is perhaps less realized. Only the most meticulous engineering design could have resulted in the delicate dimensions of the Bronx-Whitestone bridge (Aymar Embury II, architect); but the thing that gives this bridge real distinction, a breath-taking kind of almost musical beauty, is the way in which its architect has expressed these engineering truths—in an economy of material remarkable in restraint and in lines every one of which seems to mirror the forces at work. The strong lift of the two towers, the simple arched brace at the top, and the great sloped masses of the concrete anchorages have in them the same

spirit as the graceful swing of the supporting cables or the upward curve of the delicate road structure. It is this harmony between form and use and strength and the perfection of this incarnation in metal and concrete of almost mathematical relationships that makes this bridge one of the most beautiful man-made structures of our time.

III

But it is in houses perhaps—shelters big and little for individual families, for “ordinary” people—that the qualities of our architecture to-day are most perfectly expressed. Where snobbish ideals persist or where speculative greed controls there are no more pathetic misapprehensions of architecture; where, on the other hand, American life has most truly developed along its peculiar and most characteristic lines—let us say roughly along the Pacific Coast, where in general American mores as distinguished from those of Europe are most freely accepted—there is evolving a kind of house architecture that is perhaps the most advanced domestic architecture in the world to-day. It is characterized by a bold use of available materials, a free handling of spaces, a constant preoccupation with the actual living of its inhabitants.

The beauty of these long, low, rambling houses with their broad sheets of glass, their free and open spaces, and their abundance of private outdoor living areas is a beauty that is new in the world because it represents the reaction of sensitive artists to a new ideal of what human living may be—an ideal in which mobility and space, delight in the outdoors and the sun, and freedom from many earlier conventions are important component parts. The work of Wright, of Neutra, of Harris, of Wurster, of Hervey Clarke, of Dinwiddie owes its distinction to all of these qualities. Such houses are not beautiful because they are different. It is no mere superficial modernity that has dictated their gracious lines; indeed,

among them one will find all types of “style.” They are beautiful because they are natural, sensitive, creative, and direct expressions of a way of life.

But there is still another kind of house problem where the very inspiration of the opportunity it offers should make for the greatest kind of nobility in creation—the problem of low-cost housing. The purposes of the present-day housing movement, in their attack on evils which the nineteenth century and the first third of the twentieth accepted as inevitable parts of civilization, are so bold as to be revolutionary. The shack, the shanty, the broken-down old house (with rags stuffed into broken panes) that has been divided up into a dwelling for several families, the rundown tenement house, and the squalid, hopeless farm cottage—in a word, the slum, both urban and rural—had come to be almost universal pictures in any country of the Western world. They were even cherished as picturesque or pointed to with a sort of half-proud distress as in some way evidences of progress and city growth. We have done with that old complacency; we have come to realize that the problem of distributing the goods our civilization makes possible extends to houses as well as to education. However small the beginnings that have thus far been made, in general the ideal behind these beginnings is no longer that of the old half-charitable uplifters. It is instead the determination to hit these evils radically, to change the situation everywhere as rapidly as our cumbersome methods will permit.

And occasionally this tremendous idealism has won through into actual building groups which in their beauty and human quality adequately express this magnificent dream. Strangely enough, perhaps the most successful architectural attempts have been made where the problem was apparently most hopeless—the housing of migrant and semi-migrant agricultural workers through the States of the West and the Southwest. The communities that have arisen in

Washington and Oregon, in California and Arizona—like those at Tulare, Eleven Mile Corner, and Woodville (Vernon De Mars, architect)—cheap though they are, are beautiful because in them every form is expressive and because basic human imagination of what people are, what they need, how they like to live, and how they should best live lies behind the arrangement of the communities as a whole and behind the simple little houses and shelters, the community buildings, the schools, and the health buildings that go to make up these new villages. Here people can feel themselves not outcasts, not merely cogs in a vast and heartless machine of exploitation, but true individuals, because the architects have given them opportunities so to feel.

Much of the work done under the ægis of the United States Housing Authority has been stupid, over-regularized, and impersonal; for many of our housing people and architects still think too much in terms of wood and brick and concrete, of dollars and cents, of catchwords about standardization, rather than in terms of human beings. In the effort to avoid extravagance, in a vast fear that mistakes will be made, they have too often produced a barracks pattern in building design and an over-great uniformity and mechanical repetition in the arrangement of the buildings.

Wherever the attitude has been the reverse—where local authorities or brilliant individual architects have been able to carry undimmed through the whole process of design the controlling idea that the houses they were building were homes first of all for individuals, not for a class—there the results have been quite different. In certain of the Western projects, such as Ramona Gardens in Los Angeles (George J. Adams and Associates, architects), and in a few of those in the East and South, like Elm Haven in New Haven (D. Orr, architect; A. Mayer, consulting architect) and the lovely group at Brentwood Park, Jacksonville, Florida (Mellen C. Greeley and

Associates, architects), a new voice speaks, a new architecture comes to birth, in which all the practical needs and the puzzling technical problems have been solved as a matter of course, but in which this solution has been deemed but the first step toward the creation of a rich environment for Americans.

It is encouraging to note that in many of the defense housing projects, where through mere necessity of speed there was less bureaucratic interference with the creative spirit of the designer, new types of house units—freer and more flexible and more beautiful than the old—and new kinds of site planning with larger and better arranged open spaces and with a more careful preservation of the existing beauty of the land have been evident. This is notably the case in the defense housing at Windsor Locks, Connecticut (Hugh Stubbins, Jr., architect), at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania (Antonin Raymond and E. Schruers, architects), at Center Line, Michigan (Eliel and Eero Saarinen and Hugh Swanson, architects), at Alexandria, Virginia (Kastner and Hibben, architects), and at Grand Prairie, Texas (De Witt and Williams and R. J. Neutra, architects). The workers fortunate enough to live in communities like these—and there are others—will find a new life opening before them; a new freedom and graciousness and beauty will surround them. Here is architecture vindicating itself as a way to a richer life and thereby producing living beauty.

IV

In this best American architecture—the best of the housing, of the parkway structures, of the schools, of the great industrial plants, of the dams and powerhouses, of the bridges, which express the new concept of American living—certain qualities are universal. These it seems to me are, first, the ability to think freely and imaginatively in terms of the actual human problem involved and, second, a daring imagination and skill in the use of materials.

This second quality is obvious alike in the exquisite use of wood in much of our creative house architecture and in the delicate and graceful details of metal and glass that are responsible for so much of the success of our best city buildings—of our shops; of our office buildings, like the International Building, Radio City, New York (Reinhard and Hofmeister, and Harrison and Fouilhoux, architects), or No. 450 Sutter Street, San Francisco (T. Pfeuger, architect); and of our hospitals, such as the newest portion of the Massachusetts General in Boston (designed by Coolidge, Shepley, Bulfinch, and Abbott). This talent for using materials elegantly and well is one that seems especially congenial to Americans. Foreign architects have again and again expressed their admiration for this perfection in American architecture, even in buildings that otherwise did not especially impress them. Our doors, our elevators, our shop windows, our careful handling of joints between different materials so that they become elements in a lovely synthesis—these are almost always excellently designed and beautifully detailed to express the qualities of their various elements and to give to many American

buildings otherwise undistinguished a pleasing effect of competence, of precise, efficient neatness, and of gracious integration of use and beauty.

Yet this competence, this confident sense of materials and their imaginative use, in itself can never produce the greatest architecture. It is only when such skill is employed in the service of great æsthetic and social ideals that true architectural greatness can result. Where architects are gifted with this quality of human imagination, where they make their decisions with the full realization of what each decision will mean to the people who live in, or work in, or see the designed structures, the results are bound to have a reality quite different and, as it were, on another plane from buildings designed merely in terms of economics or æsthetics or even a combination of both. Where, in addition, this human imagination is founded on some vision of what the good life necessarily means—in opportunities for social meeting, for education, for artistic expression, for personal integrity and personal affection—then the result is sure to be an inspiring affirmation. It is this affirmation that one feels so strongly in the best American architecture to-day.



A NICE MAN

A STORY

BY GRACE FLANDRAU

IT was not when he began to drink so steadily and with so little apparent enjoyment—although that too surprised me—that I first noticed this man. My attention had already been drawn to him on the station platform, partly because I felt sure I had seen him before and partly because he looked so extraordinarily—nice. No other word so exactly expresses it as nice. Among the many dingy or vulgar or sinister persons one sees in a crowd he had stood out pleasing and in some way reassuring. Everything about him was so exactly right—the soft gray homespun he wore, the quiet, honest, gentlemanly expression of his face, and especially the unobtrusive dignity with which he carried himself.

During the drive across the city from one station to the other I had felt vaguely and absurdly guilty. There was no real reason why I should not have stopped over and spent at least one night in Lake Forest with my sister-in-law, Mrs. Dwight Algernon Pierce, except that I did not want to. I knew she would be offended because I hadn't. Not because she was so devoted to me, but because she felt so strongly about all conventional gestures however meaningless. And it was with equally absurd relief that I saw the cement arches of the platform begin to glide slowly past the windows and felt the heavy train roll smooth as oil out into the sunshine.

My Pullman was excessively air-cooled and, hoping to find a more temperate

climate, I went into the club car. But the same dour windy chill was everywhere. So I gave up, put on a heavy coat, and settled down. Only three persons were there beside myself, a smart, tweedy, surprisingly ugly woman with eyes slightly crossed like a Siamese cat's, a thick young man with thick octagonal glasses, and the nice-looking person I had already noticed.

He had taken the chair opposite mine and he did not, like the rest of us, reach for a newspaper. He did not look out of the windows or at anything in particular. Nor did he stare portentously into space. If he was absorbed in any particular reflections he did not betray it. He merely, for a time, sat very still. Then, suddenly, he beckoned to the barman. When the tall glass half filled with ice, the tiny carafe of whiskey, the split of soda were set before him he mixed the drink and downed it, I thought, rather quickly.

The feeling of having seen him before persisted. And there was also the sensation in my mind of a whole group of other associations I could not quite bring into my consciousness. His face was ruddy, rather broad, with a good chin and forehead, and he looked a year or two less than forty. Only his mouth puzzled me at first. To say thin-lipped is to suggest meanness, and there was conspicuously no meanness there. Rather, it was as if some long repression had drawn in his lips until his mouth was

only a sensitive, guarded line that withheld all information.

I turned the pages of the paper absently, more concerned with this stranger than with the news that I had already seen in the morning papers, heard on the radio, and that wasn't news anyhow but only surmise. The empty whiskey carafe had been removed and a full one immediately set before him. It seemed a little early for chain drinking, nor was dissipation in keeping with whatever it was I seemed to know and not quite remember about this man.

He drank his second highball in the same quick, unenthusiastic way and allowed a slight interval to elapse before he ordered a third. In this interval the smart woman with the Siamese-cat eyes left the car and the thick young man opened a thick red book and became lost in the mass of fine pages gray with figures and algebraic formulae.

The man across from me had finished his third drink and ordered a fourth. Then he put on a pair of rimless spectacles—they strongly emphasized the kindly, respectable quality of his appearance—took a fountain pen from his pocket, and began to write a letter. Paper and envelopes marked with the name of the train had been brought to him and he wrote steadily and quietly with his clean, free-flowing pen.

All at once a phrase, spoken in my sister-in-law's insistent drawl, came back to me. "Now, take the Butterworths—" this was the way Katherine always began one of the endless rigmaroles she liked to carry on about people—"it's simply wonderful what Mary Butterworth has done for that man."

We were sitting, the three of us (there was another woman, but somehow she didn't count) in the back seat of Katherine's car. We must have been in evening dress and rather crowded, because I could smell not only the perfume and sachet but even the faint dye smell of the satins and chiffons, could feel the rustling silkiness about me and the brush of Katherine's ermines against my bare

arm. The night air streamed cool through the slightly lowered pane and the highway lay straight and white as bone in the moonlight.

The Butterworths — of course. I glanced once more at the man I had at last identified. But what was the other name? Not Charles, but a name that is like that—the way George is, or Thomas. Details too, of the house, the dinner party, of Mary Butterworth came back to me. Everything, indeed, I remembered better than I did the host, Frank Butterworth—the name Frank spoke itself—who now sat drinking one whiskey after another, writing one page after another only to tear it up and begin again.

It had been during my last visit to Katherine about two years before. And I recalled what a great point she had made of that dinner at the Butterworths'. "You *must* see the house—they've just finished it and it *couldn't* be more attractive. Of course it is a little far out for Frank to motor back and forth every day, and it is pretty big, a regular show place, and Frank isn't really a rich man. But it's wonderful the way Mary manages. That's Mary though, she can do anything. Why, nobody ever heard of Frank Butterworth, at least not the people one wants to know, until she married him. And now look at them!" She told me—admiringly—how Mary had contrived to meet such and such a woman, to get asked to such and such a house, to put this or that "couple" into her debt. (Katherine sees all human beings as "couples" or "extra" men and women available for formal entertainments, just as she sees all landscapes as settings for a country house, or all art objects as ornaments for a drawing-room.)

I remembered too that when we turned from the county road into the Butterworths' private drive I thought Mary must indeed be a good manager. It wound sumptuously between newly planted shrubs and evergreens, past tennis courts, kennels, kitchen gardens, and a picking garden where the rich col-

ors of the zinnias burned like fire in the gray dusk.

The rambling house glowed under the dark trees and we heard as we went in the broken, not quite human, din of human voices outscrambling one another in party talk and laughter. A dozen men and women were on the flagged terrace in the front and from there you saw for the first time the little round lake, dropped like a silver dollar at the foot of the sloping lawn. The woods about it were in deep shadow, but above and beyond, high rolling fields lay wide and tranquil and still bright from the sunset afterglow.

Then our hostess swept toward us, was sending up skyrocket bursts of words that drifted down again, twinkling and too easily extinguished. The sheer, crisp, pale yellow she wore set off her ash-blond hair, and her pale skin that was almost childlike in its perfect fairness. I remembered thinking that as a young girl she must have been very disarming in her appearance. But now there was something a little hawklike and predatory in her appearance. Her fine aquiline nose pointed down ever so slightly to the determined chin that lifted toward it, her pale cheeks were a little hollowed, and her bright smiling eyes were restless and glancing. They peered now into mine, with that brilliant, unrelated smile, then swept in swift estimate over my whole person. The flow of her terribly vivacious chatter went on undisturbed.

"Katherine, darling, you *must* rescue us. O.T. is being *simply* wonderful, but we're out over our heads and I'm going down for the third time with my lungs full of Relativity. Do think of some scandal or a dirty story or anything, to bring us back at least into the first *four* dimensions." She laughed over her shoulder toward the little group she had left and murmured: "O'Toole—Aloysius—the—you know—"

But here the thread of my recollections was broken. When, for instance, did I meet my host? And surely I had never talked to him, either during cocktails or

after dinner. I remembered nothing except the way the long luxurious table, glittering in candlelight, fragrant with white flowers, stretched off to where his patient, ruddy, rather handsome face rose at the far end.

I looked at him now across the club car. A good many torn sheets of paper lay beside him and he still wrote seriously and without haste. Frank Butterworth. And of course he had no recollection of me. She may even have forgotten to present us, so occupied she had been in dominating the party, showering it with her bursts of talk that twinkled like those Fourth of July sparklers that give no heat and such a very evanescent light.

But other impressions of her too must have been forming during that evening. Especially there was a sudden glimpse of her face in the soft, uneven, upward thrust of the candlelight. In that moment I saw a different woman altogether. She wasn't talking or, it seemed, even listening. She was like a swimmer who, in the last extremity of fatigue, floats for a moment, inert, and as it were indifferent.

For an instant I stared, oblivious of the party ritual about us, at this other self of Mary Butterworth. At the woman perhaps who remembered, among the many successes, the inevitable defeats, the few and deep humiliations. Who longed, it might be, for the strength to give up, to abandon the ladder on which it is so easy to slip and the top of which it is the damnation of most climbers never to feel quite sure of having reached. . . . At any rate, I remembered how on the way home I interrupted Katherine's monologue about the Butterworths to exclaim: "But of course, *she* is unhappy too."

Now, thinking of the way I phrased it, I saw that I must have felt that his unhappiness was well known, and that I alone had discovered hers. But Katherine, astonished and shocked, declared I was entirely wrong about them both.

He had at last finished his letter. It covered all four pages of the double sheet. Beside him a fifth or perhaps a

sixth highball glass stood empty. Attentively he read the letter, folded it into an envelope and wrote an address. Out of his plain billfold he took an airmail stamp and pasted it on. But he did not hand the letter to the porter to mail. Instead, after hesitating a moment, he put it into his vest pocket. The discarded pages he tore into smaller pieces and crushed in his hand. But even so, he seemed not to trust the waste basket but thrust the fragments into his jacket pocket. Soon after he went out of the car.

Why, now that he had, with the aid of a good deal of whiskey, got whatever it was off his chest, hadn't he left the letter to be sent from the next station? Or did I merely imagine that the highballs and the letter had something to do with each other? And would he go on drinking like that now that it was done?

I felt rather relieved to discover that he did not. When I went back to my car I saw him in the room across from mine. His door was open and he was sitting there with a book in his hand. There was no drink before him. He did not go into the dining car for dinner and when I came back from there, he was still quietly reading.

I opened a magazine, more concerned with this man's affairs which were certainly no affair of mine, than with what I read. Then a sudden movement across the aisle caught my eye. He had closed the book, dropped it on the seat beside him. In the same brusque way he took the letter out of his vest pocket. His face, I saw, was no longer ruddy. It was quite pale and the receding effects of the alcohol left it strained and tired and older than he could possibly be. And for the first time, through its impassivity, an emotion showed, a look of almost desperate defeat. He held the letter for a moment in his hand and then, without opening it, he tore it into little pieces, crushed these, as he had the others, in his hand and put them in his coat pocket. Then he turned his face to the windows.

I suppose people have a kind of sixth sense about the things that mean the most to them. Katherine Pierce, at least, seems to have. And as conventional gestures are the mainspring of her life, she soon nosed out the fact that I had in this respect transgressed. I had passed through Chicago without letting her know. A slightly offended letter reached me a fortnight or so later and by way of punishment she let me know all I had missed by not stopping off. Lake Forest had never been so full of "interesting" people. Everybody was entertaining and the Butterworths were giving one of their big dinners that week. She hoped, incidentally, that this would put an end to the foolish rumors about them—rumors that he was going to leave her, that he was worried about money, that there was someone he cared for in the East—some mousy, insignificant girl nobody had ever heard of. Katherine was glad she'd always had the sense not to believe it, and of course she'd been right. For here they were, together, and giving a dinner for the British Commission.

Giving a dinner. I put down the letter. It would be just such a party, on just such a summer night as I remembered. Pale frocks, white dinner coats, flowers burning in dusk, the house bright as a jack-o'-lantern under the dark trees. And far away beyond the lake, the high fields—wide and tranquil and still touched by a light from the bright west.

Outside, in the smooth gray light of evening, her delicately predatory face would be hawklike and triumphant. But later, something perhaps would happen. The soft, flawed candlelight would find new lines, and there might be seen, elusive as the overtone of a note of music, the shadow of that other woman—driven and helpless and uniquely sad.

So then I understood. He too had seen her. Very likely he had met her face to face in the bitter moments of disillusion and defeat—knew that he was, really, all she had. And so being such a nice man, there was nothing whatever he could do.



IT'S MADE OF PAPER

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON AND JOSEPH L. NICHOLSON

THE remarkable thing about paper is, not that for centuries it has been used as a material for writing letters and printing books, but that during the past hundred years it has been found to be a cheap and adaptable material for use, accessible to anyone for experiment. Women have used paper for patterns; inventors have used it to make models; soaked in vinegar, it has been usefully applied to a black eye. Because of this adaptability one of the oldest of industries has flowered out with an infinite variety of consumption goods—paper bottles, paper handkerchiefs, paper cups, and more than ten thousand articles of daily use—and then has produced the packages to put them in. The refinement and elaboration of the business of distribution was made possible because of paper. Now the waste itself of paper manufacture is discovered to be the source of raw material for still other consumption goods.

Paper, an evidence of civilization, seems to have been discovered by the Chinese more than two thousand years ago. It is believed that a workman devised a way of turning into paper the fibers from the scraps of silk discarded in the preparation of writing and picture rolls. Later on, in the second century of the Christian era, the secretary of one of the Chinese Emperors introduced a method of making paper from mulberry bark. The Arabs carried some Chinese papermakers back to Samarkand as prisoners of war and set them to work.

Since the mulberry did not grow there, these artisans were forced to experiment with linen fibers. As the Arabian conquests were pushed westward, papermaking was carried along and brought in turn to Egypt, Morocco, Spain, and southern France; during the migration cotton was added to the stock of materials, and by the time papermaking had become common in Europe, cotton and linen rags were the principal materials.

The base process of making paper is about what it was in the days of the early Chinese: it consists in separating the fibers, soaking them until they are a gelatinous pulp, and then simultaneously squeezing out the water and pressing the fibers together in a sheet. Strictly, paper is a felt. Improvements since the Chinese days consist in finding new sources of fiber and in the substitution of chemical processes and machinery for hand labor.

II

In the early days papermaking was always done near towns, the chief source of rags, and the first paper mill in America was set up just outside the most populous center, Philadelphia, by William Rittenhouse in 1690. Part of his mill still stands in Fairmount Park. By 1776 the industry was firmly established in the colonies and thereafter grew rapidly; where there were a hundred mills in the country in 1800, by 1810 the number had doubled and the search for rags was incessant. This demand provoked an intensive search for other materials

and attempts were made to utilize the fibers in cattails, burdocks, thistles, grasses, cabbages, cornstalks, nettles, cornhusks, and ferns. (Paper can be made of any of these materials; the problem is one of storage and supply.)

The reason for this intense demand was the growth of print. Immigration and natural increase were swelling the population, literacy was increasing; the circulation of newspapers was expanding, and from the forties on, the market for school books and self-help literature developed enormously.

The first practical response to the rag shortage was a process for making paper from straw, started shortly before 1830 by William Magaw of Meadville, Pennsylvania. The possibility of a large-scale expansion of papermaking, however, did not come until about the time of the Civil War when, as a result of a series of inventions by Germans, Englishmen, and Americans, it became possible to make wood pulp.

Until this time the demand had been almost entirely for what is sometimes called "cultural paper"—paper for books, writing materials, periodicals, and newspapers. "Mechanical papers" were scarcely used at all and, despite the fact that paper bags were gradually coming into use, and though shoe manufacturers were experimenting with strawboard boxes, paper as an industrial raw material was practically unheard of. Out of two patents issued in 1871 and 1874 for corrugating paper and making packages, and through the accidental discovery by the Robert Gair Company in 1879 of a way to make a folding carton, a few companies built up a paper-package monopoly that lasted through the 90's; but even here the growth was not extraordinary. The United States was still a rural country and the idea of a systematic exploitation of this huge native consumption-goods market was scarcely thought of. When this exploitation began the consumption of paper expanded also. It is with this market and its future and the discovery of new paper uses, rather

than with cultural papers, that this article is concerned.

Last year—in 1940—the production of paper in the United States divided this way:

CULTURAL PAPERS

	<i>Tons</i>
Writing and cover paper	650,000
Book and magazine paper	1,660,000
Newsprint	1,056,000

MECHANICAL PAPERS

Wrapping paper	2,500,000
Paper board	6,450,000*
Tissue, building, industrial and consumption goods papers	2,500,000

Where did this market for mechanical papers come from? When in 1879 Robert Gair made his first carton the whole process of distribution and retailing was a hit or miss confusion. Paper found its great opportunity when a start was made in putting distribution on an organized basis.

Until the Civil War the South had exported cotton and imported manufactured articles, which, more often than not, were taken directly from the port of entry to the plantation warehouse. Now that whole economy had been destroyed and a new one was being pieced together. The South was a raw-material producer and so was the West, even though protection was a national policy. Most of the money and energy were being poured into railroad building, but the roads themselves were least concerned with efficient service and delivery, as every reader of railroad history knows. The organization of this primitive distribution was in the hands of the wholesaler. For the most part he sold anonymous goods in bulk—sugar, coffee, oatmeal, kerosene, yard goods, hardwares—and goods continued to be sold in this way for many years.

Among the first to study methods of distribution were the patent-medicine manufacturers. The lever was paper: almanacs, testimonial advertising, and the paper box.

* 70% of this was recovered from waste paper.

Proprietary medicines were well established before 1860; when the war was over the discharged armies numbered men by the thousand who had been crippled in some way. This additional market was seized upon and in the late 70's the familiar boxes made their appearance. They showed Dr. Munyon pointing at "You!" They showed the luxuriant side whiskers of Dr. Kilmer, the Swamp Root king, and the benign face of Lydia Pinkham. The portraits of Dr. Miles and Colonel Hostetter and Father John and scores of other medical wizards were introduced to America on the side of a paper box. There was so much more room there than could be found on a label!

After the snake-oil men came the boom in patent breakfast cereals which began in the 90's. It started off with a revamped oatmeal and a handsome paper box. To promote the product, Quaker Oats passed out a million sample boxes in New York City alone in 1898. Along with Quaker Oats came Shredded Wheat, Force, Cream of Wheat, and numerous other breakfast foods, all in boxes.

A year later, in 1899, the National Biscuit Company determined to wrap its crackers in pasteboard and, during the birth agonies of the box, named them Uneeda Biscuit.

But the biscuit makers and soap men and the cereal makers were still prospectors in a wilderness. Most of the people in the United States still bought their goods at the general store. This fabulous institution, now embalmed in sentimental amber, was one of the clumsiest means of distributing the goods which man wants. The heart may warm at the memory of political argument, of small-town gossip, but the phrase "cracker barrel philosopher" was very apt. Most crackers, like everything else, came in a barrel, despite the labors of the National Biscuit Company. Until the First World War the general store held its own; then paper helped to smother it.

III

We give the example of the general store because it is the most familiar example of a distribution machine, because the change in distribution methods from the general-store days is so closely tied to the growth of paper uses.

A generation ago, outside of the big towns, people still "got ready" for winter. This meant a stock of potatoes in the cellar and apples bought by the barrel; a provident housewife was one who had a dozen flitches of bacon hanging from the cellar beams. The kerosene can returned from the store with a potato stuck on the spout to keep the oil from leaking; molasses and vinegar were carried home in jugs. The store itself was most often a dark tunnel with windows at either end—the front windows a jungle of carabao buggy whips, a pile of white plates from the Syracuse potteries, a stand of Burpee's garden seeds, a coil of rubber hose, a wooden pail of Heide's hard candy, and a dozen other articles. Getting past this undergrowth, you found yourself before a counter, much nicked and scarred, and waited until the storekeeper, who was also a Federal official, finished putting up the mail for the 3:40. Beside the egg stove Will Atherton and Frank Gardiner could be found from morning till night, settling the affairs of the country, and getting occasional sustenance from an open box of prunes or the yellow store cheese that reposed under a worn fly-screen hood. Spices were weighed out of tin canisters; string licorice was carried raw. Few sales were made for cash; the grocer laboriously entered each item in a pass book and at some time or other—"I presume when the book is full," Colonel Carter said—he was paid.

Just before the War things showed signs of change. During the years when Montgomery Ward and Sears, Roebuck and others were developing the mail-order business, the first of the chain stores—led off by the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company—were organized.

Many of the present-day chains—Woolworth, McCrory, Kress, Kresge, Kroger, James Butler, Bohack, and others were started well before 1900. But in number and stock in trade they were limited. Most of them confined themselves to tea, coffee, flavoring extracts, notions, knick-knacks, and small hardwares.

In 1912 the A & P changed its policy. It went into the grocery business on a huge scale; its retail stores gave no credit, took no telephone orders, made no deliveries, and cut prices. The use of packages and wrappings was essential. Already manufacturers had succumbed to the blandishments of the advertising men and were promoting brands. Simultaneously the paper-bag companies began the manufacture of bags with special printing and design, using colored paper and other new materials. The year before, in 1911, there had been an entirely new development in papermaking when Edward Mayo first successfully made kraft wrapping paper out of Southern pine at Orange, Texas. Introduced as a wrapper by Marshall Field, the use of kraft grew very fast and was promptly taken over by the mail-order houses who were profiting by the establishment of the Parcel Post rate in 1913.

At the moment when wrapping papers were beginning to boom, paper boxes were entering upon a period of expansion. In 1912 the corrugated-paper box manufacturers appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission and petitioned that the east-bound transcontinental rates for goods shipped in fiber be lowered until they were equal with rates charged for wooden packages. The wooden-box men, who had been cozying along with a monopoly for years, awoke in alarm and, rounding up the lumber interests and those railroads which had timber holdings, began a strenuous agitation. They were too late; on April 6, 1914, the paper-box men got their rate.

The truth was that the fiber box appealed to too many people. Freight handlers liked it because it was easy to deal with; there were neither nails nor

splinters to gouge the hands. Shippers liked it because its lighter weight meant a saving and, since it came folded, it required only a fraction of the storage space. Wooden-box manufacturers couldn't afford the best woods and had to make their boxes twenty-five per cent heavier to allow for safety because of knots. A curious example of wooden-box propaganda of thirty years ago was an expensive book of half-tones—with no identification of publisher or sponsorship—called *The Wooden Box vs. The Substitute*. The photographs showed torn and damaged fiber boxes on express trucks and freight platforms, ripped with hook gashes, mashed from transit accidents, and riddled with holes from which spilled breakfast food, shoe polish, and cleaning powder. Missionary work of this character was singularly unsuccessful. Handlers quickly learned to "Use No Hooks" and discovered that the containers couldn't be allowed to get wet.

A chronologically arranged list of articles accepted by the I.C.C. for shipment in fiber boxes shows exactly when this box expansion began and what happened to wooden containers. (In 1913, the year after the paper-box case was filed before the Commission, the production of paper board exceeded that of newsprint, which had previously exceeded any other paper in tonnage.) Crackers, glass lamp chimneys, fruit jars, and cereals had been accepted in 1907; canned goods were admitted in 1914, cigars and cigarettes in 1916. Crockery and furniture were not shipped in fiber until after the War, and wood containers held on to textiles, dry goods, and paints and varnishes until the late 20's. About all that wooden boxes now have left are raw fruits, vegetables, works of art, pianos, and articles for export. Paper manufacturers are now experimenting with fiber containers for use in these remaining fields. Even the United States Army, which insisted upon deliveries in wooden boxes long after everybody else had discarded them, is now giving way—perhaps because the British have insisted

on fiber containers for Lease-Lend shipments to economize in weight and space in shipping.

What the expansion of the chain stores and improved methods of distribution did not do to paper and paper board, the War did. (Automobile transport also is involved here, but a consideration of it must be postponed until later in the series.) The shortage of many food-stuffs completely changed the buying habits of the public; people no longer got ready for winter because many of the articles—one-hundred-pound bags of flour, for example—were not to be had. Food prices rose to unheard of heights and consumers accustomed themselves to hand-to-mouth buying. They have never given it up. The change from private dwellings to apartment houses in the cities made storage impossible. Houses gave up their dining rooms; kitchen cabinets displaced pantries.

Sugar will serve as an example of what happened in food packing. During the shortage it was sold in amounts as small as a pound at a time. To save time clerks weighed out sugar in pound- and two-pound bags, tied them up and stowed them under the counter. At about the same time—1915—the American Sugar Refining Company hired a package specialist from the National Biscuit Company and, where previously they had packed only Domino tablets and a few other sugars, now they began to market the entire line in cardboard.

A comparison of figures clearly shows what was happening to paper. In 1913 the per capita consumption of paper and paper board in the United States was about 65 pounds; by 1927 it had more than doubled itself in a jump to 136 pounds, and by 1940 had almost doubled again, rising to 250 pounds, far exceeding consumption in any other country in the world. The use of paper in newsprint, periodicals, and books has increased prodigiously, but the greatest growth has come with improved methods of distribution and with the expansion of the consumption-goods market.

IV

When the War ended, the paper industry had before it the accumulated domestic demands which had been put off during hostilities; there was another set of demands which had grown out of changed buying habits and methods of distribution; there was a long series of products made *out* of paper which had mostly been in the experimental stage and which were awaiting exploitation. The boom in all three began immediately and rocked the industry on its balances.

In this post-war boom the manufacturers of paper commodities had better luck than the papermakers. The investment ratio in paper manufacture is very high—\$1.6 in value of product to \$1 in land, buildings, and equipment; contiguity to wood supply, transport, and water (water is an absolute essential in paper manufacture) makes the selection of a mill site a difficult and often expensive problem. Furthermore, competition in the industry is intense, price cutting common; the result was that while the consumption of paper was racing along, few of the papermakers were showing much of a profit.

Domestic manufacture is largely distributed as follows:

Newsprint—Maine, New York, and Washington (most of our newsprint is imported)

Writing paper—Massachusetts and Pennsylvania

Book paper—Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Michigan

Tissue paper—New York and Pennsylvania

Wrapping and other papers—Wisconsin, New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, and the Southern States from Texas to Georgia

The extraordinary expansion of paper manufacture in the South was one of the chief developments in the industry after the World War. Paper was made from Southern pine almost a century ago and, until the mill was destroyed by Sherman's army, a number of Confederate newspapers were printed on newsprint made from Georgia pine. Thereafter the manufacture lapsed and there grew up a hardy belief—no one seems to know

how it got started—that because of its resins Southern pine was useless for paper manufacture. In 1909 the use of pine was revived at a mill in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina; two years later, in 1911, Edward Mayo made kraft paper out of pine at Orange, Texas; later still came the well-publicized experiments of Dr. Charles Herty at his laboratory in Savannah, which proved all over again that newsprint and fine papers could be made of pine. By 1940 there were about 60 mills in various parts of the South making pine-wood pulp for wrapping paper, rayon yarn, cellulose film and other plastics, and for towels, toilet paper, and a dozen other paper products. But the prospects before the South as a paper-making region have an advantage that other parts of the country have never had. There is less pressure to get in, cut, and get out; for the faster growth means a better chance for sustained yield.

The increasing use of pine is transforming the economy of the South. Rayon made from Southern pine is taking the place of cotton as a material for tire fabrics. Multiwall bags (as many as six bags may be placed one within another in bags of this type) are displacing cotton and burlap bags for packing chemicals, fertilizers, cement, salt, flour, sugar, and potatoes in weights up to a hundred pounds. The newsprint prospects may not be so rosy since the consumption of it in the United States is slackening, owing to the competition of the radio as a disseminator of news and as an advertising medium. But out of Southern pine are made many of those articles—paper napkins and paper towels for example—which came into common use after the First World War.

Nobody seems to know when toilet paper was invented. A patent was granted to one Seth Wheeler in 1871 for putting toilet paper up in rolls, but consumption was small and confined to cities. Its use first became common after 1900, when the demand for

plumbing increased and the possession of a bathroom, like the possession of an automobile, became an evidence of success. By 1919 toilet paper was an important commodity in the paper market and since then production has risen from 79,000 tons to 285,000 tons in 1939. Paper napkins first appeared in this country in the 90's as an importation from Japan; they seem to have been manufactured here first in 1899. The Dennison Company and others experimented with them over a period of years but the real boom did not come until after 1920 when the quality was improved and folding machinery was devised which made them easier to pack and use. In 1940 thirty-five billion paper napkins were sold in the United States. Paper towels are such a recent development that the Department of Commerce did not bother to list them before 1925. The Scott Paper Company introduced a paper towel in 1911, intended primarily for use by workmen in industrial plants. Despite all the arguments about economy, many of the early towels were unsatisfactory because they came apart while you wiped your hands. As soon as towels were devised that would not tear, their popularity became enormous. Production is now four times what it was in 1925. One important by-product of the paper industry—the sanitary napkin—was a direct consequence of the War: it resulted from the use of cellulose wadding, made from wood pulp, for surgical dressings. It was introduced in 1920, and facial tissues were brought out at about the same time.

In the article on plywood in the September number we spoke of the conflict between machine technology and the ideals of conspicuous waste, the persistent attempt of the manufacturer to imitate something else—generally a luxury—instead of exploiting the material's own merits. For years rayon was an artificial silk and it only recently escaped this bondage; for years plywood was regarded as a cheap substitute. The history of paper is littered with similar

examples and none more apt than "the Third Avenue paper suitcase." Everyone has seen this suitcase. Made of pasteboard, covered with pebbled black paper that imitates leather and deceives no one, equipped with a handle guaranteed to come off and with straps of scrap leather, this article ranks high in the list of shoddy goods. It has been made and sold for years, a cheap substitute for the expensive leather case that alone was socially acceptable. The leather might be heavy, it might crack, it was always expensive; let it be imitated.

Meantime the manufacture of laminated plastic luggage—made of paper saturated with a plastic and pressed into shape—was creeping along on hands and knees. Finally the salesmen were converted to it and airplane travel with its necessity for light-weight luggage made it acceptable. Many waste baskets and other household articles are now made of plastic and laminated paper; it is used in industry as a material for cams, bushings, gears, gaskets, and in many other ways.

Paper bottles were not hindered by notions of conspicuous waste but Boards of Health were dubious about them, and glass manufacturers were very sympathetic with the doubts. A paper milk bottle was made in Dayton as early as 1915 and paper containers for other liquids were manufactured in Michigan at the same time. None was satisfactory. A paper milk bottle seems to have been made in Milwaukee even earlier. There were complaints because the cream line was not visible, as it is in a glass bottle. In the early 20's Florida orange growers tried out paper bottles as containers for orange juice, but they didn't work either. The first successful liquid container was brought out about 1928, when the National Dairy Company adopted the Sealcone milk bottle. In 1935 a number of oil companies began to use quart containers of paper for lubricating oil. Since then paper bottles have come on with a rush. Last summer a Chicago dairy decided to fight a Board of Health prohibition and got a favor-

able court decision; now paper bottles are being adopted by milk companies all over the country. Because it costs too much to ship paper empties full of air, some dairy companies have installed fabricating machinery that will make the bottles at the creamery out of scored "blanks" supplied them by paper manufacturers. Some dairy companies are experimenting with the idea of a machine to make the bottle from a roll of paper at the bottling works.

V

The effects of the present war and the defense program on paper are difficult to foresee. The demands of the Army are enormous, and the paper industry is expanding as rapidly as possible to meet these demands. What will this oversized plant be used for when the war is over? It will be used, no doubt, to supply new consumer uses. For experiment is constant. Paper raincoats and windbreakers are already on the market. Du Pont was recently granted a patent on a process to make a noiseless waterproof paper suitable for lining garments. Paper sheets and pillow cases have been given a short trial, though they are still too expensive to offer competition to cotton. Seventy per cent of laminated plastics are made with paper; there are paper thermometers that change color with changes in temperature. The recovery percentage from waste paper is very high and promises to be even greater since the recent introduction of vegetable inks. Old Chicago telephone books have their ink removed and are repulped to make new ones. A can manufacturer is now experimenting with a paper container for cooked fruit and vegetables. Another can company is trying out a beer can of reinforced molded paper. A very recent development is a paper bag lined with a transparent rubber derivative to replace vacuum pack cans for coffee. The bags are filled with coffee and before the bag is sealed the air is displaced with some

such inert gas as carbon dioxide. Coffee in these bags is said to be marketable for sixty to seventy days. Not only does the bag cost less than tin but it also requires less space and weighs a third of an ounce, where the tin can weighs more than six ounces.

And what next? Here are two examples—one concerned with the utilization of paper waste and one that has no connection with the industry at all. Many types of paper are made with a filler of clay which gives the paper body, opacity, or a smooth surface. To-day active experiment is being carried on to make a paper substitute from clay alone. This clay is called Bentonite and from it it is possible to make papers as clearly transparent as cellophane; it may be used as a liner for containers and for book paper that is "everlasting." So far most of this so-called paper has been used in place of mica for insulation, but it has possibilities for other uses.

Finally, there is the work being done on paper waste, the liquor that is left from the process of separating the wood fibers. This liquor promises to supply the raw materials for still another long list of consumption goods. Its chief constituent is lignin, the substance which glues one wood fiber to another and holds the tree together. For years the chief interest of chemists in lignin was not in what might be done with it but in how quickly and how cheaply it might be separated from the fibers that would be used for paper. The lignin itself, as a part of the waste liquor, was discharged into the nearest creek. Some years ago the conservationists became aroused about this and started a vigorous agita-

tion to have the liquor diverted. In Wisconsin, for example, trout and bass fishing brought a considerable income into the State, and paper-mill waste did not help the fishing any. The Izaak Walton Clubs enlisted the help of the resort proprietors and succeeded in getting a law passed to restrict waste dumping.

Forced at last to act, the paper makers hired research staffs and enough progress has been made to show the remarkable series of products that may emerge. The chemical range of lignin is the same as that of coal and we may presently see drugs, colors, and other familiar coal-tar products coming from trees. As a result of successful manufacture in Finland and Canada, a company was organized recently to build a chain of plants near American paper mills to extract yeast of various types from waste liquor, "notably baker's yeast, pharmaceutical yeast, and animal feed yeast. Plans include development and manufacture of glue, plastics, and fertilizers as by-products." Already half the vanilla flavoring sold comes from paper-mill waste. Another by-product is used to tan leather; still another is an activated carbon used for filtering sugar and beer; a liquid resin is used in the manufacture of soap, ink, textiles, and in mineral flotation.

So wide is the prospect which the by-products offer that eventually they may be more valuable than paper itself. Meantime paper, having largely displaced wood as a container, is pushing glass and steel. To-morrow the can opener may be obsolete, a historical curiosity and an exhibit in a museum of household arts.



CAN THEY HAVE CHILDREN?

THE PROBLEM OF STERILITY AND INFERTILITY

BY ALBERT HORLINGS

IF YOU were asked to name the cause of the decline in the American birthrate—especially among the more prosperous and educated classes—wouldn't you say, at once, "Contraceptives"? Most people would. Most population authorities have given the impression that the increasing use of contraceptives is almost the sole cause. But there is another very important factor: sterility (with its partner, lowered fertility). If many American couples produce few children or none at all it is not simply because they won't but, in a vast number of cases, because they can't.

The National Resources Committee estimates that one-sixth of our married women never bear children, and the number seems to be increasing. One important survey by Whelpton and Jackson is summarized thus by Dr. Whelpton: "In a population having the marital distribution and specific birth and death rates of white women in the United States in 1919-21, 12 per cent of the wives will be childless. With the marital distribution and specific rates of 1929-31, 23.1 per cent of the wives would be childless." More recently it has been reported that 28 per cent of the native white marriages in typical large Northern cities were fruitless after five to nine years. Exactly how much of this childlessness is deliberate it is impossible to say, but birth-control clinicians all over the world agree that contraceptives are usually utilized to space pregnancies rather than

to avoid them entirely. Between 70 and 85 per cent of childless American women questioned in surveys admit they want to be mothers, and many experienced gynecologists think the proportion is actually higher. In some parts of the world childless wives still face the ancient penalties of contempt and ridicule, and this attitude has left its traces in Western life despite the fact that the male bears some of the responsibility in the majority of childless marriages, and most of it in 30 or 40 per cent of the cases.

Low fecundity seems to be particularly common among professional men and women and other educated groups. Not only are sterile marriages more frequent with these people, but the general level of fertility is much lower; even when they have children they generally conceive them less promptly and at longer intervals. Studies here and abroad make it clear that successful people who can provide the kind of environment that offers the best chances for developing intelligent and healthy children are, willingly and unwillingly, shifting the childbearing load upon their less fortunate neighbors.

If this makes gloomy reading it should be added that a public knowledge of already discovered facts can at least help us to reduce sterility and to increase human fertility. This subject has received so little lay discussion that it is not generally realized how rapidly medical knowledge of sterility is expanding.

Indeed, the advance has been so swift that, whereas there were probably only a half dozen physicians in 1920 who achieved even 20 per cent success in providing relief from sterility, to-day there are many groups of expert workers whose percentage of cures ranges from 40 to 50 per cent.

II

In medical discussions the term sterility is seldom used in its rigid dictionary sense. A distinction is made first of all between "primary" and "secondary" sterility, the term "primary" applying to cases where conception has never taken place, and "secondary" applying to sterility which sets in after the birth of a child. But the most useful distinction is that between "relative" and "absolute" sterility. Relative sterility is the result of constitutional causes, such as nervousness or obesity, and absolute sterility of organic causes—usually the impairment of the reproductive organs. Absolute sterility can sometimes be cured by removing an obstruction.

Male sterility, which is most often due to constitutional causes, is not necessarily easier to cure than that of the female, but it is many times easier to diagnose. For that reason the male partner of an infertile union might well see a urologist before his wife consults a gynecologist. The urologist will subject the patient's sperm to microscopic examination, a simple and relatively certain method of diagnosis. He will count the number of sperm per cubic centimeter, since a low count may be the clue to the difficulty. (A count of less than 60,000,000 sperm per cubic centimeter may indicate sterility, although the former belief that it inevitably did so was disproved by a skeptical researcher who examined the husbands of pregnant women. He found that 25 per cent of those examined had counts below 60,000,000 per c.c. and that one father-to-be reached a low of 2,250,000.) The urologist will further observe the vigor with which the sperm move and the number which are in one

way or another abnormal. Not more than 19 or 20 per cent of the sperm should be malformed; more than 25 per cent makes sterility almost certain.

If examination discloses a low count or too many weak or malformed sperm the doctor will examine the patient for infections, particularly in the mouth and sinuses. He will also look for a history of mumps, malaria, or gonorrhea, diseases which may result in sterility.

In women absolute sterility may be the result of various organic abnormalities. Sometimes malposition of the uterus is to blame; more frequently the Fallopian tubes are closed as the result of infections from gonorrhea, of abortions, appendicitis, or other abdominal ailments. To determine whether the tubes are open a gynecologist may insufflate them with air or carbon dioxide, and in about 20 per cent of such cases the obstruction is removed, the diagnosis becoming also the cure.

The use of x-ray has corrected some stubborn cases of female sterility in which all other treatments had failed. Just how the cure is effected is not known. One theory is that the minute doses of x-ray stimulate the pituitary or ovary into increasing hormone production. Another suggests that the x-ray destroys mature follicles, thus permitting the growth of younger ones. Surgical treatments also have produced dramatic results.

For the nervous, run-down type of individual whose lack of body tone tends to reduce fertility, a commonly suggested remedy is a vacation, regular habits, and exercise, and a diet emphasizing beef, milk, vegetables, and citrus fruits. Obesity or a low metabolism rate frequently results in sterility. Infertile women who are given by their doctors endocrine substances for slimming purposes sometimes find to their surprise that their metabolism rate has been so speeded up that they have conceived.

It was not until fifteen years ago that two researchers independently established that the anterior pituitary gland regu-

lates the growth and functioning of the reproductive glands in both men and women. Out of this knowledge have come recent discoveries in the field of hormonal therapy which, though still in the experimental stage, have shown some promise in the treatment of impotence and infertility.

Recent developments suggest that we are just beginning to understand the role of diet in fertility. Both Darwin and Herbert Spencer were certain that there was a connection between the two, and it has frequently been observed that pastoral people whose diet is rich in milk and vegetables retain their virility until late in life. About a decade ago great emphasis was put on Vitamin E, "the fertility vitamin." It is true that laboratory animals become sterile when Vitamin E is withheld from their diet, but it is now generally believed that this factor is so common in human foods that knowledge of it is of little practical importance. It was only recently that the scientific world was told that Vitamin C is also important to fertility. As the result of eight years of research by a group of University of Wisconsin scientists, it now appears that Vitamin C not only increases fertility but postpones some of the body changes associated with growing old.

It has long been thought that the use of contraceptives caused sterility. Experts now lean heavily to the belief that this is not true except with some of the primitive methods used by the poor, and with intracervical contraceptives of the type which found approval principally in Germany. A typical investigation reported in the *American Medical Journal* dealt with 884 birth control patients who had used the diaphragm and jelly method. When the practice was stopped one-half conceived within one month and three-fourths within three months. These statistics are surprisingly high when compared with those for women who had never used contraceptives. The late Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University found that when birth control

was not practiced a pregnancy occurred about once in three years. The number of exposures per pregnancy when contraceptives had never been used ranged from 288 for wives under 20 years old, to 1,552 for women aged 40 to 49. Incidentally, this fact that the average healthy couple must have intercourse from 300 to 1,500 times before achieving pregnancy, suggests that many couples become alarmed too soon over their failure to reproduce. Further, it suggests an explanation of the fact that artificial insemination often meets with only limited success.

III

The psychological cures of sterility, though they do not loom large percentagewise in medical statistics, make up some of the most interesting clinical cases. Everyone who has lived in the intimacy of a small town is familiar with what we may call the case of the Browns. The Browns have no children. After a few years Mrs. Brown begins to suffer from the unspoken sympathy of other women and their embarrassed and insincere deprecations of their own maternal pleasures. Mr. Brown has perhaps been ashamed of what he thought might be his lack of virility. When he chivalrously helps a woman swing a baby carriage down the post-office steps, a citizen remarks: "You do it so well you ought to get one for yourself, Joe." After a while Joe stops pretending and looks hungrily or ruefully, according to his nature, at his friends' children. Finally one day the Browns adopt a baby. The next year they have one of their own.

A West Coast urologist got what looked like a common sterility patient—sedentary, intellectual, healthy without being robust, reasonably vigorous in spite of a slight tendency to anemia. He was, he said, a professor of literature who tried with desperate sincerity to flail through a certain amount of physical exercise. He had been normally and happily married for four years; no issue.

This man had suffered from one of the sterilizing diseases and feared he would never have children.

The doctor made the usual tests. "I have good news for you," he said. "Your sterility is due to constitutional causes which can probably be corrected. Your sperm count is low and the percentage of abnormal sperms is right at 20 per cent, the usual fertility limit. We have to correct both of these things. It may take considerable time, and I can't guarantee success. But if you can afford the treatments I think you have a good chance of succeeding. There is not a single mechanical reason why you should not. I should advise that your wife now be examined by a gynecologist to make sure that she is capable of conception. If she is and you want to start treatment, telephone for an appointment."

When the man did telephone it was to ask the name of an obstetrician, who later delivered a normal baby!

This is of course an unusual case—as infrequent as relief from sterility after adoption is frequent. Both are cases of psychological remedies. Neither is well understood. We do know that the sympathetic nervous system controls the sex functions, and it is surmised that the fondling of a child may help to relieve frigidity, which is a factor in sterility. About the professor it is difficult to hazard more than a wild guess. Since he was constitutionally on the border line of infertility, the fear of sterility may well have created enough of a mental hazard to make him sterile in fact. The knowledge that he was not permanently barred from parenthood could have furnished the release.

Over-anxiety is frequently a factor in sterility and low fertility, particularly among the intelligent. One couple, both over thirty-five, married with the full realization that their chances of having children were diminished because of their age. As they had feared, their marriage was fruitless. When a doctor told them there was no reason why they should not have a child they

promptly had one. Another couple had spent several hundred dollars with gynecologists and urologists without avail. Finally they decided that since they couldn't have children anyway they would put their money into a cottage on the seashore. They no sooner got thoroughly absorbed in the business of buying and improving land and getting construction under way than they had to revise their budget to provide for a bassinet.

While it is apparent that good sense and a good doctor can help hundreds of thousands of childless couples, it is true that for other hundreds of thousands the day will come when they feel they have done everything they can and must resign themselves to living without children of their own. This is a day of some psychic peril. Medical writers have sometimes observed that sterility groups contain a larger than average number of persons who are self-centered and show a lack of warmth in their social and personal relations. People of this kind frequently are the victims of frigidity and an abnormal reaction to the family relationship. Childlessness is often cited as a cause of unhappy marriages even with extroverted people; for those who are already too preoccupied with living with their own personalities the frustration of sterility may cause deep psychological disturbances.

One solution is to develop compensations. Of these, adoption is the first to suggest itself; but for persons of limited income this solution is not so easy as it once was. The demand for adoptable children frequently exceeds the supply, and some orphanages have been able to impose formidable financial and other hurdles that restrict the range of choice of all but well-to-do couples. Hobbies, travel, social service, all may help to avert psychological tragedy.

When the husband is sterile, artificial insemination may offer a solution to the family's problem. It has been reported on the basis of a questionnaire to several thousand gynecologists that there are now about ten thousand children in the

United States conceived by this method, but no universally accepted statistics are available. Anonymous but thoroughly investigated donors, frequently medical students, are on call in most large cities. Yet although widely practiced, artificial insemination is so expensive that in only a small percentage of cases is it continued until conception takes place.

IV

Despite greatly improved medical technics there is no reason to believe that sterility and infertility are on the decline: indeed, all the evidence points the other way. It is possible that taken separately, neither unwillingness nor inability to bear children in reasonable numbers would be much of a problem. Aggravating each other, however, they are certain to hasten profound population changes. Fecund couples cannot sustain the race simply by raising enough children to replace themselves; they must also replace the people who are sterile and infertile or who never marry. A common tendency is to be complacent so long as the gross birthrate exceeds the deathrate, as ours does now. But this ignores important factors in the problem.

In the first place it ignores the question of *whose* birthrate exceeds the deathrate. The very people whom we are accustomed to think of as leading citizens are contributing least to the citizenry of tomorrow. Women college graduates, for example, have only half as many children as women who leave school before the seventh grade, and families with \$3,000 incomes have only half as many babies as families with incomes of less than \$1,000. A survey in Brooklyn showed that native-born white wives were half again as likely to be childless as foreign-born wives. An analysis of the 1935-36 National Health Survey revealed that couples earning \$3,000 and over had a birthrate only 42 per cent as large as that needed to perpetuate themselves. Indeed, the only families who were holding their own were those on re-

lief. This trend is increased by the fact that the well-to-do marry later and less often. If a girl's family has an income of about \$20 or \$30 a week she is three times more likely to be married in the high-fertility years of 20 to 24 than if her family makes \$60 a week or more.

When the birthrate declines faster in one group than in another a nation faces new problems. An illustration of this is provided by England. Using the Binet test on British schoolchildren, J. A. Fraser and Roberts Burden concluded that intelligence in England is declining at a rate between one and a half and two points per generation. This was in substantial agreement with an earlier study by Cattell. Dividing their subjects into five groups, from the very brightest to the distinctly backward, Fraser and Burden found a perfect inverse ratio between intelligence and the number of brothers and sisters. Assuming that bright children came from bright parents, the authors concluded from this that the most intelligent had the fewest children; those of average intelligence had an average number of children; and the least intelligent had droves of them. "Considering the extremes," they concluded, "it probably would not be far from the truth to say that the dullest persons in the population have an average of about three times as many children as the brightest."

Somewhat similar results have been obtained in the United States, the most startling of them from a study by Theodore Lentz, Jr., of 4,330 children in four States. Lentz found that those scoring highest in intelligence tests (I.Q.'s of over 150) came from families averaging 2.2 children, while the lowest-scorers (under 60) came from families averaging 5.5 children. Though most psychologists believe that intelligence tests are weighted by the environment and the opportunities of the persons studied, and to that extent must be discounted, the evidence is still alarming.

Our population deficits in the United States until recently have been made

good by the poor and the rural. How long we can continue to depend upon these reservoirs is problematic. The rural non-farm replacement rate dropped from 132 to 116 between the last two censuses and the farms themselves produced 1,400,000 fewer children in the past decade than they did in the 1920's. If the farm-replacement rate falls much below its present 136, where will the cities make up for their own potential deficit of 24 per cent?

Perhaps the most desirable solution would be simply to persuade the successful to have as many children as they can, since it is reasonable to suppose that they will transmit a good deal of intelligence and ambition, and since they can also provide an excellent environment for their children's development. There is now some slight evidence that the wealthiest people are beginning to enlarge their families, and a few individuals are conducting quiet campaigns among them in the hope that this will become a trend. Middle-class people who come up the hard way, however, feel they have little choice about the size of their families. Above the despair level, the sense of insecurity tends to depress the birthrate. In its simplest terms, this was demonstrated by the sharp drop in marriages at the beginning of the depression. A year or two after this dip, and following it as naturally as the trough of a succeeding breaker, came a dip in the birthrate.

One means of guarding our reservoir of future leadership would be to give bright boys and girls greater opportunity in small towns and on the farms, and to increase the attractiveness of active urban occupations. Middle-class child-bearing could be encouraged by adopting a plan similar to that worked out in Sweden before the present war. In contrast to the German practice, no direct child endowments were to be paid under this scheme, but community benefits were provided. Employers were required to grant maternity leaves, free nurseries were established for employed

mothers, and rent rebates were paid on a per-child basis.

Within the foreseeable future it will be necessary to recruit the majority of bright children from less favored homes. There is now great wastage due to death and disease in these groups, as well as a too frequent perversion of talent to unsocial ends. This fact probably bears a close relationship to the report at a recent conference of nutritionists in Washington that fifty million Americans are undernourished. The Food Stamp Plan, one of the more widely supported New Deal measures, has attacked this problem for persons on relief. New Zealand's answer is a child endowment plan, a scheme more recently adopted by Australia. The latter country provides about a dollar a week for each child in excess of one. This goes to the rich and poor alike, but part of the revenue comes from abolishing the income-tax exemption for all children after the first. Australia and New Zealand also pay maternity benefits.

Whatever guards the health and vigor of children and adolescents, and encourages in them a sound sense of physical values, will alleviate the problem of infertility. A frontal attack on sterility could be made by campaigning even more strenuously against the venereal diseases. Despite our new awareness of these and of their terrible physical and social toll, we have not yet begun to make the inroads on them that the Scandinavian countries proved possible. The other sterilizing and debilitating diseases need attention as well; according to the National Resources Committee, there are between five and six million cases of malaria in the United States every year, most of which could be prevented. Demographically we are in a new era, and for the first time we are in the position of having to be population conservationists. The way to begin is to realize that involuntary childlessness is a major factor in curtailing the national birthrate, and that in a surprising number of instances it can be cured.



PARACHUTES COMING DOWN

A NEW ZEALANDER'S FIRST-HAND REPORT

BY MELVILLE C. HILL-RENNIE

As told to Allan A. Michie

*Throughout the German attack on Crete last spring New Zealand troops were in the thick of the fighting. Private Melville C. Hill-Rennie of the 20th Battalion, New Zealand Infantry, was one of them. Private Hill-Rennie, a keen, good-looking, quiet-spoken young soldier of twenty-three, enlisted in the fall of 1940, came to Egypt with New Zealand reinforcements and received his baptism of fire in Greece. He was a reporter and advertising salesman on the *Nasterton Times-Age* in the New Zealand province of Wairarapa before enlisting. This is his story.—Allan A. Michie.*

AFTER our evacuation from Greece we were landed on Crete and took up positions on the hills above Canea, the main town. Before the Greek campaign there had been only three battalions on the island, but with our arrival the defending force was raised to around twenty-seven thousand men. Most of them belonged to scratch outfits, however, hurriedly thrown together, and they didn't have the valuable experience of working alongside one another under fire.

It was a pleasant little island, very much like the Greek countryside, with rocky brown hillsides and fields covered with ripening oats and green olive trees. We had air raids virtually every day on the few small harbors round the island, but they didn't bother us up on the hills, and in the evenings my pals and I would walk into the quiet villages and drink country wine with the natives.

About four days before the invasion started on May 20th things began to get hot—planes were coming over more or less continuously, but they left us alone and went for the three makeshift air-dromes on the island. We learned later that they managed to knock out on the

ground the few Hurricanes and Brewster Buffaloes which the R.A.F. had there, so that on the day of the invasion not one British plane was fit to leave the ground. With this intensified attention from Jerry we thought that something was about to happen so we took the precaution of digging slit trenches about three or four feet deep all through the hills overlooking Canea.

We turned in as usual at about nine-thirty on the night of May 19th. Lying in my blankets under the olive trees in the bright starlight, I remember hearing a chap with a beautiful voice singing "Empty Saddles in the Old Corral" off in the distance before I dropped off to sleep.

The next morning after breakfast our platoon, as duty platoon for the day, began to climb up to the hilltops to take up guard duty against parachute landings. Suddenly one of the boys said, "Listen." We all stopped and cocked our ears. Off in the distance, but growing louder every second, we could hear the drone of a large formation of planes; then the planes themselves appeared. There were literally hundreds of them, stringing back out along the sky on their way over from

Greece, and I could see that the planes in front were losing height rapidly to come down to work on us. Just as I dropped into a slit trench I counted eight bombs tumbling out of the belly of the leading plane, a Dornier Do17, and with a sickening sensation I saw them go crashing down below us into the middle of my company's bivouac area which we had just left.

No sooner had we put our heads down in the trenches than the Messerschmitt fighters swooped down with their machine guns rattling. After them came the Stukas, the dive bombers, and every now and then when I dared look upward I could see their bombs peel away from the planes at the bottom of their dives. We didn't dare look up often, however, because the 'schmitter pilots could spot our faces and would let us have it.

As it was they were coming down to forty or fifty feet above the ground to fire their cannon and guns. They were hedgehopping across the olive trees, firing intermittent bursts, and I lay hugging the ground at the bottom of my trench wondering if the next burst would get me.

This initial strafing went on for one long hour and by the end of that time we knew that this was no ordinary air raid. Jerry was trying to keep our noses in the ground, and we knew that this was his way of preparing for parachute landings. Wave after wave of planes came over us—Messerschmitts, Stukas, then Dorniers—as regular as clockwork. No sooner had the sound of the engines of one wave passed over than a second wave appeared. Jerry used everything he had to demoralize us—screaming bombs, whistlers, even sirens on the planes themselves. The noise was terrific, but we had surprisingly few casualties at the end of that hour, largely because most of us had sense enough to hug the ground and not stand up and offer ourselves as targets.

There was a distinct lull as the last wave of planes disappeared in the distance and I scrambled up to the hilltop

observation post to stand guard against parachutists. As I was looking out to sea I heard a new, whirring noise directly behind me. Turning round, I saw a big black machine coming directly overhead. It was a glider. It passed down the hill and pancaked into the ground where our troops were stationed. The pilot's leg was broken as he landed his glider, which was packed with machine guns, ammunition, and medical supplies. He turned out to be an unarmed youngster of fifteen. He said that he had left Vienna only four weeks before. The German officers had told him that he would be quite safe on Crete, with experienced soldiers to protect him and only a few badly armed Greeks and Cretans as opposition.

We didn't have much time to waste on him. Shortly after he landed, a large formation of Junker Ju52's, troop transports, appeared above us, circled round and picked out positions on which to land their troops. They were only a few hundred feet above the ground. One by one we could see black shapes plummet out of the planes, then jerk upward again as their chutes opened. There were about fifteen men from each plane. Other chutes came down bearing canisters and large boxes carrying supplies, guns, and ammunition. They floated down just out of range and went out of sight behind a hill half a mile away. In an instant there came the sound of rapid, concentrated firing. Most of the Jerries were wiped out before their feet hit the ground. The others were picked off as they struggled out of their chute harnesses and tried to organize into parties for their defense. Our boys skipped about from tree to tree, firing from the hip as they ran, and in a few minutes not a single Jerry out of this first lot remained alive.

There was no doubt that the Nazis were surprised at the reception they got. As we checked later from captured Jerries, they thought that Crete was defended only by Greeks and Cretans. Their intelligence had not told them of

the arrival of strong British units after the Greek evacuation. As they jumped from their planes they expected to have plenty of time in which to organize their attacks on the island strong points. Instead they found themselves immediately on the defensive, fighting for their lives even before their feet touched the red earth of Crete. Admittedly their expedition was well-organized, planned down to the last detail. The chutes they used were of different colors—the noncom in charge of each party used a brown-and-white chute and the idea was that all the others were to make for his chute as soon as they landed. Chutes carrying ammo were red; medical supplies pink; food white-and-blue, etc. Every day these colors were changed.

All over the island landings were taking place at the same time. These first landings continued for half an hour, although no more were dropped in our area. I saw one plane head up into a dried-up river valley about half a mile away. The pilot must have misjudged his height. Anyway I counted thirty-five bodies drop from the plane—and not one parachute opened before the men hit the ground! A few minutes later a big Junker on its way back to Greece skimmed about fifty feet over my head. Its side doors were still open and I could see one parachute caught on the door. Trailing out on the harness along the fuselage was the body of a Jerry. Probably he was still alive.

About three thousand Nazis in all were landed that morning. Small parties which landed at Heraklion and Retimo were beaten off immediately and those areas were never threatened again. Larger parties which landed at Canea, where we were, and at Maleme airdrome were killed outright, but a few score managed to hole up in a dry river bed next to the drome, where our guns couldn't reach them. They managed to hold out until late in the afternoon, when hundreds more were dropped to reinforce them. As it turned out later, it was the resistance of this pocket which

really enabled the Nazis to take the island: it was these Nazis who took and held Maleme drome, enabling the Germans to land strong reinforcements after their dive-bombers had driven us off it.

II

On the afternoon of the 20th our company was withdrawn from the hills to guard divisional headquarters and we stayed there all that night and the next day. There we managed to get most of the news as it came through. There was no doubt that Jerry was getting a hot reception all over the island. As we discovered later, the Germans did not issue details of the Crete fighting for the first five days, a sure sign that it was touch and go for them.

On the night of the 21st we were told to be ready to move in ten minutes, and finally about ten P.M. the whole battalion climbed into trucks and we drove off. We debussed along a line about three miles from Maleme airdrome and were told that we were to attack at dawn against the chutists who held it.

For half an hour or so we squatted about on the ground in the darkness, not able to smoke in case our lights would be spotted, just waiting for the signal to advance. We were all pretty tense and we didn't say much, but we were pleased that we were going to get a real crack at Jerry. The battalion was strung out in an extended line from the seacoast to the main road leading up to the drome. On our left flank, just across the road, the Maoris took up position in another long line.

Then came our orders. "Fix bayonets," said the platoon officers. The word was passed down the line. We each "put one up the spout," that is, put a bullet in the chamber, and then came the order: "Advance."

It was still dark, but we set off at a slow walk, carrying our rifles at high port, and I could hear the footsteps of the men in the other companies behind us, strung out one hundred yards apart.

We pushed on this way for a full ten minutes. As extreme flank man, I walked in the ditch along the road and it was my responsibility to see that no Germans got through on the road behind us. Suddenly we ran into our first opposition. A Jerry machine-gun nest opened fire on us at a range of fifty yards and they got four of our boys before we could drop to the ground.

The man just on my right gave a sharp yelp and I crawled over to see what was the matter. Two fingers of his right hand had been blown off by an explosive bullet. Jerry was using tracers and it was strange to lie there under the olive trees and see the bullets coming. I could see the explosive ones go off in a shower of flame and smoke as they hit the trees. We waited on the ground and finally the order came for my section to advance and wipe out the nest.

We edged forward on our stomachs until we were within twenty yards of the Nazis, who were tucked away behind a large tree, and then opened fire with our one Tommy gun, one Bren gun, and eight rifles. As we kept up the fire the platoon officer cautiously crawled round to the side and slightly to the rear of the tree. Although it was still dark, we could tell by the way the Jerries were shouting to one another that they didn't like the looks of the situation. When he got round behind the tree the platoon officer jumped to his feet and hurled three Mills bombs, one right after another, into the nest and then jumped forward with his revolver blazing. Single-handed, he wiped out seven Jerries with their Tommy guns and another with a machine gun. It was real V.C. stuff. Two machine gunners managed to hobble away in the darkness, but we got them later.

We reformed our lines and as we did so I could hear shouting from down along the beach, where the boys were dealing with more nests. We pushed on slowly for another fifty yards or so. By this time it was getting light and I could make out the shape of a house on the

edge of the road just ahead. Just then Jerry opened up with machine guns from the windows of the house and from a small outhouse at the rear. We fell to the ground again and took cover.

I got a bead on one of the windows and as soon as one of the Nazis poked his head above the sill with his machine gun I let fly. I caught him right through the throat and the machine gun tumbled down inside the window. Our platoon officer dashed ahead again and came round from the back toward the door of the outhouse.

"Come on out!" he shouted. The Germans' answer was a burst of fire. The platoon officer stepped back round the corner and yelled to us to hold fire. Taking a Mills bomb from his pocket, he calmly pulled the catch and then carefully placed it in the hand of a dead Jerry whose arm was stretched out through the outhouse door.

"Take that, you bastards," I heard him say. Then he stepped back and waited for the explosion. As soon as the bomb went off he shouted, "Come on, boys, they're finished," and we rushed forward.

There were about eight German wounded inside. Half a dozen more came running out of the house: they had their hands held high and were yelling "Camerad, camerad." The majority of them were well-built, strapping fellows, who looked like picked men. Most of them knew a smattering of English. In neither nest had I seen any officers: those in charge were either corporals or sergeants.

We dumped their guns down the well and left their wounded under guard to wait for the upcoming stretcher bearers, and then moved on. Over on my left I could hear wild shouts from the Maori lines as they forged ahead. All along the line to the beach we ran into German fire as the enemy retreated to the airdrome, but we didn't waste much time. We were all anxious to finish the job. Every now and then the Nazis turned and offered resistance: at

one point I saw a long bamboo fence neatly whittled down as the Germans raked their machine guns across the fields and groves.

It was broad daylight by this time. Our lines had strung out in a semicircle. On my right the boys on the beach strip had managed to fight their way through to the airdrome where they quickly wiped out the Nazis defending it, but we in the middle sector came up against Maleme village where Jerry had taken up vantage points in the houses. We slowly blasted our way from house to house, wiping out one nest after another, while the snipers kept up a constant, deadly fire at us for more than two hours.

At one house the Nazis had mounted a captured British Bofors gun from the airdrome behind a well and were turning it on our men with devastating results. We just had to wipe out that gun crew. With two Bren gunners I sneaked forward until I was in a position to cover my platoon officer who was advancing toward the well. Cautiously he crawled forward on his stomach for thirty yards; then he tossed his Mills bomb smack on to a gunner crouched behind the well. We rushed forward and carelessly stood up behind the battered gun and the dead Jerry. At that moment a Hun sniper opened up from the houses. The New Zealander on my right died instantly with a bullet in his head. The Maori on my other side fell to the ground with a bad wound in his stomach.

I flopped behind the well and waited for a chance to dash for cover. The Maori was dying fast and there wasn't much I could do. Struggling hard for breath, he asked me if I'd take away his "meat ticket" (identity card), his "tiki" (Maori charm), and a small cross from his neck. I did. A minute later I scrambled to my feet and dashed across the rough road.

Right in the middle of the road I lost my balance, tripped and fell sprawling on my face. Instantly the sniper opened up on me. I decided the only thing to

do was to lie doggo and make believe he had killed me.

For five agonizing minutes I lay still as a corpse. Then, for some reason, he took another shot at me. The bullet pinged into the road just under my knee. I decided to put on a really convincing act and for twenty more horrible minutes I lay dead still.

Then gathering myself for a spring, I jumped and ran for the ditch on the far side of the road where his bullets couldn't reach me. I wiggled back down the ditch and rejoined my outfit.

III

By this time the Nazis had opened up with their dive bombers on our boys on the drome and a general retreat was ordered all along the lines. It was absolutely impossible to stand up to the weight of stuff they were dropping on the open drome and the only thing we could do was to get back into the cover of the hills.

Soon the German air activity had become terrific. All day long their troop transports came rumbling down on Maleme airdrome and discharged their loads: at one time they were arriving at the rate of one plane every three minutes! Up on the hill to which we had managed to make our way we were dive-bombed and machine-gunned from the air constantly. We had no cover at all but simply crouched in shallow trenches and hoped that the oats and grape vines would hide us.

Late in the afternoon the German advance patrols coming out of Maleme came in contact with us. From five hundred yards they opened up with their trench mortars, one of their most effective weapons, and the shells exploded into the flinty ground and threw muck all over the place. As many as six mortar shells per minute were landing on some portions of our lines. It was obvious to all of us that we couldn't hold on under constant air attacks, and during that night we began the retreat that was to

carry us by forced marches right up over the mountains to the other side of the island.

It was a week later—after constant marching and fighting and marching again—that we reached the south shore of Crete. At length we got the word that we were to descend to the beach for evacuation, but just as we reached it my commanding officer asked for fifteen men from my company to volunteer to return to the hilltop and put up a last stand for one more day. I volunteered, as did dozens of others, and finally fifteen of us made the laborious, two-thousand-foot crawl up the hill again. The next day was the longest in my whole life. The members of a concert party which had been on the island volunteered to carry water up to us, and all that day they shuttled up and down, bearing water in every kind of container they could find, from wine jars to gasoline tins.

We had no cigarettes or tobacco left by this time so we crushed dry leaves and rolled cigarettes out of old letters from home. I saw one lucky chap reading a Bible and then tearing out each page

after he had read it to use as cigarette paper. We didn't have much left to eat and one tin of bully had to go round ten of us.

At last the day dragged to an end and we slithered down to a beach. A Navy motorboat chuffed ashore and we plunged into the surf and clambered aboard. In a tick we were aboard a destroyer, where the Navy lads handed out cigarettes, bully, and bread—and tea, which was the first hot drink I'd had in twelve days. Most of us popped off to sleep and in ten hours we were back in Egypt.

It had been a tough campaign—some of the British troops who went through both Dunkirk and Crete said that Dunkirk was a picnic compared to the pasting they took in Crete—but we all felt pretty confident after it. It proved to all of us that Jerry is definitely inferior in man-to-man fighting. He just doesn't like cold steel. We're all convinced that, without the air support he had had, Jerry wouldn't have been able to take Crete with a million parachutists.



SENSE OF SMELL

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

THIS is the story of my nose. I begin it when I am seven. We are living on Linn Street in the West End, a smelly part of the world. There is a barrel house at one corner, a drugstore at the other, and over near Wade Street another barrel house. Diagonally across are the city stables—mules, horses, axle grease, tar. When the wind is one way we smell the slaughter-house on Oliver Street, when another way, the tannery—a hale and hearty tannery. As for the people on Linn Street, I smell a good many of them—Mrs. Stern, Min Huber, Miss Pilsner, Mrs. Kaufman. Especially Mrs. Kaufman. Often I am undecided: should I do an errand for Mrs. Kaufman and earn a penny, or not earn a penny and not have to enter Mrs. Kaufman's house. Even to this day when an old lady of a certain style comes toward me I get a whiff of Mrs. Kaufman's house.

In the summers we go to Wisconsin, to the edge of Lake Michigan, to a town dropped into the middle of the countryside. Fogs—moisture to carry the smell substances. After ten months of West End the new smells are a great relief. Fresh water, docks, upturned earth, cut grass, mown hay, pine woods, dairy. I watch the milk inspector lift the lid off the milk can, smell, and if there is a taint of onion or garlic or manure, pour out the milk; otherwise let the can pass. Five miles away is the cheese center—not of the county, not of the State, not of the country—of the world! I watch the cheese inspector break off a piece of

cheese, crumble it in his fingers, smell his fingers, chalk down the grade. My grandmother is rich—she has a pantry. Tablesful of cherry pie, apple pie, currant pie, lemon pie. Dill pickles in a barrel. Whole hams hung up. Whole bacons.

I have an aunt there. She is as clear in my memory as any of that row of relatives that come to Sunday dinner—yet she was dead fifteen years before I was born. I have never even seen a picture of her. From the smell she has left behind her I am able to reconstruct a portrait as authoritative to me as is the dinosaur to the anthropologist who reconstructs the total creature from a footprint left in stone. I see the soft lines of her face, the pallor of her skin, her floating walk. She is a maiden lady, uses powders, lotions, patent medicines. She lives in the middle room on the second floor to the left of the long hall. After she died my grandmother and grandfather did everything, papered the walls, plastered them, but nothing would keep Aunt Clara in.

When man rose from the four-footed to the two-footed—took his nose off the ground—he began to lose his sense of smell. Freud has suggested that that may have been the point where the nervous disorders began. Smell and sex being so intimate in the animal, neglect of the one may have started suppression of the other. However, the influence of smell in our mental life is not necessarily Freudian. A man recently told me that

he and some others, all boys at the time, were present when a woman burned to death, and that to each of them for years and on many occasions the smell of burnt flesh would come back. The man believes that that experience has changed the course of each of their lives.

Taste is very much smell, as anyone with a cold-in-the-head knows. Taste, strictly, is only for sour, sweet, salt, bitter. Everything else, the flavors, the seasoning, the spices—except any burning, which is temperature sense—everything else is smell. Anatomists do experiments on cadavers, force air up the dead man's nose, prove that in quiet breathing the air passes through the lower and middle regions. But it is in the high regions that we have the smell membrane. Therefore in quiet breathing we may not be aware of a smell. As soon as a certain minimum concentration makes us aware we dilate the nostrils, at the same time take a stronger breath, so get the full blast. The smell nerves lead through holes in the skull straight into the smell brain. In the fish the smell brain is most of the brain. In the dog it is comparatively large. In man it is comparatively small.

I am eighteen. Love. The smells of love. Every candid man knows them. Suddenly golden locks have an odor. Suddenly a handkerchief may be employed for something besides blowing your nose—a small handkerchief, neatly folded, that you drop between the papers in your billfold, and in a little while bring out again and pass back and forth under your nose, as you will later a cigar. A fresh-laundered stocking has a smell—when she kicks her shoe off her heel and swings it on her toes. The skin has a smell, as has a pretty dress worn long enough. She comes in, and you smell her and know where she has been and are pleased, or suspicious, and realize that you never had any talent like this before. Sweat has a whole scale of smells.

In the spring of that year I go to

France. I see how the French keep the principles and the practices of love, how immature we are, how expert they. And I know what the explanation is—the lilac. Every hedge, every garden, every back yard, every road, everywhere the lilac, and every day it rains. Always wet air to carry the scent. What that does to the smell brain! What the smell brain does to the romantic heart!

But a nose must take the bad with the good, and it has to be admitted that no country in the world smells as France does of urine. Especially the south of France. I enter the old Roman town of Arles at noon, the sun hot and the air dry of all moisture. I am so pleased that there remains some of the ancient wall. I am in the state of one entering a famous town that he has thought of a good part of his previous life. I adore the houses. I adore the cobbles. Then evening comes, and the mists slide in from the Mediterranean, and that fragment of Roman wall seems to close us in entirely—and closed in with us are the currents and the crosscurrents of every concentration, of every grade, of every age of urine. Each time your nose does the physiological act of adaptation for one aromatic chemical, another is upon it—ammonia, urea, etherial sulphates, and all their known and unknown relatives.

Five years later I cross the Pacific, to the southernmost tip of a small triangular island, Kiushiu, due east of Shanghai, northeast of Formosa. I arrive in the village at eleven at night. All day it has been pouring and everywhere the creeks are rising. I fall asleep on the straw-matted floor and at two in the morning they wake me. Voices are calling, "*O-miya, o-miya!*" The water is in the street. By ten o'clock it is just under the second floor where I and fourteen Orientals squat huddled together. A priest from a boat that is heaped with balls of rice, pokes in his head: "How many needed here?" A doctor pokes in his head: "Any sick here?" Everything

is floating by. Wooden walls of houses. Wooden screens. Wooden frames of floors. Wooden rice pails. Wooden kitchen utensils. The smell of wet wood. Wet straw. But that all is trifling. These villages have open sewers, centuries old, and the contents are rushing, flowing, eddying, finally loiter, the filth, the faeces, the offal, the excrement—phenol, skatole, indole, and all their known and unknown relatives.

But the flood subsides, and on that same triangular island I learn for the first time how many and how delicate are the aromas of tea. I see a tea-tester go to work. His bags are scattered on the straw-matted floor, fifty bags. He takes a handful of leaves, puts his Oriental face down in, breathes into the leaves his warm breath, lets the vapors rise. Rolls a leaf between his fingers. Macerates a leaf between his teeth. Sets ten teapots in front of him, cups in front of the pots, the same amount of tea into each pot. Briskly he fills the pots with boiling water. He times the steeping with an hour-glass. Fills the cup. Lets himself be blindfolded. Smells the cups, somewhat rearranges their order. Tastes the cups, somewhat rearranges their order. Pushes off the blindfold, makes notes. Then he invites me to drink one of the teas. It is the powdered tea, *yencha*. He places a cup for me and for himself. I start to drink. He stops me. He gives me a porcelain pestle. I start to stir. He stops me. I stir too fast! At length he lifts his cup. I lift mine. He sniffs. I sniff. He sips. I sip. And that, ladies and gentlemen of the Western World, is the way tea is to be drunk.

I am thirty. God is good to me. He gives me an uncle who leaves me the money for a trip up the Norwegian coast. The ship goes round North Cape. Presently I am aware of a smell. The smell expands. I see the gulls concentrating toward a point, as if the smell particles had become visible and had wings. The ship puts in at the port of

the small island of Vardö. Not a street of that island, not a path, not a space in which children play Ring-Around-a-Rosy, but over their heads are racks, and on every inch of every rack, the dead headless bodies of the cods. It follows that there are also hills of cod heads, every head with two fish eyes. In Norway you hear the expression, "the good old smell of fish." Well, here you have it. The rotting oil of the rotting livers of the cod runs in the street, at the edge of the sea makes patterns with the salt water—oil of the livers of twelve million cods, substitute for sunshine, health for mankind.

Later I am in Cairo, in the Bazaar, in the shop of Ahmed Ahmed the perfumer. That shop is not bigger than the drawing-room of a Pullman, and above it lives the whole of Ahmed Ahmed's family. Ahmed sits with his broad back to a wall, an Arab in a dawn-colored robe, part artist, part wizard, part scoundrel. Everything of his trade is in that shop. There is ambergris—waxy concretion formed in the intestine of the whale. There is civet, acrid glandular juice of the cat. There is musk from the musk-deer, and castor from the beaver. There are the aforementioned indole and skatole, in bottles, for these enter into perfumes too. Finally there are the essential oils. The place sways.

Ahmed Ahmed is extolling the excellences of a blend. When he thinks I hesitate he dips a glass rod into a greasy bottle—left standing dramatically among all the pretty ones—and drops two drops into the blend. "That will be with you all your life." It is attar of rose from Bulgaria. And when I still hesitate he passes the rod across the back of my hand. He has my money, and, as the saying goes, we part friends.

Ahmed Ahmed has spoken of the relation of music and perfume, of the tones and overtones—a well-worn speech. He has told me of a blend that has in it three hundred factors, and if one were left out he would know. He lied, I suppose. Yet I would like to find a fellow like that,

some perfumer of a caliph, some embalmer of an ancient Egyptian king, stinking unspeakably of myrrh, and two per cent honest, to discourse to me of perfumes.

As to the pleasant and unpleasant in odors—what is good for the animal is pleasant, what is bad, unpleasant. What leads to healthy food, what excites sex or gives you information about it, is pleasant. What is suggestive of decomposition, of infection, of poisoning, is unpleasant. In short, good smells are the conditioned stimuli to advantage, bad smells the conditioned stimuli to disadvantage.

Do you remember the last time you smelled a dead mouse? You were walking past the pantry. "What was that—?" "No." That negative was not exactly confident. You went on into your study, resolutely sat down to your work. But your mind wandered. The humidity must be increasing. If only it would rain. Angrily you strode back to the pantry. You looked irritably under something. Yes. No. Yes! *Yes!* By that time you had your nose down in the cupboard, the lowest shelf. You would just take those few things out of there. No. It must be the shelf above. An energy meanwhile was growing in you. This was a crusade. You would find this thing to-night! The sickening smell was creeping up into your sinuses. Once you stuck your head out the window for a breath of fresh air. At last you knew—it was *under* the cupboard! You moved the cupboard. Ah! You took it by the tail and flung it out into the alley.

What struck you next was how quickly the smell was gone. Once the source was gone the smell was gone. You realized how little, after all, of that smell substance must have been in the air, how little the source at any one moment was losing, how little it takes to overwhelm you. You scrubbed every cup, skillet, knife, fork, put everything back in its place. You did not leave it for Mary next morning. You loved to do it yourself.

Two weeks ago I had an idea. I would return to the scenes of my childhood. I telephoned for permission to visit that tannery off Linn Street. I crossed the pavement toward it—acetic acid. I pushed through the outer door—ozone. A small ozone machine was hanging on the wall. Trim secretaries were at work, and I thought: "Nice, the ozone oxidizes away the smells." But then from some hell below the boards of the floor came wisps of death and decay.

I pushed through an inner door into an underground light that set the atmosphere. A podgy workman joined me. I asked him: Did he mind the smells? He laughed. "No. Well, sometimes, a little—when there is a shipment of hides from South America." He took me to a side of the building, opened the door of a freight car, and he was right—there was something additional. He said again that he did not mind the smells. "Well, my fingers, a little." He smelled his fingers. I thought of his skin, his hair, the center of his spleen, the marrow of his bones. I spoke once to a woman whose father had been a tanner, and she said that seven years after he resigned you could smell the tannery in him still. The workman talked on, explained how when the day's work was done he bathed in the tannery, put on his street clothes, walked home, bathed again, put on his house clothes, then in the evening maybe went to a movie, so changed his clothes again, and after a while the lady and the gentleman sitting in the seats next him got up and looked at him insultingly.

Did you ever hear a dog howl at a death? Was it before the death or after the death? I mean, did the dog announce the death or mourn the death? And did you see the dog? Was he pointing with his nose to the house? He was smelling the death. Why not? A dog's nose is a capable organ, and doctors every day anticipate death, with their eyes, with their ears, by the signs, by the symptoms. It is no longer the fashion to brag of it, and it was commoner in the

old days when the instruments were worse and the noses had to be better for doctors to diagnose a disease from its smell. Measles, tuberculosis, typhoid, uremia, et cetera. Anyone's nose can diagnose an open cancer. So why not a nose smell impending death? A faint odor of partial decomposition, a dead spot in life still quick. Why not? I do not fully understand the smelling of one *marked* for death, as the gypsy in Hemingway's novel, because that means pre-ordination, God in league with the gypsy; and that is somewhat harder to follow. In certain nations it is a bird that comes to announce the death. The principle there is the same of course. In a big city hospital one nurse had quite a reputation. She said things like: "No, it will not be to-night—maybe to-morrow." *Odor mortis* is an old, old Latin phrase.

And if the dying have an odor, maybe the departed too. Maybe the ghost is

an odor? There are considerations to suggest it. Those of you who have seen a ghost know that it is an edgeless affair. That is the same for a smell. A ghost to anyone trained in the physical sciences might very well be "infinitely fine particles infinitely divided." That is a smell. You can see a log fire right through a ghost. You can through a smell. One ghost will settle down into a corner of a davenport and merge with it. That is a heavy ghost, a smell of high molecular weight. On the other hand, we all know that spirits ascend. Smells of low molecular weight.

And if all this is true there are certain practical deductions. It is not the good who shall rise on Judgment Day but the fragrant. It is not by your deeds on earth that you shall be measured, but by whether the doorman up there has a preference for lily or for herring. And a life well spent will be that of him who has cultivated not his character—his essence!





TWO SCHOOLTEACHERS

BY JOHN ANDREW RICE

AS A man who has been cheated in business or love will toss on his bed through the sleepless night, going over each step in the transaction and saying to himself, "If I had done this," "If I had not done that," and rises with the sun, full of anger and violence and despair, so it was with the South after the Civil War. At every crossroad, in every country store, wherever men gathered, the Confederate Veteran was present to tell how the South had been—not defeated, never that—bilked, cheated, tricked out of victory, overwhelmed. In the North, I am told, listeners grew impatient at the talkative old man (another's victory is a bore) and walked off into the future; but for the South there was no future. Stunned by their overwhelming, men and women wandered about in a dream world, a world of incomparably brave men and beautiful women, and listened eagerly to the words of the old men who had returned from the bright past. Boys listened too. "If we'd just 'a had one more company, we'd 'a licked 'em," the old man said, and the boy became that company.

Anger, violence, despair were in all of us, and longing for another chance. We knew the chance would never come but we got ready for it. We kept our violence in condition by fist-fights (many of my age-fellows carried brass knuckles), cutting scrapes (everyone carried a knife), brawls at political rallies (Ben Tillman often could not make himself heard above the din), and lynching.

Our violence was schooled, literally, in

another way. The South was, and still is, dotted with military schools and academies and institutions of higher learning—though higher than what no one dares ask. Violence was also curbed, channeled, by them. When Clemson College was established in South Carolina for the training of farmer boys someone asked Ben Tillman why he had made it military. "How'n hell do you think we could keep these wild boys down?" he asked in answer.

Tillman, the spiritual progenitor of Huey Long, knew what he was talking about, as he always did when it came to knowing his people. The Southerner for all his easy ways is quick to anger. "Techy" (touchy), "ficety" (like a fice, a mongrel pup nervous and misunderstood), "meaner 'n a blue-gum nigger" (the bite of a "blue-gum nigger" was poisonous)—these were some of the regional words to describe the extremes; but we were all, in our several ways, wild.

The first task of a school was therefore to tame a boy, to match violence with violence; by means of the rod and peach-tree switch to make of him a gentleman (chivalry is codified violence) and, hopefully, a scholar. "School" meant private school, if a boy was to be prepared for college or for life—the preparations were the same. The public school, even as late as the turn of the century, was in its infancy, and there remained; for it died at the end of the eighth grade or thereabouts. Also, education at public expense offended the genteel tradi-

tion. The private schools were mostly alike; once in a while, once only to my certain knowledge, there was one that was different.

Among the relics of the Civil War there was a young man who returned hatless to his home in North Carolina. He had ridden part-way in an open flat car, and his battered army cap had blown off. He remained hatless, for there was not enough money in the whole family connection to buy another. This was Sawney Webb, soon to be a teacher, whom one day I should know when his beard had long turned gray.

Only two professions offered a sure living in those days, and that a lean one too—preaching and teaching. If a man could not quite go the church he set up as teacher, and even to this day if you scratch a Southern teacher a preacher will wince.

All that the founder of a school needed was a little learning and a lot of physical strength. Sawney Webb had both. From North Carolina he crossed the mountains into Tennessee, there to found the first "training school" west of the Alleghenies—all the rest were colleges, he said.

He never allowed himself, nor others, to forget that he had once been a soldier and had taken a cold bath every morning, even if he had to walk miles to find a stream. He had also been wounded, and sometimes when his left hand had been scratched by a briar he let it bleed unnoticed, while the boys sat in awe at the brave show.

He had needed all his vigor in the early days, for it was a convention in the South that when a new school opened the big boys should beat the teacher up on the first day. These boys had been too young to fight when the war ended and cheated them of their natural rights, so they took it out on the new teacher. If he proved a match for them with his fists the rest was easy, for they knew nothing.

The other founder was John Webb,

who had been too young to be taken to war and, while his brother fought and learned the ways of fighting, had remained a student at the University of North Carolina. The two brothers had taken Emerson at his word, often quoted by Sawney with no intention of irony: "Make a better mouse trap and the world will beat a path to your door." Their door was in Bell Buckle, a village in middle Tennessee. In the beginning they had no money and no backing; nothing except ideas. By the time I came along the path was well beaten, for their ideas had met the American test and worked. One that sounds odd in a world attuned to tests and measurements and psychographs was that no boy should be refused admission. "Every boy deserves another chance," they said. One result was that the greatest scoundrels and scholars in the South could boast attendance, long or short, at Webb School. The assumption was, as I should discover, that one had been a scoundrel; but in the narrow world of education the scholars were known. Twenty years ago it was true—and it may still be true—that more Rhodes Scholars came from Webb School than from any other in the world.

II

This was the school I entered in 1906. My mother (stepmother I never called her nor thought of her as such) had seen that I needed something better than the kind of training I was getting in Montgomery where we lived at the time. She had been casual in her mentioning of the school, for she knew that the only way to catch a crazy colt was to creep up on his blind side; then, as I began to listen, she told me more. She had known the Webbs, both Sawney and John, when she herself was a teacher in Tennessee, and been befriended by them both. When she talked of Sawney she was like someone who had just come from seeing an exciting play, but when she spoke John Webb's name her voice

changed and her eyes changed and her words became vague and incoherent, which was a strange thing in her who could always say what she meant. My father was not so easy to convince. He distrusted Sawney, although he had never seen him, and his distrust was deep.

I felt miserable all the way from Montgomery to Bell Buckle. That is all I remember, that and a little sharing of misery with other boys when I changed trains at Nashville and started on the last long-short lap. The train stopped at the depot, indistinguishable from a thousand others with its gray sanded paint of years before, its signs "White" and "Colored," its spittoons, and cinders. I followed the herd up the hill and was greeted by a youth some thirty years old, "Son Will" as he was called behind his back, Sawney Webb's eldest son. I was to live at the home of Dr. Hatch, he told me, some distance beyond the school, in a room with three other boys, sleeping two in a bed. (Double beds were the rule in the South.)

On my first morning a roommate, Tom Stokes, who had been there the year before, offered to be my guide. To get to the school we skirted a pond and crossed by means of a crudely built stile the fence that surrounded the grounds—campus would have been too fancy a name. This stile was my first lesson in the customs and traditions of the school, that looked senseless at first and yet were packed with sense. The rule, strictly enforced, Tom explained, was that wherever a boy climbed a fence, at that point he should build a stile. The work would help him to remember, as I often heard Sawney say afterward, that a boy in a hurry climbing a fence—and a boy was usually in a hurry, after a ball, or escape—bent the wires, the next boy bent them more, and so until the fence was down. A boy-built stile every twenty feet or so was witness to the honored rule. There were three buildings and the grounds were divided into four sections, known as Senior,

Junior, Cæsar, Beginners—the names of the four classes to which they were allotted.

When a boy was not in class he could go where he pleased on his own grounds or stay in his classroom, sit where he pleased and talk. Most of the boys when they had been in the school for a while and it began to look as if they might stay—the turnover was large—bought chairs and carved their names on the backs. They added to comfort, tilted against wall or tree. If a boy strayed off his grounds or did any of the things that a boy does when he wants to be different he was put on "exile," the most dreaded punishment in school. He was required to sit in a room other than his own and not allowed to speak to anyone; but—and this was bitter—he could be spoken to, and was.

Trees were sacred, Tom went on to say. They were not to be carved or injured in any other way; one must not even pull a leaf. For the offense of leaf-pulling the penalty was always the same: plant a tree. In tree-planting time a boy toiled all day Saturday, picking out a likely sapling, digging it up, hauling it to the grounds, and planting it where he was told. That made sense, as all the rules made sense. . . . If two boys wanted to fight they should do so, by all means, provided they were of the same size; but it must be without onlookers; it was the onlookers who got a thrashing. To be invited "to the woods" showed that one's adversary meant business. . . . Stay on your own grounds among members of your own class. . . . Don't go off your premises at night (no Southern boy needed to be told the reason). . . . No smoking outside one's room; chew if you must. . . . If you carved a desk the desk was yours; the school would prefer a new one, uncarved. Some boys lived on an allowance next to nothing for a year while paying for a desk. Sawney boasted that he knew all the tricks; when a boy pulled a new one he said to him with dry respect, "My son, you are too slick," and required the boy

to follow him round all day, going home only to sleep: to the post office, to the depot to inquire for a package he knew wasn't there, a stop at every store to chat with a townsman, trips to the barn, to the hayfield, until by suppertime the boy was ready to drop with fatigue. The old man really was tough.

In later years, when I bore the dubious title of educator, and at last was tagged with the still more dubious "Progressive," I visited schools and listened to breathless accounts of the latest thing. I could match them point by point from the Webb School I knew as a student, and go them one better—two better, for the school had both order and intellectual backbone. As to the rest, its government was for boys as in no school I have since seen. Sawney Webb had once had an active mind and an intuitive knowledge of boys and their ways. He grew to be a tyrant, filled with his own glory, but once in a while there was a flash of the young man he had been. A boy ran away and the teachers were frantic. "Go down to where the railroad track crosses the creek," he said, "you'll probably find him there," and there the boy was. Sawney laughed and said, "A lonely boy can't stand quiet. He's got to see something moving."

This was the story that began to unfold as Tom Stokes and I climbed the stile and walked along the path toward the "Big Room," where presently the whole school would assemble. When we got near the main building an older boy came up to me and asked, "Are you John Andrew Rice?" When I nodded he said, "Mr. Sawney wants to speak to you," and he led me to a beech tree near the entrance to the grounds, a permanent stile of sturdy steps. Here a man in his sixties sat in a split-bottom chair tilted against the tree; sat and spat, for he chewed tobacco all the time, and when he talked irrelevantly punctuated his speech with "p'too" as he got rid of particles that had become separated from the main quid. I was so scared that I hardly heard what he said, and

disconcerted because he never looked my way nor turned his head. "Are you—p'too—John Andrew—p'too—Rice?" "Yes, sir," I said. "Your step—p'too—mother was Miss Darnell." I was about to speak, but he went on without noticing me, praising my mother, whom he was careful to call my stepmother, in words out of an old phrase book. Finally I heard, "You may go," and he sent me away without a look. I was to learn that he never looked at anyone to whom he was speaking except at the end of a castigation, when he suddenly turned and drove it home with his colorless gray eyes.

He had a kind of face I had never seen before. The space from the top of his forehead, where his hair had once stopped—and now a few hairs marked the place, like the last trees at timber line—from this spot to the tip of his nose was a perfect arc, an arc that was repeated in reverse by the curve from nostrils to tip of his short gray beard. His mouth, seen from the side, was a grim gash. In the year 1933 I saw him, long dead, again, when I made my first trip to Connecticut. On every street corner, in every town, stood Sawney Webb—a Connecticut Yankee in Tennessee, though his ancestry was North Carolinian for generations.

While I stood and pulled my jerky nerves together I saw Sawney get up from his chair, go outside the grounds through the gate next to the Senior Room, and round to the stile beyond. There the teachers were waiting for him to give the signal to go over the stile. From where I stood I could count them, four, and Sawney was the fifth. Every school I had known had been skimpy in the number of its teachers; but even so I wondered how four teachers could manage more than two hundred boys, for Sawney himself taught no longer. He put his foot on the bottom step of the stile, and immediately from every side the boys cried, "Over!" and came running from all parts of the grounds and crowded into the Big Room, some of

last year's carelessly climbing in through the windows. By the time Sawney and the other teachers had walked along the gravel path that led from the main stile the Big Room was full of boys, and noisy boys; but when they entered the door, Sawney in the lead, there was instant silence. They filed on to the platform, and while the others took their seats, Sawney picked up the Bible.

I had found a place on one of the long benches that sat one behind the other from the edge of the platform to the back of the long wooden room. I looked up and waited.

III

John Webb had a wisdom bump in the middle of his forehead, the size of half a walnut. That was the first thing I noticed about him, and the last, when ten years later I told him good-by. We were many then, we who had gathered to give thanks that he had lived; but on this morning when I first saw him I was alone, a complete stranger in a world of others' friends. Then I looked up and saw John Webb's wisdom bump. Later on I was to see his face, and the eyes behind the glasses, and the gray beard that one day was pointed and another club—for he trimmed it with a pair of pocket scissors as he sat and talked to himself; but in the moment I saw only the wisdom bump set in a full forehead, and I knew that here was something special, here was a man, and a man to know.

He sat cross-legged at the left end of the narrow bench that ran along the back of the platform, his right hand resting on his knee and his face turned toward the window. His brother had just finished reading from the haphazard opening of the Bible and praying in the flat voice of long custom and was now talking to us, repeating his thoughts of years before in words that then sounded new and exciting but would, within a short time, scratch like a worn-out record. John Webb sat detached with eyes fixed on the window. Presently his lips began to move. Last year's boys passed the word

along, "Old Jack's talking to himself again."

An hour later I heard his voice. In a room—the Junior Room—full of noise, of boys greeting and slapping backs and guffawing, suddenly through the uproar a voice pierced, almost a whisper, "Take your seats, please," and there was instant silence. I never learned how he did it, how he thrust through the cacophony of ordinary speech and brought his listeners to awful silence. It always worked the same way, whether in schoolroom or parlor or on a public platform—but this was seldom, for he distrusted speakers' speech. He spoke and they listened.

At first I thought him impassive, but in time I learned to read him. The wrinkles in his face were a clue to his thoughts. There was one at the corner of his right eye that was a book of contempt, and others near his lips that deepened when he was moved by goodness in what he read. And then there was the surest clue, his voice. At first it sounded monotonous or impassive to the casual listener, but in time one began to hear the cadences and overtones, and in and through it all the counterpoint of thought. It was as simple as Bach, and as intricate. Silence was also speech with him. In my last year in the school, when we Seniors spent our indoor time in the library, which was also his classroom, he often sat without speaking for long minutes, choosing in our sight the exactly right colors from the palette of speech. Sometimes, when we could hardly longer bear the suspense, he would smile slightly and say, "You may go to dinner now." (Dinner was a mid-day meal in the South.) We smiled at his slyness, for we somehow knew the thoughts that had been going through his great head, and what he would have said. He had the wisdom seldom to complete a thought for others.

In the intervals between recitations—he taught the Seniors everything, Math, Greek, Latin, English, History, everything, and things that have no name—he sat in a split-bottom chair in the mid-

dle of the room and read or talked aloud to himself. When we saw that his lips were not moving we went to him with questions which he tried to avoid answering. If it was a technical point we were shamed into research. One morning he asked us to account for a certain Greek accent and when no one could answer he dismissed the class and told us to come back when we knew. We spent a morning searching, frantic, dogged, desperate, and when our inner clocks told us that it was long past dinner time, he called dryly, "Books!" (This was the signal for the beginning of recitation.) When we had taken our places he asked, "Has anyone found the answer?" Our defeated silence told the story. He laughed and said, "It's a misprint."

We learned in other ways to distrust books. One drowsy afternoon I went to him as he sat tilted in his chair and asked him a casual question, more to get him talking than to learn. Up to that moment I had gobbled books the way a dog bolts his rations, and had just finished off another. "Mr. Webb," I said, "what do you think of *The Clansman*?" He kept his eyes fixed on the window, patted his knee with his right hand, laughed three dry cackles, and said, "Some people like that kind of thing." From that time forth no book was my master.

His mind was fertile with ways for bringing boys to knowledge, but he never used the same device more than once; for he was an artist, and the artist never repeats himself. The class in Greek was lagging. He said nothing but invited the two best scholars to do some extra reading with him. The rest were stung to emulation, but he never said a word. One day he told us all to stand up and gradually he "spelled us down" until only one hardy boy was left standing. Still not a word of reproof or of censure came from him. In later years, when I was a teacher in the school, he said to me when I complained of stupidity among my pupils, "They get something. Why embarrass them with exposure of

their ignorance?" He was not afraid of ignorance, as most teachers are. He knew that his pupils would learn something in their future, so he was willing to leave gaps. As he grew older he became dismayed at what was happening in the colleges, where the curriculum began to be based, not on love of learning, but on fear of ignorance. He never fooled himself into thinking that equality of opportunity meant equality of performance. He had the skill to make the learner stretch and do more than he could do, let him rest on that level for a while, and then push him higher. His pupils acquired respect for their own capacity, for he made each of them an artist for the moment, with his own private goal.

Sometimes he set tasks that only the best could perform, without bringing shame to those who could not. Somehow he knew when to call out all one's strength and he knew also the exact moment. I am a loafer by nature, and it used to worry him at times, but he had the patience to wait. He knew that patience is a goad. One day he told me to translate a passage from Vergil. How he knew that his patience had got on my nerves I never discovered, but at just the right moment he called on me and I answered with a translation that I had worked at and polished until it glittered. There was in the class no envy, only admiration which one could feel in the air. Finally he spoke and quietly suggested one or two improvements. Then, after another silence, he said, "You know, John Andrew, it is my job to criticize." That is still the highest praise I have ever heard.

Sawney was a disciplinarian of outward order, and frightened or shamed the young into a similitude of goodness; John Webb's was an inner discipline, of the mind and spirit, grounded in freedom. John Webb had no sayings; he met every moment as if it was brand new, took us behind words to meaning, and flung them away when they had served their use. We lacked the skill when listening

to repeat the lightning movement of his thought; it was like wit, which needs its setting. In other ways he was elusive and he never stated his case. We knew him as a man of peace and grace, but we were not yet ready for peace and were unaware of the grace that was in us. We believed that, with rugged effort, we could all be Sawneys, and soon; but Old Jack's nature was out of our youthful reach; he was always drawing us into manhood while we were still half child and clinging tearfully to our state. Sawney's world was not really different from the world we knew except that all the fun was taken out; Old Jack's was a kind of dream in which were all the good things of the present and many more as yet unseen, only felt. But, we learned from him, it was to be found not by effort, and this was a first-class puzzle. All this we said or skirted round, but in the language of youth: silence, a word or two, embarrassment, laughter, and lots of scorn.

We were in green pastures. The years before had been taken up with rigid drill in the skeleton of knowledge, grammar, the manipulative side of math, and dates and such, memory work. Now we were getting at meaning, which is a leisurely delight; beginning to chew on ideas, for we were eager to emerge into manhood, where ideas were important. Most of us would go to college and we looked with hopeful eyes over the fence to that lush carpet of freedom. Not that we were discontent, but we knew there were still better days to come. We would become philosophers, whether lawyer, doctor, preacher; one hoped to spend his life in the realm of pure meaning—he would be a doctor of philosophy; and one wanted some day to sit tilted in a split-bottom chair and be wise.

Through the open windows of the library there came a single word, spoken only once, and stopped our talk: "Books," and we picked up our chairs, dragged them in, and ranged ourselves in a circle with imitative tilt. The class might continue for two hours or last no more than five minutes. It depended on whether

we were ready to learn, or there might be visitors. John Webb was no strutting actor; teaching was an intimate impersonal thing to him, as learning had become to us. Sometimes we found him with a book in his hand; sometimes he sat for a minute unoccupied, got up, went to the shelves and pulled down a book. We gratefully stored our texts and tablets under our chairs and waited.

The school library was an expression in choice and arrangement of the man himself. The books were not adolescent nor for adolescents; for he knew the young want to grow. He chose mainly what he liked to read himself, and they were put on the shelves in some spiritual order that would make a student of "library science" shudder. The *Origin of Species* might sit between the poems of Keats and Lane's *Latin Grammar* and be none the worse for the company. He was no Aristotelian; he knew the limits and poison of classification.

In his own home his study was across the hall from the sitting room, and here he sat and read aloud. The talk of the family or visitors never distracted him; he was listening to his author. It might be Greek or some other foreign language; but he liked English best, and, for the full range of its expression, prose best of all. Except rarely, his reading was to and for himself, but any might come and listen.

Legends grow up about a teacher—if not, he is none. It was said that many universities had tried to persuade John Webb to leave schoolteaching and become a professor. This was untrue, or at least exaggerated, for even at that time, the end of the last and the first of this century, the universities were no place for a teacher; the scholar was what they wanted, scholar in their sense, he who pursued truth for his own sake. John Webb was called erudite, and he was, though certainly he did not know the traditional twenty-three languages with which he was credited. The boys said his wisdom bump was a bulge of his brain, like the extra walnut in an overloaded sack, and were ready to believe

the whispered story that Old Jack had once "gone off his head." Didn't he talk to himself? In this report there may have been some truth: the wise are sometimes called mad in a world of fools. The ancients were more discerning. They called them blessed.

IV

A teacher's life is filled with many minor comedies and some small tragedies; it is never a spectacle. It is not what he does that counts but what he is, and there is no way to describe existence; it can only be felt. John Webb's fame was quiet, carried by experience, and felt in the spirit. One of the tragedies of being a teacher is that one is outgrown by one's pupils. Many outgrew John Webb's brother, but none him, for he, by what he was, entered into and became part of those he taught. When I had finished, and finished with, what is called, facetiously I hope, education on the higher level, I went back to Webb School to teach. There was some doubt and a little fear. Would John Webb prove to have been a mere hero, inferior to the great scholars my manhood had known? The first words, and the first silence, were my reassurance.

When I came to know him intimately as a fellow-teacher I discovered that he was not satisfied with his life, and I was dismayed; but he sometimes quoted—he was willing to quote others—a saying of George MacDonald, the Scotch preacher, "God is often pleased but never satisfied." In this sense he was pleased, for he had done what he wanted to do, and that is as near happiness as a man can come. In his early years he must have been completely serene, and even when I knew him his serenity was deeper than any I have ever seen; but there was one alienation that troubled him, the break between him and his brother. The two had made the school together, disciplinarian and scholar; but when success came Sawney grew arrogant and ceased to learn. John Webb never thought he

knew enough. Sawney read the daily paper and became a prophet.

When I went back to the school to teach the war with Germany was just beginning. Sawney stood at the stile waiting for "over" and told us what was what. John stood a little outside the circle and was silent. He seldom spoke, in fact, in the presence of his brother, who was ready to be as brusque with him as with the rest of us. When they had founded the school together they had been so close to each other that there had been no question as to who was head; both were, by tacit agreement, and neither would have thought of suggesting that they write down what the relationship was. But, as the actor became well known while the scholar's fame spread slowly, Sawney let it be known to him that he regarded him as "only a teacher." Then having done this injustice, he became resentful of its cause. One day when I went to John Webb's house his brother was leaving with three or four books under his arm, looking very sheepish. He had been asked to deliver a course of lectures on the Bible, and as he knew no more about it than one might learn from opening it at random every morning and reading whatever hit his eye, he had been obliged to come for help. But the next morning he evened the score. As we stood at the stile he said sharply, "John! There's egg on your chin. Wipe it off."

John Webb, however, never spoke to me of his unhappiness. Only once when I was troubled about something, he said, "Don't come to me. I no longer have any voice in running the school." When he died this was confirmed. Sawney claimed that if there was a partnership it did not go beyond the life of either; and, as there was no written contract, he secured full ownership of the school to himself and his son.

The crafty man who has something to conceal will never let anyone sit behind him while he is speaking; not lest they may not hear but lest they see. The clever actor trains his front; only the

greatest dares turn his back to the audience. It is hard to simulate with the back; the muscles of back and shoulders and thighs carelessly let slip the truth. For two years I sat on the narrow wooden bench that ran the length of the platform and watched Sawney talk.

He had not done what he wanted to do. He had wanted to be a man of action and had found it out too late. When at last his chance came he fumbled and was confused. By way of compliment he was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of a senator who had died, and when he went to Washington the newspapers proclaimed him, printed his picture and his sayings, but not as a great man, only as a great teacher; and he had wanted so much to be a great man. His first speech was his last.

Sawney accepted without question the dominant beliefs of the South in his time and of America. The words "success" and "failure" were not long absent from his speech. One of the boys in my house came to me and asked, "Why does Sawney keep on saying that if you are a traveling salesman in middle life you are a failure? My father's a traveling salesman, but I don't think he's a failure. He's a wonderful man." Sawney's opening shot on the first morning I heard him speak, and often repeated, was, "We would like to develop both character and scholarship here, but first and foremost we must have character." John Webb said to me, "I don't understand. To me they are the same."

John Webb never wanted to be a great anything, and if anyone had used the word of him in his presence he would have cringed with shame for the speaker. It was only when he lay in his coffin that we could speak without fear of reproof.

For a year and a half I taught with him and he opened to me the stores of knowledge and of wisdom that were in him. He often read to me and we turned ideas this way and that to make them give off their light, and sometimes we talked about people. There was nothing that he had not known about me and my age-

fellows, for, by an ironic twist, while the other teachers and his brother kept their eyes fastened on the boys, he had seen more than they; and there were no surprises for him in what his pupils had afterward become. He had known of every love affair in the class, and yet he had never spoken to us about personal matters, ours or others'. He had seen his brother's arrogant ambition issue in desiccated fame, as he knew it would all along. A brilliant boy in my class had the same taint and had died in full pursuit. In a small number of all he had known he had seen a promise of manhood; a smaller number had kept their promise. But he was not dismayed. There were still books and ideas, and there was the future.

In this I found out what he said when he talked to himself: he said whatever he was thinking or remembering, a poem, a paragraph of prose, a funny story. There was no mystery. Language and thought were to him as scores to a musician.

He took his daily walk along the railroad track—it could be relied upon to be dry footing—and one day when I was going through the village someone called me in a worried voice to the depot platform; something was wrong with Mr. Webb. Down the track I saw him stumbling into the weeds at the side. When I reached him he tried to speak, but his voice was thick.

The doctor said he had had a slight stroke and might live for a long time, but that he must give up teaching. Two months later he was dead. I had known he would not live, that he could not live without his teaching. He had said to me once, "I couldn't have done anything else. I believe I would have paid to be allowed to teach."

Funerals are sad occasions. John Webb's was not. Hundreds gathered, from the village and from far places, and all spoke of the wonder of his life. As his body was lowered into the grave, some of the boys sang the hymn that he liked best, "O love that wilt not let me go."



WHERE JAPAN BLUNDERED

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

WEAKENED by four years of "victories" in China and confronted by the opposition of the greatest naval powers in the world, Japan still boasts that it was she who set in motion the so-called "new world order." She chooses to ignore the blunders that have piled up on her since the vaunted Manchurian aggression of ten years ago. Yet blunders they have been, disastrous ones; and they all have grown out of one colossal error of policy. The root of Japan's troubles today is her mistaken attitude toward the other peoples of Asia throughout the past half-century.

As the most highly industrialized, most powerfully armed nation of the Far East, Japan could have played the role of liberator and champion of the hundreds of millions of Asiatics who had grievances against the white man. As the sincere leader of an "Asia for the Asiatics" movement she could have directed and reaped the long-range benefits of its vast empire-building possibilities. Such a crusade would certainly have accelerated the realization of her "greater East Asia co-prosperity sphere."

But she completely ignored the opportunity. Instead of playing unselfish big brother to the other peoples of the Far East, Japan set out to build an empire at their expense. She tried to oust the white man, to be sure, but only to take his place as oppressor and exploiter of her non-white neighbor races. If her imperialism continues to drive her along a path that points toward eventual defeat and perhaps ultimate ruin she can thank

in large measure the short-sighted selfishness of that imperialism.

Only seventy years ago Japan, herself a backward, feudal state, but ambitious to become a modern industrial and military empire, was struggling to get rid of the "unequal" treaties which penalized her economically and hampered her rights as a sovereign nation. In 1899 the movement attained success: a new set of treaties with Western nations went into effect, and extra-territoriality was dead in Japan.

As the first Asiatic nation to win trade and diplomatic equality with the West, Japan was now in a position to crusade for the rights of other Asiatics. Extra-territoriality was by no means dead elsewhere, and the Chinese, Filipinos, Javanese, Indians, and other peoples resented the varying degrees of economic and political inequality imposed upon them.

Take the case of China. As the largest quasi-independent nation in the Far East, China could hardly call herself master of her own house. She was bound by treaties of extra-territoriality; there were foreign troops garrisoned on her soil. Certain Chinese coastal cities were held by Britain, Germany, Portugal, and Russia. Not unnaturally the Chinese felt bitter and angry at the "foreign devils," and in 1900 their resentment led to an explosion: a revolt led by the "Society of Harmonious Fists," or "Boxers."

Here was a situation made to order for "the liberation of the Orient from the

shackles of white capitalism." The anti-white hostility engendered among the welter of peoples in disunited China could have been Japan's ideal point of departure for a pan-Asiatic crusade. But what happened? The insurrection was put down by an allied army *which included the Japanese*; China was forced to pay a heavy indemnity to the European powers *and Japan*, and to pledge the suppression not only of the Boxers but of all other societies dedicated to winning Chinese independence.

The Philippine Islands were another Far-Eastern area where the populace was ready for revolt against the white man. The Filipinos had rebelled fiercely against Spanish rule and later against the American forces of occupation. Forty years ago many Filipinos undoubtedly would have welcomed dynamic Japanese leadership against the white man. They did not get it.

South of the Philippine archipelago, tens of millions of Malays and other brown-skinned natives of the Netherlands East Indies were governed with a kind of benevolence by their Dutch masters. At the beginning of the century there was little disaffection among these people. Yet the better educated among them realized that the wealth from their fabulously rich islands was being siphoned back to Holland, while millions of their fellow-islanders lived in poverty. Here was another region where enlightened Japanese leadership against the white man would certainly have won a following. Indo-China was still another cradle of potential rebellion against the white man—in this case against the French.

But perhaps the most fruitful field for Japanese championship against Western imperialism, next to China, was India. Since the bloody Sepoy Mutiny in 1857 there had been much agitation against the British. Although in the main the princes have appeared to approve of British rule, India contains such a conglomeration of peoples, factions, castes, religions, ambitions, intrigues, poverty,

riches, loyalty, and disloyalty that it has been a potential spawning ground of recruits for a crusade to expel the white man from East Asia. Farsighted leadership against Western exploitation would certainly have won for Japan support among multitudes of the dissident Indians. Japan failed to supply this leadership.

Not only that, but she embarked on an imperialism of her own. Even before Nippon had rid herself of the hated extra-territorial treaties, she had attacked China (in 1894) and annexed Formosa and some smaller islands in the western Pacific. However, as late as the early years of this century she was not yet committed to all-out pan-Japanese expansion in the Far East. Meanwhile her position was becoming increasingly strong. She had acted as the equal of the Western powers in the Boxer incident. In 1902 she joined in a defensive pact with Britain—the first alliance on equal terms between an Asiatic and a European power. In 1904 she clashed with Russia over their rivalry in Manchuria—and won the war. It was a striking victory of Oriental over Occidental and gave Japan an unprecedented chance for wise leadership in East Asia.

By the Treaty of Portsmouth, which brought the war to a close, Russia recognized Japan's paramount interests in Korea. But it was agreed that Korea was to remain independent. How did the leading nation of the Orient respect that independence? Did she adopt the benevolent attitude which the United States displayed toward the Filipinos? By contrast, as soon as she was relieved of the white man's threat to her position in East Asia Nippon set about "developing" her Asiatic neighbor Korea. As Japanese economic and political penetration proceeded, the Koreans revolted and for two years fought fiercely against insuperable odds. The Japanese replied with the ruthless measures that have characterized all their conquests. In August, 1910, they abolished the Kingdom of Korea and made this area an

integral, and virtually enslaved, part of the Japanese empire.

Nippon's "Asia for the Japanese" imperialism was now revealed for what it was. And as time went on the messianic nature of that imperialism blinded her more and more to the advantages of acting as emancipator to the peoples of Asia.

II

When the First World War presented Japan with opportunities for quick and high-handed action, she not only attacked the German holdings on the Shantung peninsula and seized several Pacific islands held by the Reich, but also made the infamous Twenty-One Demands on China. If it had not been for American protests she would have been well on her way to turning China into a Japanese protectorate. Not until the nineteen-thirties, however, did her imperialist policy really go into high gear; during the nineteen-twenties the liberal elements in Japan had seemed on the whole to be in the ascendancy.

It was the onset of the world depression which helped set the new Japanese drive in motion. By 1931 Nippon had lost nearly fifty per cent of her export trade, on which she had become more and more dependent, since her internal purchasing power was not sufficient to support a well-rounded industry. The economic consequences in the island empire were catastrophic. Small farmers lost their lands; wage earners lost their jobs; the white-collar class suffered salary cuts and lost their investments. There were serious manifestations of social unrest, and Communism began to make inroads among both the white-collar and laboring classes.

One way to meet this crisis would have been to institute internal reforms: to offer assistance to the poverty-stricken peasants, provide some kind of work relief for the unemployed city people, reduce taxes for the white-collar class. These reforms would have helped tide Japan over the emergency. Above all,

there might have been some reduction of the financial burden imposed by the expanding army and navy. But the militarists and imperialists had their own kind of solution, a solution that has since become popular at the European end of the Axis.

On September 18, 1931, the Kwantung Army arranged the somewhat apocryphal "Mukden Incident" which initiated the Manchurian aggression. One object of the move was to relieve tension inside Japan by diverting attention to Japan's exploits abroad. The startling success of the streamlined adventure encouraged the Japanese imperialists—and also put ideas into the heads of certain power politicians in Europe. But it was one thing to overrun Manchuria, drive out the Chinese troops, and set up a puppet government with Henry Pu Yi on the throne. It was quite another matter to make this satellite state a profitable appendage of the empire. And it was still another matter to violate treaty obligations with the United States, slam the "Open Door" in America's face, and retain American friendship. But by this time the island empire had lost sight of the advantages of international good-will.

The Manchurian adventure made the Japanese forget for a while their poverty, unemployment, and hunger. They were persuaded that it had been a brilliant stroke of "national salvation policy" which would provide them with food, raw materials, and an outlet for their surplus population and would make them prosperous and happy.

But the army extremists who had engineered the Manchurian *coup d'état* had no intention of stopping there. Indeed, their ambitious program seemed fantastic, so fantastic, in fact, that many people in the democracies refused to take it seriously. Just as Hitler's grandiose plans, announced with a blare of trumpets, were not taken seriously by most Britons and Americans, so it was with the Japanese program in Asia. The army extremists had little to worry about from

the democracies; and they were too short-sighted to take into consideration how other Asiatic peoples might regard their wanton aggression against China. Meanwhile liberal Japanese leaders were being assassinated in order to clear the way for unparalleled expansion abroad and repression at home.

In 1933 the Japanese seized the province of Jehol and pushed southward toward Peking and Tientsin, cynically announcing that they were "chasing bandits," were engaged in "pacification," and were "restoring order." Japan withdrew from the League of Nations and prepared for a grand campaign against China that would give her control of large sections of the richest part of the country and make the remainder of the land amenable to her orders.

The attack on China on July 7, 1937, was a smoothly planned step in the program. It was conceived by militarists who could not evaluate Chinese psychology but feared the progress China was making toward national unity. Their plans called for quick, smashing victories against Chiang Kai-shek's armies and a dictated peace. They counted upon Chinese disunity and the petty rivalry among the Chinese warlords to weaken Chinese defense. Once China was brought under their control they would oust the white man, combine China, Manchukuo, and Japan into one economic bloc, and use the resources of this territory to further their next drive of empire southward. The more brutal their conquest, they reasoned, the more speedily would the Chinese accept their fate. As the Japanese moved deep into China they bombed, burned, pillaged, and raped. Their brutality was little short of demoniac. Chinese prisoners were used for bayonet practice. Defenseless villages were bombed from the air. Chinese women were ravaged. Chinese property was wantonly destroyed or carried off. The brutality of the invaders outraged world opinion—and united the Chinese against them.

Nippon's soldiers won victory after

victory but the war dragged on year after year. Chiang retreated, scorched the earth in the path of the aggressors, retreated farther. Hatred and fear of the Japanese rallied more and more of the classes, sections, and factions behind Chiang Kai-shek. Chinese national consciousness grew apace. Behind the Japanese lines Chinese coolies by day became guerrillas by night. They wiped out small detachments, ambushed marching columns, beheaded sentries, destroyed Japanese equipment, derailed trains. They were coolies no longer: they were Chinese patriots avenging the brutality of the invader. When daylight came they once more pulled their rickshaws or worked in the fields. It was—and is—a baffling kind of warfare, shattering to Japanese nerves. The Chinese soldiers are less well equipped than their enemies, but they are fired with a patriotic fervor that keeps them fighting. And Japan pours more and more blood and gold into the endless warfare that her leaders stubbornly refer to as the "China Incident."

Along the lower Yangtze last June my steamer passed a gray Japanese transport leaving for Japan. On the trip out it had been laden with Nipponese troops on their way to the battlefields of China. Now, homeward-bound, it carried no living soldiers. Its deck was piled high with tin boxes, the urns containing the ashes of Japanese soldiers who had been killed in the "China Incident." Japanese marines, unloading equipment from another transport to a lighter, stopped work and gazed mutely at the stacks of tin boxes on the passing ship.

III

Meantime old China hands in the foreign colonies were becoming aware of a new trend in the psychology of Chinese patriotism. For instance, I know a Chinese lady living in Kowloon who has a thirteen-year-old son and a nine-year-old daughter. She is a woman of high social position, was educated in America, has

lived in Europe, speaks several languages, and is cosmopolitan in her points of view. The daughter shares her mother's friendliness toward foreigners and gets along especially well with British and Americans. She wears both Chinese and Western dress. But the son has an entirely different outlook. He refuses to speak English and insists on speaking Chinese. In fact, he can speak Mandarin more fluently than his mother can. He wears only Chinese clothes, associates exclusively with Chinese, and is bitterly anti-foreign. He advocates an independent China free of Western influence. He appears to be almost as unfriendly to Britain and America as to Japan. He is a spokesman of the nationalism that is gaining popularity among Chinese youth.

Last July in Hong Kong I had lunch with three Chinese associates of Chiang Kai-shek. Two of them have studied at American universities. I expected them to launch into an attack on the Japanese. But all three dismissed Japan as a doomed empire floundering desperately in the quagmire of her own imperialism. They looked beyond an eventual Japanese collapse. They were thinking of China as a great power—indeed, as the leading power of the Orient. And they spoke openly of the approaching day when the white man will have to leave the Far East or live there on terms laid down by China.

The Japanese do not seem to realize the significance of the new Chinese nationalism and how they might have taken advantage of it. Nor do they appear to have any conception of the sentiments which their murder, pillage, and rape in China have aroused in other native Asiatics. A Japanese bayonet driven into the belly of a Chinese prisoner impales the rice farmer of the Philippines, the Malay rubber planter of the Netherlands Indies, and the Moslem merchant in India. Japanese brutality has made the Filipino pause. His Commonwealth was to be given its independence in 1946; now he is not so sure that

he welcomes independence. He fears that the Japanese would swarm over his rich islands and enslave him as they did the Koreans. They would bomb, violate, and loot as they did in China. Forty years ago he might have exchanged the white invader for a neighbor of the western Pacific. But to-day, thanks to the Japanese, he wants the white man to stay on. Like his fellow-Asiatic, the Thailander, he dreads the prospect of being forced into the "co-prosperity sphere."

In the Netherlands East Indies there was racial unrest not long ago. Some natives complained that the Dutch granted them inferior social and political rights. But the Japanese have unwittingly shown the Malays and the other indigenous peoples that they are fortunate in having the Dutch to govern and protect them. The natives tell one another that if Japan conquers the Indies they will be made "coolies slaving for harsh and arrogant masters." So the Malays and their fellow-islanders are backing the Netherlands against the Nipponese.

This attitude was crystallized for me last August in a dinner conversation at the home of a Javanese intellectual. Over the coffee cups I asked: "How do the Javanese people feel about the Japanese attempts to create racial solidarity against the white man among the native peoples of East Asia?" In the excellent English he had learned in Holland my host answered: "We Javanese want certain political and economic reforms and we are gradually approaching our objectives. The Dutch and Javanese are working together for the improvement of all the people on the islands. You can be certain that we prefer to work with the Dutch rather than be slaves in a Japanese-dominated greater East Asia *co-suppression* sphere."

Meanwhile the war in China has become extremely unpopular among all classes of Japanese. It has constantly lowered their standard of living, it has caused shortage of food, clothing, fuel, medicines, and other necessities of life.

A subject of the Mikado sees those little tin boxes come back from the battlefields of China to the homes of his neighbors, and knows what is in them. The one that came back yesterday contained the ashes of young Kotaro, not so many years ago the playmate of his Yoshio. To offer an incentive for more risks and sacrifices, the Japanese imperialists have been waging a high-pressure propaganda campaign to popularize their project, yet the war has aroused no such genuine enthusiasm in Japan as in China.

Japan the victor is friendless to-day not only among the Western powers, especially the United States, but also among her fellow-Asiatics. Her signing of the anti-Comintern pact with Germany in 1936 was an entirely opportunistic move. For all their admiration of the Third Reich's militarism, the Japanese had no particular reason to love, and less reason to trust, the Nazis. But they had no one else to turn to.

Four years later Japan's isolation had reached such a stage that her leaders felt obliged to enter into active association with the members of the Axis. The Berlin-Rome-Tokyo tripartite pact, signed on September 27, 1940, was designed to immobilize the United States, to prevent American intervention in either Asia or Europe. The Japanese believed that active Axis partnership would give them a free hand to carry out their plans for a "co-prosperity sphere." But it did nothing of the kind. It aroused American hostility and moved the United States to take a more positive interest in the affairs of the Far East. American help to Chiang Kai-shek increased; American bombers were sent in growing numbers to the Netherlands East Indies; American armaments piled up in Singapore. Into Chiang's capital poured American munitions, technical advisers, and "volunteers." The Philippines, United States advance base in the western Pacific, began preparing to "meet any emergency that might arise." The freezing of Japanese assets by the democracies, the institution of an oil em-

bargo, the obvious preparations of these countries to resist a Japanese attack—these determined measures were no figments of a war-lord's imagination. They were facts. And for all this Nippon had only her imperialists and military extremists to thank.

They had brought Japan to a terrible quandary. Drained by four years of war in China, with the danger of greatly expanded hostilities, Japan has been facing a deadly choice. To retreat has meant to abandon her grandiose plans; to stand still, however, has meant to lose face, and furthermore to sink down into the morass of war and economic collapse; to go forward along the path of her "immutable" imperial policies has meant to plunge into a broader war which, with her depleted resources, she can hardly win.

Toshio Shiratori, Axis-minded adviser to the Foreign Ministry, gave words to this dilemma months ago. In an article appearing last April in the Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri*, he wrote: "The main objective has changed from the emancipation of China into the emancipation of Asia; the aim now is to restore Asia to the Asiatics." You are several years too late, Mr. Shiratori. In 1931 you might have won Asia over to your standard. Indeed, you might have done so in 1937. To-day your yellow and brown neighbors are welcoming the support of the white man against their common enemy, the Japanese aggressor. This is *your* "new order" in East Asia.

IV

Old China hands indulge in little wishful thinking these days about the significance of Chinese nationalism and the alliance of the white and yellow men. They wonder whether the days of the white man's economic privileges and extra-territoriality in China may not be numbered. They tell you that in some respects Chinese nationalism is as anti-Occidental as it is anti-Japanese. If Chiang wins, they feel, he will set to work

to build a unified China that will be the dominant power in the Far East. The Chinese have too many ancient grudges against Western military and economic aggression to feel any overwhelming sense of gratitude for present help against Japan. Chiang's first problem is to insure—with the help of the West—the

ruin of Nippon. Then China will turn to her Western allies and treat with them as an equal among equals. This new China will naturally assume leadership of the peoples of Asia. The greedy imperialists of Japan may yet bring about an "Asia for the Asiatics." But not in the way they intended.

DISTANCE

BY FREDERIC FAUST

*VAINLY we dwell together like the bees;
 For as the stars that seem to cloud the night
 Are recluse in the void, their companies
 Afar dispersed in never-ending flight,
 So the cold spirit to the silences
 Retires apart, relieved by destiny
 And bound unto the unalterable course,
 A light that moving burns and lost shall be,
 In measureless demension held by force.
 Vainly the lips touch or the hands are free.
 This body, born of flesh and tenderness,
 Inherits instantly the distant way.
 Love, the divine compassion, no redress
 Can give for pain, no pain but loneliness,
 No cold but this, ethereal more than death,
 No anguish save the passion to return,
 Our spirit with the beloved like a breath
 To mingle. Even while our bodies burn
 To incense high and sweet of ecstasy,
 The soul is closed in space immaculate.*



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



THIS week in our county the two leading topics are deerslaying and civilian defense. Our best defenders are off in the woods, sharpening their aim and laying up protein reserves. The rest of us attend the meetings and listen to the speakers; in our minds we rebuild, with the volunteer bricklayers, the still unruined cities. On the way home we pass the cars of the hunters and note that they are wearing antlers. If Hitler had ever spent a fall in a New England village, watching the bucks go by on the running boards, he never would have dared reoccupy the Rhineland.

* * *

Everyone is excited about the local defense program, and there is a pleasing confusion in all quarters—the sort of confusion which makes a democracy so lovable and so frightening. The absence of the tangible foe, the unlikelihood of his soon appearing in military guise, these give the whole thing a certain incredibility without lessening its intensity. In a day or two a registrar will be around to find out whether I want to join a demolition squad or learn tap dancing to amuse the draftees. In scope, the co-ordinating program is quite amazing—a curious blend of rather elusive vitamins for schoolchildren and protection against even more elusive poison gas for adults. At the moment its advantage to the cause, I suspect, is glandular: it will release, in many people including myself, a pent-up desire to serve their country in this fight. Its disadvantage is that sheer activity often creates the illusion of accomplishment; people's gaze will be diverted from the theater of war to the theater of defense, and a sense of invincibility not in accord with the facts will be developed. In a military way America is

about as invincible as anyone could wish, but in other ways I believe she is in immediate peril.

* * *

A few days before the defense meeting, where the civilians gathered to raise their barricades against the invader, the enemy slipped into town and out again, and I think there were hardly a dozen people who caught a glimpse of his coat tails. The populace was watching for planes in the sky—but when the enemy came he came in the curious shape of certain old boxes and hencoops and logs and odds and ends of rubbish that the town boys piled up, on Halloween, against the door of the Jewish merchant, the unpopular storekeeper who had been too grasping. It was a passing visit. The next day the hencoops were rolled away. The dummy which dangled in a noose from the elm tree, with the legend “This is what happens to you if you trade at —’s” was cut down. Bystanders laughed to see such fun, a few of the elders complimented the boys on the job, and the town settled into its stride. People got ready to attend the defense meeting where they could volunteer to serve democracy by organizing a motor corps and preparing surgical dressings. The enemy had disappeared, virtually unnoticed, and all that remained were the fame of his European successes and the shadow of distant wings. Only a few people had felt his hot breath in the branches of the elm.

* * *

There would never be a moment, in war or in peace, when I wouldn't trade all the patriots in the county for one tolerant man. Or when I wouldn't swap the vitamins in a child's lunchbox for a jelly glass of magnanimity.

* * *

There were two dogs with us the night we went coon hunting. One was an old hound, veteran of a thousand campaigns, who knew what we were up to and who wasted no time in idle diversions. The other was a puppy, brought along to observe and learn; to him the star-sprinkled sky and the deep dark woods and the myriad scents and the lateness of the hour and the frosty ground were intoxicating. The excitement of our departure was too much for his bowels. Tied in the truck, he was purged all the way over to Winkumpaw Brook and was hollow as a rotten log before the night was well under way. This may have had something to do with what happened.

It was great hunting that night, perfect for man and beast, a fateful night for coon. The stars leaned close, and some lost their hold and fell. I was amazed at how quickly and easily the men moved through the woods in strange country, guided by hunches and a bit of lantern gleam. The woods hit back at you if you let your guard down.

We were an odd lot. A couple of the men were in coveralls—those bunny suits garage mechanics wear. One old fellow had been all stove to pieces in a car accident; another was down with a hard cold and a racking cough; another had broken two ribs the day before and had been strapped up that afternoon by a doctor. He had killed the pain with a few shots of whiskey and the spirits had evidently reminded him of coon hunting. This fellow had a terrible thirst for water all during the night and he had a way of straying off from the main party and hugging the water courses where he could kneel and drink when the need was great. We could sometimes follow the progress of his thirst in the winking of his buglight, in some faraway valley. After a bit he would rejoin us. "I'm drier'n a covered bridge," he would say disconsolately.

I felt a strong affinity for the puppy because he and I were the new ones to this strange game, and somehow it seemed

to me we were sharing the same excitement and mystery of a night in the woods. I had begun to feel the excitement back in the kitchen of the farmhouse, where the hunters had gathered, dropping in and standing about against the walls of the room. The talk began right away, all the cooning lore, the tales of being lost from three in the morning until six, and the tricks a coon would play on a dog. There was a woman in the room, wife of the owner of the old dog, and she was the only one for whom the night held no special allure. She sat knitting a huge mitten. Mostly, the hunters paid no attention to her. Only one remark went her way. One of the men, observing the mitten, asked:

"Gettin' that man o' yours ready for winter?"

She nodded.

"I should kill him before winter if he was mine—he's no good for anything else," the fellow continued, pleasantly.

The woman raised a grudging smile to this sure-fire witticism. She plied the needles without interruption. This obviously was not the first time she had been left at home while men and dogs went about their business, and it wasn't going to be the last time either. For her it was just one night in a long succession of nights. This was the fall and in the fall the men hunted coon. They left after sundown and returned before sun-up. That was all there was to that.

The best coon country is always far away. Men are roamers, and getting a long way from home is part of the sport. Our motorcade consisted of two vehicles, a truck for the dogs and owners, and a sedan for the hangers-on, lantern-bearers, and advisory committee. The old dog jumped into place the minute he was let out of the barn; the puppy was hoisted in and tied. The two of them sat on a pile of straw just behind the cab. The man with the broken ribs got into the sedan. Nobody seemed to think it was in the least odd that he was going coon hunting, to walk twelve or fifteen miles in rough country. He said the adhesive

tape held everything O.K. and anyway, he said, the only time his chest hurt was when he breathed.

We advanced without stealth, the truck leading. The headlights of our car shone directly in the faces of the dogs. The old dog leaned back craftily against the sideboards, to steady himself against the motion. He half closed his eyes and was as quiet on the journey as a middle-aged drummer on a way train. The pup crouched uneasily and was frequently thrown. He would rare up and sniff, then crouch again, then a curve would throw him and he would lose his balance and go down. He found a hole in the sideboards and occasionally would press his nose through to sniff the air. Then the excitement would attack his bowels and he would let go all over everything—with some difficulty because of the violent motion of the truck. The old dog observed this untidiness with profound contempt.

We got away from the highway after a while and followed a rough back road up into some country I had never been into. At last we got out and let the old hound go. He went to work instantly, dropping downhill out of sight. We could hear his little bell tinkling as he ranged about in the dim valley between us and a night-struck lake. When he picked up a scent, suddenly his full round tones went through you, and the night was a gong that had been struck. The old dog knew his business. The men, waiting around, would discuss in great detail his hunting and would describe what he was doing off there, and what the coon was doing; but I doubted that they knew, and they just kept making things up the way children do. As soon as the hound barked tree, which is a slightly different sound than the sound of the running, we followed his voice and shot the coon.

Once the dog led us to an old apple tree in an almost impenetrable thicket, and when the flashlights were shined up into the topmost branches no coon was there. The owner was puzzled and em-

barrassed. Nothing like this had ever happened before, he said. There was a long period of consultation and speculation, all sorts of theories were advanced. The most popular was that the coon had climbed the apple tree, then crossed, squirrel-like, into the branches of a nearby hackmatack, then descended, fooling the hound. Either this was the case or the dog had made an error. Upward of an hour was spent trying every angle of this delicious contretemps.

The puppy was held in leash most of the time, but when the first coon was treed he was allowed to watch the kill. Lights from half a dozen flashlights swept the tree top and converged to make a halo, with the coon's bright little sharp face in the center of the luminous ring. Our host lethargically drew his pistol, prolonging the climax with a legitimate sense of the theater. No one spoke while he drew a bead. The shot seemed to puncture first the night, then the coon. The coon lost his grip and landed with a thud, still alive and fighting. The old hound rushed in savagely, to grab him by the throat and finish him off. It was a big bull coon; he died bravely and swiftly, and the hound worked with silent fury. Then the puppy, in leash, was allowed to advance and sniff. He was trembling in every muscle, and was all eyes and ears and nose—like a child being allowed to see something meant only for grownups. (I felt a little that way myself.) As he stretched his nose forward timidly to inhale the heady smell of warm coon the old hound, jealous, snarled and leaped. The owner jerked back. The puppy yelped in terror. Everyone laughed. It was a youngster, getting burned by life—that sort of sight. Made you laugh.

After midnight we moved into easier country about ten miles away. Here the going was better—old fields and orchards, where the little wild apples lay in thick clusters under the trees. Old stone walls ran into the woods, and now and then there would be an empty barn as a ghostly landmark. The night grew

frosty and the ground underfoot was slippery with rime. The bare birches wore the stars on their fingers, and the world rolled seductively, a dark symphony of brooding groves and plains. Things had gone well, and everyone was content just to be out in the small hours, following the musical directions of a wise and busy dog.

The puppy's owner had slipped the leash and allowed his charge to range about a bit. Nobody was paying much attention to him. The pup stayed with the party mostly, and although he was aware of the long-range operations of the older dog, he seemed to know that this was out of his class; he seemed timid of the woods and tended to stay close, contenting himself with sniffing about and occasionally jumping up to kiss someone's face. We were stepping along through the woods, the old hound near at hand, when the thing happened. Suddenly the puppy (who had not made a sound up to this point) let out a loud whoop and went charging off on a tangent. Everybody stopped dead in surprise.

"What goes on here anyway?" said somebody quietly.

The old hound was as mystified as the rest of us. This was a show-off stunt apparently, this puppy trying to bark coon. Nobody could make it out. Obviously there was no coon scent or the old dog would have picked it up instantly and been at his work.

"What in *the* devil?" asked somebody.

The puppy was howling unmercifully as though possessed. He charged here and there and came back along his own track passing us at a crazy mad pace, and diving into the woods on the other side of the trail. The yelps sounded hysterical now. Again the puppy charged back. This time as he passed we could see that he had a queer look in his eye and that his movements were erratic. He would dive one way at a terrible clip, then stop and back off as though ducking an enemy, half cringing; but he kept putting up this terrible holler and commotion. Once he came straight at me. I

stepped aside and he went by screaming.

"Runnin' fit," said his owner. "That's the trouble. I can tell now by the way he acts. He's took with cramps in his bowwils and he don't know anything to do 'cept run and holler. C'mon, Dusty, c'mon, boy!"

He kept calling him softly. But Dusty was in another world and the shapes were after him. It was an eerie business, this crazy dog tearing around in the dark woods, half coming at you, half running from you. Even the old dog seemed disturbed and worried, as though to say: "You see—you *will* bring a child along, after his bedtime."

The men were patient, sympathetic now.

"That's all it is, he's took with a fit."

Dusty charged into the midst of us, scattering us. He stopped, bristling, his eyes too bright, a trace of froth at his mouth. He seemed half angry, half scared and wanting comfort. "Nothing much you can do, he'll run it off," they said.

And Dusty ran it off, in the deep dark woods, big with imaginary coons and enormous jealous old hounds, alive with the beautiful smells of the wild. His evening had been too much for him; for the time being he was as crazy as a loon. Someone suggested we go home.

We started moving up toward the cars, which were two or three fields away over where you could see the elms black against the sky. The thought of home wasn't popular. A counter suggestion was made to prolong the hunting, and we separated off into two parties, one to return to the cars, the other to cut across country with the old dog and intercept the main body where a certain woods road met the highway. I walked several more miles, and for the first time began to feel cold. It was another hour before I saw Dusty again. He was all right. All he needed was to be held in somebody's arms. He was very, very sleepy. He and I were both sleepy. I think we will both remember the first night we ever went coon hunting.



The Easy Chair



THE WRITERS' PROJECT

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

IN THE first week of November the Easy Chair was summoned to Washington to serve on a committee of five literary persons who were asked to make suggestions for the future of the Writers' Project. Two other committees were summoned to make similar recommendations about the Art Project and the Music Project. The committees presently found that issues not stated in the agenda were in the air. One of these, an idea that the government should conduct the various Projects as a cultural subsidy rather than as relief, will be discussed here. But first it is desirable to report some facts.

The Federal Writers' Project was established in May, 1935, as a division of the Works Progress Administration. To trace the various alphabetical and jurisdictional steps by which a national program has developed into a series of State programs under local control—and sometimes half-frustrated by local rigidities—would only confuse the reader. (The committee recommended, not hopefully, that most of the authority stripped from the Washington office by this development be restored.) In conception, the Writers' Project was a form of work-relief, designed to preserve the skills of unemployed writers by utilizing them at socially valuable jobs. In 1936 it employed 6,500 persons. By 1940 the total had fallen to 3,300, and by November, 1941, when the committee met, to 2,200. (The Washington office, the nerve center of the Project, had been cut from about sixty to sixteen.) Of the 2,200 remain-

ing in November about 850 were classified as "professional and technical" workers, about thirteen hundred as "skilled" workers, and the remaining 50-odd as "unskilled." The appropriations allocated to the Project from the beginning have totalled \$21,500,000. This sum represents almost exactly one-fifth of one per cent of the total WPA appropriations during the period.

In order to understand the nature, achievements, and limitations of the Project one must first understand that the term "Writers' Project" is a misnomer. A good many genuine writers have got relief from it at various times. A number of young people employed on it at various times have developed into genuine writers. But these amount to only a small fraction of the whole, and most of the people employed by the Project have never been, even in the humblest sense, genuine writers. They have been people whose skills and capacities were more adapted to the kind of work undertaken by the Project than to any other subdivision of WPA. It has been, in fact, a project for research workers.

This is said without any shadow of derogation. The need of those people is unquestionable, and the propriety of employing them at the jobs they were best qualified to do is clear. Moreover, the Writers' Project has proved the most feasible way of extending relief to writers as well as to research workers—and, as Mr. Malcolm Cowley said in Washington, not only may we confidently expect

that the number of unemployed writers will increase after the war, but it may actually increase during the present period, which is one of prosperity for most other groups. Nevertheless, the fact has a direct bearing on the subsidy of literature. If the government were to begin encouraging literature by making grants to writers it would have to do so entirely apart from the Writers' Project as it is now constituted.

The achievements of the Project have been remarkable. One could not easily overstate the handicaps under which it has operated. It has never known what funds it might expect, whether it would continue past the next quarter-day, or when caprice or hostility might fundamentally change the regulations set for it. The pressures exerted on it by local politicians and local organizations of business men, educators, and agitators have been grotesque, heartbreaking, and sometimes side-splitting. It has always been hogtied by red tape. In its early stages some of those in control were gentle loonies who had the most bizarre notions of shifting American society closer to Utopia by means of some guidebooks. At various times the literary Communists, then in their racketeering phase, made serious trouble. The effectiveness of the State supervisors, the responsible heads of the local organizations, has of course varied enormously. The Project has never been able to count on continuity of personnel and the turnover has been most rapid among the most efficient. And finally it has always had the problem of maintaining high standards of writing and editing with staffs most of whom were either untrained as writers and editors or had proved unable to meet competition. But in spite of all this the Project has done work of the greatest importance and has made contributions to the national culture which the writers and commercial publishers of the United States had not undertaken and probably could never undertake.

The most important of these achievements is the American Guides Series.

And of the Guides, the most important are those to the several States and territorial possessions, such metropolises as Philadelphia and New York City, certain specialized jobs such as *The Oregon Trail* and *U. S. One*, and those now in course of production which will cover the United States by regions. (Many of the lesser guides devoted to small areas, small cities, or national monuments are exceedingly well done and some of them contain the best writing of the entire Series, but they issue out of the State guides.) Some of these, naturally, are better than others: some, in fact, are so unsatisfactory that they ought to be done over. But the average level is astonishingly high; for the first time the United States has usable guidebooks, and their importance goes far beyond their usefulness as guides. Far more people than will ever use them on tour will be fascinated by them for a long time to come. They are an educational force and even a patriotic force, an honorable addition to our awareness of ourselves and of our country. The organization which produced them has notably served the United States and deserves well of it.

The Project is now revising them as new printings are called for, and it is important that this process of revision be continued. Continuing use will suggest desirable additions and deletions, and the committee which met in Washington recommended that provision be made for bringing them down to date at stated intervals.

Hardly less important than the Guides is the enormous mass of data gathered in compiling them. These data are of every conceivable kind, geological, geographic, meteorological, ethnological, historical, political, sociological, economic. They have not been digested or even adequately organized but they constitute a storehouse of miscellaneous facts such as has never before existed in America. They are now in grave danger of being destroyed as waste paper; but if they are organized, indexed, and made available to students, writers, and his-

torians they can be immensely valuable.

Other activities of the Project shade off toward the unimportant and even the trivial. Many of the local jobs it has done are useful, interesting, and well worth the labor, but others are little more than antiquarian leaf-raking. And the shift of control from Washington to the local units has created a paradox. The local units have produced innumerable leaflets, pamphlets, and booklets for school boards, chambers of commerce, and similar organizations. Conceivably, these are valuable to the organizations that sponsor them, and certainly they are paid for below the market rates. The Project has thus been employed to narrow the market which it was designed to supplement.

Certain things remain to be said. All the State Guides contain general essays on history, geology, flora and fauna, folklore, and similar subjects. The standard of these essays is very high; but many of them—most of the scientific ones—were written by people who were not connected with the Project at all, college professors and other experts who gave their knowledge and labor in a simple desire to make the books as good as possible. Furthermore, some of the Guides could not have been produced at all, and none of them could have achieved their present excellence, without the work of experts employed by the Project but not in need of relief. It proved impossible to write some of the Guides locally; others were mostly written by the State supervisors; some were entirely rewritten and all were intensively edited by the Washington staff. The Washington office has had to maintain a flying squadron of experts to send into the field whenever the local organizations got into trouble, and it has had to fill all the gaps and repair all the deficiencies in the manuscripts that came in from the States. The Guides could not have been produced without the infinite labor of the field workers of course, but it is equally true that the work of the Washington staff has been indispensable. That staff

is composed of experts trained to this particular job, and they are primarily responsible for the excellence of the Guides. These facts suggest certain conclusions.

In the first place, it is desirable to maintain the Washington staff through whatever vicissitudes the Project may experience in the future—through, for instance, any cuts in WPA that may be made in the interests of national defense. Only they can make fruitful the work of the field force. Only they can plan satisfactory jobs for the Project as a whole. Only they can serve as a nucleus for the expansion of the Project when unemployment increases.

In the second place, the experience of the Project so far makes clear the only kind of work it can reasonably be asked to do in the future: large-scale but unspecialized group-research, supervised and utilized by expert editors. Such research must be kept from duplicating the labors of private scholarship and from conflicting with the interests of writers and publishers—for the object is not to increase unemployment. And also it must be worth doing: it must be in the public interest. The committee in Washington could think of no undertaking so obviously and immediately valuable as the Guides, but was convinced that many valuable jobs can be found for researchers and writers on relief. If at any time such jobs cannot be found, then it will be best to abandon the Project and find other forms of relief for the people now employed on it.

All these considerations show that the problems of the Writers' Project have no bearing on government subsidy of literature. The Project has been work-relief; as such it has assisted a good many writers and a great many other people who were not writers but were certainly entitled to assistance. The subsidy of writers would be a wholly different thing and must rest on assumptions unrelated to the Writers' Project, if not antagonistic to it. There would be little point—and no social justification—in subsidizing any but

the most promising younger writers and the best older ones. It would be almost impossible to fix a scale to determine the latter and altogether impossible to pick out the former in advance. A subsidy that paid so little as the relief-wage of the Writers' Project would be ineffective, and society could not afford an extensive subsidy at higher rates. A writer's apprenticeship may last twenty-five years. We cannot tell beforehand who will complete one successfully, and we cannot afford to distribute them on application or certification. Writers are not made by appointment, personal, private, or public, but by election. Writers are revealed by the fact, not in advance of it. Society has always said to the aspirant: At your peril. The terms thus stated are harsh but government cannot do for writers what society will not do for them. And should it if it could? If you modify for a writer the terms which society sets him for survival you may indeed relieve him from the anxiety of making a living in an imperfect world and free him to practice his own conception of his art altogether unhampered by social control. But also you will create a whole new set of evils whose sum may be disastrous.

The committee of writers called to Washington did not take up this problem. The committees on music and art, however, faced it and expressed their belief that government subsidy of the arts is desirable. The problems of artists and musicians are radically different from those of writers (not the least of them is the fact that their professional schools have encouraged an altogether unrealistic idea of society's ability to support artists and musicians). Also, in the opinion of the Easy Chair, the commit-

tees fell into some fallacies. One gentleman expressed his belief that every American citizen has a right to be a creative artist, and that may be—but it is hard to see that society has any obligation to pay for his private gratifications or to pay his guides and teachers. One does not question that it has been healthy to bring music and art to communities that lacked them, and that it is good to increase the public understanding of the arts. But this merely extends and makes more fruitful the labors of humble teachers of the arts; it has little or no relation to the subsidizing of creative artists. Has society any obligation to support an artist on his personal declaration that he is one, or to educate anyone to be an artist on his admission that he wants to be one? If not, is there any way of determining whom to support less rigorous than the way society now decides which artists it will support? Finally, what reason is there for society to support any artist as an artist? Just how, and by what theory, can government set on the arts a value which society does not set on them?

Has an artist, purely as an artist, any claim on the government? Granted that the government can employ artists, as it employs engineers and research scientists, on socially valuable work, has it any reason to support them as it certainly does not support scientists or engineers? Has it any reason to subsidize their education? How much sense does an artist make apart from the conditions set for him by the people who are the reality behind the abstraction called society? If you make an artist's survival dependent on government do you not also make his art subject to government? If you do, just how valuable is his art likely to be?

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harper's *Magazine*

THE TRUTH ABOUT AIR POWER

OUR NEED FOR A FIVE-CONTINENT AIR FORCE

BY KEITH AYLING

By striking a hard and treacherous blow at the United States and Britain in the Pacific, Japan has demonstrated that she alone of all the nations was prepared to execute warfare in strict if dishonorable accordance with the copybook of air strategy, which is to hit at the heart of your opponent with considerable air power before he is aware of the attack. Japan's attack was of the type which Germany would have delivered against England if she had been allowed to declare war in her own time instead of being challenged by Chamberlain and Daladier when Hitler launched his air and land army against Poland.

The war between America and Japan focuses attention on air power, its use against the battleship, and its co-operation with the army.

I believe that air power can and will win this world war, and that Japan's temporary success was due to her ability to profit by the mistakes in the trial-and-error campaign of the other war-

ring nations—to her ability to formulate the plan of perfect co-operation between her forces. We must never forget that what Japanese airplanes did to Allied battleships American airplanes can do with greater efficiency over a longer period of time to Japanese, German, Italian, and French battleships.

Let us be realistic about air power.

Why was Germany, with her admitted aerial superiority at the beginning of the war, unable to score a decisive victory over England? After Munich it was widely believed that German air power would strike blows deadly and decisive enough to bring hostilities to a speedy conclusion. The experts expected the worst. The blows came, but after nearly a year of suspense, and they were struck with a comparatively lilliputian hammer instead of with a gargantuan flail. The spires of London still stand, the familiar scarlet buses run in the streets, and the English still attend their football matches

on a Saturday afternoon. Plans are in preparation for the next season's cricket, and the island kingdom that was lamentably unprepared when the Luftwaffe's first bombs fell has now been transformed into a veritable fortress. Defenses have actually been built under the shadow of the wings of what was reputed to be the greatest and most destructive air force the world has ever seen.

The air attack on England failed because Germany did not have enough air power. Forced to go into a major war at least two years before they planned, the Germans lacked sufficient numbers of aircraft to launch an all-out war, even though after the declaration of war the incredible folly of Chamberlain and his appeasing associates enabled their factories to continue aircraft construction at high speed.

Real air power is calculable only in units of a thousand up-to-date planes; and only when there are a hundred of these units can it be used in battle with any hope of decisive result. If the Germans had organized their bombers on the same lines as their panzer divisions, and thrown a hundred such units into battle from the zero hour of the declaration of war, the destiny of the Reich might be shaped very differently.

Ten thousand bombers, a mere ten divisions swarming over London a few hours before the formal declaration of war in 1939, would have given the then undefended and unready British capital such a blasting that Britain might not have survived, and the bombardment might have been the beginning of the end of the last great war of which the Germans were already talking. Hitler might have won his campaign without the loss of a single tank or the decimation of a single armored division. London lay wide open through the criminal folly of the politicians. The men-who-knew in the R.A.F. realized that their best would be a very little if the German air legions played the air-war game according to the copybook—one mass attack after another on several cities simul-

taneously, continued at regular intervals for a week without stopping!

Germany made no secret of her belief in this form of mass air attack. I learned in Berlin in 1937 what Colonel Lindbergh was probably told and shown on his famous visit to Germany: that the Germans then had and were constructing the biggest air fleet the world had ever seen, and would continue on that building program until they considered that the loss of a thousand planes (or one complete unit) a day would be no more important to the strategy of the High Command than the loss of the same number of shock troops is to-day. The time was not far away, I learned, when warplanes in tens of thousands would ride the skies day and night in defense of the fatherland. I was shown eager young Siegfrieds in gliders, dapper young men carving stomach-turning curves out of the air in pursuit ships, and serious young mathematicians doing things with bomb-aiming devices. The air-mindedness of the German people was so highly developed that it seemed as if no other nation could ever hope to rival Nazi air power. The new German bombing, said my informant, a youngish and charmingly entertaining person named Milch (now the Air Marshal in Operational Direction slated to succeed Goering), would be so terrific that after the first attack on the target area scarcely a living thing would remain. He was proudly specific.

Certain areas in East Prussia had been used as testing grounds, he said. After the first wave of bombers had passed over there had been nothing left for the second; but—his smile was disarming—if actual warfare came the aerial bombardment would be maintained for twenty-four hours by successive squadrons, so that the ground defenses would be rendered incapable of reply. If war ever came, he assured me, Germany could rip the heart out of any attacking country and destroy every airfield in striking distance within twenty-four hours. Twenty thousand planes would

be enough, but there would be fifty thousand.

Milch was right, but Germany never had those twenty thousand to play with. When war broke out she probably had more tanks than bombers, more fighter ships than Stukas.

The German abstention from all-out air attack is proof that the Luftwaffe was unready. The German military mind has never found destruction distasteful. Only sheer incapability of striking kept the German bombers grounded. The British know to-day that Goering's air force was unable to execute bombing raids on Britain through lack of machines and trained pilots, an incredible mistake on the part of Hermann Goering, the fighter pilot of the First World War. You must appreciate Goering's character to understand his mistake. The genial hunter of boars with an ingrained "knighthood" complex built Germany a vast complement of pursuit ships and trained pilots to fly them. Goering visualized the ding-dong chivalrous air clashes of the combat squadrons of that last war, and built his air force accordingly. His knights of the air were to do battle with the British as they did in 1917-18. He neglected the prosaic medium- and long-range bomber, conceding only to the army generals' demand for dive-bomber pilots. The German High Command, with its eyes on a 1942 war, aimed at a swift decisive blow behind enemy lines, using tens of thousands of bombing planes shuttling over their targets for twenty-four shattering hours without respite.

So the war dragged on up to the battle of France without any major bombing offensive. Chamberlain and the Archbishop of Canterbury combined to stop the R.A.F. from carrying bombs over Germany despite the fact that the R.A.F. had several squadrons of bombers and pilots competent to fly them—as evidenced by the pamphlet raids. In France the squadrons of Caudron and Forman long-range bombers that Pierre Cot had designed to fly over Berlin and

land in Moscow in the days when Russia was an ally, could have begun limited operations; but Gamelin found in Chamberlain an able ally for his wait-and-see policy. Thus the French lost their chance. How the Germans must have chuckled at being good psychologists as their aircraft factories thundered day and night pouring out bombers!

Even when the battle of France was finished the Luftwaffe still had insufficient machines and pilots to begin total air war on Britain.

During the early days of the German advance through Flanders the French Armée de l'Air and the R.A.F. and the ground gunners of both armies shot down an incredibly high number of the dive bombers which the Germans used as a substitute for artillery. Many will remember Prime Minister Churchill's bitter complaint that France allowed some four hundred German pilots to return to Germany. From another hundred of such captured pilots examined by British intelligence officers came an astonishing revelation. Only thirty of these had been trained in this particular type of work in their advanced training squadrons. Of the remainder, forty were fighter-ship pilots hurriedly transferred; of the remaining thirty, fifteen were World War pilots, and fifteen were flying-school students drafted to the dive-bomber squadrons with less than a month's training. One youth had exactly half an hour's actual air experience on a service machine. An all-time record of brevity in a flying career. Here was evidence of pilot training shortage that even the British did not expect!

The truth was as plain as a blaze in the cold winter blackout: Goering had built up the Luftwaffe with the pick of the German youth trained as pursuit pilots because he believed in the fighter ship. When he said that no enemy bomber could cross the Berlin defenses he was not boasting. He believed it as sincerely as he believed his bombers could not, and would not, be called upon to bomb London. In the first air battle

for Britain he outnumbered the Stuka and Heinkel bombers four to one with escorting fighter ships, believing the R.A.F. would engage them in combat. He counted on his bombers getting through while the British and German pursuit ships fought it out. The British avoided the escorting fighters and shot down the bombers, rendering them as ineffective as the German army's blitz tactics had rendered the Maginot line. If Goering had had sufficient bombers he might have overpowered the British by weight of numbers.

When the massed raids gradually died away the Nazi Command launched the finest aircraft Germany possesses, the M.E. 110 bomber-fighters. They came across the Channel high in extended formation and pierced British defenses repeatedly; but their bomb-carrying capacity was woefully limited. Ten thousand of these machines instead of a possible five hundred might have changed history.

II

Hitler then gave the order for night bombing. Goering had thousands of bombers of a kind but insufficiency of pilots to fly them.

Germany's night blitz on England opened in September, 1940, accelerated in October, and continued till the spring of 1941, when it ceased probably because it did not bring the required results. Using the haphazard method of sprinkling bombs over a wide area, the Luftwaffe still lacked sufficient ships and lacked pilots able to undertake the painstaking program of industrial bombing from which the British have never deviated. The first German night raids were actually forays at dusk. In twilight, when visibility is at its lowest and aircraft in the gray light are merely dark shadows, the Luftwaffe aimed those elongated shaft formations of M.E. 110s at the London docks, at Bristol, and other targets. They unloaded incendiaries and high explosives, with considerable accuracy, and then streaked back

for friendly shores across the Channel, leaving behind them orange-centered columns of smoke. As dusk darkened into night those orange centers swelled to the rose-colored glow of burning buildings, perfect targets for the heavy bombers at Villa Coublay, Etampes, and Bourget. These sprayed the flaming areas with bombs of every caliber and description. They did considerable damage, but it was unscientific destruction.

Goering persisted in this type of raid, but on most nights his pilots were home early after the first sortie. In western Germany he was training expert night flyers. In December, 1940, some of these were ready. They were too precious to group in a single squadron. One only was allocated as leader to each bombing unit. He had to find his way across the Channel, locate the target in the blacked-out metropolis, and drop the first incendiaries to enable his followers to distort the peaceful nights of London into that blasting hell we got to know too well. This series of raids caused Londoners much loss of sleep and did considerable property damage. From a hundred to two hundred machines usually arrived from three directions, east, south and southwest, at three-minute intervals and hammered at the capital night after night.

London promptly increased her air defenses. From the Thames and the parks thundered monstrous naval guns, and night fighters cruised the upper air. Hurricanes, Beaus, and converted Douglas "Havoc" bombers fitted with an electrical device made the upper air unhealthy for the raiders. Similarly, the slumbering civil-defense authorities woke to the fact that incendiary bombs could be effectively doused on the roofs of houses as in the streets. The problem was only that of going upstairs to meet them. One particular Sunday night in October, 1940, a roof-top watcher in the City saw a hundred or more incendiary bombs burst to flame on the roofs of locked offices. It was the week-end—the City was deserted. He put out those

on his own roof but was powerless to reach the others. The police began to 'phone the suburban office owners to tell them their buildings were on fire—too late. Week-end carelessness was responsible for the burning of the City of London in 1940. The British learn by mistakes. After that sad experience roof-top watchers were made compulsory and the remainder of London was saved from the flames.

This successful dousing of these guiding fires demanded new strategy from the Luftwaffe, and so the famous Coventry raid was painstakingly planned and finally executed. Five hundred ships were dispatched at minute intervals from Norway, from Brittany, and from the Paris area. From Norway a radio beam was focussed, from St. Malo another. At the point of intersection of these two beams was the target, Coventry—a spot on the map. Thousands of tons of bombs ripped out the heart of the beautiful City of Churches; but a spot on a map does not mean a vital industrial center. Although these glorious ancient monuments crumbled to dust, the belt of industrial plants girdling the old city escaped. Here was no precision bombing, just mass plastering of destructive material.

The British defenders waited for the next raid. If the Germans could repeat such an onslaught their production of bombers and their ground organization were a greater menace than could be imagined. But the repetition did not come . . . Coventry showed that the Luftwaffe had one real punch at a time. The British knew that preparation of a "Coventry" raid took weeks of planning, entailed the transportation of millions of gallons of gas, the maintenance and concealment of a great number of machines, the transport of at least ten thousand personnel with workshops, filling equipment, and ammunition. Had the Germans repeated it the next night and the next and the next, the R.A.F. would have known that the Luftwaffe had two thousand first-line bombers and the nec-

essary crews available, and the picture of the future would have been very black indeed. But those mass bombers never came back. Coventry was Goering's flashy blow. It could not be repeated. Immediately the British bomber command got busy on the airfields from which the bombers came. Night after night they have been blasted at heavy cost to the R.A.F., solely in order to prevent the assembly of such a mass raid. A brief review of the use of air power in warfare up to date reveals that its failures have been due solely to lack of numerical strength.

III

In theory the air force of any country should be the supreme weapon. In practice men, guns, and noisy crawling machines rip shattering furrows through frontiers and defenses, using the airplane as an auxiliary. The airplane alone has failed to register a decisive offensive victory in Europe. The German air legions failed spectacularly to smash the defenses or even the morale of England, even if the Luftwaffe won Hitler a pocket victory in Crete, because British supplies were woefully lacking for the armies engaged. A few aircraft of the right type, and the Union Jack might be flying over Crete to-day. In Russia while the rival air forces clash, it is the army that deals the major blows. Over the Atlantic the assault on British supply lines that threatened to assume gigantic proportions later subsided, and behind German frontiers as well as within the sea-girt coasts of England munition factories and aircraft plants still yammer night and day.

Let us take a realistic view of the air war of the future as planned by the Germans, the air war which ironically enough will probably finally be carried out by the British and their allies, and which is possible only with increased American production.

A striking force of 10,000 bombers, each carrying a load of two or three tons of bombs and capable of defending itself against fighter-ship attack, must be main-

tained in the air every hour of daylight; a further 10,000 machines must be in reserve to take the air on the grounding of the first 10,000; and replacements of twenty-five per cent must be available every day to cover losses. Such an armada could maintain ceaseless shattering blows against the ten leading industrial centers of Germany round the clock. Such an assault repeated over a period of days might paralyze the nation, and cause such physical discomfort and disruption of communications that any government would sue for peace.

Imagine for instance that the first 100 bombers carrying 300 tons of bombs arrive over the target at 08.00. At 08.5 as the last of these soars away from the flaming destruction it has spread below, a second hundred planes arrive, followed in one minute by the third hundred, and so on until the remaining 9,700 in groups of one hundred have unloaded 30,000 tons of explosives. Can you imagine how much would be left of a city subjected to such treatment? If next day the blistering force of those 10,000 war planes was directed to another city, to a duplicate industrial center, the enemy territory would soon be a series of gaunt areas of total destruction—blind, muted, waterless, and starving.

Such an operation would call for the daily use of 50,000 trained pilots and airmen in the air, a similar number in reserve, and a supply of twenty-five per cent of the active personnel coming from the training schools each day. On the ground a minimum of 200,000 personnel would be actively employed in maintaining and launching the bombers, and behind these would be a million others of all ranks and functions. A military or naval air expert may accuse me of underestimation, but unless he has a "shot-gun" mind he will agree that bombing enemy territory with fleets of planes under 500 in number is not fully effective.

Every country at war has its problems of command. Wartime is not the moment for anything but constructive criticism, but in Britain there have been

politicians who have adopted a critical attitude toward the R.A.F. because of their utter lack of understanding of aerial strategy, despite the brilliant leadership of Prime Minister Churchill and the equally brilliant and untiring co-operation of Lord Beaverbrook when he was Minister for Aircraft Production. Some members of the British Cabinet had an invasion complex. They might do well to remember the words of the prophet Job: "That which I greatly feared has come upon me." To wait for invasion is courting the gravest risk of terrible disaster.

The R.A.F. command knows that with invading aircraft flying at 400 m.p.h. the twenty-two miles of sea separating England from Germany is but a blink of an eyelash, and that you cannot work on the "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes" principle urged by these cabinet ministers whose minds would be better occupied at their favorite sport of chasing little foxes. Every high official in the R.A.F. knows the real destructive power of a well-organized bombing raid. He knows that no defending aircraft can ward off a mass attack of 10,000 planes, and he knows that the best answer to such an attack is to strike a similar blow first. He wants to give the R.A.F.'s super blow before the rebuilt Luftwaffe can strike again. He knows that Goering's next blow may be so heavy that it will rip out the lifelines of the embattled island in one sharp blitz, and that even if the enemy were to lose 10,000 planes the adventure would be well worth his while, for it would give him mastery of a shattered fortress.

IV

How capable is Britain herself of delivering such blows? All-out massed raids over Germany must always present a considerable problem to the British, even with American factory resources to draw on, and their seemingly inexhaustible supply of pilots. The physical size of England makes the assembly and servic-

ing of big fleets of bombers an almost insuperable problem.

Whether the British will ever be able to launch such huge raids from the island of England, without using other bases too, is questionable. There are many physical problems to be taken into consideration. Paramount is safe storage of bombers, and sufficiency of space from which to launch such a considerable number of heavy aircraft. Recent reports from England show that the surface of many airfields was rendered soft by rain and humidity which precluded the launching of large squadrons of bombers; but the problem of a suitable runway that is invisible from above and immune from climatic conditions will soon be solved. Few airfields, however, can launch more than 100 big bombers. To transport 30,000 tons of bombs daily along winding roads and easily visible rail-tracks, to pipe gasoline to assembly centers, and to equip large numbers of machines is a perpetual struggle against time and distance. Add to this the briefing of 10,000 bomber crews—fifty thousand men, their transportation to their machines, and the complicated system of assembly points in the skies that must be attained at a common hour in order to maintain clocklike precision of arrival over the target, and you have some idea of the worries of a bomber command.

But could such an operation succeed in its object? The German losses over England were heavy enough to stop repetition of such armadas, and the same would happen in the case of these mass raids unless launched from dispersed bases and with heavily armored planes. The German raids failed because the Heinkels and Stukas used were so vulnerable to pursuit-ship fire. Germany relied on fighter-escort protection and lacked time or material to armor her bombers against such attack. The ultimate British attacks on Germany, or the renewed German attacks on Britain, must come from airfields situated of necessity far beyond the convenient medium-range bombing distance, and be executed

with ships able to defend themselves effectively against fighter attack and themselves capable of attacking with a devastating fire-power. They will be armored heavily enough to be veritable battleships of the air, and fly fast enough to outstrip defending pursuit ships launched against them.

The whole trend of this war in the air points to the gradual elimination of the pursuit ship. It will eventually be replaced by the battleship of the air. The recently published story of the Boeing Flying Fortress that beat off the attack of nine M.E. 109s and limped home with many of her crew dead and wounded is illustration enough that a heavily armored high-flying bomber is master of the skies. According to recent reports, the British have lost only one of their own lumbering, heavily protected Sunderland Flying Boats, so robustly designed that heavy caliber machine-gun bullets and cannon shells bounce harmlessly off their tough plated skins. The Russians recently confounded the Germans by putting into the battle of Moscow a new type of low-flying armored bomber that defied anything but direct hits from the heavier caliber cannon. Dismayed German reporters described these craft as "flying tanks."

These new Russian craft, whipped out of the hat of the Soviet air-production lines, demonstrate once more the necessity for efficient armoring of aircraft, and encourage the immediate production of high-flying heavily armored bombers. Russia's air power seems to have been used effectively for defense, but for some reason or other her long-distance bombing fleet has proved ineffective. Many bombers may have been destroyed in the first German assaults. More probable is the fact that she, like Britain, knowing time was short, concentrated on fighter defense to meet the immediate need.

The major disadvantage of the present type of bomber is that it has to be escorted by fighter craft for protection. Fighter craft are limited to one hour or one-and-a-half hours of flying time. Extend their

range and you have a ship sacrificing speed and maneuverability by carrying an excessive load of gas: a prey to the short-ranged defending pursuit ship that yowls skyward to attack. The present necessary practice of sending out bomber formations protected by fighters can be compared to a motorist in a high-powered car setting out on a journey with his pocketbook, luggage, and spares following behind in a tiny seven-horsepower vehicle, of five-gallon gas capacity. His range and speed are limited by that of his satellite.

The new armored bombers may put the pursuit ship out of business and save the air forces of the world a considerable amount of cash. The fighter ship served its purpose for the Battle of Britain. . . . The Battle of Germany, the Battle of Russia, of Italy, of the Far East will be won by a series of long-range punches delivered by long-range heavily armored bombers.

Germany knows this already. She has taken over the manufacture of the Machetti 37, prototype of the Italian aircraft that won the world's closed circuit record of 7,000 miles. In Czechoslovakia she is turning out vast numbers of the heavily armored four-engined Condors and Kurriers; the latter already range out over the Atlantic seeking merchant convoys and those all-important weather reports. Germany's urgent need for long-range armored airplanes may be the real cause of the lull in the aerial attack against Britain. But as conditions are at the moment in the Reich the production of these costly craft cannot be considerable. A different picture may be presented in the years to come if Germany succeeds in harnessing the industrial resources of Russia and erecting her busy factories beyond the range of Allied bombardment. In the spring of 1943 or 1944 she might conceivably turn out enough of these craft to launch the great aerial offensive of which she must still be dreaming. But unless she can achieve this, the succeeding months will see a constant and persistent battering of

Germany's industry and supply lines, by the painstaking brain trust of Britain's bomber command, whose pilots are precise if not spectacular.

If Germany can build enough of these ships to trade long-range punches from behind her deepening frontiers she will have achieved an industrial miracle.

Production of a new type of aircraft under war conditions is a difficult proposition. A new aircraft type means new machine tools, new methods of assembly, new factories to be thrown into high-speed production immediately the decision is made to produce the design decided on. It may be for nothing, but it must proceed at full speed. For nothing, because the other side may have produced a better aircraft, as often happened in the last war; but that risk must be taken. There can be no try-outs in actual combat. To throw a new type into the air before there are thousands of its prototypes available for action is disaster, a mistake the British made with the Defiants in the Battle of Britain from which they were withdrawn. A new machine attracts enemy curiosity. Its first appearance gives the enemy indication that a new factory is at work. It must be found and blasted. So unless there are ample supplies of the same type available the aircraft may have to be withdrawn, however good it might have been. In Europe the production and replacement of military aircraft on both sides is a makeshift business.

Germany's only solution would be the capture of large industrial areas in Russia and the erection of new factories out of bombing range.

Britain's only remedy is to continue her raids on vital production centers, and her only hope of ultimate victory is her American supply increased tenfold. With that alone she has a chance of delivering the knock-out blow.

V

Let us face the problem squarely. Number is the keynote of air superiority.

Produce the finest bomber in the world and it is merely useful when you have a thousand of its type. At ten thousand it becomes efficient; at twenty thousand it is the super machine the designer intended.

If either side in the present conflict gains aerial superiority to enable it to strike knock-out blows day by day for a week without stopping, it will be in a position to dictate peace terms; but at the moment no nation is in that position. Both Germany and England know that America is the only country which seems soon capable of building such an air force. But if Germany is allowed time to recover, if the uncounted legions of slave labor, directed by those brilliant Teutonic organizing brains, can be harnessed to increase production of super air battleships, things will be different.

Germany must not be allowed to do this, and the only way to stop her would be for Britain's air assault to be compressed into a super blitz, so sharp, so weighty that it would leave the enemy breathless and bewildered; and before a new breath could be drawn to strike a second blow of equal magnitude.

If such action is long delayed the prospect of ultimate victory is a gloomy one. The world must face that prospect without illusions. Hitler may dig in behind the frozen frontiers of the new Europe that his slaves are building. Why should he worry about a small island called England that he has succeeded in turning into a fortress instead of a center of world commerce and European influence? He can afford to wait while his conquered factories work night and day to produce the super aircraft he needs for a devastating aerial blitz. Nothing will be spared. Tanks, automobiles, captured material, and metal booty of every description will go to the furnaces to provide essential materials, and the greatest industrial blitz of all time will be set in motion.

A dream, you say? The German mind dreamed heavier tanks than other nations thought practical, and launched them in thousands against the enemy.

The Japanese would seem to have devised a means of using aircraft carriers in such a manner that the vast area of the Pacific is no bar to operations against Pearl Harbor. Everything is possible for him who dares.

To-day in this war of the worlds one thing is certain: the most efficient production line will win. Japan's long-term strategy may resemble Germany's in Europe: to consolidate behind distant frontiers and throw her industry into high gear to compete with the arsenal of democracy. Hitler would seem to have failed for the present in his campaign against Russia. But Japan has a large potentiality of production. She has cheap labor, she has big areas of China, she has the advice of German technicians, she has the use of German aircraft production secrets. If she could hold democracy at bay for six months or more she might be able to double or treble her production of aircraft. Suppose Japanese and Chinese labor were able to produce 2,000 heavy long-range bombers per month; suppose this production could be doubled in six months, while Japan's sea power protects her frontiers? If by next spring, when Hitler throws his new might against Russia, the Japanese should launch an attack on Siberia, the wings of the two totalitarian nations might touch, and Japanese-made planes would drone their way to England, from England to Iceland, from France to the Azores perhaps, and farther.

Glance at your map of the world. Soon you may read of a new kind of bombing raid. If the Russians succeed in fighting on, American-made bombers may fly from Canada, refuel and bomb load in England, fly eastward, drop bombs on Berlin, and land on the eastern side of the Urals, there to reload and fly back to Britain, dropping another load of bombs in transit. This is a logical two-way-assault; but if Russia goes under, what we see may not be British planes landing in Russia, refueling and flying west, but Japanese-manufactured planes crossing Russia to strike at England.

Such mass raids will horrify the world. They will be as drastic as any yet delivered, and infinitely more destructive. The German conception of the wave of the future will be in operation: that wave of long-range bombers capable of bearing death, fire, and destruction half way round the world. Distance would seem to be of little hindrance to massed bombing attack provided there is the all important gas supply. To the skeptics who have jeered at the possibilities of bombing raids on America's eastern seaboard by Axis bombers from Europe or Africa I would point out that heavy aircraft can be refueled in the air just as submarines can be supplied from tender ships operating in the vicinity of their operations. This bombing at first may be a token or experimental attack, but already the Axis may have plans for something heavier and more destructive.

A German heavy bomber, with a range of 4,000 miles, can fly from Europe or Africa to New York. On its way over or back it could be met in mid-Atlantic by a fleet of flying tankers, from which it could be refueled in mid-air and continue its journey. Sir Alan Cobham, hero of the early British flights to India, proved conclusively that refueling in the air was possible and practical. The Italians used it for their closed circuit records. But the aeronautical world seems to have forgotten its utility. If the Axis during its queer lull from bombing Britain has been constructing this kind of plane to fit in with the grand strategy, the bombing of America's eastern seaboard becomes a grim possibility. Remember too in studying your map that the refueling will be done out of range of fighter ships. Only long-range heavy armored bombers from British bases could deal with the returning squadrons.

VI

Such is the grim picture, but it presents no insurmountable problem. Even now

America's air designers may be laying plans for a ship to thwart such action. We have every raw material, every element in our favor. Seven days a week of labor in every industry may enable the United States to meet every emergency.

America's problems in air defense are more complicated than Britain's. Compare the task of the British who have to intercept bombers known to be setting off from bases ranged along a two-hundred-mile front, and that of the American air defense squadrons who must cope with an enemy traveling across the Atlantic and able to arrive at any point along the long eastern seaboard, flying in from widely diverse directions. Knowing the direction from which your enemy is coming is a great advantage in interception, and such an advantage is increased when you can place a short and strongly fortified defense area between the attacker and the target. America cannot do this owing to the length of her Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Nevertheless, America's advantages are great. In her hands alone lies the future of anti-Axis air power. She is the only nation capable of building within her own boundaries and maintaining a really huge air force. She has the latest information from Europe, the practical hints and tips to enable her to build super ships. She can armor her bombers as can no other nation.

She can produce 2,000 h.p. plants with ease and perfection. From American drawing boards and production lines alone can come the super-battlecraft of the air, high-flying to 40,000 feet, speedy enough to reach 400 m.p.h., and produced in such numbers that the dispatch of a mere thousand will be a routine exercise.

The distances of the world are shrinking under the flames of war as each day the belligerent airplane increases its range. America needs a five-continent air force as well as a two-ocean Navy.



ENGLAND IN THE GREAT LULL

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

THE most beautiful autumn weather of the century. Day after day the sky over London was clear and sunny. Nights of sharp cool moonlight brought no bombings. Late afternoons the streets had a holiday air under the silver barrage balloons; when you saw them end-on against the bright patches of sky and cloud they had funny faces as if a child had tried to draw a cow or a moose. The British, like a man crawling out unhurt from under a car he has just wrecked, were feeling themselves all over and deciding that they were alive and that, moreover, it felt remarkably good to be alive. To an American a walk round London was as solemn and stirring as reading the Hebrew prophets. Never before had I understood the significance of Jeremiah's curse: "And Babylon shall become heaps."

In the West End the damage is scattered; you tell yourself that the accidents of war don't stack up to much more than the ordinary accidents of peace. But as you walk east down the Strand and past the gutted churches into Fleet Street you see ahead of you, framed between scorched stone façades that have no buildings behind them, St. Paul's standing up oddly alone at the top of Ludgate Hill.

This is the region of what people are starting to call the Second Fire of London. A whole tangled quarter of over-built lanes of the old City has been obliterated. In places you can't even find where the streets went. Stumbling over heaps of rubble, looking up at a grate

high in a wall, or at tangled lianas of twisted steel machinery still dangling from some attic clothing shop that has lost its floor, or at the white bowl of a piece of plumbing hanging from a ledge, you begin to feel a sort of remote archaeological interest. What kinds of people were to have worn the burnt shoes piled in that pit? Why should this brick pile be littered with small tin trays? You rather resent the husky young fellows with pickaxes and crowbars who are risking their necks to bring these remnants of a strange past crashing in dust to the ground. It's surprising how many trees there are and how green and leafy they grow. Nobody ever knew there were so many trees in the City.

Beyond the City the East End begins. The first thing I noticed there was that people looked better than the last time I had been in London. I had never remembered seeing before people in the East End with color in their cheeks. The sidewalks are less crowded. Most of the stale little shops are closed. Today there is neither smoke overhead nor mud underfoot. Walking through almost empty streets of the old slums which were so densely packed with people three years ago gives you an odd, ghostly feeling. There are places where avenues of flattened wreckage through block after block of jammed-together houses give you vistas to the river that no Londoner had seen for two hundred years.

The lady from the Ministry who drove me down to visit one of the eastern boroughs was an anthropologist from

Cambridge. We kept getting on the subject of the witch cult in the Middle Ages; the argument about whether there really were witches or not kept getting mixed up with my questions about how the Borough carried on its branch of air-raid protection.

We started in the Town Clerk's office. He was a slow-spoken, quiet, sandy man; a desk man all his life, you could see. Witches were nothing after what he'd been through during the last year. He was all ready to go back to sleeping in his office if the blitzes should start up again. Last winter there had been three months when he'd never got home. He showed us his bed behind a screen, and the alcohol stove and kettle he used to make tea with. There was a similar air of cheerful domestic bustle about every office he took me to see. Although the only protection against bombs was a few sandbags in the windows, you could feel that the Town Hall had become in the minds of the citizens an acropolis.

The basement had been fixed up for the central post of the air-raid-protection service. There were clear large-scale maps on the walls on which the situation of bombs, fires, squads in action, or equipment, could be marked with push-pins at any given moment. The Town Clerk explained the system with the confidence of a man who had helped build it up under fire. Every detail for him was full of unspoken memories and satisfactions. Things had happened last winter to build up his self-confidence; you could see he felt now he was a man instead of a bureaucrat. Now they were all tidied up after a quiet summer, he kept explaining. "When the Jerries start up the blitz again we'll be ready," he said, rubbing his hands.

After a little more witch talk over a cup of coffee in the Town Clerk's office we went out into the chilly autumn sunlight and walked through the gutted streets of what had been a region of small furniture factories and cabinetmakers' shops to a new building which contained the office that rehoused people who had

been bombed out of their homes. There a volunteer social worker sort of girl explained to us how this system worked, and I found myself wandering with her through a warehouse out at the back where salvaged household furnishings were huddled in forlorn groups. All the dilapidated relics of the poorer segment of Victorian society were there: brass beds, yellow oak dressers, brutally carved walnut washstands. "You see," the girl said, "lots of people have no way of carting off their things, so they just leave them behind. We clean them up to furnish new flats with. . . . We even give them a few ornaments." She led me into a corner packed with painted-glass oil lamps, pitcher and basin sets fancied up with Dutch girls and windmills in blue, plaster red men, framed tapestries of moonlight on the Grand Canal, plaster book ends with busts of Shakespeare, gilt and silver vases of that thin ectoplasmic glass Christmas tree ornaments are made from. "Gruesome, aren't they?" said the girl. "But they mean so much, particularly to the old people."

Because the people don't like to move out of the districts they consider home, she explained that every effort was made to find places for bombed-out families inside the same borough. One of the great surprises of the blitz period to the people of the West End was the discovery that the people of the East End liked it there and that it annoyed them to have those grim rows of hovels called slums. They were Englishmen. These were their homes. They were not at all interested in grandiose plans for rebuilding a garden city. When the shabby houses clattered down about their ears they could imagine nothing better to hope for than to get into other lodgings as much like the old ones as possible.

One of the toughest things, explained the social worker girl, about last winter's concentrated bombings was that so many families had no sooner been settled in new quarters than they were bombed out again, and again.

In the long run, in spite of trying

patiently to rebuild the old life as fast as it is knocked down, people get accustomed to living in a suitcase, sleeping in shelters where there is the cosy reassurance of a crowd, and they stop caring about their separate sacred possessions. All summer, in spite of the lull in the air raids, the wire tiers of bunks in the tube stations were full of men, women, and children who made a regular practice of sleeping there. So as the bombings go on, more and more abandoned furnishings pile up in the storage lofts of the rehousing offices.

The next thing to see was the fire brigade. The big red trucks and the brawny fellows with their sleeves rolled up who were shining the brass in the engine house looked pretty normal, but it was a surprise to go through the chief's office at the back and to find that it opened into a large room full of girls in becoming dark-blue uniforms. These were the girls who manned the emergency switchboards. They were remarkably good-looking. They had that quiet energetic look I was beginning to associate with people who had done useful work during the blitzes. They are something new in our world's experience, these ordinary men and women who have been in visible danger of death for days and weeks and months, and who have lived to see all the secure superstructure of their lives knocked to pieces before their eyes. It's hard to explain just why, except that they look physically so well, but I couldn't help feeling that the civilians who had lived through the bombing and burning last winter had come out of it twice the people they had been before. It was one of these pretty young girls in dark-blue slacks (she had been a hairdresser in the old days) who drove the fire chief's staff car. Nobody has to be told that during an air raid the fire chief's car has to be driven into some pretty noisy spots.

The next thing on the program was the squad. They were drawn up with their truck on the brand new parking lot that the Jerries had donated to the Town Hall

by blasting away a block of adjoining houses. (The Town Clerk said dryly that the Borough had been trying to buy that block for years to clear for a square and now he didn't imagine he'd have much more trouble with the owners.) These ARP wardens are the fellows who go to work the minute a bomb falls in their area. Incendiaries they go after with sandbags, or they try to scoop them up with a long-handled shovel into a bucket of water. There's usually a lot of tricky scampering about on roofs before they can get at them. If they can be reached in time they are not much trouble. They told me of seeing a boy scout put one out with a bag of Brussels sprouts. But when a high-explosive bomb makes a hit the old brick and rubble buildings are reduced instantly to rubbish heaps like those on the sites of cities that have been ruined for a thousand years. The mass is shot through with wooden splinters and strange amalgams of cloth and plaster so dense that, so the ARP men said, the only way it can be moved is with the hands. Sometimes the stuff is piled in baskets and carted off that way. More often it is just pushed aside. Hundreds of people have been dug out of the ruins of their houses and have had their lives saved by men digging with their bare hands.

They showed me, with a certain reverence for them, the tools they had used all winter to hold off the attacks of Hitler's most carefully perfected apparatus for destruction. There's the stirrup pump to wet down the blaze round the fresh incendiary; then there's the bucket to be passed from man to man; then there's the long-handled shovel, the sandbag, and the heavy jack. That's all.

I asked about shelters. Well, they admitted that the shelters weren't much good. But they were clean and had sanitary latrines. That was better than last winter. I was taken to see a few cellars, propped up with beams, with brick partitions across the doors and windows. Protection against blast, they called it. Really efficient shelters against

heavy bombs people don't seem to care to put their minds on. Wherever I went the shelters and Hess were the two subjects nobody would talk freely about.

II

In another borough, farther east along the waterfront, on another fine afternoon, sitting in the garden of a half-ruined rectory beside the beautiful white-marble skeleton of one of Queen Anne's parish churches, I was told the story of last winter's shelters. The Church of England priest had lived twenty years in the East End and never had a garden before. Proudly he had showed me his cabbages and lettuce and string beans and a few puny onions. Before the blitz nobody would have imagined growing anything in the midst of this desert of masonry packed to the suffocation point with population. Now the padre's household had quite a rustic look. They had lived off this little patch of ground all summer. Since the blitz this part of the city has been getting quiet and fresh as the country. Even in this desolate region where streets of ruined four-storey slum dwellings stretch mile after mile, trees here and there stand up in rich green leaf growing rankly out of the city's wounds.

In this particular borough the problem of shelters, the padre was saying, had been peculiarly difficult because, to start with, the local administration was in the hands of a crooked political machine based on floating groups of Irish Catholic longshoremen and sweated Jewish clothing workers and furniture makers. In ARP work and fire fighting the Jews had been individually magnificent, but the population as a whole lacked any sense of social responsibility. That had been the first hurdle, the sort of situation that is common in the United States but rare in England. The second hurdle had been the obtuse addiction to routine of the government at Whitehall. When the bombings began, the efforts of authority to keep its end up in the old ways ended in disaster. Only one thing

was ready: coffins. Everywhere there were plenty of coffins. The old Savoy Theatre on the Strand had been stacked to the ceiling with papier-mâché coffins.

The trouble was that not many people were killed or wounded, but that thousands were made homeless every night. People were terrified, hungry; they had no safe place to take their old parents or their children. The result was that they crowded into a huge railroad warehouse building. Its cellars had been used as shelters during the raids in the last war. This time thousands more crowded in than the cellars could hold. They overflowed up into the upper floors where foodstuffs were stored. Latrines were improvised behind cartons of margarine. People laid out their blankets on the floor between streams of urine and filth. It had to be smelled, said the padre, to be believed. At least that place wasn't hit. To evacuate them to the country the government collected women and children and old people in a ruinous school building. Somebody blundered. The busses supposed to carry them out of town to safety didn't arrive. That night the inevitable bomb tore the school to bits.

Meanwhile, as at Dunkirk, when the authorities failed, individuals started taking things into their own hands. A couple of newspapermen and a movie director brought an old trailer down to be rigged up as a canteen. They couldn't get hold of a car so they pushed it by hand. They proudly showed me its battered shell still standing outside the roofless church. "We can use it again if we have to," they said. The padre, bombed out of one rectory after another, always managed to keep a kettle of soup on the fire for the destitute. Latrines were dug, flooring rigged up in the flooded cellars that had to be used as shelters. When he wasn't working in the shelters the padre was in Whitehall cajoling and threatening the officials of the government. The West End had its own problems; it kept forgetting that the East End existed. At length it was the

padre's threat to lead a delegation of five hundred women to Whitehall (he had done it before during the rent strike) that really got action. "When the Jerries come back," he said, getting to his feet and swinging his long rusty-colored cassock, as he looked up into the immense lavender sky of late afternoon, "we'll be ready for them."

"I suppose your population is more scattered now," I said.

"It's less by several hundreds of thousands. We'd better take you around."

Out of the little court with a tree in front of the burned-out baroque church, we turned toward the river, walking fast through the gathering dusk along empty cobblestone streets where every window was shattered, every shop boarded up, where shutters hung off their hinges and sprung doors gaped into the street. Occasionally from a corner saloon came a breath of beer and the grumble of a few sparse voices. Occasionally the rotten masonry had cracked clear across the face of a wall or a scab of rubble had dropped off, showing the crazy flooring of a room or a crumpled iron bedstead. Here and there a house had been knocked clean out of the identical row like a tooth. Here were no signs of the careful work of cleaning up that had been done in the West End. Heaps of broken glass and splintered wood and plastery rubbish still overflowed the gutters.

We came out of the deep-blue twilight of the street on to a still canal with an iron bridge across it. Opposite was a row of modern apartment houses with long balconies that had an air of freshness and organized urban life about them. Some units of the group had been wiped out, but the remaining buildings looked firm and strong. Lights were beginning to come on behind oiled paper windows.

Beyond was the warehouse section. "Here they really did a job." As far as you could see down the river every dock building and warehouse had been hit. They had been of a very different

type of construction from the workers' hovels. All the pride and power of empire had gone into the great brick walls strengthened with blind arches of stone, the buttressed elevators, the huge blank gable ends. In almost every case they had stood up against the high explosive. Only the roofs had given way; and the floors, where so much merchandise hauled from so many parts of the world through so many years of good business had been stored, had caved and burned.

"You ought to have seen the rats come out of them," said the padre. "Nobody could have imagined there were so many rats in the world. You could see them scampering along the roads." We were walking down a long straight street just back of the waterfront. As far as you could see through the dusk, no sign of life, not even a rat.

After a while we came to a little old peak-roofed house that was without a scratch, tucked in on the waterfront between great scorched shells of wharf buildings. It was a pub. They told me it had been a famous hangout for slummers in the old days. This was where the West-enders came down, gingerly, to get a look at the teeming rancid life of the slums. The place was clean and tidy inside and smelled of mutton roasting. A round-faced, round-armed barmaid behind the bar. A cat asleep in front of a small iron stove. It was like being far away in the country. Four very tow-headed young men off a coastwise boat (they might have been Norwegians) were drinking their bitter ale in silence round a table. We took ours out on the balcony that overhung the bright leaden river, brighter in this evening light than the fast darkening sky. The tide was running in, swirling in great circular ripples. A gray camouflaged freighter was tied up at the dock opposite. A patrol boat was nosing down stream. As far as you could see nothing else moved but the smudging smoke from the chimneys of a power plant. Somebody pointed out that this stillness didn't mean

so much as it seemed to mean; ships never stayed tied up at a wharf longer than the time actually needed to unload. . . . But the silence throbbed in your ears. Even the gulls had gone away.

As we walked back toward the rectory, through streets dark-blue and silent, with crumbled cornices like rims of canyons in a desert, we came upon a big moving van unloading men, women, children, bundles, tables, chairs, and beds on to the pavement in front of a house with gouged-out windows. "Hop pickers," said the padre; "they've been doing it for generations in September. Every year they go back to the same farm in Kent when the hops are ripe. It's their annual outing. . . . It saved a lot of lives last autumn—so many families were away in the hop fields. But could we get them to stay away once the customary season was over? Not a bit of it. Back they came, blitz or no blitz—real Londoners."

III

I had seen them a few days before along the Channel coast, doing their cooking in the evening in big pots over open fires outside of the long rows of windowless shacks that would hardly be considered fit for Mexicans in California—women with many layers of bright petticoats, sunburned children running and screaming, knotty-faced elderly men with soiled white handkerchiefs tied round their necks smoking their pipes in the doorways, all with that air of unexpressed satisfaction that belongs to people who are performing a time-honored rite. I had been struck with something incredibly solid about them, as they moved round with ungainly gestures through the bright-tinted evening air which was filled with drifts of bitter sweetness by the hops roasting in the conical brick oasts that rose among the trees in every background.

There's a great power of resistance in that slow, stolid, self-reliant addiction to routine—the resistance of tough sea-

soned oak. I felt it particularly when I was introduced to the mayor of a famous Channel port. The Irish senator, the Chilean journalist, and I had been walking round with a guide, looking at the very slight damage shellfire had done among the handsome old eighteenth-century seaside boarding houses, built in a crescent to emphasize the crescent of the beach, when the subject of land mines had come up.

It was a beautiful pale-blue morning. The harbor in its ring of stone quays, overlooked by motionless silent cranes, was a chalky emerald color. A north-east wind (a chilly fair-weather wind off the European coast) ruffled streaks across it of darker cat's-paws that broke in little splashing scalloped waves on the shingles of the beach, where, in a gap in the web of barbed wire, some soldiers, very pink and white, were bathing. From the distance came the sputter of a motor torpedo boat that was zigzagging nervously outside the breakwater. The only other sound was the complaint of the gulls overhead. It was hard not to talk in whispers.

"We had a land mine here. A proper one. They come down very gently on a parachute, you know. It took the gas works. It was our worst blitz," said our guide.

We asked to see the damage, and followed him away from the beach out on the main street and up a hill on the outskirts of the town. Several blocks round the gas works were cleared off clean. He showed us how the top had blown off the gas tank like a lid without injuring the girder work on the sides. Two rows of dwellings had gone down like card-houses. By some freak the corner pub had been left, a gaunt yellow-brick box with boarded-up windows.

The Irish senator cleared his throat and said that, though he wasn't drinking himself, all these ruins made his throat dry. The rest of us visiting firemen piped up that indeed we needed our bitter. "That'll be a good way of interviewing the mayor," said our guide. Then he told us how after the land mine the original

owner of the pub, a bit shaken up it seemed, had been in a hurry to leave town. Rather than let the place close, the mayor had bought it in his daughter's name, and finding himself with some spare time, as the town was in a military area, and many of his constituents had been forced to move inland, had taken to drawing the beer for his customers himself.

We talked to him, a large beefy-faced, sandy-haired man in his sixties, as he stood in his white apron behind the bar. He and the Chilean hit it off at once on the subject of earthquakes in Valparaiso. He knew many towns in North and South America, where he had worked as foreman on construction projects for a British engineering firm. He had helped build the Holland Tunnel in New York. He was proud of that. He had come home to retire in the sleepy little seacoast town he had been brought up in, and now had waked up to find himself mayor of a section of the front-line trenches in the Second World War. "We feel remarkably safe 'ere," he kept insisting. "We 'ave magnificent shelters, those old passages in the chalk . . . it's 'ard for me to tell people to go away. 'Where'll I be safer than 'ere?' they ask. We've even 'ad to open up a school . . . they will bring the kiddies back. Now in London they've 'ad it bad."

Of course this addiction to old custom can be carried pretty far. One Sunday evening in an Oxford college I found myself drinking port with the Fellows. We had marched in from the cream-colored paneled dining room, where we had eaten under the level painted eyes of solemn dons of the past, into a sitting room. There we took our places on chairs grimly ranked in front of the fire according to the hierarchy of the place. After the wine and biscuits had been handed round by the youngest Fellow, the aged white-haired Master started a monologue, which from the attitude of the others I suspected had perhaps been heard not infrequently before, on the subject of bird life in the Channel Islands.

The only interruption was an antiphonal digression on the decline of fox hunting and the evil ways of Scotch farmers, who shoot foxes. During the whole time not a man said a word to indicate that he was aware that some strange Teutonic birds were nesting in the Channel Islands at that moment. What can you do with people like that? No wonder Hitler chews the edges of his rugs when he thinks of them.

IV

Before this autumn spent in England during the odd and sunny idyll of this lull in the siege, I had never known that the moral formation of top dog and underdog Englishman was so similar. It is the sort of thing a foreigner can discover only at a time like this, when you can see the structure of society stripped down, like a tenement that's had its front peeled off by a bomb. Undoubtedly this refusal to be scared or hurried is the quality in Churchill, that erratic and brilliant top-dog-by-definition, that appeals so immensely to the office workers and factory workers and farm workers in England, while to his own Tories he remains merely a lesser evil. The question is of course whether there's enough brains and stamina left among the other toffs to hold the fort until the under-English have had time to learn the governmental knack. So far there is only one Churchill. Nobody else embodies the stolid resistance which is the rocky base of English patriotism, the fellow-feeling as islanders under siege which the toffs and underdogs share. It's because they have this common denominator, because they can count, in all classes at a pinch, on a necessary minimum of national solidarity, that the British are still able to walk their shattered streets as free men and to eat three meals a day and to sip a glass of bitter in the ritual quiet of their pubs, and to look with some hope toward the future. It is not only the Channel that has saved England from the fate of France.

The Englishman of the lower dialect

who in these days has gone farthest is Ernest Bevin. I saw him in action during the debate in the Commons on whether the Buchmanite lay teachers should be exempted from military service or not.

It has often been pointed out that the British, like the Romans, are essentially a ritualistic people. Possibly for the first time in my life I felt that this ritual had its uses, when I stood under the scaffolding in a lobby of the patched-up building which, for all the picturesque work of the German bombers, still looks like a Canadian railroad station, and saw the Mace and the Speaker go by. The doffed hats, the silence, the awesome wigs, the set faces, the knee breeches and the antiquarian language; of course they are a bar to progress, but it had never occurred to me before that they are also a bar to retrogression. What was it but ritual that made Byzantium hold out so many centuries against the hordes and the falsehoods of Islam?

It was a pretty good day in the Commons. Sitting there alone with one other lanky sprawling American in the visitor's gallery gave me a peculiar feeling of interloping in another age, like the Yankee in King Arthur's court. When we were ushered into our places, questioners were heckling Captain Margeson, the Secretary of State for War; his attitude and general manner were those of a doorman at an expensive hotel. Nobody unauthorized, you felt at once, was going to be let through into the parlors of high army policy. Other less impressive ministers followed him on to the carpet, and then the debate on the Buchmanites drove everything else off the floor.

Apparently Dr. Buchman hoped to prove that he had enough friends in high places to get his boys off from doing their ordinary citizen's duty. An admirer of government by discussion couldn't help looking on the scene with mixed feelings. It was gratifying that at such a time such a subject as exempting anybody from military service should be discussed

at all. On the other hand, it was appalling that so many pompous and elderly men on the back benches should talk so much vague nonsense at a time when the continued survival of every man jack of them, and of their wives and children, was desperately at stake. When Bevin got to his feet to defend the government's position that the lay teachers should be treated like everybody else unless they applied for special consideration as conscientious objectors, you felt right away the exhilaration of a powerful, cool, four-square mind that methodically attacked the problem at hand. No oratory, no literature. A certain amount of the sort of heavy kidding that goes on in trade union congresses. The only thing I didn't like was his language; I found myself wondering whether the Board Schools hadn't intentionally deformed the language of generations of lower-class English, as the Chinese used to bind their women's feet. But while Bevin was talking we were in the real world instead of the Tory land of Balmy. He plugged one crazy issue after another as deftly and expeditiously as a ratcatcher plugging up holes in a loft.

The minute you see the faces on the back benches you remember that the ineradicable disease of the present parliament is that the Commons was elected in November, 1935, in the depth of the British head-in-the-sand policy. It represents the stodgiest conservative machines and the stodgiest of labor bureaucracy. It was elected to be a house of deadheads and it is. Men of brains can pretty well be counted on the fingers of two hands. Hitler's bombers, by stirring up their time-honored back-ground, and enforcing some tremendous transformations of locale, have caused a certain amount of activity in minds that have known nothing for years but third-rate directors' meetings, coupon-clipping in safe deposit vaults, and perhaps a little grouse-shooting. England has had to meet the greatest danger in its history under a government that is short on brains.

The American visitors, during the proceedings, were handsomely set up to drinks. The bar had escaped uninjured. The drinks were good, the company was good. There was very little of the self-important bustle that puts the togaed statues to shame under the colonnades on Capitol Hill. An air of frankness and relaxation. Nobody seemed surprised to see a public figure whose name some years ago was one of the hopes of liberal politics teetering, drunk to the eyes, at one end of the bar. Introductions easy and friendly. Very little side. The best club in London, I believe it has been called.

Or is it that something new has happened in England that has even reached the inmost recesses of a deadhead Tory Parliament? There has been no revolution, to be sure; top dog is still top dog. What seems to have happened is that there has been a great deal of stimulating interpenetration of classes. In shelters, in air-raid protection work, auxiliary fire services, and in the Home Guard, men of all parts of England and of all social classes work together and risk their necks together and are knocked down by the blast of high explosives together. Their fraternal spirit is something that will have to be counted on. Defense organizations have learned that survival in the world we now live in demands a new kind of social efficiency. The result is no more Fascism than the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Grand Lama of Tibet. It may be something more like the New Model Army or the spirit of '76. To-day, at any rate, we know that virtually every Englishman bears arms.

Meanwhile the old order in its most antiquated form is still in command of most of the machinery of government and industry. How complacent the old order still is was brought home to me by a gentleman who addressed the congress of the PEN club the first morning I was in London. This gentleman, who wears many letters after his name, said he was a diplomat. His speech should have been

taken down on a stone tablet and sped to the British Museum. He expatiated largely on the fact that the inferior races did not understand cricket and would never play the game. He ended with a sort of toast to the spirit of liberty that still burned in Buenos Aires, New York, and (I couldn't believe my ears) Barcelona. Half the delegates were anti-fascist exiles, many of them had been behind barbed wire in France or Germany and had escaped shooting by the breadth of a hair. Several had started their fight against Hitler in Spain. At the name of Barcelona a shiver went through them. The only man who protested was H. G. Wells.

V

Now it must be admitted that, like Shaw's wise-cracks, the protests of H. G. Wells have become as much part of the English scene as Lord's Cricket Ground. The ruling class mind of England has been, for a century at least, admirably adapted to cushion such protests, and to absorb them, and the protester too, into the system. But somehow Wells hasn't quite been absorbed. He has been the schoolmaster of generation after generation of young Englishmen with brains who were not quite wealthy or not quite gentry enough to go through the mill of the Public Schools. Out of the ruin of the world he grew up in he has lived on into one of the fantastic futures he has imagined for us. It is as if Jeremiah had lived on to become a friend and dinner companion of the high Babylonians, and had seen his prophecies come true all the same. To me one of the pleasures of going to a public function in London, besides the Rowlandson oddity of people's forms, or the Cruikshank exaggeration of their features, was seeing Wells' spruce figure there—his sharp-clipped white mustache and the lizard alertness of glaze-blue eyes. With his immense talent, his inventiveness and keen wits, and the stream of good writing and shoddy writing that has slipped from

his pen ever since I, for one, first read a book; with his perception in the mechanical sciences and his moral fervor, he is a man who has come to embody a whole state of mind of masses of middling people, who take for granted that there's still a chance that industrial society will find some sort of reasonable life for itself. As Churchill embodied England's past, it seemed to me that Wells, for better or for worse, embodied her future.

I had a talk with him where he lived, in one of those great white, handsome, Palladian houses Beau Nash promoted at the edge of Regent's Park. What we talked about was of course: will anything worth having come out of it? Like all the young people of whatever class I'd met who weren't toffs or aspirant toffs, he felt a great deal depended on the Russians. He thought the test for the government was whether England would really pitch in to help Stalin's army in its fight, or whether it would settle back into the dangerous comfort of the realization of the perennial policy: that Germany must fight Russia. He had no confidence in the patriotism of the ruling class. "They'll probably chuck us and go saddle themselves on you. The pickings won't be so good over here."

He was frankly discouraged about the future. He had been talking a great deal about a theory he had developed that perhaps the human race was incapable of adapting itself to its own in-

vented world, as the dinosaurs had been incapable of adapting to changes in climate. "It's your job and I haven't much confidence in you. . . . All we can do is to go on telling the truth whenever we can."

He was alone in the confident elegance of the Georgian hallway when I said good-night. It struck me that he was lonely. It was the loneliness of the time of life when an industrious man has all his industry so well regulated that his spare time has become somewhat empty. There's a special loneliness too that comes at the end of the life of a man who has lived much among crowds, has been much petted by women, had many friends to talk to.

I slipped out into the blackness, and felt my way down along the edge of the park toward Baker Street, smelling the autumnal trees, hearing distant trains, the squawk of a bird from the zoo, feeling all about me the country quiet of the blacked-out city. In the passage between the platforms down in the tube, I almost stumbled on a baby asleep in a crib. It was a plump, pink, healthy-looking baby. Beside it a man and woman were curled up together on a mattress cosily asleep under a flowered quilt, in the draft and the hissing whirl of the trains and the clatter of hurrying feet. I wished Mr. Wells had seen them. None of the great saurians could have got a wink of sleep there. Maybe we are adapting.



THE TORY LEADERS

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

ENGLAND is perhaps the only country now at war, either on our side or the other, which habitually and systematically criticizes its own government. The habit is ingrained; it comes from as far back as Magna Carta. The system at the present time is somewhat altered. That is, there can be little effective criticism of the government in the House of Commons because everybody knows that the critics themselves are not willing to back their observations by an adverse vote. Consequently the whole range of critical expression is limited by the press on one side (since the radio is government-controlled) and by private discussion on the other.

And yet, so subtle and pervasive are the habits of democratic responsibility that this kind of criticism, having no legal or political sanction behind it, does produce alteration in the personal structure and sometimes in the direction or intentions of the government. Perhaps because of wartime censorship, more probably because of a desire not to rock the boat, the British press and public do not attack the fundamentals of government just now. They point rather at personal foibles, at the immediate errors of policy, at the unimaginative and inflexible smugness of the civil service. You will hear a good deal of joking, some of it rather bitter, about the "old school tie." The joke current last year, during the desperate days of 1940, was to the effect that "the old school tie must be Hitler's secret weapon."

But in point of fact "the old school tie"

still adorns (or, as some would say, strangles) all the great departments of state in England, and no sensible person would be found to deny it. The departments of Foreign Affairs, the Treasury, India Office, Colonies, Board of Trade, and Home Office, the old ministries, the great ministries, are controlled by a permanent civil service recruited from the upper-class schools and universities by means of examination. As all know, ability in the conduct of life is not determined by a grade established in any examination at the age of twenty or twenty-one. A boy of that age may well pass his examination with a mark of seventy-five and nevertheless turn out to be (if he is not already) an incompetent nitwit. And yet once he gets into the civil service it is seldom indeed that he gets out until it is time for him to retire on pension. Indeed, lack of ability seldom keeps a man down; misconduct of other kinds unconnected with the work in hand is much more likely to operate against him.

This general leaden weight of an unimaginative, class-conscious civil service, set above and apart from the masses whose interests it is supposed to serve, has been felt particularly since the outbreak of this war, and above all since the disaster of Dunkirk. You will find criticism of the civil service rampant in conversation and even in the press in England. It does not appear on the floor of the House of Commons because of the parliamentary tradition that the civil service is sacred and cannot be discussed. But

elsewhere such talk is widespread and, so far as I know, almost altogether new in England. It reduces itself frequently to talk about personalities, but the gist of the matter is the same: people no longer are willing to accept unthinkingly a system under which young men chosen from the upper classes by examination shall administer all the routine business of the state.

In short, British criticism during wartime tends to be personal, but it points at fundamentals which exist in all minds and must be examined when the war is over. A friend may say: "Good heavens! Look at Bill Jones! He was second secretary in the legation in Bogotá and now he's been seconded to the Ministry of Information as chief of the section on Scandinavian affairs. He doesn't know the first thing about Scandinavia—never been there, speaks none of the languages. Isn't it absurd?"

Another friend may say: "I had to go to the Home Office to-day to get permission for our fire-watching girls to wear some kind of lighter helmet. I was put on to that idiot Spencer Jigsaw, you know, the one that married Sally Spivis, and he said it simply couldn't be done because it had never been done before. He turned on the purest essence of Eton, and there was nothing I could do about it."

Or again: "Have you heard about Montmorency Snackles? They're sending him to America. He's never been there before and he doesn't know whether to take a full wardrobe or only some shorts and a solar topee. He quite likes the idea because of the food, you know, but he's afraid that he may have to meet some Americans. What do you suppose we could do about the Foreign Office? Why on earth don't the Germans come and blow it up? I'm sure we'd be much better off."

So far as the personalities of high politics are concerned—that is, members of the government and others of importance who are not in the civil service—the same kind of talk points at, without

expressing, the same kind of fundamentals. Take, for example, the critical observations you will hear about the Prime Minister himself. They are all along the same line: that he busies himself with too many things, that he insists on conducting military strategy instead of leaving it to those whose business it is, that the appointments he makes are governed entirely by personal whim, relationships, or social group-consciousness. These are personal and trivial in form. Example: "I see that Winston has made Randolph a special courier between Cairo and London. Nice job. That leaves Vic Oliver as the only member of the family who hasn't got a government appointment."

The Prime Minister, occupying a position unique in modern English history, can scarcely be shaken by any amount of such talk. He is at liberty to appoint his favorites to any position he pleases, and as a matter of fact the general public, outside of press and political circles, does not hear a great deal about the matter. But members of the government who are less powerfully installed—that is to say, all members except Churchill himself—are continually subject to scrutiny by the House of Commons, the political public in London, and ultimately the whole country. This scrutiny and discussion are a healthy sign, and it has by no means improved Mr. Churchill to have escaped them so completely. His speeches, like his appointments, are less good this year than they were last year—and for a reason which has proved valid over and over again in history: he has had unchecked power and it has made him too confident. An expression often heard from him, when members of his government are criticized, is this: "I won't hear a word against Billy (or Tony or Wiggy or Blacky)." And indeed he does not hear a word against them until the day when some upsurge of protest from the political world is mirrored in the press and causes him to make a diplomatic reshuffle.

But since Dunkirk it has been entirely

a question of reshuffling. At this writing, no likelihood has arisen of new people entering the government. Mr. Churchill rules as his ancestors did, through personal friends and acquaintances of the same social origin, employing in addition some representatives of the new political classes to do work which only they can do. No Tory Minister of Labor would have been able to conscript the British working class and tie it to its jobs the way Mr. Ernest Bevin has done; no Tory Home Secretary could have imposed compulsory fire-watching on exhausted factory workers at the end of a long day as Mr. Herbert Morrison has done. The Labor members of the present government execute a super-Tory policy and get away with it as no Tory could: this is the maneuver. You can imagine the triumph involved if you think of Mr. Roosevelt inducing John L. Lewis to become labor dictator for the government, and then conscripting American labor for twelve or fourteen hours a day, immovably fixed to the job. Still further would this triumph be increased if Mr. Roosevelt could induce Mr. Sidney Hillman, as another dictator, to impose an extra five or six hours of compulsory fire-watching on the workers who had gone through such a twelve-hour day.

I am not attempting to deny the reality of social change since 1940; I only suggest that it is not always apparent, that it has not yet permeated the political structure, and that it would be quite possible to have lived in London all the time since June, 1940, and still not be made aware of it on the surface of life. Taxation has indeed insured that there shall be no very large incomes, and a common danger has at many places and moments wiped out the old distinctions between master and man, or (more startlingly) between mistress and maid. The London workers have demanded and obtained as of right certain social services which could never have been extended in peacetime—food and shelter have become the clearly recognized obligation of society to every inhabitant of the island.

Such things as these must be producing inner changes which will be felt for generations to come.

And yet the governing groups remain much the same as they always were. The high offices of state are not those headed by Labor party leaders. The high offices of state are the Foreign Office, the Treasury, India Office, Board of Trade, and the like. These are under Tory party control and are likely to remain so for the duration of the war. The Tories are therefore rather more conspicuous than their Labor party adherents (more conspicuous even than Bevin or Morrison) and come in for a good deal more of this discussion in press and public which constitutes the only political life of England in wartime.

II

The most noticed, most discussed and—regardless of ups and downs—the most important of the Tory notables seem to be Mr. Anthony Eden, Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, Sir John Anderson, Lord Halifax, Captain David Margesson, Sir Kingsley Wood, Lord Simon (technically a Liberal), Sir Samuel Hoare, and possibly Lord Caldecote, the former Sir Thomas Inskip, sometimes known as Caligula's horse. (He got this name because when the late Neville Chamberlain made him Minister for the Co-ordination of Defense a certain House of Commons wit, who shall be nameless, said: "Never has there been such an appointment since the Emperor Caligula made his horse a consul.")

Mr. Eden is now forty-four years old and has somewhat outgrown the excessive sleekness of appearance which once made him both admired and deplored. He has been proved right over and over again on foreign policy, and in no respect more sharply than in the Russo-German war, which he long considered a certain development. He has seen more clearly in the Orient too than some of his predecessors in the Foreign Office. His

stock therefore stands high just now. His cleverness and penetration have enabled him to speak as no other Tory in high office has ever spoken about social and economic necessities. He is aware of the social forces and would conciliate them by evolutionary change: this is what makes him acceptable to Liberal and Labor opinion and at the same time much distrusted and disliked by the diehard Tories. His personal popularity in the country was once great and shows signs of becoming great again, although his is not a warm personality and he is not a good speaker. His voice and style in public address are conventional in the extreme, and yet he usually manages to say something which, when remembered afterward or examined in print, means a little more than one is used to in the speeches of politicians. His wife, a statuesque beauty who is cold toward society and has little to do with it, would grace Number 10 Downing Street more by her appearance than by her manner. Unlike a good many cabinet ministers' wives, she has not figured much in her husband's public career and is almost unknown to the public.

The great rival to Mr. Eden as Churchill's successor would probably be Lord Beaverbrook (Max Aitkin), Canadian-born, the owner of the *Daily Express*. This immensely vigorous and original creature is unlike anybody else in British politics—which, in normal times, would be a very black mark against him. In times of crisis a mind which flouts tradition or habit in favor of direct and immediate action has its field day, is effective beyond all others, and is, willy-nilly, appreciated. "Max," as they call him—indeed Christian names are used for most of the Tory circle, and not only among their friends—has a raucous, non-English voice, a manner so brusque as to be accounted rude in London, and makes a point of caring nothing at all about social or intellectual pretense. Last year, when Churchill entrusted him with the job of producing airplanes, he

flung himself into it, and by methods which were at all times dictatorial and at some times piratical, he got the materials, built the factories, forced the pace, and produced the planes. After that he became a Minister of State with a sort of roving commission, devoted chiefly to supply, and put his mind to the tank question; still later he headed the British supply mission to Moscow. In spite of all his accomplishment, his energy and undoubted intelligence, I doubt if Beaverbrook could ever become Prime Minister. The House of Commons would not willingly accept nowadays a Prime Minister who sat in the Lords. Nor would the country be altogether content with a Prime Minister who was not really English. Disraeli, Lloyd George, and Ramsay MacDonald were all profoundly un-English, but, since they spoke roughly the language of the island, nobody noticed. In the case of Lord Beaverbrook his un-Englishness is so very noticeable that it would play a part, even if he had not (in his more imprudent youth) accepted, or extracted, a peerage from the harassed government of Mr. Lloyd George.

Lord Halifax is unlikely to become Prime Minister because he too is a peer, because he is closely associated with the Chamberlain policies in the public mind, and because the Tories themselves have lately turned toward other possibilities. They may go back to him; three years ago they thought of him as their next leader in spite of his peerage, and what they have once thought they nearly always think again. Men in British politics are dead only when they physically die, and we may yet see Lord Halifax at the head of a government.

The Tories have lately been casting about for alternatives to Mr. Eden and Lord Beaverbrook as their future leader. They do not really like or trust Mr. Eden (any more than they did Winston Churchill until dire necessity drove them to him). They have a slight distaste for Lord Beaverbrook. They would prefer Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, a suave upper-

class business man who combines the aristocratic touch with a sound training in the City of London; they would even prefer Sir Kingsley Wood, a nonentity in high office, or Sir John Anderson, a die-hard with a long record of failure in everything he has attempted. It seems politically impossible that even the Tories could refurbish Sir John Anderson into anything fit for party leadership. They have a better chance to do the trick by developing Oliver Lyttelton.

At the present moment Mr. Lyttelton is still almost unknown to the general public. As President of the Board of Trade—his first ministerial position—he had one year to show his mettle. The public got to know him through two measures, chiefly: first, the essential works order for the coal mines, introduced last May, under which miners were frozen to their work; and second, the clothes-rationing ordinance, introduced in July. In the reshuffled government of a few weeks later he was made a Minister of State and sent to Cairo, where his chances for distinguishing himself may be great or nothing, depending upon whether the war moves that way or not. If Cairo were attacked and communication with London became difficult, responsibility for decisions of the utmost importance would devolve upon Mr. Lyttelton. He is a member of the British government and represents it more fully than any mere diplomatic representative; he has power to make decisions in its name when necessary. Lord Halifax, in Washington, and Mr. Duff Cooper, in Singapore, are also still members of the British government, although they are not empowered to make primary decisions in its name. (Lord Halifax is the first ambassador who ever simultaneously retained rank as a member of his government.)

Mr. Duff Cooper is another of the Tory notables who will be heard of again and again. He has held a variety of high offices and belongs definitely to the clique from which such offices are always filled. In his case it may be doubted if

he will ever be Prime Minister—although stranger things have happened. He has at times betrayed a hasty temper and is not overburdened with tact, although few of the Tory leaders possess his comprehensive intelligence, his command of history and literature, his control of language. Indeed, nobody except Churchill himself in the present Tory party can roll out the language that Mr. Duff Cooper does at his best. The outbreak of war in the Far East found this minister in a position of prime importance, holding the balance between the high commands at Singapore. It may be—indeed is likely to be—the greatest opportunity Mr. Duff Cooper has had. With communications delayed and all-important decisions coming up from moment to moment before the council over which he presides, he must have been exerting a greater authority than he did when he first arrived a few months ago. From my acquaintance with Mr. Duff Cooper I should say that his decisions will always be on the side of giving battle, of pushing home every advantage, of springing wherever there is a chance to spring: *attaquer, toujours attaquer* might be his motto.

Captain David Margesson, who is now Secretary of State for War, was the Tory party Chief Whip all through the Baldwin-Chamberlain period. As such he bears a great weight of odium among Liberal and Labor people and the Left Tories as well. His duty it was to see that the Tories voted for Chamberlain and to discipline them if they protested. The Baldwin-Chamberlain pusillanimity about rearmament, coupled with the fatal short-sightedness of Chamberlain's foreign policy, are in part Captain Margesson's responsibility. It now seems obvious to everybody that Chamberlain should have rearmed the country at breakneck speed and at the same time should have supported those forces in Europe which might have served as buffers against Hitler. He did neither; and for this almost incomprehensible disaster Captain Margesson is held greatly

to blame. But Margesson is an organizer, shrewd, indefatigable, and ambitious. In recent weeks some effort has been made by the diehard and other right-wing Tories to furbish him up as a possible candidate for eventual leadership, and perhaps—just perhaps—it may some day work. In my opinion it would work, even among the Tories, only if something rather serious happened to all the other contestants: in short, if "Max" died and "Anthony" ruined himself by some gross failure of foreign policy, if "Oliver" failed to develop the requisite qualities, and the diehards could not force any of their more objectionable candidates on the House—then "David" might have a chance. It is in these terms that the Tory governing class talks of the matter, Christian names and all.

III

It may be inquired what all this has to do with winning the war. The answer is, very little, except that about the only political life left in England is in the choice and arrangements of personalities. There are no elections and this parliament will sit undisturbed so long as the war lasts. Consequently it is chiefly by means of personal attack and counter-attack, the exploitation of jealousies, the discussion of appointments, that a fairly normal aspect of parliamentary government is maintained. And among all these men, either of the older generation or of the very sparse younger crop (Eden, Duff Cooper, Lyttelton, Margesson), a tradition of public service does unquestionably animate most of the decisions taken. Personal ambition is in every case considerable (no man reaches cabinet rank without a strong dosage of ambition) but it is not the over-ruling motive. At least so it has seemed to me, after some acquaintance with the political life of wartime England and its leading personalities. They all do want to win the war and make some kind of durable and tolerable peace. They want a Tory majority to be main-

tained because they would not cheerfully entrust the country to any other majority; and sometimes, to keep their hold on the electorate, they are capable of saying a good deal more or a good deal less than they mean. But they—that is, the ones now in power, chosen by Churchill—are men of whom their class and type need not be ashamed.

There are others, now out of power, who may come back again and again before their days are over. Leslie Hore-Belisha, who does not belong by birth to the Tory governing oligarchy, is one of these. He seems very much outside the running now, particularly since the Prime Minister seems to view him with a cold eye; but he is an able politician and not to be discounted forever. Mr. Oliver Stanley, second son of Lord Derby, succeeded Hore-Belisha at the War Ministry under Chamberlain and is also out of the running for the moment. But a characteristic not to be forgotten in Tory politics is that they are never altogether out; they may come in again at any moment. Mr. Eden resigned over Chamberlain's foreign policy in February, 1938; with him resigned his second in command (Undersecretary of State), Lord Cranborne. Now Mr. Eden is Foreign Secretary again, and Crown Prince, practically speaking, both for the Tory party and for the State. Lord Cranborne is Secretary for the Colonies. Cranborne, one of the most popular of the younger Tories, is a Cecil by birth and will one day be Lord Salisbury; we used to think he showed signs of developing into a major influence, but he seems to lack the political aggressiveness which is necessary. But he too, like the rest of them, will never disappear from office for long.

IV

And this is what people mean of course when they call the British government an oligarchy. Changes in personnel do not greatly affect an oligarchy. The fundamental assumptions always remain the same whether Johnny or Freddy is

running things; and, as likely as not, the old government and the new government and the next government are made up of people who have met for dinner and in country houses all their lives long. They have gone to the same schools, the same parties, read the same books, and followed the same fashions ever since they can remember. Occasionally they are joined by somebody from the outside world, such as Lord Beaverbrook; sometimes they make use of Labor party leaders to execute their policies. But for good or evil it is they who govern.

During the past two years I have read

so many things in print about how England has changed (how the old order changeth) that it has seemed to me worth while to point out, with conviction and emphasis, that whatever social and economic changes may be under way, the political system is to-day precisely what it was before the war and very nearly what it was before 1914. England in general is aware of the fact, is not content with it, and—in spite of the unique position of the Prime Minister—is bound to put its criticism into more general terms before very much longer.





INSIDE "INFORMATION, PLEASE!"

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

ON a sunny afternoon in April, 1938, a solitary bus rider might have been seen wending his way northward. Our hero—for it was indeed I—debussed at 57th Street and proceeded to the office of Mr. John Moses, a radio agent.

A careful historian—again meaning me (Note: When the political columnists say "Every thinking man" they mean themselves, and when candidates appeal to "Every intelligent voter" they mean everybody who is going to vote for them)—records preceding chapters. For about six months, off and on, in the order named, I had been writing pieces and making auditions for the Columbia Broadcasting System, with conspicuous unsuccess. And one day my none too altruistic wife, having heard that Miss Dorothy Thompson had an agent who had got her engagements which it was reputed brought her income into the six-figure, or non-hay bracket, said, "I wish you'd meet this wonderful agent." A domestic pacifist, I am wax in the hands of the Little Woman's wish. So I went to Miss Thompson's for luncheon to meet the fabulous Mr. Moses, who interrupted Dorothy just long enough to tell me that he too was a Chicago boy who had attended the University of Michigan, and that if anything in my line came up he'd let me know. I didn't have a chance to tell him that I had no line. Also I had been a newspaperman for thirty-five years and I had heard a dozen city editors tell applicants that same old stuff about leaving name and address, and if anything came up, etc. . . . If any re-

porter or editorial writer ever got a job that way I shall be glad to publish his name, provided that a certain managing editor, who said that he'd let me know when something in my line arose, furnishes me with a medium of printed expression. Hence the day upon which our story opens I was full of cynical doubt.

But that day Mr. John Moses telephoned me and invited me to his office.

"If this is no good," I said to him politely, "you'll have to pay my bus fare."

"Agreed!" he cried, "I want you to meet Dan Golenpaul."

I took the bus to 57th Street and there I met Mr. Golenpaul, who said that he would tell me what he had to say in a very few words.

"I doubt it," was my countercheck courteous.

"You've heard these quiz programs," he began. This being a declarative sentence, I was mute. Otherwise I'd have had to say no. "Well," he said, "I've got an idea to do a quiz program in reverse. The public sends in questions for a panel of experts—experts of whom you might be one."

"What questions?" I asked. "As for instance?"

"Well," he said, "who was the Merchant of Venice?"

"Antonio," I said.

"That's right," he said, obviously astonished at my omniscience. "Most people say Shylock."

"Not the people I am in the habit of

associating with," I said, with utter and somewhat snobbish truth. So he asked me a few more straw dummies. And then I asked him a few, such as "What precedes 'and pastures new'? And how does 'The Old Oaken Bucket' begin?" Pretty near everybody, in pretty near anybody's set, says, "How dear to my heart" instead of "this heart." First thing we knew it was seven o'clock.

Now this game was Old Stuff to me. For years we had played this, or variations of it, at Herbert Bayard Swope's house parties—the host, Alexander Woollcott, Laurence Stallings, Arthur Krock, and I. And when Stanley Walker and I were co-slaves of the New York *Herald Tribune* we had an agreement that either could call the other up at any time of day, or night, and pose a question. Usually it was cognominal, such as the names of Grayson M.-P. Murphy, and what E. D. E. N. meant in Mrs. Southworth's name, and what the D's were for—this was too easy—in John D. Rockefeller, Newton D. Baker, and Louis D. Brandeis. And the e. e. in e. e. cummings and D. H. in Lawrence. The honey though was knowing about Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis—I spelled Hermann with one *n*, which was worse in our game than not knowing it at all.

In what seemed an incredibly short time after that first meeting with Mr. Golenpaul he summoned me to an audition on April 27, 1938. An audition is something like an entrance examination. What you say is recorded on wax for the prying ears of radio executives, as well as for the cannier ears of possible sponsors. That night Mr. Fadiman, who was almost as good at the start as he now is, fired queries at Mr. Marcus Duffield, of the New York *Herald Tribune*; Professor Harry Allen Overstreet, head of the philosophy department at the College of the City of New York; Mr. Louis Hacker, of the history department at Columbia University; Mr. Bernard Jaffe, author of *Crucibles* and science teacher in Bushwick High School, Brooklyn. And me. We made two auditions that night, one at

8:30 and one at 9:30. All that I remember about it is that I never expected to hear any more about it.

And then we were told that on Tuesday, May 17th, we were to be on the air. And the next Tuesday, the 24th, the guest was Dr. Paul de Kruif, who didn't know that rubiola was measles. It sounded to me like a tooth-wash, and I said so, and people in the studio laughed at my honest endeavor to disseminate information.

And on June 7th—a happy date for all concerned, especially for millions of his admiring listeners—John Kieran, whose column "Sports of the Times" appears seven days a week in the *New York Times*, though that newspaper does not permit that fact to be broadcast, became one of us, to put it mildly. And on July 5th Mr. Oscar Levant, composer, pianist, and Gershwinophile, became half of one of us, which is by way of saying that he appears on alternate broadcasts. So since that day we have one guest on Oscar's evenings, and two on the others.

II

The "Information, Please!" setup is its own and, compared with most other programs you may have heard, simple. The studio is small and if you ask why these places are called studios, it'll have to be a better etymologist than I to tell you. The best that Webster will do is to call a studio the workroom of a professional man; not the workroom—or with us, the playroom—of a lot of professional men, with spectators and auditors, to see and hear them work.

Still ours is comparatively a studio. The place seats two hundred and twenty, not counting us on the stage. There Mr. Clifton Fadiman exalted sits at a one-microphone table. At a table facing him, equipped with two microphones, sit the four of us. Every other week Mr. Oscar Levant, often described, but for the life of me I can't see why, as irrepressible, sits at the table's right, which is nearest the piano. Mr. Kieran is at his

left, and the guest of the evening between Mr. Kieran and me. There is a silly and baseless notion that it is the part of wisdom to keep Mr. Levant and me as far apart as possible, but shucks! I wouldn't do him any physical harm—him in his early thirties. Besides, he needs his hands, for nobody plays that studio piano so well as he. I'd rather hear him play the piano than hear anybody I've ever heard. Many of my more musical friends ask why he might not play for the entire thirty minutes, which, especially if I got paid for listening, would delight me. Some of my non-musical friends ask me why he does anything but play, which is unfair, for Mr. Levant, in literature and sports and current matters, is not only a young man of wide knowledge, but also a fellow of exquisite taste in many things, and of another taste that makes even his idolaters wince at times. And I'll tell you why he is a great asset to "Information, Please!" He is unpredictable; there is a perhaps about him, which there is not, alas! about Kieran or me. A pair of veteran newspapermen, when we have nothing to say we say nothing, while Oscar is at his wordiest, and sometimes his best, under those conditions.

At Mr. Fadiman's right, so unobtrusively that he had been sitting there for more than a year of Tuesdays (remember those were the old unsponsored as well as the Canada Dry Ginger Ale days) before I was conscious of him, sits Our Founder, Mr. Dan Golenpaul. He checks the questions and gives Mr. Fadiman the statistics on how much our combined ignorance has cost, at twenty-five dollars and Encycs. Brit. per ig. And sitting at the stage's back center, except for the time when he vaunts our beloved sponsor, sits our announcer, Mr. Milton Cross, who makes his commercial sound sincere and colloquial. And seated beside him is Mr. L. A. Speed Riggs, the Goldsboro, N. C., tobacco auctioneer, whose chant, save for "Sold to Ame'can," is unintelligible to us who fail to frequent the tobacco roads of the Carolinas.

Then there is our property man, Mr. Robert Jacquiñot, who rings the cash register to emphasize our ignorance, as well as to signify to some lucky (strike—adv't.) stumper that he has won twenty-five dollars—no, thirty-five dollars; for the querist who sends in a question that is used at all gets ten dollars—and two dozen books that are likely to inspire him to further devilry.

For the first six months "Information, Please!" was unsponsored. The advertising boys told us—or told Mr. Golenpaul—that while of course they liked it, it was over the public's head; too high-brow. I never understood why so many persons—advertising executives and newspaper and magazine publishers—assume that the public is illiterate, or at any rate impervious to literacy. Let me hasten to add that when the *Saturday Review of Literature* gave us an award in 1940 "for Distinguished Service to Literature" I, for one, was frightened. It seemed pretentious; we weren't Literature's Distinguished Servants. We were men who were having a good time, and by a miracle, paid for having it. It happened that that same night we were similarly honored by the *Hobo News*, so we all felt better. Nor can I understand why we get awards for our educational value. What erudition is acquired by Mr. Kieran's telling a breathless world that the 1912 World Series went to eight games, one having been a tie, and that the Red Sox won because Fred Snodgrass of the Giants muffed an easy fly? What educational value is in the fact that Judge James Garret Wallace and I can sing the words and music of "She's More to Be Pitied than Censured"? Of course I amass a not inconsiderable amount of amazed knowledge from Mr. Christopher Morley's mnemonic ability concerning every Sherlock Holmes story ever written and from Mr. Deems Taylor's merry memory of almost everything. Yet most of us recall details and forget momentous matters. I think—and don't you think I didn't have to look it up—of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Memory":

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and births of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

And most of us, while we may forget the contents of this or that schoolbook, can tell you that *Swinton's Word Book* was light blue, and that *Robinson's Arithmetic* was maroon.

It is unlikely that anybody is ever going to send in a question about the colors of my schoolbook covers, or that anybody will ask me who sat in front of me in Miss Hull's room at Douglas School. Yet similar things, from childhood and youth, are not difficult to summon from the memory; they are merely unforgettable. And that is why I am sincere when I pooh-pooh those who profess to be aghast at what they foolishly call feats of memory. When it comes to a few well-known poems, Mr. Kieran and I were introduced to poetry, we found by comparing early recollections, by the same book—Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*.

The choice of guests is wholly Entrepreneur Golenpaul's, and his selections are almost uniformly excellent. No field—medicine and architecture are the exceptions I can think of—is uncombed. Among our ablest and most enjoyable guests were Miss Gracie Allen and Mr. Fred Allen. Our most sweetly redolent guest, as well as the most orchidiferous, was Mrs. Osa Johnson. And there has been nobody whom we enjoyed more than Mr. Wendell L. Willkie. I recall somebody's astonishment at the fact that Mr. Willkie (he was on the air with us, and was the guest on one of our motion-picture shorts, both before the 1940 convention) knew many things remote from law and the public utility business. I said that I thought it remarkable that anybody thought it remarkable that a university graduate (Indiana '13) should

know or remember anything. "After all," said Mr. Willkie, "a fellow doesn't go through college blindfolded."

Upon what meat do these experts feed? Well, high-thinking John Kieran is a plain liver; he never has a pre-broadcast morsel; at 9:05 EST he orders a club sandwich and two Manhattan cocktails. Mr. Levant, before, during, and after dinner has a few dozen cups of coffee; and I gorge, especially if I am Dan Golenpaul's invited or uninvited guest. Such a dinner is attended by our host, who just before and during a broadcast is as nervous as any Broadway star on a first night; his wife, Ann, who is better looking than Dan (though her appearance merits greater praise than that); and the evening's program guest. These dinners are supposed to make the guest feel easy and comfortable, and sometimes they do.

During the ten minutes preceding the broadcast Mr. Fadiman, who in turn is preceded by our stage manager, Joseph Bell, who introduces Mr. Fadiman to the studio audience and toward the program's end, signifies digitally that there are two minutes left—explains to the studio audience that a few minutes will be devoted to sample questions and answers, the purpose being to comfort the guest and to assure him by demonstration of the friendly atmosphere that he is in. This warm-up period usually helps, for if the guest is unusually timorous he finds that the earth has not swallowed him up and that even ignorance of who is appearing in a current movie does not merit capital punishment.

There is another thing that I find almost always true of our guests, especially of those who say, "I've never been so frightened in my life." At the end of the program, when Mr. Fadiman says "That's all we'll have time for," the guests, like us so-called regulars, are astonished that the thing is ended so soon and wish that it might continue for at least another hour.

It seems to me that we have only one Indispensable—Mr. Clifton Fadiman.

Excellent though listeners may consider him, nobody who has not sat across from him week after week can appreciate his marvelous sense of timing and what might be called his sweetly acid tolerance—his ability to silence us who are given to loquacity, and the sportsmanship of his wit are no sleeper-jump from genius. I am not guessing. For one evening, when he was poison-ivied to the point of silence, I substituted for him. I was unsuave and rattled, and though Danny ("Boy") Golenpaul was at my right hand to help me, I was no good. I went so fast that the only record I broke was in the number of questions asked. They told me that I had used sixteen questions (the average is eleven) and that I had forgotten to award one of the prizes. However, I achieved something that Mr. Fadiman never reached. Next day the *World-Telegram* headed the story "Adams Nervous as Quiz-Master." Beat that if you can, you ole Fadiman, you!

III

There have been various estimates of the number of questions "Information, Please!" receives. Doubtless the number varies from week to week. I have heard it estimated at from fifteen thousand a week to sixty thousand a week. Considering that many questions have four parts, it adds up. The ultimate selection, after I don't know how many assistant editors go through them, is Our Boss's. Sometimes he picks a dull one, but his average is amazingly high. To me, at least, the ideal question is one that none of us answers, but makes us feel that we were saps not to have known that.

Often when we have a guest somebody erroneously thinks that the questions pointed at him or her are "fixed." No question is put which does not originate with the querist, although the precise wording may be emended. This is one way, for example, that questions up what Mr. Fadiman calls so-and-so's alley, come in: At the end of a broadcast Mr.

Fadiman announces that our next week's guest will be, say, Sir Thomas Beecham or Miss Margaret Leech. That sends hundreds of hearers to the reference books, and during the week questions pour in about music or about Washington during the Civil War.

Of course there are one's friends who cannot see why their questions have not been used. They say:

1. I bet they don't read 'em.
2. Say, I sent in one that nobody could answer.
3. Why does Fadiman show his dislike to
 - a. You
 - b. Kieran (they usually call him Kieran)
 - c. Levant?

Well, friends, listen:

1. They read 'em all.
2. There are thousands of such questions. One man told me that he sent in "What was the population of Saginaw, Mich., in 1910?" The program wouldn't be any fun if it consisted of questions that neither we nor our listeners could possibly answer. We have to be given a sporting chance.
3. He doesn't show it. He hasn't it.

What these broadcasts evoke in the other boys I don't know. After all, Fadiman, Kieran, and Levant are New Yorkers, though Oscar was born, comparatively recently, in Pittsburgh; but though thirty-five years of incessant daily writing may have caused somebody, once in a blue lustrum, to say "That was a good piece you had in the paper a few years ago; I forget what it was," the broadcasts, and the movie-shorts—which except for the fact that some of the questions are visual, are just like the broadcasts—cause old friends to write to you and strangers to accost you who never have read a single word of the millions you have written. The injustice of it irritates me; I, a hard-working writer, have been known to a few readers of whatever newspaper employed me. But what, if I may ask a question, happens now? To a broadcast question I frequently answer "I don't know." A man rushes up to me the next morning

and says, "I heard you on 'Information, Please!' last night. You just slay me! You were marvelous." "Why," I say, "I don't remember saying anything but 'I don't know.'" "That's just it," he says—no kidding, he *said* it—"You say 'I don't know' as though it was the only thing in the world you didn't know." Now what to do with such hero worship?

Sometimes our actor-guests, accustomed as they are to the immediate response of a large audience, say that they have "mike fright," meaning that they grow self-conscious. I can't speak for the other regulars, but it never occurs to me that anybody but those of my sons who are allowed to stay up until nine o'clock are listening. For next morning they say "Papa, you talk too much," or "Do you mean to say you didn't know that was from 'Macbeth'?"

One day a woman telephoned from New Canaan, Conn. She said that she was Mrs. Sherman Aldrich, and could she have a ticket to a broadcast. "I'm Bessie Knight," she added. Now at the ages from nine to twelve years I adored—but never told my love—the beautiful brown-eyed Bessie Knight, whose house I passed on my way to school in the hope—never realized—that she would emerge just as I was passing . . . and that broadcast night I looked about the studio, and I went up to the best-looking woman there and said, "Hello, Bessie!" . . . P. S. She said that she knew I had passed by her house.

And I have had letters from Miss Anna Wetter, who taught German to us in the sixth grade at Douglas School in the '90's.

And from an even earlier day came a letter from Louis Weinberg, of Weinberg Bros., who had the 35th Street butcher

shop, with sawdust on the floor and a fountain in the window spraying the vegetables. Mr. Weinberg wrote, "Are you the Frankie Adams that used to come to market with your grandmother?" I am, and I did, and sometimes at the age of ten they would let me help drive the horse when the wagon delivered meat. And the next Thanksgiving he sent me the biggest turkey I've ever seen. . . . Doubtless the comparative tots, like Fadiman and Levant, get echoes from their kiddie-playmates of 1924.

Not to speak of a letter to me from a Captain, Q. M., who crossed on the *Leviathan* with me in March, 1918, and also crossed the Channel on the *London-derry* from Southampton to Le Havre's "rest" camp; and one from a man that gave me a harmonica with four keys in 1908.

There was the time that "Information, Please!" was sued for \$17.62. I've never heard how the case came out. But one night, when Miss Alice Marble, fresh from winning the 1939 National Women's Singles Championship, was our excellent and personable guest—as, indeed had Mrs. Helen Wills Moody Roark been previously—the three men were adjured to shut their eyes and tell the colors of their neckties. Mine, I recall, was canary. Well, that night as Mr. James J. Behr was driving through Boston, Mass., with his radio turned on, he heard that query. He also closed his eyes, hit the car ahead of him, and paid \$17.62 for fender damage. Cheap life insurance, at that.

You'll have to excuse me. It's nearly half-past eight, New York Time, as Mr. Milton Cross says. Time to wake up America, and stump the experts. Experts, my grandmother's left hind hat!



ON BOARD THE *BISMARCK*

BY EDWIN MULLER

The sinking of the battleship Bismarck, pride of the German Navy, tracked down and wounded by planes, then finished off by British gunfire and torpedoes, was drama which stirred people everywhere. To naval experts it was also the most important professional case study in a generation. For twenty years they had been building ships and training men to fight them; never had their work met the one test that counts. Lessons drawn from the first encounter between a modern first-line battleship and modern planes, and between the newest types of fighting ships might well affect the design and the tactics both of ships and of planes. Problems of discipline and morale were involved as well: what kept men steady and courageous, what unnerved them in the supreme ordeal?

This explains why the navies of every nation, belligerent and neutral, have used their utmost resources and ingenuity to gather every scrap of information obtainable about that fight at sea. They have been highly successful and it is now possible to tell the dramatic story of what happened aboard the great ship during her last fateful days.

Every fact, every incident here related, is wholly authentic.—The Editors.

ON THE night of May 21, 1941, the *Bismarck* left the Norwegian coast and sailed out into the Atlantic. Accompanied by the cruiser *Prince Eugen*, she headed for the broad passage between Greenland and Iceland. At dawn on the 24th the enemy was sighted—Britain's largest ship of war, the famous *Hood*. Then another appeared, the *Prince of Wales*.

The *Hood* opened fire and the *Bismarck* answered with all her turrets. Then the German directed her fire at the *Prince of Wales*. The latter, injured, was unable to keep up with the running fight. It was a duel between *Bismarck* and *Hood*.

At the third salvo the lookouts on the *Bismarck* saw a dense cloud of black smoke billow up from the foredeck of the *Hood*. The British ship listed to port, then buckled and broke clean in two. The stern half sank at once, the other floated for several minutes, then slowly slid beneath the surface. The battle was over.

The news ran swiftly to every nook and corner of the *Bismarck*—to the turret

crews, to the telephone switchboards, to the oilers and ammunition handlers far below the waterline. Its progress was marked by successive outbursts of wild cheering. The top deck, empty during the action, was full of officers and men singing and embracing one another.

The *Bismarck* had paid a cheap price for the destruction of Britain's biggest ship. She had been hit but her injuries were not serious. A mere handful of men were wounded.

All that day and the next the jubilation went on. Admiral Luetjens mustered the crew on deck and made one of his fiery, triumphant speeches. The thunder of applause and the deep "Sieg Heil" went rolling out across the waves. It was the Admiral's fifty-second birthday, which added a touch to the celebration.

Again the crew was mustered, to hear an exulting radio message from Hitler. It was announced that the Führer had awarded to the First Gunnery Officer, Commander Schneider, the Knight's Insignia of the Iron Cross. Other decorations came over the ether.

The busiest men on board were the motion-picture operators. There was a crew of them from Dr. Goebbels' organization. They had filmed the action with the *Hood*, now they were recording all the ceremonies. Soon the people of Berlin would see on the screen how Britain's rule of the ocean had been ended.

The jubilation was especially wholehearted because most of those on board were very young. Nearly all of the crew were in their early twenties. There were also some five hundred cadets from Flensburg, the German Annapolis, most of them in their teens. Cadets and crew were picked volunteers, the élite of the navy.

This glorious victory was exactly what they had expected with absolute confidence. It was the culmination and fulfillment of all they had been taught. At their age they could hardly remember a world before Hitler. In the Hitler Youth they had been taught unquestioning belief in the Master Race. Not merely taught—it had been driven into their souls in every waking hour. "Today we rule Germany, to-morrow the whole world." At the Party Day in Nuremberg—that matchless show of banners and martial music—they had marched before the Führer with hundreds of thousands of others. One thing they knew: Germans are invincible.

And this ship too was invincible. It was by far the strongest warship that had ever been built. No one outside the German High Command knows her actual tonnage. It is certain, however, that it was far greater than the 35,000 to which she was limited by treaty. Some rate her at 50,000. In her trials she is said to have made 33 knots; she was faster than any British or U. S. battleship.

Her length, 792 feet, was about that of our biggest warships. The extra weight was in the beam, 118 feet. On deck she looked much like any other battleship—the towering structure above the bridge, the four big turrets for the eight 15-inch guns, the four planes amidships. But

below she was unique. For protection beneath the waterline she had five steel skins, each enclosing watertight spaces. The whole interior, deck after deck, was a complicated labyrinth of watertight compartments.

The crew had been told that the *Bismarck* was not only the greatest warship in the world, able to defeat any British ship, but that she could defeat any combination that could be brought against her. She was literally unsinkable. They believed that.

There were some on board, older men, who didn't believe it. For instance, the commanding officer, Captain Lindemann. He knew that German ships could be sunk, like any others. In the First World War his own ship had been sunk under him. He was a quiet and capable officer, an old-style German Navy man rather than a fervent Nazi.

But his superior officer on board was a Nazi of the Nazis. Vice-Admiral Guenther Luetjens was slight of build—he made up for it by the stern truculence of his look and the violence of his spirit. He was an emotional leader who roused his men to a high pitch of fervor. He had corresponding fits of depression, but that the crew did not know.

Morale on board had been high from the evening when they had left Kiel about a week before. That in spite of the cramped discomfort of the living quarters. Besides the cadets and the 1,500 of the regular crew and officers, there were several hundred extras on board, making a total personnel of some 2,400. And the accommodations would have been none too large for the regular force. Space that in other navies would have been used for living quarters was here devoted to extra protection, elaborate compartmentation. So the crew slept forward in narrow hammocks swung so close together that they touched. Aft, the junior officers were crowded four to a tiny room. The mess deck, where the men ate packed on benches along narrow tables, was dark and airless. But all realized that these

discomforts were the price they paid for strength. Like giving up butter for guns.

There had been much speculation among the crew as to where they were going. Most of them thought that it was a raiding expedition against British merchantmen, such as Luetjens had conducted so successfully with the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. The extra men made that credible; they might be intended to serve as prize crews aboard captured vessels. Some had heard that the *Bismarck* was bound for the Azores, to capture those islands for the Reich. Others declared that they were going all the way to the Pacific, to join the Japanese fleet. But that wasn't likely—no tropical kits had been issued.

But now the purpose was clear—they'd been destined to destroy the *Hood*. Next they'd go on to more victories.

II

The exultant mood of victory cannot be maintained indefinitely—there is an inevitable reaction. With the *Bismarck* crew it came about the second day after the sinking of the *Hood*. The *Prince Eugen* turned back toward home. The *Bismarck* men realized how far they were from that home. Most of them had little experience of the vast emptiness of the ocean. The cadets and many of the crew had hardly ever been out of sight of land. The weather had grown cold and overcast, with snow squalls, sleet, and patches of mist.

Presently they realized that they were being hunted. Off the southern tip of Greenland, on the morning of the 26th, a plane was heard. And soon through a break in the clouds an American-built Catalina appeared almost overhead. Every A-A gun began to hammer, putting up a terrific barrage, and the plane disappeared. But a little later another one was there watching. There was the feeling of long arms reaching toward them.

Then a disturbing rumor went round

the ship. There had been a quarrel between Luetjens and Captain Lindemann. Through his closed doors the Admiral was heard shouting angrily. It was in fact a sharp difference of opinion. Lindemann had pointed out that the British would now concentrate every available unit, that they would never rest until they had hunted down the *Bismarck*. He urged the Admiral to turn at once toward home.

But Luetjens was still in the victory mood. Angrily he vetoed the Captain's suggestion. He mustered the crew and announced that he was leading them on to more victories. They cheered and felt much better. Nevertheless they began to watch the horizon, hoping that reinforcements might be coming from home.

It wasn't help that came that day. There was a buzzing like a swarm of bees and a whole squadron of planes came over the rim of the sky—the Royal Navy's Swordfish planes had found their quarry. They headed toward the ship; one after the other they swooped close to the water, released their torpedoes, and banked away. One of the torpedoes struck full amidships. A column of water leaped higher than the masthead, and the ship was jolted from end to end. The damage-control crew racing to the spot found that a compartment had been penetrated and filled with water. A petty officer had been flung against a bulkhead and killed.

It was no crippling damage, yet it seemed to have a profound effect on Admiral Luetjens. Indeed, something more is needed to explain his subsequent action. It is probable that at this point he had disturbing news by radio, information of strong British concentrations moving to intercept him. That in a man of his temperament might, together with the plane attack, cause the full swing from elation to despair.

He called the crew together and made a speech—an extraordinary speech. He said the *Bismarck* would be forced to do battle; the British, having found her,

would bring up their strength. U-boats and planes, he hoped, would come to help meet the onslaught. But if they did not the *Bismarck* would take more than one of her opponents to the bottom with her. "Men, remember your oath; be true to the Führer to death."

The effect of this on the young men who heard it was devastating. They had been told that they were invincible. It had been drilled into them that their ship was unsinkable. Now, suddenly, there was talk of dying!

The depression on board was increased by rumor of violent quarrels between the members of the Admiral's staff and the ship's officers. It was realized by someone that the Admiral's blunder must be repaired, that something must be done to bolster morale. There was no speech this time, but a message from the Admiral was circulated among the men. Help, it said, was actually on the way. A flotilla of U-boats was approaching; planes were coming—soon there would be a protective "umbrella" of two hundred of them overhead.

It is probable that this statement was made out of whole cloth, but the crew believed it. Their spirits went up. All day men were on deck peering toward the horizon.

Since the encounter with the *Hood* the *Bismarck* had sailed southwest and then south. Now on the 26th she was headed toward Finisterre, hoping to reach the French coast and creep along it to a safe harbor. But the Swordfish found her again. As darkness came on a squadron of them made a sudden attack. The ship was jarred by three successive hits. Two of the torpedoes did little damage, but the third gave the *Bismarck* the wound that was in the end to prove fatal. It struck the steering gear, jamming the rudders immovably at an angle. The ship reduced speed, began to turn slowly in circles.

There was frantic activity on board. The Knight's Insignia of the Iron Cross was promised to the man who could repair the rudders. The engines were

stopped and a diver went over the side. He put forth immense efforts, did actually manage to straighten one rudder. But that wasn't enough. When the ship resumed way she still moved helplessly in circles.

Now the organized life of the ship began to be disrupted. There was shouting and aimless running around. In the midst of the confusion came an ironic note. A radio message was received from the Führer, safe in the Wilhelmstrasse: "All our thoughts are with our victorious comrades."

They tried desperately to steer with the engines. It wasn't very successful. The ship limped along slowly, yawing off crazily from side to side like a drunken man.

Attack now came from another quarter. An hour after midnight a flotilla of British destroyers came out of the dark. They circled the *Bismarck* like a pack of dogs round a wounded bear, darting in now and then to discharge torpedoes. More compartments were hit and penetrated. There were increasing casualties.

The ship's command tried to give the crew's morale another shot in the arm. This time the message was specific: "Early in the morning tugs will come to our assistance and fourscore planes."

Some of the crew believed it. Even men not on duty haunted the deck watching for the planes the Führer surely would send.

Luetjens didn't expect them. He made one grand gesture. He sent a message to Hitler: "We shall fight to the last shell. Long live the Führer, the Chief of the Fleet." After that he cracked badly. He was heard through his door, shouting hysterically: "Do what you like. I'm through."

III

It was the morning of the 27th. The sky was overcast and a cold wind whipped the ocean into whitecaps. The crew strained their eyes for those Junkers

the Führer had promised. Instead, there appeared on the horizon the heavy-weights of Britain's Grand Fleet, the *Rodney* and the *George V*. They opened with their 16-inch guns at a range of about 11 miles, then steadily moved in to half that range. British cruisers joined the attack.

The *Bismarck* could still fight back. Though the motive power was crippled, the turrets were intact, the control station was undamaged, and the fighting crews were still functioning, their morale cracked but not broken. Within two minutes of the *Rodney's* opening shot the *Bismarck* sent a return salvo.

A 16-inch shell weighs 2,100 pounds, travels half a mile in a second. Every time one struck the *Bismarck* the ship rocked and shuddered, but for a while she sent back salvo for salvo.

The break came when a shell struck the main control station, wrecking it. That ended the *Bismarck* as a co-ordinated fighting machine. True, she went on fighting, as a prizefighter goes on making the motions after he is knocked out on his feet. They fought the individual turrets by local control, but the shooting was wild and ineffective.

The *Rodney* and *George V* moved in closer, within two miles. They sent every shell home with methodical precision, as when the prizefighter stands close to his groggy opponent, measures him, and deliberately drives in punch after punch.

The *Bismarck* began to disintegrate. Shells smashed into the high structure abaft the bridge until it was reduced to a twisted mass of steel. The riddled mast hung like a crazy tangle of vines until a shell cut it off at the base and it came crashing down on the deck. Sheets of flame were pouring out of the funnel. Fires broke out here and there. The four planes, berthed amidships, were all afire, their petrol tanks blazing to a great height. One turret leaned over, its guns cocked toward the sky. It was punishment such as no vessel had ever taken before and remained afloat.

Now the morale and discipline of the ship went to pieces altogether. The crew of one turret mutinied, ran away. After a moment's hesitation their officer ran too. In another turret when the men refused to obey, the officer drew his revolver and shot some of them down. The organization of the ship disintegrated into small isolated groups of men, and those in turn broke up into individuals, each fighting to save his own life.

Up to now the top deck, as in any battle, had been deserted, no one visible but the lookouts and fire spotters. But soon the ship began to keel slowly to port and water poured in through the shell holes and sprung plates. It flooded deck after deck, sucking and gurgling through the labyrinth of chambers and passages. Some of the watertight doors were closed, and many men were trapped and drowned as water rose to the ceilings. Others fought their way up to the air, jamming the companionways.

The top deck became an inferno. Men ran this way and that on the sloping surface, trying to escape the flames and explosions. Holes opened in the deck. Men's clothes were ripped off by the blasts. Wounded men and boys were shrieking and the dead lay everywhere. The panic-driven mob tried to get back below decks. But the ladders were still packed with men fighting their way up from the rising water below. They fought one another and fell off the ladders in struggling masses.

Somewhere the order was given: "Abandon ship." But it never reached most of the men. Besides, there was no way to abandon. Boats could not be launched and the majority of the crew did not have life belts.

By now the ship was almost over on her beam. Many were already struggling in the water. Others were crawling out over the black, glistening bulge of the hull. The firing had ceased. Slowly the bow tilted up. Sternfirst, the *Bismarck* slid beneath the surface. Where it had been was a mass of rising bubbles.

Hundreds of men thrashed round in

the chop of the waves. The British ships moved in to rescue. About a hundred Germans caught ropes thrown to them and were hauled up over the side. Then the rescues were abruptly ended. U-boats were reported to be approaching, and the British, unwilling to be caught motionless, moved away. The battle-ships steamed toward Britain, the destroyers darted off in search of the U-boats. There were Germans still struggling in the sea. In the icy water they did not last long.

The rescued men were haggard and hollow-eyed, as if they had gone through months of torture. Days later, when

they had been put to bed, rested, given restoratives, they were still dazed. They hardly spoke, even to one another. They reminded one observer of the legend of the Zombies, the living-dead of the West Indies who walk without souls. It was more than a physical shock that they had had. There had been shattered the faith on which their lives had been built—the belief in their own invincibility.

Nothing is known of the fate of Lirdermann and Luetjens. Some said that the Admiral redeemed himself in the end, that he was seen standing near the bow just before the ship went down, waving to the men in the water.

CHILD

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

YOURSELF goes, silent as grass growing, or sliding shadow,
 Away from you. Time jostles you in passing
 Invisibly smooth as a pickpocket,
 And you not knowing
 Who presses you, what you will miss to-morrow.
 And we who know would make a deaf-mute's music
 Trying to tell you.
 We can no more hold
 The brightness back than count the gold that is
 The small tones of your voice.
 We are musclebound, who long to stay the grace
 That rides upon your motions like a
 Crystal
 The sunlit fountain tosses.
 We can only
 Weigh this heavy world against the look
 That smiles, but oh, how briefly, from your face.



SPREADING OUT OUR WAR PRODUCTION

THE STRUGGLE FOR MORE SUB-CONTRACTING

BY IRWIN ROSS

FROM chewing gum to airplane jigs is the war saga of a small factory in Pennsylvania. Not to be outdone, neighboring New Jersey boasts an enterprising water-meter manufacturer who overnight shifted to the production of shell fuses. And Los Angeles, extremist in all things, comes through with the neatest industrial metamorphosis on record: from pottery to precision aircraft parts.

This latest wrinkle in our war effort is the outcome of one disquieting fact: We are engaged to-day in the greatest productive haul in our history, yet thousands of small factories are idle. The task before us is enormous. Toward the end of 1941 only 18 per cent of our industrial output was devoted to defense, and already the giant steel plants, coal mines, aluminum mills, aircraft and tank factories were hitting at peak capacity. Now we are faced with the necessity of a tremendous upturn in armament manufacture. The Victory Program on which we are just embarking aims at achieving arms parity with the Axis powers. The American, British, and Chinese armed forces are to get in 1942 and 1943 twice as much material of war as had been promised them. While American industry catches up with the Germans, British output is supposed to be sufficient to give the Allies the decisive superiority over their opponents.

Our old defense program called for the expenditure of 60 billion dollars until

sometime in 1944; the new program doubles the figure. According to the *New York Times* of October 17th, the plan envisages the production of 125,000 airplanes, of which between 25,000 and 30,000 will be four-engined, long-range bombers, and "tens of thousands of tanks." While military expediency clouds the details, there is no uncertainty as to the scope of the plan. In 1941 the government called for \$18 billion war production; the 1942 figure becomes \$50 billion—close to fifty per cent of the anticipated national income. We failed to fulfill the 1941 program; a tremendous effort is needed if we are to attain the new quotas. Success will require construction of thousands of new plants and an accelerating conversion of industrial resources from civilian to war purposes. Automobile production, now cut fifty per cent, will probably suffer another drastic reduction, as will production of other durable consumer goods.

All this will not be enough. For while we are presumably straining every sinew for war, the amazing fact remains that a large block of our industrial facilities is idle the better part of the working day. The estimate some months ago ran as high as fifty per cent. (The situation has improved somewhat since—no one knows how much.) America's colossal industrial potential is found, primarily, in the small factories and machine shops of the nation. While the big companies have been overloaded with orders, up to

now the little fellows have been left out in the cold.

At last we are beginning to draw them into production. The method is simple; small shops are sharing—sub-letting—the orders held by larger firms. A small factory—arbitrarily defined as one that employs anywhere from 2 to 200 workers—usually does not have the mechanical wherewithal to cope directly with most government contracts. It cannot manufacture an entire airplane engine or a tank or an anti-aircraft gun. But such an establishment may be able to turn out an airplane carburetor or a tank rivet or the barrel of an anti-aircraft gun. Similarly, it is quite possible, although sometimes difficult, to shift from civilian to wartime production. Ingenuity and patient effort are the major requirements; for standard machine tools—lathes, punch presses, milling machines—can operate on a variety of products.

To accelerate output, the OPM considers sub-contracting at least as important as plant expansion. Doubtless, if we had the time to throw up enough new factories we could handle the demands of our own armament program, as well as those of Britain, Russia, and China. But we lack time. Besides, utilization of present resources achieves the same results—with greater speed, less expense, and fewer economic dislocations. Sub-contracting spares us both the present-day troubles of a new batch of boom towns and the postwar affliction of excess plant capacity. At the same time of course it introduces a multitude of new problems.

II

The major objective in the program is to bring together prime and sub-contractors. To expedite this the OPM's Division of Contract Distribution has established sixty-seven district offices throughout the country. The Philadelphia branch was one of the first. It has accumulated an impressive backlog of accomplishments and provides an illustration of the district set-up. Here is how it works.

Our chewing-gum manufacturer appears hat-in-hand at the DCD office in the Federal Reserve Bank building on Chestnut Street. Once past the armed guards in the gleaming marble foyer, he enters the mammoth, high-ceilinged main office, more of an indoor arena than a room. A low buzz of clacking typewriters and carefully modulated voices pervades the place. The gum man gives his name to the girl at the reception desk, which is separated by a low railing from forty-four identical green-topped metal desks laid out in neat rows across the room. No, he doesn't have an appointment. He just wants the low-down on those defense contracts. The girl asks him to wait; then, after another visitor departs, she shunts him through a glass partition and into the office of Arthur W. Byron, one of the two or three engineers who regularly lend an ear to stray callers. Byron, on leave from the Pennsylvania Railroad, is a jovial, middle-aged man possessed of a missionary zeal for sub-contracting. He regards every visitor as a potential convert and manifests due deference and solicitude.

The gum man tells his story. It seems he owns a small factory employing only seventeen men. But he has a machine-maintenance shop in which he manufactures and services his own equipment. It is idle three or four hours a day. The tools are all in first-rate condition.

"Can't they be utilized in war production?" he asks Byron.

"They can," Byron assures him, "and they will." He runs rapidly through his files. "Here's an airplane plant that needs jigs in a hurry. Come in Monday morning and go over the blueprints with one of its engineers."

On Monday the gum man returns. For two hours he pores over the blueprints, interrogates the engineer, makes involved calculations on a scratch pad. "I can do the job," he announces finally. "I am at your disposal." They talk price. Two days later he receives a trial order. If he makes good others will follow. He will turn out the govern-

ment work in his machine shop. The rest of the factory blithely continues to make gum.

Frequently the "marriage" between sub-contractor and prime contractor works the other way. The prime contractor does the wooing. Washington recently wired that a manufacturer of electrical appliances for the Navy was clamoring for 200,000 pieces a month of semi-steel castings—an order worth a monthly \$24,000 to the lucky sub-contractor. Byron flipped through his loose-leaf index of the 40,000 machine-tool makers in the district and turned up six foundries—producers of anything from hard-coal burners to textile machinery—all capable of doing the job. He telephoned the foundries, plaintively inquiring if they had any free time on their equipment. No one was too proud to admit a degree of idleness; everyone was delighted to get in touch with the manufacturer. Drawings and specifications were dispatched to them and within a week contracts were signed.

Philadelphia maintains close liaison with local Army and Navy procurement offices and holds on file blueprints and specifications for over one hundred million dollars' worth of contracts; at a moment's notice a staff engineer can advise a potential sub-contractor where his services will be most welcome. To enable small shops to ferret out orders on their own, a fortnightly bulletin is issued listing all recipients of prime contracts. Assistance is also offered on priorities; two representatives of Washington priorities headquarters are always on hand. Nor is financing overlooked: if an indigent sub-contractor cannot get help from his local bank, Federal Reserve will often come across with a loan. In addition to these services, whenever feasible the small man is treated to a little advice on how to enter direct bids on government orders and possibly grow up to be a prime contractor himself.

The Philadelphia office is not a party to the negotiations between prime and sub-contractors and has never checked

on the number of "matches" it has expedited. Achievements are gaged mainly by the list of big-time concerns in the area who are farming out work. Baldwin Locomotive, Philco, du Pont, General Electric, Bendix Aviation are all steady clients.

Philadelphia's success is in large part due to the Chairman of the State Advisory Committee, Thomas S. Gates—a potent local figure, just the type Washington requires to prod a community into action. Gates is middle-aged, affable, soft-spoken, not of a very commanding appearance. Yet people never forget that he is a former Morgan partner, a present director of many of the State's top-flight corporations and, preëminently, President of the University of Pennsylvania.

A request from him is in the nature of a command. When Gates and State Director Orville H. Bullitt opened the office on March 1, 1941, they found themselves with 3,800 square feet of airy, well-lighted floor space—and little else. Their pittance from Washington was ludicrously inadequate to the task ahead. Seeing no alternative, Gates started rounding up a staff on the time-worn dollar-a-year basis. Not underlings, but top men, who he was sure would command respect throughout the district. The Pennsylvania Railroad, United Engineers and Constructors, Bankers Trust of New York, and several other firms donated high-priced officials. To-day, out of a staff of forty, fourteen are dollar-a-year men.

Gates' second step was to organize his sizable bailiwick, which originally included Pennsylvania as far west as Johnstown, southern New Jersey, and Delaware—much too large an area to be served by one office. He chopped the district into fifteen regions, and for each one recruited a committee of local business chiefs—presidents and vice-presidents, usually—thus directly tying in every large industrial outfit with Philadelphia. The regional offices, staffed by paid secretaries, are designed to be small-

scale facsimiles of Philadelphia headquarters—offering the same assistance, providing the same propaganda needle.

Toward the end of March he embarked on his most ambitious project: a survey of every metal-working factory and machine in the district. The fifteen local offices covered the plants in their regions. To canvass Philadelphia proper, Gates enlisted a corps of forty-six technicians from the Philadelphia Transportation Company, Sun Oil, Atlantic Refining, Bell Telephone, Pennsylvania Railroad. Within three weeks they had checked every factory in town. It was no mere matter of circulating questionnaires by mail and waiting with crossed fingers for them to come back. Each plant was visited by an engineer, who strolled through the shop listing every machine in sight, its make, age, size, capacity, condition, and number of idle hours per twenty-four-hour day. Information was also elicited on the firm's dollar volume of sales, products, number of employees, transport facilities, defense work on hand, and, for metal-working plants, the closest tolerance to which it could work.

This data was later transcribed on to filing cards by a crew of typists loaned by the city's banks. A master file of machine tools was also compiled, listing the whereabouts of every tool in the district. Thus if a prime contractor needs some additional 48-inch planer capacity he immediately turns to the page in the loose-leaf index marked *Planers, 48"* and finds the names of twenty concerns owning such machines. If further information is then desired on any one of these firms reference is made to the card index of factories. In all, 3,000 plants and 40,000 tools are covered.

While the survey was going forward Philadelphia was also involved in an animated promotional campaign. A one-reel movie—"Sub-contracting for Defense"—was toured through the district. A lawyer named Morris Duane set up a speakers bureau; its members hit the trail with impromptu harangues on all-

out production. Gates went to the Bell Telephone Company and got the services of Peter L. Schauble, public relations director, and one of his assistants, John J. McLaughlin, former managing editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. The first duty of this pair was to arrange a private luncheon at the Midday Club for the newspaper publishers and editors of the town. These gentlemen were loaded down with food and speeches, and for the first time took with good grace a press agent's veiled demand that his client receive generous publicity. But national defense was considered sufficient excuse for this breach of etiquette, and the publishers responded with news accounts, feature stories, and photographs.

III

Philadelphia is moving in high gear, but results throughout the country have not been uniformly happy. Sub-contracting is still far from being a success story. In the thirty-day period ending October 15th the DCD facilitated the placement of \$170,000,000 worth of contracts. This figure compares favorably with the August record of \$97,000,000, but is still tiny in comparison with the total of \$1,508,000,000 in contracts let by all defense agencies in just the first two weeks of October. By next summer, according to the Victory Program, we must be producing—not merely signing contracts—at the rate of roughly four billion dollars a month. As against this sum, the 170 million currently contributed by the DCD is of piddling significance, particularly when it is remembered that the figure includes small prime contracts as well as sub-contracts. No total is available for sub-contracts alone. Despite a great many isolated successes, sub-contracting still remains more of a hopeful promise than a concrete achievement.

The reasons for its small-scale dimensions are not hard to find. In the first place, the program has always had to buck the prejudice of the Army and Navy procurement officers. These gen-

tlemen, frequently with the most patriotic motives in the world, were unable to grasp the colossal size of the new armament program and lacked the imagination to devise new methods of supply. For twenty years they had been dealing with a comparatively small number of large, well-established firms, and caution, as well as inertia, restrained them from branching out. Their regular suppliers were tried-and-true; they could always be depended on for quality production. The maze of small sub-contractors, on the other hand, were unknown quantities—the officers always feared a breakdown in performance once the matériel reached the field. Consequently they were reluctant to put pressure on their prime contractors to farm out a portion of the work and so speed up delivery.

Many manufacturers—although by no means all—were similarly reluctant. For one thing, some concerns reveled in the security of a huge backlog of orders and saw no reason to relax their grip on future prosperity. It was a conflict between future—if not present—profits and the need for speedy production. Equally important in inhibiting sub-contracting was the tremendous exertion required on the part of the prime contractor. His engineering and supervisory staff had to be stretched far beyond the confines of his home plant; it frequently had to encompass dozens of small fry operating hundreds of miles away. In addition to the trouble involved, initial unit costs often skyrocketed.

Some idea of the elaborate mechanism required by sub-contracting can be gathered from an examination of the Kearney and Trecker Corporation of Milwaukee, manufacturers of milling machines. In a little over two years K. & T. increased capacity 67 per cent. The company has a special department devoted exclusively to sub-contracting. Some of its staff remain in the home office, some are permanently stationed at the outside plants, still others travel back and forth.

When a new sub-contractor is taken on, or an old one is given a new job, a

machinist is dispatched to the plant. He carries with him a set of blueprints with complete shop notes, as well as the special holding fixtures and tools which are required for the work and the route sheets and timing-per-operation data as developed in Kearney and Trecker's own shop. The machinist, who has made this same part many times before, stays on the job until the first few acceptable pieces are turned out.

After the machinist-inspector returns home, contact with Milwaukee is maintained by a group of "co-ordinators"—young technical graduates who were formerly sales managers. At the large sub-contracting plants there are resident co-ordinators who help iron out shop problems and see to it that the orders are kept flowing through. Traveling co-ordinators make the rounds of the smaller shops.

In addition to the machinists and the co-ordinators, a staff of resident and traveling inspectors keeps close tabs on the quality of the work. This apparently not being enough, every part checked in at Milwaukee receives an additional going-over.

The company has farmed out work to over 125 sub-contractors in the past four years. Only two are considered to have failed at it. In 40 per cent of the cases, however, the first results were disappointing to both sides. Such initial failure after so much effort is enough to make many manufacturers swear off.

The Defense Contract Service, which preceded the Division of Contract Distribution, failed to speed up sub-contracting because it could not buck the hostility of both top-flight Army officers and big manufacturers. Floyd Odum, head of the DCD, was appointed by the President, enjoys more prestige than his predecessors, and has been making progress. But he has not been moving fast enough to suit certain New Dealers, and there have been recent rumors that he is due for the axe.

Odum has undertaken an imaginative promotional campaign: three- or four-

day sub-contracting "clinics" to publicize the campaign among small business men and to bring them face to face with large contractors; red-white-and-blue trains bearing exhibits of "bits and pieces" which tour the smaller communities not reached by the clinics; permanent exhibits in the large cities.

His biggest achievement to date has been the rescue of a number of communities hard-hit by "priorities unemployment." In August, a few weeks before he took over, the government was hearing a chorus of squawks from small non-defense plants. They were facing closure because of the squeeze on materials. The only solution, Washington reasoned, was to let these unfortunates in on the defense loaf. The OPM, Army, Navy, and Maritime Commission decided that thereafter every prime contract over \$50,000 would include a definite agreement as to the amount of farming-out to be undertaken. Future bidders on government orders totaling \$250,000 or over would be obliged to present a more detailed outline of sub-contracting intentions. In a number of instances these decisions have been followed, but the Navy has held back, claiming that it has no legal power to require sub-contracting. Odlum is preparing legislation permitting the use of compulsion.

In addition, the government agencies decided that if the priority victim was big enough to shoulder a prime contract the procurement offices might ease their customary regulations. It would be possible to abandon competitive bidding—tough on all but the top-flight outfits—in favor of negotiated contracts. As an added boon, bid and performance bonds would in certain cases go by the board.

The procedure by which a firm or an industry receives special treatment is simple: the Labor Division of the OPM investigates the local unemployment situation; the DCD checks on defense production possibilities; and then Knudsen—on the recommendation of Odlum—certifies the industry to the Army and

Navy. In this manner a Manitowoc, Wis., manufacturer of aluminum kitchenware received a \$987,000 order for canteens, canteen cups, and meat cans for the Army; similarly, three washing machine concerns were awarded a \$12,000,000 contract for anti-aircraft gun mounts, under an industry-wide arrangement whereby thirty-one other manufacturers received sub-contracts. These are only two of several cases.

Odlum is concerned also with keeping alive a number of small businesses which cannot immediately shift to defense production. He has proposed in the case of firms employing twenty people or less that strategic war materials be released for use in civilian production. Here Odlum has run into criticism from government officials who believe that it is all right to save small business if it can be converted to defense, but that otherwise it is sinful to waste materials on them. At this writing the conflict remains unresolved.

IV

Although sub-contracting still has a long way to go, our experimental efforts over the past year and a half provide a clear blueprint for the future. The campaign did not spring full-panoplied out of OPM headquarters in Washington. Its origins are rather diverse: Sidney Hillman's concern with the problem of America's ghost towns; the challenging examples of England and Germany; and, preëminently, two typical schemes of community mobilization for defense—the York and Shenandoah Valley Plans.

On October 3, 1940, Hillman, then labor representative on the National Defense Advisory Commission, called Morris L. Cooke to Washington. His job was to revive the ghost towns. Cooke, one of the foremost management engineers in the country, was a man peculiarly suited to the task. In his late sixties, gray-haired, broadly mustachioed, he is still vigorous and sharp-tongued, his energetic activity constantly belying his

staid appearance. He is something of a rarity: an oldtime engineer with a well-developed social conscience. In his teens he was kicked out of Lehigh for crowning one of his classmates with Virginia ivy and making him recite the Seminole's Reply, and the incident left Cooke with a healthy dislike for the vagaries of authority. Then he got a job as a reporter on the *Philadelphia Press*, covered the police beat, poked round in the slums. Later he worked as an apprentice machinist in Cramp's shipyards in Philadelphia. Salary: two dollars a week. For a middle-class lad, son of a doctor and a minister's daughter, he went through a vigorously proletarian training.

During the Spanish-American War Cooke served as an assistant engineer in the Navy. Afterward he became successively a management engineer, an author, power conservationist—heading various government agencies during the twenties and thirties—and in 1935–36 the first administrator of the Rural Electrification Administration. He left that job, he says, when it had been “staked out,” and took a trip round the world.

Cooke welcomed Hillman's invitation to return to Washington and immediately snapped into action. He gathered a small staff and dispatched them into the field to make “check-tests” of available facilities in the ghost towns. The response was immediate and enthusiastic. The moribund limestone industry of Bloomington and Bedford, Indiana, the old hand-style steel mills of Beaver County, Pa., a large assortment of idle factories in Kansas City, all clamored for work.

Cooke and his staff soon concluded that sub-contracting was the long-sought elixir to resuscitate the ghost towns—since many of the factories were too small or too archaic to execute a prime contract. And by the time that great truth was digested, Hillman and Cooke agreed that the plan might just as logically be extended to every idle factory and machine shop in the nation, of which there

were tens of thousands. And quick! Everybody had been complaining of the slow tempo of production. Here was a way out.

“Look at Germany,” said Morris Cooke, a man not afraid to learn from even his worst enemy. In 1937 sealed crates of machinery were delivered to electrified farms in the Third Reich. The peasants were ordered to store the crates; under no circumstances were they to be opened. To stem curiosity, the government explained that the machinery would be used to manufacture toys—to capture the toy market of the world, in fact! After the invasion of Poland orders came to open the boxes. The farmers uncovered drill presses, automatic screw machines, drop forges. A week or two later supplies of semi-finished materials were received. Instructors made the rounds and taught the farm lads the niceties of punching a hole in a steel plate or fashioning an airplane rivet. In ways such as these the Germans achieved mastery of the air.

That the British have been able to withstand the assaults of the Luftwaffe can be partially chalked to the credit of sub-contracting, precondition to the growth of their aircraft industry. From 1935 to 1938 England relied largely on the spawning of new factories and the expansion of old ones in trying to boost production. These methods failed: in the first two years of the “all-out” attempt not one plane rolled from the new assembly lines. Hoping to improve on this record, the British instituted sub-contracting, in principle at least, during the late summer of 1938. But many companies had the ingenious habit of farming out only those jobs on which the profit margin was slight—a policy hardly calculated to swell the ranks of sub-contractors. A change for the better had to await the Norway débâcle of April, 1940. The types of planes were reduced from 50 to 12, which permitted standardization of parts and allowed an energetic sub-contractor to work night and day on a single piece. Thorough

regional surveys uncovered new suppliers. Prime contractors were soon farming out fifty per cent of the plane's body.

Cooke sat in his bare, grimy office in the Old Interior Building, pondering the British and German experience and rapidly generating excitement over sub-contracting prospects in this country. Visitors were impressed with the note of rasping urgency in his words: "Everybody must get into this! We must break down old habits and prejudices. Look at us now. Some sections of the country hardly know we're in a serious situation—so many idle tools lying about. We have a great reputation as industrialists, but we haven't shown much aptitude so far."

Cooke barnstormed through industrial centers delivering talks on sub-contracting, appeared on the radio, issued barrels of press releases and pamphlets. By the beginning of April, 1941, the promotional campaign was completed and he was assigned to other duties in the OPM. The Defense Contract Service took over, and was in turn superseded by the Division of Contract Distribution. The new group went forward on the momentum generated by Cooke. It was even more dependent, however, on the pioneering experience of York, Pa., and the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia.

V

York, nestling in rolling, fertile farmland ninety miles west of Philadelphia, is a prosperous manufacturing town of some 57,000 persons. It boasts over two hundred diversified products—everything from bank safes to pretzels—and many thousands of skilled workers. Community spirit is a big thing, regularly fanned by reminders of the glory of "Historic York." During the darkest days of the American revolution York was the country's capital.

In the summer of 1940, when the nation faced another crisis, the citizens of York again came forward. As they

saw it, everybody was self-righteously alarmed about the external aggressive threat, Congress was grinding out endless armament appropriations, yet nobody was making a move to harness the unused resources in men, machines, and money scattered over the industrial landscape. Long before Washington was even conscious of the problem, the people of York decided to take action.

William S. Shipley, the benign, gray-haired board chairman of the York Ice Machinery Corporation, persuaded his fellow members of the Manufacturers' Association to form a Defense Program Committee to initiate the campaign. They catalogued their available supply of machine tools and of men, enlarged the town's vocational-training program, and energetically pumped up civic enthusiasm.

The way the committee remedied the shortage of mechanics is interesting. During the depression many of the old-time craftsmen had wandered off into such alien fields as ditch-digging, bus-driving, and letter-carrying. To locate these prodigals, manufacturers were urged to comb their payroll lists for ten or fifteen years back and to report the names of all competent former employees. The defense committee attempted to track down these individuals, not an insuperable task in a comparatively small town. When they were discovered the committee gave them "refresher" courses at night school and lured them back to the bench. Their bosses promised their bus-driving and ditch-digging jobs back again, with no loss of seniority, once the emergency was over. In one instance the committee found a skilled craftsman in jail for drunkenness. They secured his immediate release—on the plea of his urgency to national defense!

Before long the York Plan began to show results. The defense committee did not assume any contracts itself but rather donated its services to any manufacturer awarded a prime contract. What happened was that, secure in the

knowledge that they could borrow tools, farm out work, and recruit laborers, many manufacturers were able to assume contracts which otherwise they would have had to forego. To-day York's defense work tops \$110,000,000.

There are some similarities between York and the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. For one thing, the people are of the same stock: Pennsylvania Dutch with a goodly admixture of Scotch-Irish. The first white settlers are thought to have been members of the old dissident German sects—the Mennonites, Dunkards, Amish, and others. Their descendants are still very much in evidence. To see these folk on the street, with their broad-brimmed hats and plain black clothes, or riding along the roads in ancient horse-drawn buggies, one would expect them to be something less than useful as tenders of a drill press or a drop forge. But with their religious fervor and insularity they combine a practical knowledge of modern skills. They are deeply rooted to their homes; even those whose orthodoxy has lapsed consider it almost sacrilegious to move away. This fact helps explain their abiding attachment to sub-contracting. They are quite willing to work long hours in their home-town shops, but they will not migrate to faroff industrial centers.

The Shenandoah experience illustrates the value of the community pool. Thousands of small machine shops are scattered throughout the country, employing two or three or a dozen workers, which, considered singly, would have to be excluded from the war effort. Yet these shops harbor tens of thousands of tools which somehow must be put to work. The Valley people pointed the way.

First they drew up a checklist of their idle equipment; between them they found 375 lathes, drill presses, milling machines, and other odds and ends, "at liberty" 90 per cent of the time. Enough man-power existed in the valley to run them twenty-four hours a day. The machines were not the latest models, but

they were quite capable of producing work to satisfactory commercial tolerances.

The shop owners organized the Shenandoah Valley Defense Council and printed an attractive two-color folder listing their facilities. On the back cover, in bold type, they ran the legend:

PUT US TO WORK
NOW!

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK

They circulated the broadside throughout the country. For months government officials tried to help them get work, but no prime contractor wanted to take a chance. None of the shops was large enough, as in York, to assume a prime contract, or even a sub-contract, and farm it out to neighboring establishments. On the other hand, prime contractors were loath to break down an order into sufficiently small units to parcel it out to twenty shops; it was simply too much trouble. The solution eventually hit upon was to form a co-operative to speak and bargain for all the shops.

Co-operation is a long-time tradition in the Shenandoah Valley. Because they eschewed money and worldliness and couldn't see the sense in a middleman making a profit, the farmers have in past years organized co-operatives in practically every line. They have dairy and poultry and fire insurance and retail store co-operatives, and even their own telephone company, which hooks into the Bell system for long-distance calls—all exceedingly successful and prosperous enterprises. What was more natural than to form a defense co-operative: the Shenandoah Valley Defense Co-operative, Inc.? They sold stock, set up offices, and overnight were able to convince manufacturers of their financial responsibility. The A. F. Jorss Iron Works of Washington, D. C., gave them their first contract—an order for machine screw parts, to be used in the transportation auxiliaries of Army anti-aircraft searchlights. It was a small, feeler contract,

for 800 units, with additional orders in prospect if they made good on the first. They made good.

The Division of Contract Distribution is planning wide expansion of "pooling"; it hopes eventually to mobilize every qualified back-alley, two-by-four shop in the land. The York and Shenandoah experiences point the way, but they are not yet representative. The great mass of qualified small producers—some forty or fifty thousand firms—are still on the outside of the war program, wistfully looking in. When the door is finally

opened to them the war will have been half won. The DCD echoes Morris Cooke, who remains the prophet of "bits and pieces" despite his retirement from the active campaign:

"I don't mind so much being licked in a military way," Cooke exclaims, "but for the United States to be licked in a production sense would be beyond excuse! And yet that's what's going to happen if we don't wake up. We haven't the time to pick our weapons. We must use what we've got. Every last machine in the land!"

TO A DOG DREAMING

BY ELFORD CAUGHEY

*A*WAKE, old friend, from your wild dream I call you back.
 Quit the green meadow, the tawny wood, the witch-hare's track,
 And return to the four unyielding walls that hem us round.
 Not your imagined fleetness, not the phantom sound
 That mocks the deep bell of your voice will bring this mad hunt to its flower.
 The quarry that you harry on the hills of dream
 Is shadow-flesh, a thing that in our world would seem
 A monster to avoid, no nimble stag to chase.
 I too have often in some darkling hour
 Hunted in that fantastic world built of the scrapbook of the mind,
 Seeking in a malignant landscape something strange I could not find, yet had to find.
 Even in waking hours I have vainly sought a word, a friend, a face
 I longed to capture. And have I not seen you retrieve lost dignity
 While squirrels sneered brittle insect-laughter from the safety of a tree?
 Indeed, must not the unsuccessful hunter always be
 Butt for jibes of the squirrel and the cat's grimace?

*Return from the dark wood, fanfares of chase, the pungent trail—
 What can we win by dreaming, you or I, while still our waking searches fail?*



LET YOUR MIND WANDER OVER AMERICA

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

LET your mind wander over America:
Be designated by a tumbleweed for tears
As if it were a flag.

*Anything it can be, anywhere;
Remember that marker down in Austin, Texas,
When you were marching right front into line:
Thermopylae . . .
(Influenza stacking coffins up
Like cordwood on the railway station platform)
Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat,
The Alamo had none!*

*Let your mind wander, fluidly, freely,
Marker or meadow, something your mother told you
Not to be told of any other land,
Birds, bison, cornfields, Model-T's,
Brave men, cowards, songs you change for yourself
Like the "Schwanda Polka and Fugue," remember that one,
Walking out of Carnegie Hall to find
Where Aaron Burr and Theodosia lived,
Whistling "Schwanda" twice around their square,
Charlton Street, McDougal, Varick, King—
How did I change a measure of the Fugue
Into that crazy Bird on Nellie's Hat?
Laugh with me, Aaron, we have something common,
Pacing our sad steps to the river bank,
Pistols waiting for us in Weehawken.*

*Let your mind wander, carelessly, I tell you,
Like the drone of a sycamore church through the hollyhocks:
Count your blessings, name them one by one . . .
It's easier, I tell you, wandering that way
Than being told too hard, too tight, too quickly.
It will be gone if ever comes the time
For being told to love America.*

*Wander with herders, drovers, trail men, sailors;
 For memory, desire, for wanting back,
 Wanting back is how you name the future;
 Wander into special sorrowings,
 Wander into special differences
 Of neighbor men, of heroes,
 Legends known or half:*

*Once I was puzzling in the woods why no one
 Seemed to remember hearing Lincoln sing
 Or Washington laugh;
 A bittern rose and flew above the trees
 (Father called the bitterns thunder-pumpers)
 And if I asked myself again somewhere
 About that lack of song or lack of laughter,
 My thunder-pumper could come in and after;
 So do the strands, the fragments integrate
 Till what you live for, die for, State by State,
 Is willow-woven, winged, flavored, framed
 By faces or by gallows trees you've named.*

II

*Oh not too large,
 Be subtler if you like than cannon-fire
 To know its meaning!*

*I'd tell you how even a summer dragonfly
 Could hurt an old dead warrior's cheek three times
 And mine a fourth
 To make me feel the strong South bleeding hard
 Against the North
 And ice against the breast, Oh many a breast
 Moving wintry West:*

*Maybe you never heard of General Dodge,
 General Dodge was the man with the festered cheek,
 He came out West to build the Union Pacific,
 A bullet tore his cheek before Atlanta,
 A rose thorn opened the same wound up in Boston
 When Faneuil Hall was rocking to his glory
 And a pale wild girl threw roses in his face,
 And the cold sleet opened the same wound in Wyoming,
 And at seventy at sundown in Wyoming
 A dragonfly crashed through my open windshield,
 It hurt my cheek so hard it wasn't mine,*

*For nine miles I was General Grenville Dodge
 Moving against the vapors of the tempest,
 Too cold to smell the stench of bison bodies,
 Too far from camp to hear the Chinamen coughing,
 The dragonfly against my cheek,
 The sleet against the wound,
 The rose, the bullet. . . .*

*What were you loving so to fire that bullet,
 You Georgia bullet boy?
 What were you loving so to throw that rose,
 You pale wild Boston girl?
 Why do I love you both long afterward
 A russet autumn evening in Wyoming?*

*Out with you, broken dragonfly!
 Your body incidental to the resinweed
 Along the Lincoln Highway in Wyoming,
 Along the Union Pacific in Wyoming,
 Where Chinamen died and bison and Cheyennes,
 Where palm trees died and elephants and fish,
 Where oceans died and slowly changed to stone,
 Your body incidental to the jessamine
 Yellow for Georgia as this resinweed
 Is yellow for Wyoming
 Or as buttercups
 Are yellow when the springtime's over Boston.*

*Concatenation or coincidence,
 Foolish, personal, wise, yours, mine,
 Let your mind wander over America,
 Let your mind wander using more deeply than in war
 Whatever blessed, blessed interval
 Between the wars there is:*

*For if you go to war and come back whole,
 There must be meaning in some gate you open,
 And if you go to war and come not home,
 There must be meaning in some gate you open.*



THE SWISS PENSION

A FRAGMENT OF MIDDLE-CLASS ANTHROPOLOGY

BY CARL ZUCKMAYER

"SOME folders came to-day," Mother said, depositing a pile of yellow printed-matter envelopes on the family dinner table. My brother and I could scarcely contain our curiosity as we ate; we kept staring at the big stiff envelopes. Several of them had photographs above the address—usually a house gable that looked as if it were made of gingerbread, black pine trees, shining, snow-capped mountains, the shore of a lake, and a sunny garden where people with legs nonchalantly crossed sat at groaning breakfast tables—all squeezed into a space not much bigger than a large postage stamp.

"You read them aloud," said Father after the meal; he had to be careful of his eyes.

We listened in expectant silence. "First-class family pension," it began, "idyllically situated"; and then came the description of a paradise combining all the beauties and advantages this world can offer: it was shady and bathed in sunshine, had superb vistas and was cradled in whispering forest, promised perfect quiet and a round of gaiety, the soundless peace of the Alps and blaring band concerts; you could eat yourself to death and devote yourself to the pursuit of health, go mountain climbing and loll in tranquil meadows; you enjoyed simple country life and the fashionableness of a resort, a homelike table d'hôte and de luxe Paris cuisine; an opportunity to attend three different church services

on Sunday (Catholic, Evangelical, and English of course). The whole business was in Switzerland, and the proprietor (available for local trips, weather prediction, and card parties) was named Herr Gruetzli, Buendli, Ermeli, or the like. When the prices (announced as moderate or reasonable) were mentioned, Mother lowered her voice, and began to murmur in a way that made us prick up our ears with special curiosity.

"*Plus tard*," Father said, glancing at us. For some pedagogical reason we were not supposed to know what one of these vacations would cost. Probably it was feared that if we realized the family prosperity we should decide, without further preparation, to take up the career of professional sluggards.

"I think St. Moritz is too expensive for 'em," my brother observed in bed afterward. "That's why they're whispering."

"I don't want to go to St. Moritz," I said sleepily, "I'd like to go where there's a stable and the country is so wild that you can get lost."

"The Bambergers are going to a hotel with a tennis court," said my brother sighing, "and private baths, and they change their clothes every evening."

"There are still supposed to be bears in Grisons," I said sleepily, "but I know they'll think that country is too wild."

During the next few weeks Mother was seen to write a large number of letters, and replies would come bearing foreign

stamps. These you cut from the envelopes and swapped for lizards and the choicer caterpillars. The higher our expectations rose—in a topographical sense as well—and the surer it grew that the place chosen was at an elevation of at least 5,000 feet, or in other words, the real Alps, the more pedagogical my father became.

"This year," he said, "we really are going third-class. Then we can take along sandwiches, so we shan't have to eat in the diner."

"Yes," said Mother, her voice betraying scant conviction, "and besides it's cooler than the upholstered cars."

But when we finally got off, after days of packing that Mother survived red-faced and not without nervous outbursts, we climbed into one of the little-used second-class compartments with their gray-green upholstery, which sometimes smelled of English tobacco or a lady's perfume. We heaved a sigh of relief—the trip otherwise would have seemed to us a sorry affair—and seized upon the seats farthest away from our parents.

We tried to pretend we did not belong to the family but were traveling alone, with every sign of boredom and experience. We would really have liked to be taken for foreigners.

But after a while we gave up our grandeur. There was too much to be seen, asked about, discussed. There was something inspiring, something sensually intoxicating about the speed of the express, which as yet was covering the stretch familiar from our slow, jolting narrow-gauge line. The village you were born in flashed past; you could barely read the name on the sign at the station, where this grand train of course never paused. Father peered at the chimney of his factory with the same expression we wore on leaving school for the first day of vacation. "This year," he said, "I really need a rest quite badly."

"Papa," I asked after a while, "are the Eimers going to take a trip too?"

"Why, no," said Father, laughing a little, "they're just workmen."

"How about Simon?" I asked.

"Of course not," said father, rather uneasy by now; "you know perfectly well that he works at the factory."

Naturally I knew; I could see vividly old Simon's bony, light-splashed figure standing in the foundry. But I couldn't stop probing; there seemed to be a little thorn under my tongue. "Why," I asked, "don't workmen take trips?"

"Oh, that would never do," he replied vaguely. "What should we be coming to?"

"It wouldn't do them any good, anyway," he added; "surely you can see that."

His uneasiness tempted me beyond endurance. "Why wouldn't it do them any good?" I persisted.

"Because," said Father, shaking his head, "because they wouldn't understand."

"Why don't you look at the scenery for a while?" Mother interposed.

I swallowed my next question and pressed my forehead thoughtfully to the window.

"Our working people," said Father suddenly, with a look of true conviction, yet with a trace of embarrassment in his voice, "are very well off. Nowadays they aren't exploited or driven any more. That's something people just talk them into believing. But it's quite right of you to ask. Some day you're going to be my successor, you know. A manufacturer that's heartless to his workmen can never amount to anything himself." He leaned back with a sigh of relief as though all problems were now solved.

I asked no more questions though my problems were far from solved. But what he said about his "successor" silenced me. I did not want to go into the factory; I didn't want to be any kind of successor at all. I wanted to *start* something—anything.

I thought with horror of the office where I was sometimes taken. The employees would welcome me with jovial obsequiousness: "The future head of the firm," they said laughing. They smelled

of the cold cigars that they used to take hasty puffs of in the men's room.

"I'd sooner run away," I thought and began to dream myself into a remote solitude that blended excitingly with anticipation of the place in the Alps. "When we get there they don't have to know," I thought, "that Father is a manufacturer. When he gets a little tanned you might take him for a captain. If only his eyesight were better. But he might have injured his eyes on the bridge. Or in an explosion, fighting with pirates. Perhaps he might have been a pirate himself as a young fellow. He has such a queer way of laughing when he says, 'Now in my bachelor days . . .' Maybe he has a dark past."

The landscape the train was flashing through began to be peopled with desperate characters, myself the most desperate among them, lying in wait behind a tree to hold up the train, and wearing two big Colts at my belt. I simply tapped the revolver butts lightly with my knuckles as I strode along the corridor of the car. All the men, even my father, had to put up their hands. "The ladies have nothing to fear," I was saying with a smile; "we are bandits but not barbarians."

"When are we going to the diner?" I asked.

"We've been on the train only an hour," said Mother. It seemed to me as if we had been traveling for days, and I was monstrously hungry.

"By to-morrow," said Father, "we'll be eating at the Pension Edelweiss." And he clucked appreciatively.

The meeting between my parents and Mr. Gruetzli, the proprietor of the Pension Edelweiss, was so cordial, with such handshaking and lively exchange of inquiries, that I could not believe they were really seeing each other for the first time. I soon began to be convinced they knew each other and were concealing the fact from us for some reason or other. I kept the suspicion to myself, not letting even my brother know.

He was almost seven years older than I, and seemed to me too innocent and unrealistic for any exploration of the dark and dangerous side of existence. You had to allow him his childish illusions. For my part, however, I entwined the Pension Edelweiss, the matted underbrush beyond the bowling alley, the garbage pits half covered with boards, the muddy little puddle where the frogs croaked in the reeds, and you could find waitresses' worn-out corsets, torn button boots, and blurred ink copies of old hotel bills—all these purlieus that the adult eye is quite unaware of—with an endless profusion of thrilling hypotheses and fantastic imaginings. They could be spun out into long serial stories before you fell asleep in the evening or on idle, drowsy afternoons.

The hidden bond between my parents and Mr. Gruetzli soon swelled into a secret family relationship, which made it easier for me to understand and excuse my liking for Hanneli, Mr. Gruetzli's little daughter. I was just at the age that abhors little girls. For a time I was convinced that she was my half-sister; how else could I have condescended—and that with great pleasure—to help a pale, tangle-haired girl scarcely ten years old arrange the flowers for the table, and to push the swing for her? The combinations as to which one of our four parents might be responsible for this blood relationship shifted frequently, and finally I decided on an unknown gypsy whom both our mothers had loved—during the mysterious period of their lives that united Mr. Gruetzli forever with my parents. Fortunately neither of the fathers suspected my discovery.

Mr. Gruetzli, however, also rendered himself otherwise suspect, through a strange melancholy that often seemed to come upon him in the very midst of the jovial weather prophecies to which he could always be incited. Then he would vanish for half a day at a time behind the opaque opal-glass door of his office. Once, having a premonition that I should catch him in some sinister deed, I

crept up on him at a time when we were told he must not be disturbed because he was working. I pulled myself up on the wooden trellis of the vine-covered house until I could peer through the little window, slightly ajar, into the office. There sat Mr. Gruetzli at a table covered with open account books. His graying hair was strangely tousled; before him stood a pot-bellied stone jug with red cherries on the label. At almost rhythmic intervals he would take a deep gulp straight from the jug without using a glass. "He's trying to forget something," I thought.

Otherwise there was little mystery to be discovered in the family pension. Yet the wooden partitions between the clean little bedrooms were thin enough so that you could have overheard a good deal. The room next to the one where my brother and I slept was occupied by a *Landgerichtsrat* from Württemberg and his more than half-grown son. There was nothing mysterious here. Every morning, instead of an alarm-clock, the bass voice of the Swabian father next door would ring out: "Well, Max, it's half after seven!"

Then there would be a brief, despairing groan, and immediately afterward a resolute slap on the wooden floor as the dutiful Max leaped to his feet.

At breakfast the pension's guests had their first meeting at the long narrow tables, where you found your seat by a napkin-bag embroidered with edelweiss, bearing your room number. People passed to one another the big glass marmalade bowls and the plates with dewy butterballs.

"Alice, *mange!*" the little lady from Mulhouse kept saying at regular intervals to her daughter, who had no appetite in the morning and masticated glumly, whereas her brother Erni, handsome, velvet-eyed and gazellelike, gorged as no one else at table did except me.

Immoderate guzzling was what first brought us together, although otherwise we felt shy and instinctively began by keeping our distance. But we soon discovered each other's dodges, such as the

method of getting the bowl of whipped cream offered to you a third time by exploiting adult absent-mindedness, and pretending to have been passed by; we upheld each other in these ruses. At first I was cool and remote toward the family, but chiefly from embarrassment; their slight French accent, their fatherlessness, and their hint of perfume had a sort of morbid charm for me. At the head of the table, noisy and undecadent, presided Mrs. Boelsterlin, who possessed a mustache and a factory, which earned her my father's respect, mingled with horror.

My parents had a habit of making fun of the other guests in an undertone, giving them nicknames—which I thought was marvelous of them. On the other hand I did not see how my father could go for walks with that awful Professor from Strassburg, whom I so profoundly despised for the "enormous fund of knowledge" he was said to possess. He sensed my feeling and blinked when I stared at him persistently, as I was fond of doing at strangers, partly to irritate them, and partly to train myself in Indian stoicism and impassivity.

For a long time I could not make up my mind whether I liked the tow-haired Miss Lundgren or not. She was so neat, so orderly, so prim that you felt like spilling ink on her or leading her into a bog. And I promptly discovered that at home in Sweden she was a schoolteacher—a fact she anxiously kept secret. But along with the various awful plans or wishes that her wide-eyed gentleness and childlike mouth bred in me, there was a secret, generous benevolence, sometimes almost a reluctant infatuation, attaching to her fluttering little hands and a flash of her white-stockinged calves.

My father apparently cherished similar feelings, probably even vaguer than mine. He was fond of teasing Miss Lundgren, which in fact was one of his chief forms of converse with women and children. "I'm sure Miss Lundgren means to scale a glacier to-day," he would say in the morning, "she's got such dainty little oxfords on." Miss Lundgren would usu-

ally giggle into her napkin, and blush until you might have thought the red would have come off on the thin high collar of her white blouse.

"She turns red now every time Papa so much as looks at her," I said one day.

"That's just the Swedish complexion," said Mother, blushing slightly herself. But it did not occur to me to wonder about this. Of all the guests the only one who really interested me was the mountain-climber, a man with a bald spot and an angular face, who had conquered Mount Blanc and various north walls; a worn ice-pick jutted from his baggage. He talked but little, however, and was useless for any romantic theory. He could scarcely have been a smuggler, despite his solitary wanderings in the mountains; he was too tame for that. The only person at the Pension after all who looked like anything was my father, with his aquiline nose and his grandiosely projecting mustaches. If only his eyes had been better you might have thought him capable of many a crime.

"How long has your father been dead?" I asked Erni, the slender, velvet-eyed glutton from Mulhouse.

"They only say he's dead," said Erni, "but he's living with a singer in Paris."

"How about your mother?"

"I guess she can console herself."

A nice, well-bred boy, my parents remarked of Erni, urging me to closer association with him. He was far better, they said, than the goat boys I hankered after.

I had met the goat boys through Hanneli, the hotel-keeper's daughter and my secret sister. As public goat-herds they were the poorest lads in the neighboring village. They used to pass by morning and evening with the flock of goats. Since I was forbidden to climb with them to the upland meadows where they watched their charges, I did so in secret. From them I learned such good and useful things as how to set landslides going, start fires without matches, and swear in Swiss dialect.

Why don't you play with Erni, my parents said; the goat boys are a rough,

ill-bred lot. Erni has such a nice way of talking.

They did not dream what a nice way of talking he had. "My friend Jules," Erni said, "has a sister named Madeleine; and she wallops her brother terribly at night, because he's three years younger—with her garter-belt. She's walloped me too. And my mother wallops me," he said, and there was a smile all over his delicate, charming face. "Like this." Breaking off a willow switch, he thwacked the water of the pond where we sat. "Until the blood splashes."

"What for?" I asked. "Do you do such awful things?"

"She just likes to," he said, stirring the troubled, muddy clouds in the pond. "The worst one is our gymnastic teacher," he added. "Once he kept me after school, then took me to the toilet and walloped me all afternoon. He has a stick with lead in it, and he strips you naked. I had wounds big enough to put your fist in."

"Then you must have some scars," I said, my faint disgust now mixed with sudden inquisitive mistrust.

"Sure I have," he said proudly, "all down my back from the waist, and all over my tail."

"Let's see," I said roughly, "or I won't believe you."

"That's not nice," he objected, "and if you don't leave me alone I'll tell the grown-ups."

"All right," I said, "then I'll say what you told me, and we'll just see."

"You mustn't tell," he cried, "that was a secret! You're a traitor!"

"Let's see the scars," said I, cold and ruthless.

"No," he cried timorously, "you'll just have to believe me."

"I don't believe you at all," said I, grabbing his wrist.

"I'll scream," he whispered desperately, "I'll call your father and mother."

"Then I'll tell about Jules' sister," I threatened pitilessly. "Take down your trousers."

"You swine," he said suddenly, almost lovingly, giggling to himself.

His rear was as smooth and shiny as his cheeks—not a trace of a scar anywhere.

"Boaster!" I said contemptuously, turning my back on him. "I won't believe anything more you say."

I walked off, and he rushed after me wailing, almost crying.

"Are you going to tell on me?" he whimpered.

"Oh, go away," I said with loathing.

"Leave me alone." His talk had become repugnant. But scars would have impressed me. I walked faster. He ran round me, blocking my path.

"Don't go away now," he implored. "I'll tell you something. I know something about my mother . . . something dirty."

"You're a liar," I said furiously, feeling a touch of apprehension that drove me from him. "You've told me enough lies."

"You can wallop me," he said, holding out the willow switch to me. "You're stronger than I am."

I shoved him aside and ran off.

My parents were annoyed with me because I wouldn't play with him any more. "There's somebody fit for you to associate with," said Father, "but no, he looks for low company." This was not aimed at Hanneli but at the goat boys.

That night I woke up suddenly. I think I had just been dreaming about the pond, and how the tadpoles I was so fond of catching in order to raise frogs kept growing and growing and burst in my hand. I was filled with fear and horror, and it was dreadfully quiet; I would have liked to wake my brother, breathing deep and evenly, and I would have liked still more to slip into Mother's bed, as I had when I was a little boy.

Cats squalled outside in the night, with a cruel and despairing sound. I knew what they were squalling for. At night you knew everything; you didn't need to ask. Life was evil from the start, and

what attracted me was the wilderness. By day I wanted to be a robber, a smuggler, a pirate. Why couldn't I hold back these hot, terrifying tremors now? Why was there a lump in my throat when I thought of my mother's hand stretched out to lead me—of course to-morrow I would overlook it with haughty indignation—and of the childish little song she sometimes hummed with me? You were so helpless, so pitifully a slave to the little bit of warmth in this world, so miserably tossed between wilderness and mother's bosom. All men were evil. Hostile. Odious. Only my parents were good. They had never done anything wild, dreadful, confusing. And that was why you were not afraid of them, scarcely even respectful. They had no idea what the world was full of. They were lying side by side in their bed, hand in hand, dreaming kind, safe dreams. My yearning to lie between them, sheltered, protected, to hide my head in their feathers and forget the silent owls that hovered in the darkness, grew irresistible.

Only the few steps from the bed to the door of the next room had to be taken, through the lowering darkness that my brother's unsuspecting breathing made yet darker and more ominous. You could say you had a stomachache, a fever. Unconsciously, dramatically, you began to make your teeth chatter, holding your hands to your writhing stomach. Your fingertips were on the knob.

But you started back, not daring to turn it. A line of light came through the crack. They were awake next door. And you could hear very soft, murmuring, whispering voices, without words, but resentful, annoyed, growling.

It was about Miss Lundgren, I thought with abrupt clairvoyance. My terror was gone but so was my burning tenderness. My heart was cold, clear, and lonely. I waited till the voices next door died down and the light went out; then I crawled back into bed.

"That's just rubbish," I thought, sublimely detached and disappointed; "that doesn't mean anything to me. Miss

Lundgren is no singer. Before she goes to bed she always walks barefoot down the corridor to the ladies' toilet; I often hear her feet padding on the floor. Tomorrow I'm going to rub soot in front of her door. She's sure to squeak when she sees the black marks on her way back. I expect I can get the soot at the village smithy. Otherwise I'll take shoe-polish." I went to sleep, my heart quieted.

Next morning the waitresses were wearing their Sunday best, with gold caps and embroidered bodices; decked in this splendor they came into the dining room in a long line with the soup tureens at noon, although it was a week-day. But this was the Swiss national holiday; there were fireworks and a ball that evening.

My parents dressed for the occasion, and I thought they looked quite cosmopolitan. Erni's mother wore a low-cut gown. Mr. Gruetzli had on a black swallowtail coat, Hanneli a starched white dress and tight curls.

We were allowed to stay up until ten; my father ordered Asti spumante. It tasted like peaches and tingled on your tongue. On the table was a Swiss cross made of alpine roses and edelweiss; the menu cards were adorned with silken bows in the national colors, and the French names of the dishes were written in roundhand. There was a great deal to eat that day; at the bottom it said: "*Marrons glacés à la Chantilly, fruits, fromage, café et pâtisserie.*"

The fireworks exceeded all expectations, for Mr. Gruetzli lit a rocket at the wrong end and burned his hand, which had to be salved with butter and bandaged.

Mrs. Gruetzli, whom we never saw on other occasions, appeared in a festive black gown. She sat down to the piano, which was out of tune and creaked in every joint. What she did, she did right. First came a run all the way down the keyboard, a sort of invitation to the dance; and then, slowly, with a regular rhythm audibly tapped out by her foot, but faultlessly played, the Polonaise.

Nobody would start to dance; they nodded at one another with an embarrassed laugh or pretended to be otherwise engaged. At last Mr. Gruetzli, with a deep bow, asked Mrs. Boelsterlin for the dance, and led her gracefully through the ballroom, holding his freshly bandaged hand at right angles to her hip. Then the mountain-climber asked Erni's mother; duty couples formed; with rather forced gaiety people began to take their places. My brother was thrust upon Miss Lundgren, and it was hard to say which blushed more furiously.

Somebody said the children ought to dance first, and the idea was applauded. I thought it outrageous and vanished on to the dark balcony. I had no notion of being shown off; I was no monkey.

The unaccustomed best suit with the collar, starched and scratchy, made me awkward and frantic. I felt like doing something naughty—hurling a cake of cow dung into the ballroom, or wading across the pond in my good clothes. But that was more than I had courage for. I was an outcast who would have liked to be in things. I had outlawed myself, but secretly I was looking for an avenue of retreat. I was the last of men, contemptuous, vengeful. I hoped somebody inside would break a leg. If only the floor were a little slipperier! Erni's sister was dancing with the *Landgerichtsrat's* lout from Stuttgart; his hobnailed boots trampled on her pumps. Erni, like a Van Dyke prince in velvet breeches, was cavorting with the pretty little French girl. Monkeys, I thought, shameless creatures! I wouldn't go in. Let them look for me. Let them think I had run away to the goat pasture in my patent-leather shoes or done something dangerous to life and limb. But nobody came to look.

Suddenly a little hand was in mine; Hanneli had crept after me.

"Shall we dance here?" she asked. "It'll go better here."

I went hot all over. I could feel she had understood me; dear God, how well she understood! She *must* be my sister.

Stumbling in the dark; we danced for some time, until we found we could do it—could do the polka and the *patineur*; then we were with the crowd in the ballroom. Nothing made any difference; she understood. Her tight curls fluttered, smelling faintly of curling-irons and brilliantine. Her hand on my arm was hot; little roses burned in her cheeks. We even led the children's polonaise, laughing, caring not a fig for all the people. It was wonderful to be in a crowd, gently swayed and absorbed in yourself, swinging on invisible wires as if in a dream.

All at once it was ten o'clock and everything was over. I was alone in my room, scarcely knowing how. My brother could stay up another hour, they said. You heard the voices and the music from afar; it vanquished the fear of being alone, and sleep came swiftly.

I soon awoke again, still hearing the voices and the music; but they sounded different now, remoter, wilder, and more pounding. I could hear my brother's breathing from the other bed in my room. The door to my parents' bedroom was open; they were still downstairs at the party.

Why did the piano sound so different now, with bursts of laughter—what were they doing now that they had sent the children to bed? I was all uncontrollable curiosity, mingled with awfully alluring distress, a hellish tingling. I felt now as if I could look into Inferno, the sinful secrets of midnight. Creeping out, I slid noiselessly down the banisters, ran out barefoot through the back door, and climbed in the window to the dark veranda, from which I could survey the ballroom.

The professor from Strassburg was at the piano, wiggling his rump, pounding the keys with a crash; but he was playing not the Blue Danube or the Française from "Die Fledermaus," but the new, the famous, the American dance, the notorious one that was said to be as improper as the cancan; no decent person, but at best some theatrical creature,

could dance it at all, so they said: it was the "Washington Post"! Then I caught sight of my parents, both of them, in the middle of the floor. Their faces were flushed with high spirits. Laughing, as if surprised at themselves, they had joined the dance, my father with Erni's Mama in her décolleté gown, my mother with the mountain-climber; but it was strangely exciting to see how they had reversed the usual dancing position, with the gentlemen behind the ladies, one arm tightly round the hip, the other, holding the partner's hand, raised gracefully on high. Then right, right, left, left, forward, back, twice in place as if marking time, then at a bouncing gallop, the gentlemen pressing their corporations close to the ladies from behind. Straight across the floor they went, so fast that petticoat flounces fluttered, while the on-lookers clapped ecstatic applause in time to the music.

If they had known I was watching them then I should have had them in my power for all time. The points of my father's mustache, to right and left of his cheeks and of his partner's tall coiffure, fluttered like ship's pennants in a storm. Perhaps he had been a pirate after all. Now I really was impressed.

For three days we were not allowed to shout when we played in the garden, and even the adults ordered their coffee in whispers. Hanneli was sick. Pneumonia, they said. On the third day there was a sort of paralyzing atmosphere over the table; it was set as usual, but the plates and glasses looked as if they were frozen. Then you heard she was dead.

My parents held a long whispered conference over whether and how they should tell me; I, however, had long since gathered it from the atmosphere, and they were surprised that I neither cried nor looked startled at their faltering admission. But I was completely preoccupied, as if with a piece of hard labor, trying to imagine something tangible, compact, final, behind the empty words. This effort to understand throttled any

emotion. There was no room left for it. The sobbing of the waitresses, the gloom of the guests stirred no pity or sorrow in my heart; I was filled with a strange, icy deafness, behind the wall of which an incessant thinking and churning went on.

Even when I saw her in her starched white frock, her face whiter still, her motionless hands and bluish mouth, I felt no pain, nor did I remember that she had been my sister. The world held nothing but baffling loneliness, and my brain functioned with an insistent, mechanical hammering. Only the wreath of flowering heather that lay on her pillow began to hurt me, and the little blue butterfly that flew over it. The day before the funeral the other children and I made our own wreath, of larch twigs and alpine roses. I did not listen to their chatter. I was still thinking. Even the grief, the realization of my own loss, the sadness because we were never to meet again had not really got home to me, or else I had had no time for it.

I thought strange thoughts that I can still remember but do not wish to express. Perhaps I shall never express them. Perhaps I am writing to conceal them the better. Or perhaps I am seeking a cool, dispassionate formula. It is a monstrous task, requiring extreme old age.

At the cemetery everyone shook hands with the Gruetzlis and said something; my throat hurt so that I was the only one who could not get out a word. Now I knew I was grieving, for I could feel the pain physically. Yet I did not cry even

in bed at night, but fell swiftly into a deep sleep, as if of complete exhaustion. The following day I crept to Mr. Gruetzli's office, through whose opal-glass window I could see his heavy shadow. I had decided to ask him for a memento. When I opened the door I saw his gray tousled head lying on the account books. The stone jug with the cherries stood beside them. He did not hear me, and I went softly out.

Three days later we were shouting again at play and there was a trip on muleback. The September weeks were bright and untroubled.

The night before we left, when all was still, I began crying into my pillow—bitterly, desperately, in gusts, irresistibly. My brother woke up, could not quiet me and called my parents.

"It's because school is about to begin," said Father, annoyed and disturbed. My mother sat down on the edge of the bed and patted my heaving shoulders, trying to console me.

"There'll be holidays again next year," she said softly, sobbing a little herself; "everything has to come to an end sometime."

I couldn't, I simply could not quiet down. "Why?" I kept stammering in helpless, despairing rebellion—"why?"

"We'll come here again next year," my mother whispered, "and it'll be even nicer."

But the next year we did not go back to the Pension Edelweiss. It was closed. Mr. Gruetzli had gone bankrupt.



THE MAGIC OF HIGH-OCTANE GAS

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

LAST September when the American Chemical Society met at Atlantic City, Dr. Thomas Midgley, Jr., who is recovering from an attack of infantile paralysis, was pushed forward in a wheel chair to receive the greatest honor which the Society can bestow—the Priestley medal. Instead of making an acceptance speech, Dr. Midgley turned to a small, one-cylinder gasoline engine at his side. It had two glass fuel tanks, mounted in plain sight. One held a water-white gasoline—the other a red-dish mixture. The engine was started on the colorless fuel, and soon the auditorium rang with a sharp “ping-ping-ping,” so distressing that many of his hearers fought an urge to reach for the gear-shift. Then a lever was turned, and the gayly tinted liquid was fed to the complaining motor. Its cries of anguish subsided, and it purred like a kitten full of cream.

The applause was prolonged, for Dr. Midgley had demonstrated his greatest accomplishment—the use of tetraethyl lead to keep an engine happy. The banishing of the knock by adding this compound to the fuel, and by equally important new refining processes which his invention stimulated, has taken its place as the most important automotive discovery of the past twenty years.

The silencing of that knock affects everyone who drives a car, for the modern automobile is what modern fuel has made it. Not only the fast getaway, the surplus horsepower, the swift glide up hills, and the greater mileage per gallon,

but the stronger, safer steel body, and other weight-adding refinements like radios and heating systems, have all been made possible by the creation of gasolines that motors will swallow without gagging, and by the radical new engine designs which these fuels have brought about.

When Dr. Midgley solved the mystery of engine-knock in 1922 the best cars on the road were feeble, coughing gas-buggies compared with the compact, responsive mechanism that to-day’s drivers take for granted. Since that day engine performance has been boosted by 50 per cent, miles per gallon by 20 per cent, and the amount of petroleum needed to make America’s motor fuel has been cut in half. But the really spectacular story of better gasoline is written in the skies. Planes to-day fly 400 miles an hour, climb a vertical mile in one minute, carry heavy loads 3,500 miles or more, are twice as good as they were a few years ago, not because our designers are more brilliant than earlier men but because they have what is virtually a new fuel to work with. Planes are designed round engines, engines are designed round fuel. You could not even get a modern plane off the ground with the stuff the Wrights put in their tank at Kitty Hawk.

American and British planes have here a priceless advantage over the Axis craft in speed, load capacity, and range, not because our designers are better—they may or may not be—but because they have 100-octane gas compared to 87, the best found in any German plane shot down so far. And the chemists and en-

gineers say they have only made a start. New motors, powered with new super fuels, are running in the research laboratories. Automobiles and planes that will excel anything we have yet seen are already an engineering certainty. Beyond that lies a vista of further improvement whose boundaries are so distant that few can glimpse them.

II

The knocking of an engine under strain was a great mystery when young Tom Midgley, a mechanical engineer a few years out of Cornell, got a job with Charles F. Kettering during the early days of the First World War. Some engineers blamed the carburetor, some the battery, and some the new self-starter which Kettering had developed. There were a dozen mechanical theories, all of them wrong. No one suspected that the fuel was the villain, and least of all did anyone perceive that the entire progress of transportation was marking time until someone mastered that irritating "ping-ping-ping."

Kettering was having knocking trouble when Midgley came to work for him at Dayton. His small Delco engines, which supplied power to farm lighting units, ran on kerosene, and under full load they knocked badly. He asked Midgley to see what he could do about it. Midgley noted that when gasoline was used as a fuel the knocking ceased. He installed a special recording device to enable the two fuels to write their own diaries, so to speak. Their record cards convinced him that engine knocks were caused by the nature of the fuel used, and that it was possible to get rid of excessive knocking by some change in the composition of the fuel. He had hit upon the right theory, but he was still far from being out of the woods. To prove his theory, he wanted to see with his own eyes the explosion inside the cylinder. He had a two-inch hole bored through the side of the combustion chamber and set in a pane of glass. The glass broke under

the heat and he replaced it with more durable quartz. For the first time an engineer had a ringside seat at the internal combustion engine's knock-out battle of oil and fire.

Watching the play of flame through his peephole, Midgley got another hunch. This hunch was completely wrong but it led to the right answer. He saw that when the engine ran evenly on gasoline the flame was blue; when it knocked on kerosene the flame was white. At that point he shut down the motor, went to the chemical stockroom with a flask of kerosene, and asked a question which has become a legend among technical men.

"Fred," he said, "have you got any oil-soluble dyes?" He explained that he wanted to dye the kerosene a darker color. He had an idea that a darker color might absorb more heat and do away with the knock.

"No," said Fred Chase, completely unaware of his historic responsibility. Then his eyes wandered over the shelves. "Here's some iodine," he said, "you might try that."

It was a miraculous choice. Out of some ten thousand bottles on the storeroom shelves only one contained a material that would stop an engine-knock. That was iodine. They dropped some crystals into the flask of kerosene, and the liquid turned to reddish purple. Midgley started the engine once more and fed it the same fuel which had made it protest bitterly. The same fuel—plus a few crystals of iodine. It worked like a charm. The knocking stopped.

The next day he obtained a number of soluble dyes from another laboratory and quickly found that color itself had no effect whatever upon knocking. It was a peculiar property of iodine. It was his good fortune that there had not been a single oil-soluble dye in the storeroom. He would have tried it and abandoned his idea, and years might have passed before any experimenter discovered the secret.

Midgley had made the exciting dis-

covery that a few drops of material added to motor fuel would control knock, but that was only the beginning. Iodine was too expensive for commercial use. Trained as a mechanical engineer, Midgley learned chemistry on the run. Installed in an old dwelling house with a dozen helpers, he plunged into an orgy of scientific detection; for he never doubted that if iodine would stop knocking, other chemicals existed that would do the same thing. It has been estimated that Midgley performed fifteen thousand experiments in his search for a cheap, effective anti-knock substance. Some of them took a few seconds, some several weeks. For a time tellurium looked promising, but it had a violent garlic odor that clung to everything, and for six months Midgley and his men were social outcasts. Tellurium was abandoned, which was probably just as well. When they started the test engine for the fifteen thousandth time they knew they had found the answer. The fuel contained a few drops of a compound made from lead and alcohol, called tetraethyl lead. It was the best anti-knock agent they had found, and its ingredients were abundant and low in price.

Perfecting this fluid meant more work, and before the job was over Midgley left his laboratory and took up the quest at sea. He had found that, while the fluid stopped knocks, the lead oxide which remained after it burned was bad for the engine. Another chemical had to be found which would counteract this effect. Bromine worked out well, but the supply from brine wells was only a fraction of what would be needed. Everyone knew of an inexhaustible source of bromine—the sea. It had never been done before, but the Midgley forces were determined to tap this rich reservoir. Boarding a ship christened *Ethyl*, they spent a month experimenting off Wilmington, North Carolina. Later they teamed up with the Dow Chemical Company to build a big plant at Wilmington for mining the sea. Bromine is obtained

also at the plant built recently on the Texas coast for the recovery of magnesium from sea water. Bromine production has pyramided to some 40,000 tons a year, and nine-tenths of it is used in Midgley's anti-knock discovery. With the addition of bromine to the fluid, Midgley finally reached his goal. As this article is written, about 80 per cent of all the gasoline sold in American filling stations is treated with his tetraethyl lead.

III

When word went around that Kettering and Midgley had spent four million dollars to stop a noise, oil refiners and automobile makers pricked up their ears, but few of them foresaw the impact of the discovery upon the whole transportation business. They saw demonstrators sprinkle a few drops of Midgley's fluid on their neckties and wave them before the intakes of knocking engines. When the very breath of the new fluid stilled the knocking their eyes popped in amazement, but they were inclined to dismiss it as little more than a parlor trick. So Kettering, a master publicist, Midgley, his colleague T. A. Boyd, and others set out to explain just why the stopping of the noise produced more power from the fuel, and thus prepared the way for more efficient engines, more speed, heavier loads, and faster acceleration.

By this time they knew just what made an engine knock. Under the ægis of General Motors, which had taken over the work, they had built larger windows in the sides of engine combustion chambers, and with fast motion-picture cameras had photographed the burning behavior of all manner of fuels. Slowing down these films to see what really went on inside the chamber, they found that the flame touched off by the spark traveled through the compressed, vaporized fuel like a forest fire, and that when an engine knocked it was because the part of the fuel farthest from the spark plug got excited under pressure and exploded

spontaneously before the flame reached it. If in pushing open a swinging door you give it a sharp blow with your fist instead of a gentle shove, you will get a rough idea of what knock does in an engine. It makes the engine fight itself, and this means wasted power and overheating. The addition of the lead mixture slowed down the spread of the flame, so that the fuel burned evenly and sent the piston down with a unified push that had everything behind it.

Controlling the engine's knocking tendency was enough of a feat, but Midgley and his co-workers were after even bigger game. A common complaint of drivers of the early twenties was the congestion at street crossings, where cars crawled painfully from gear to gear before they could develop normal speed. On the highways long "funeral processions" accumulated behind slowpokes because engines could not furnish the quick spurt necessary to pass safely. And shifting on hills made for more congestion, snail-like travel, and ruined tempers. The whole future of motor travel depended on faster acceleration.

Engine designers had known for years how to make motors that would develop the necessary reserve power. Theoretically, they could do this by increasing the compression ratio of the cylinder—that is, by sending the piston in its upward stroke to a point nearer the top of the cylinder, thereby compressing the fuel mixture into a smaller volume. The ignited charge would then drive the piston downward with a more powerful punch. But engineers knew also that if you pushed the piston up beyond a certain point the engine would knock, because no gasoline was being sold to match the more efficient engine.

This was where Midgley came in with his new anti-knock fuel. Test motors were built in the General Motors Research Laboratories with high-compression ratios to take advantage of the livelier gasoline. It was shown conclusively that these engines would deliver more power for the same amount

of fuel than the average engine then in use, in which the piston traveled only about three-quarters of the distance to the top of the cylinder.

It was one thing to prove in a laboratory that better fuel would enable automobile manufacturers to build more efficient engines; to convince a manufacturer that he should pioneer in this field was quite another matter. Even General Motors, which had fathered the research project, was slow to change its engine designs. The company could hardly be criticized, for new fuels and new motors must travel hand in hand, and the car with a motor too good for average gasoline quickly gets a black eye.

Then came Chrysler, a new star in the Detroit firmament. His brilliant and tough-minded engineering team, Zeder, Breer, and Skelton, decided that drivers would demand more power, more speed, and better pick-up. There was only one way to build such a car without reverting to the huge arks of 1920, and that was by packing more power into an engine of the same size and using a fuel to match. There were bound to be a few difficulties of adjustment, but all signs pointed ahead, so the Chrysler Corporation stepped out and led the procession. They brought out the high-compression "Red Head" as an optional motor, and stamped on the cap of the gas tank "Use Ethyl Gas."

More tests of new motors and fuels were made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, which had been formed to manufacture and market the anti-knock fluid. Graham Edgar of the Ethyl Corporation worked out an "octane scale" to measure the anti-knock quality of gasolines, pegging the worst-knocking fuel he could find at zero, and giving to a rare fuel that existed only in laboratories the perfect mark of one hundred. A test engine was devised to grade gasoline by this scale, and soon the research men were able to select the appropriate fuel for the most advanced motors. They bought a new Chrysler, stepped up the compression ratio to a new high level,

filled the tank with a high-octane gasoline, and arranged a contest at Dayton against a standard car of that year.

Carl Breer led a Chrysler delegation from Detroit, and listened while they explained that the altered engine would give a 20 per cent better performance than the regular one.

"All right," said Breer, who had to be shown, "if that figure means anything, it must mean that if you add 20 per cent to the total load of this car, and race the two up a hill, they'll come out even."

Earl Bartholomew of Ethyl had not expected this challenge, but he was game. Breer, Jack Macauley of the Chrysler Corporation, and two other solid citizens weighed in at a total of 660 pounds, and piled into the back seat of the test model. The two cars roared up the hill with their throttles jammed to the floorboards, reaching the top in a photo-finish.

Breer shook his head in amazement. "I never saw mathematics work like that before," he said.

Road performance like this was better proof than a page of figures. So 150 of these experimental cars were built and distributed among the gasoline companies to demonstrate the advantages of what was soon to be called "high-octane fuel." Ethyl traveling men drove the "mystery cars" to automobile salesrooms and took the dealers riding over hills.

Walter Chrysler was jubilant. "These cars have wings," he said. "This is the way to put the idea over. People will ride in them and tell their friends." K. T. Keller, then president of Dodge, and "Dutch" Bower, then chief engineer of Buick, decided that they had been missing a bet. They brought out engines with higher compression ratios; but to avoid penalizing the driver who didn't want to buy premium gas they provided extra cylinder-head gaskets with each car. Any driver who found that his customary fuel was not adapted to the new motor could have the gaskets inserted to return the engine to its former status. Few drivers asked for the change.

Soon the race between better fuel and

engines built to utilize it swung into high gear. To-day the average driver gets the benefit of this twin development every time he steps on the accelerator. It has made it possible to get more and more power out of an engine without increasing its size and weight, or increasing the cost of the car.

The race between fuel and engine has not always been even. Some cars have appeared with appetites too finicky for most roadside gasoline, and some cars have lagged behind the procession. Then in the mid-thirties tetraethyl lead, which had been sold only in premium fuel, began to be introduced in regular grades of gasoline, and now four out of every five gallons contain it. This has made it possible for refiners to bring many gasolines of low-octane number up to the standard required by modern cars. It has also acted as a tremendous spur to competition.

There are two ways of making better gasoline—by adding something to it, and by chemically rebuilding the fuel itself. Because of a possible health hazard, there is a limit to the amount of lead that can be added to a gallon of automobile fuel, but there is no limit in sight to the making of a better gasoline by the chemist. One of these chemists points out that you can run an engine on gasoline but not on tetraethyl lead. To this the Ethyl people reply that, no matter how good the fuel is, lead will make it a little better. In any event, research men in a score of laboratories have brought new high-octane fuels to the market, and they have produced flasks of super-gasoline which seem destined to make to-day's automobile as obsolete as the horseless carriage.

IV

In the fall of 1930 a Frenchman named Eugene Houdry arrived in the United States with a crate of apparatus and some clay pellets made of fuller's earth and shaped like macaroni. For several years he had been experimenting with gasoline production, and now he had hit upon a

method which he believed would make a fortune. The clay pellets were used as catalysts in his miniature refinery—when vaporized gasoline was passed through them its molecular structure was altered, and a fuel of high anti-knock value came dripping out. He had made several gallons of this fuel and tried it in his automobile, easily getting ninety miles an hour. Clay pellets were no novelty to petroleum chemists, who had used them for years in various shapes and sizes. The fact that they fouled and became useless in a few hours limited their effectiveness in an industry geared to continuous operation. But Houdry had found a way to cleanse them quickly and had solved other difficulties that stood in the way of large-scale production.

In due time Houdry sat before the desk of Arthur E. Pew, Jr., vice-president of the Sun Oil Company. The Pews had always refused to pay money to the Ethyl Corporation and were on the alert for a new process by which they could produce high-octane gasoline without adding lead. Houdry and Pew struck a bargain within an hour, and soon Sun Oil and Socony-Vacuum, joint backers, were spending \$35,000,000 on new refining plants built according to the Houdry specifications. The fuel from these plants has such a high octane rating that it is used to doctor poorer gasoline, and the Pews are now able to sell fuel suitable for the newest cars without adding lead.

Houdry and his pellets have sent all competitors in a mad scramble up the octane scale, but he was by no means the first man to build high-octane rating into gasoline. In 1919, while Midgley was listening to knocking motors, twenty-one refiners gathered behind a high board fence at Independence, Kansas, to see an oil chemist named Carbon Petroleum Dubbs demonstrate the cracking process which his father had developed and he had improved upon. Experiments in which crude oil was subjected to great heat and pressure, literally cracking many of the larger molecules to gasoline size, had been going on for fifty years,

and in 1913 William Burton had introduced the first commercially successful process. Mr. Dubbs believed that he had a better method, by which much of the heavy residual fuel oil could be converted into gasoline. He quickly found capital. Six million dollars was spent to perfect the process before a dime came back. A patent fight dragged through one of the most prolonged and fantastically expensive lawsuits in American history. It ended in a merger of the Dubbs and certain Standard Oil interests. Now the Dubbs Cracking Process, controlled by Universal Oil Products, is used under license by more than 80 American refiners. This process increases the octane rating of the gasoline, as well as effecting a tremendous saving in petroleum. Since cracking is used in the production of about half the motor fuel sold in the United States, it has played an important part in enabling Detroit to change over to more efficient engines.

While Dubbs, Houdry, and others were dipping into the bottom of the crude oil barrel, Professor Vladimir Ipatieff, Russian-born chemist of the Universal staff, got busy with the gases that came off the top. Too light for motor fuel, these gases had been wasted, or sold at a low price for burning. Using so-called synthetic catalysts, Ipatieff found a way of polymerizing, or stringing together, the frail molecules to make a gasoline of amazing power. Ask Ipatieff, a world authority, what a catalyst is, and he will tell you that nobody knows, but everyone in the business knows what his new fuel will do to an engine. Take the worst-knocking gasoline you can buy and add some of Ipatieff's polymer fuel and it will behave perfectly in the newest automobiles.

The race between motors and fuels has spurred laboratory work throughout the entire petroleum industry, where once a research man was considered a long-haired visionary. A number of other effective methods have been found for making high-octane gasoline. To the chemist these methods are vastly differ-

ent, but they can all be generally described as ways of remodeling the hydrocarbon molecule of which petroleum is composed. The chemical-research men have found that when the carbon atoms are arranged in a straight line, like a file of soldiers, the fuel will knock badly. Bunch them together and perch them on one another's shoulders like a troupe of acrobats, and the knocking stops and more power is obtained from the fuel. Research men have diagrammed and tested hundreds of these patterns, and there are literally millions of combinations waiting to be catalogued. Any day one of these keys may unlock still more hidden reservoirs of power in gasoline.

Superfuels now being made in laboratories in eye-dropper quantities may smash all present standards of motor performance. One, called "triptane," is said to give 50 per cent more power in bench tests than the best aviation gasoline. The use of an organic compound of magnesium in the process makes it too expensive for automobile tanks, but that has not halted the chemists. They are looking for a cheaper method of synthesis that will do the job of the magnesium, and when they find it, triptane may have a brilliant career.

V

The war in the air furnishes the most conclusive proof of the superiority of the new American fuels. The struggle for air supremacy may be won by octane numbers. Gasoline taken from captured German planes averages no better than 87, and it is known that Japan's supply of high-octane fuel is limited. British and American planes have an ample supply of the 100-octane fuel made possible by improved refining and blending methods. Only a few years ago fuel of this grade was so rare that samples cost \$30 a gallon. Now the United States Government is buying it in tank car lots, and plans are under way to increase production to more than 5,000,000 gallons a day.

The extra thirteen octane numbers, with engines built to use them, may give the British or American pilot one-third more power from his fuel than his opponent has. This added power means that when he is called to action his ground take-off distance is cut by one-fifth, that he can climb 40 per cent faster out of anti-aircraft fire, and that he can fly higher than an enemy plane of the same weight. One-hundred-octane gasoline reduces the fuel load of a bomber so that it can carry 20 to 30 per cent more bombs, or increase its safe flying range in proportion. In an effort to match this performance, the Germans have reduced the weight of armaments on many planes, thus making them easier prey. And a dispatch from the Russian front states that German airplane motors are wearing out rapidly because of the use of low-octane fuel.

To-day the gasoline which chemists marked "100" is no longer at the top of the actual scale. It has been in use less than three years, but already fuels far above the hundred mark are setting new records of power in airplane and automobile tests. Super-gasolines developed for war use will inevitably increase the performance of automobile fuels, and experts are predicting 100-octane gasoline for the cars of the future, with engines redesigned to use it.

Tests conducted in Detroit last year give some idea of what this would mean to the automobile driver. Engineers took a standard new car, increased the engine compression, changed the gear ratio, and filled the tank with 95 octane fuel. They spurted up steep pitches that stalled the regular model, got a higher speed, and used 25 per cent less gasoline per mile. Another test car using 100-octane fuel used 40 per cent less gasoline while traveling at 40 miles an hour. When they tested a rare, numberless fuel somewhere above the known octane scale, miles per gallon at the same speed were increased by 65 per cent, and acceleration was also improved. That is, if your car is giving

you 18 miles a gallon, this superfuel would boost the mileage to almost 30, with somewhat better hill performance and pickup thrown in for good measure.

These tests may be taken only as guideposts to the future of automobile travel. Possible diversion of high-octane gasoline to military uses may delay the appearance of newer fuels at the filling stations, and may even lower temporarily the quality of gasoline available, but it is clear that newer fuels will eventually provide more and more power at a lower net cost.

Whether this power is to be used for faster starts and higher speeds, or to save gasoline, is a matter for drivers to determine. The man who gets a salary increase can put the money in the bank, or improve his scale of living, or strike a compromise, and drivers have similar choices as fuels and motors are improved. So far the emphasis has been on comfort and performance. If we had been content with the automobile of the early twenties, and the increase in engine power had all been devoted to economy,

we might be getting 60 per cent more miles per gallon; but few people who have driven a 1921 car would make this choice. Buyers have chosen heavy frames that will not sway on a corner, steel bodies that will roll over without assuring instant death, and built-in accessories like radios which add weight and consume fuel. Most of all, they have chosen higher speeds and faster acceleration, while the low-powered cars that save fuel have attracted relatively few customers.

Traffic experts point to new highways on the order of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, and say that all trunk routes should be constructed to permit an average speed of 100 miles an hour. The new fuels will make this easy and offer a saving in gasoline at the same time. Beyond that anyone may make predictions. Technical men generally agree that in every gallon of gasoline there is a theoretical 250 miles or more of travel. A good beginning has been made in tapping this energy, and the chemists and engineers have the bit in their teeth.





THEY MATURE *LATER* IN THE TROPICS

BY C. A. MILLS, M.D.

IT is very widely believed that maturity comes earlier in the tropics than elsewhere. No matter where one is—among the Chinese or the Japanese or the people of Hawaii, in the jungles of Panama, or for that matter in the temperate regions of the United States—one finds it taken for granted that in hot countries the arrival of physical maturity is speeded up. Time after time mothers living in the tropics have told me of sending their daughters out of the heat to prevent too early a beginning of sexual functions. Physicians in these areas are just as convinced as the laity. Yet my own observations and researches over a long period of years lead me to believe that the truth is quite otherwise.

I realize that such a statement will be regarded with skepticism if not with incredulity. Let me set forth the evidence on which I base it.

For several years I have been studying the comparative effects of moist heat and temperate coolness on laboratory animals, and have quite regularly found that growth rate and speed of development are sharply retarded by continuous warmth. Sexual cycles begin definitely later in the heat and the onset of fertility is still further delayed. This interested me greatly and led me to an extensive study of human statistics; but nowhere could I obtain evidence of quickened human development in the tropics. The beginning of sexual functions can be quite sharply dated in girls and the event is usually remembered in a woman's life. Therefore it affords a basis for the col-

lection of fairly reliable statistical information on this phase of body development. No such statistics collected, however, afford any support to the belief in early tropical maturity.

Childhood growth proceeds most rapidly and the sexual functions develop earliest in people living in the coolness of middle temperate latitudes. The average age for onset of puberty in girls of the upper Mississippi basin is just slightly past the thirteenth birthday, while in many tropical lands it comes after the fourteenth birthday, and in regions of severe moist heat as late as the fifteenth and sixteenth. So mothers who send their daughters from tropical heat to temperate-zone coolness are defeating their own purposes.

Recently my wife and I spent a few months in Panama collecting various kinds of statistics on the school children of the Canal Zone. I was particularly interested in Canal Zone people because there we have Americans who migrated from invigorating temperate climates to live in the tropics under conditions which are otherwise just as favorable as in the American communities from which they migrated. Proper sanitation has held tropical diseases to a low level and wholesale importation of food from the United States has kept the American migrants free from the undernutrition so commonly seen in natives living on tropically produced foods. We found the Zone-born American children smaller in stature and more retarded in development than those newly arriving from

the north. And the youngsters coming down from the north, after living two years or more in the Zone, showed definite retardation which in some ways made them inferior even to those of Zone birth. Here we obtained perhaps the first definite evidence of the depressing effects of tropical heat upon people kept free from the other undermining factors so commonly encountered in such regions.

You and your child may be thought of as combustion machines. You live and move only by virtue of the food you burn in your body tissues; but in this living you are not so efficient as you have believed yourself to be. Man himself has created a machine which can convert a greater percentage of its fuel energy into work output than can the human body. The Diesel engine is able to utilize as high as 37 per cent of its fuel energy, while your body rates only 20-25 per cent efficiency. That means you must eliminate from your body three or four times as much heat as you use in your living processes. And you must get rid of this waste heat quickly, for if it piles up in your tissues you will develop fever and die of heat stroke unless relief is obtained. You have an intricate and highly effective mechanism for getting rid of this heat from your skin surfaces for brief periods. If faced with difficulty in heat loss for two weeks or more, however, your body automatically reduces its rate of food burning so that there will be less heat produced. It is this lowering in combustion rate within your tissues which makes you live less actively, and makes your child grow more slowly, when faced with prolonged external heat.

Practically every phase of your vitality is dependent upon the energy you get from the burning of the food you eat, so any reduction in the rate of burning compels you to live on a lower level of vitality. That makes inevitably for retarded development and a less vital existence in tropical heat. On a scientific basis, therefore, there can be found no support

for the belief in early tropical maturity. Then how did it arise and become so widely held in all countries of the earth?

I have approached the matter from the historical angle as well as from studies on animals and the use of present-day human statistics. Back through medical writings of recent centuries, and on through the Latin and early Greek sources, the belief in early tropical maturity found almost universal expression but was never supported by factual evidence. All statistics published during recent centuries have shown earliest development taking place in the temperate zones, with retardation in either tropical heat or in polar cold. Even Hippocrates said that girls developed earlier in the warmer countries, although he recorded an onset of puberty at the average age of thirteen in girls of early Greece.

It would seem that this belief in early tropical maturity must have originated several thousand years ago, nearer the last ice age, when polar cold prevailed in present temperate regions and optimal conditions for man were to be found only in what are now tropical or subtropical lands. That the belief should have been handed down through the past two thousand years without factual basis makes it quite plausible that the origin of it goes back much farther still. It has not been so very many thousand years ago that the polar ice cap extended down to where I sit writing.

Body development seems retarded just as much by benumbing cold as by tropical heat. Puberty comes on fully as late in Eskimo girls of Labrador or Greenland as in girls living in the depressing heat of tropical lowlands. Only in middle temperate regions is the human optimum reached and the earliest development attained. As earth temperatures have risen through the past century to ameliorate somewhat the polar cold, Eskimo puberty has tended to come on at earlier ages. Even with our laboratory animals too much cooling retards growth and delays onset of the sex functions just as

effectively as does too much warmth. All warm-blooded animals (including man) seem to do best when body heat is lost with neither too great ease nor too great difficulty. At present the middle temperate regions seem to provide the happy mean for greatest vitality.

Our children in Ohio and similar latitudes are the ones who now grow most lustily and are fullest of bounding energy and vitality. After twenty years spent in trying to direct intelligently the energies of three growing youngsters in Cincinnati, I often find myself envying tropical and oriental parents their more docile, better-behaved offspring. One must bear in mind, however, that positive lusty health is of necessity accompanied by an abundance of energy and that this excess energy usually makes the youngsters more assertive and parental discipline more difficult.

II

Attached to the fallacious belief in early tropical onset of sex functions is also a belief that motherhood is possible at earlier ages and fertility is highest among tropical people. This also I have found quite untrue. A few years ago, while collecting statistics on climatic effects in a large naval port of a tropical country, I was occupying a hotel room immediately overlooking the harbor and motor-launch landing. Each afternoon between four and six o'clock, scores of sailors in gleaming stiff white uniforms were brought ashore from the warships in the launches and hurried off the wharf toward the city. Between six and seven o'clock each morning I was awakened by the same motor launches taking back to the ships similar scores of white-clad figures wilted by a night of city diversion.

Then during the day I collected statistics on illegitimate first-births in the city's largest hospital. Although there was an almost unbelievable freedom of sex relations prevailing among the city's lower economic groups, I found a late age for the first childbirth. One young

unmarried mother had been consorting for three years with a foreigner before giving birth to her first child; another had been consorting with two native men and one foreigner; and so the stories went. The important point discovered, however, was that the age of the mothers at the time of giving birth to the first child was found to be the same whether they were married or single. Evidently this age represented the average beginning of real fertility in these women.

A similar late age at first childbirth was found among the Chinese at Hong Kong where illegitimacy is rare and every effort is made to obtain children. Throughout regions of depressing tropical heat the average age for mothers at the time of their first childbirth is about 19 years, regardless of whether or not they are married. Even in India, which has been depicted as the land of child-mothers, statistics record an average maternal age, at first birth, of between 18 and 19 years. So there seems to be little more than a very rare occurrence of motherhood among tropical children. Retarded growth and stunted form may give to many of the 17- and 18-year-old mothers a childlike figure as viewed by people from more invigorating climates where higher growth standards prevail. I experienced, for instance, a tendency to underguess the ages of native tropical children by about three years until I had grown accustomed to the general undernutrition so prevalent there.

It is among girls of the earth's more stimulating climates, that child-mothers could be found in abundance if the tropical freedom of sex relations were not inhibited by a more rigid moral code. Illegitimate first-births in Cincinnati come at an average maternal age of 15 years instead of at 19 as found in the tropics. The earliest recorded age for motherhood (with living offspring) is that of a five-year-old girl in Lima. Although this happened within tropical latitudes, it took place in a city where temperatures are kept favorable

throughout the year by the cool Humboldt Current flowing northward from Antarctic regions.

During a visit among the natives in the rice-terrace region of northern Luzon (in the Philippines) I learned that relations between the two sexes were entirely uncurbed through adolescence and youth. A keen, American-trained native Bontoc physician gave me a good description of such affairs among his people. The parents keep their youngest child in the main hut with them, but all older children sleep out in a so-called dormitory, which looks like an overgrown doghouse. Here the children and youths from different families may mix as freely as they wish without any parental supervision whatever. When the form of a girl fills out, nearing the physical development that indicates to her people the close approach of reproductive capacity, she is properly married off. Illegitimacy is rare and is much frowned upon, even though adolescent sex relations receive no attention whatever.

One American schoolteacher with a high moral sense had attempted to correct the dormitory situation just before I arrived, insisting that the sexes should be housed separately. The result was a walk-out strike of all her pupils which was still in progress when I arrived. Neither side was yet ready to consider opening negotiations and the prospects were that the American moral code would have to be abandoned before the school could resume its sessions. The natives there have tilled those magnificently terraced mountain-side rice fields for many more centuries than American history covers, and their living customs have become just as firmly planted as are the rice fields themselves. Great engineering skill has been used in carrying water for miles through bamboo troughs from one hillside paddy to another; and one may say that they developed the same efficient realism in their social relations.

Proper use of the long period of adoles-

cent sterility, as practiced in many of the islands of the East Indies and South Seas, is likely to lead to well-fitted matings for later life. Here again the native customs seem appropriate.

III

Whenever I speak on the tropical depression of fertility some listener brings up the point that tropical birth rates are everywhere much higher than are those of temperate regions. And so they are—not because of a greater ability to reproduce but because lack of inhibitions allows every trace of fertility to yield results. Temperate-zone races could far out-breed those of the tropics if they consorted with the same lack of restraint. This can be clearly shown on laboratory animals kept under conditions of tropical warmth and temperate coolness. They mate with equal freedom and zest in both environments, but conceptions are difficult to achieve in the heat, while in the cold almost every mating results in a large litter of lusty young.

Climatic differences in human restraint often result in surprising situations. High-pressure Northerners going from midwinter cold down into the relaxing warmth of southern Florida or the Caribbean region often find themselves face to face with a sharp let-down in their moral code. Fuel is added to this fire by the laxity of sex relations so common in the native people about them. Many a person has behaved under such conditions in a way that seems most surprising after a return to the North has stiffened up the inhibitions. The "thou shalt nots" of Christianity are certainly appropriate for the energetic people of cool climates where vitality runs high and submission to every impulse would bring chaos.

The worst social evils of world migrations have often been associated with those climatic differences in emotional restraint. Large numbers of north-Europeans who migrated to the stimulating climate of northern United States fitted

in well with life in the new land because its tempo was not so different from that of their former home; but migrants from warmer regions found themselves in great difficulty under the increased stimulation of our invigorating climate. They suffered a marked increase in bodily energy and desire for activity long before they had developed the moral restraint necessary for harmonious existence at high energy levels. Mexicans migrating northward, Negroes coming up to work in our industrial cities, Europeans from the warmer Mediterranean countries—those were the groups who found themselves in greatest conflict with American moral codes for a generation or two after migration.

On the other hand, I have seen many women who have migrated to the tropics suffer a real breakdown because they were unable to throw off their restrained code of northern life and lead the more relaxed existence that seems necessary with the lower energy level there prevailing. Women are more affected than men in such migration.

The depressing effects of tropical heat on fertility appear in still another way. Even in temperate regions there may be as much as a fifty per cent fall in concep-

tion rate during severe summer warmth. Such was the case in Kansas City and in other areas afflicted with the prolonged severe heat wave of the 1934 summer. Each year Florida shows a thirty-five per cent reduction during her summer warmth.

Man is more sharply affected by the temperature of his surroundings than he had supposed. He is no lord of creation, but rather the pawn of his climatic habitat. His activities and vitality expand in a cool environment and shrivel in depressing warmth. This responsiveness to ease or difficulty in body-heat loss shows most strikingly in his ability to reproduce. Fertility declines sharply in the heat and rises to a peak in optimal coolness. This is just as true with the seasonal change from hot to cold in a given locality as it is with climatic differences between temperate and torrid regions; and it probably holds also for those slow changes in earth temperatures which cover many centuries. For almost a hundred years now earth temperatures have been rising; is this to bring a reduction in racial reproductivity and an easing of population pressure? Perhaps further insight into the dynamics of life will one day answer that question.





PARK HERE FOR THE PYTHON

BY THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

HARDLY a week passes without someone asking me about the python that I once owned. They want to know if it's still alive, and when they find out that it finally died they want to know how it died. And even then they are not satisfied. Here's the story, exactly as it happened. There is absolutely no coloring added.

One summer day, and an extremely hot one at that, I was leaning against a wooden pen which contained an alligator named Ponce de Leon, pride of the St. Augustine alligator and ostrich farm. I had seen and caught many alligators in my day and I sort of took them for granted. My friend Eddie, on the other hand, had never seen a live alligator before and had wandered off with one of the colored guides and was listening to the why and wherefore of alligators, including the great age they attain, their sex life, and the possibility of their extinction by commercial hunters. As I continued to stare thoughtfully at Ponce I slowly, but very definitely, became conscious of people entering and leaving the admission gate. During the next fifteen or twenty minutes fifteen or twenty persons paid the admission fee to see something which I had been familiar with all my life along the coast of Georgia. Within thirty minutes my mind reached a stage of activity that I don't believe it has approached since, and as we left the farm I told Eddie that I was going to start an alligator farm in Georgia which south-bound tourists would pass before Florida's advertising started to work on

their pocketbooks. The more I thought about it the better it seemed. The only catch was that I was about busted.

Well, a month passed and I was absolutely nowhere financially speaking; but I was as firmly convinced as ever that I had the right idea. Finally in desperation I wrote to an uncle whom I had not seen for a number of years and asked him if he would lend me five thousand dollars. I told him what I intended to do with the money and waited nervously for a reply. A week later I received a letter from him saying that he would be glad to do it if I would see it through, and the check was enclosed.

I already knew where every nickel of that five thousand was to go and I also had every intention of seeing the thing through, so I started to work. I bought a strip of pineland on Route 17 about six miles north of the Florida border and started to build my zoo. It seemed wise to have some sort of a restaurant, primarily as an outlet for sales of odds and ends and also to provide a roof to sleep under, but I didn't know the first thing about the restaurant business. Just about this time I happened to bump into a fellow on the golf course one week-end who had heard vaguely of my plans and wanted to sell me some cypress poles. I needed poles and decided to play him a pole a hole. But we were quite evenly matched and I saw that I'd never get my zoo built that way; so I followed his advice and wired a fellow in his home town who had successfully promoted barbecue stands and had recently sold

out his latest venture—named “Dittywaditty.” Mac, that was the name of this genius, arrived in short order. Inside of an hour I learned more about the sandwich business than I’d ever suspected existed. Mac told me that he had jumped sandwich sales from one hundred per day to a thousand per day by inserting the following in the local journal and, what is more, I believe it:

DITTYWADITTY?

It ain’t a town
And it ain’t a city.
It’s just a little place
Called Dittywaditty

Sandwiches Hot and Cold Drinks.

I cannot say too much for Mac. He was untiring, enthusiastic, and game. He knew how to buy equipment and make ends meet on practically nothing, and although I doubt if he had ever given alligators a second thought until he met me, he pretended to like them, boarded a couple of Java monkeys in his bedroom for lack of storage place elsewhere, and hardly turned a hair the day that I bought the twenty-four-foot python. I believe that Mac almost shared my mental picture of automobiles fighting for places to park during the rush hours. It was my intention to put the town of Kingsland, which lay two miles to the south of me, on the map once and for all. My cousin and her husband had already done pretty well along this line by inaugurating the Kingsland race meet, a biannual affair at which the best island ponies were pitted against those from the mainland, and I decided to open my place on the day of the meet as I knew there would be a big enough crowd to make it worth while.

Ten days before the horse races my brain child had taken very definite form. The small colonial restaurant stood shining spick and span against a background of pineland. An artesian well kept water flowing through the alligator ponds. Various species of birds had begun to arrive from California and had been installed in wire coops which had streams

flowing through them. I had transplanted over one hundred clumps of bamboo and numerous palm trees to lend a tropical aspect to the place. Only two things were lacking: a name and some sort of irresistible attraction to lure people into the zoo at a quarter a head. I finally decided to name the place “Chief Tomochichi’s” (pronounced Tomocheechee) in honor of an Indian warrior who was known in the annals of local history.

With one week to go I had carpenters working overtime and two sign painters in a dizzy state painting outdoor advertising boards which told the traveling public, in every conceivable manner, that they should stop at Chief Tomochichi’s. The signs insinuated that it was their loss, certainly not mine, if they failed to stop and “see something different.” And things actually were different in and about Kingsland at this point. In the first place Mrs. Carleton who boarded Mac and me also boarded, against her better judgment, everything from California chipmunks to Java monkeys; and the Georgia Power Company’s sub-station at Kingsland was boarding a python. And here is how I happened to become the proud possessor of that specimen of the world’s largest reptile.

I had decided in the beginning that I was going to set up a business which would cater equally to the North and the South and I expected that Southerners would pay my overhead and operating expenses while Northerners would supply the gravy. This was my wisest premise and has been amply justified by monthly receipts which show August actually running ahead of the average winter months. I knew that Southerners would not pay a nickel to see an alligator when they can see them for nothing floating in the creeks, swamps, and inland ponds, so I decided that I would have to exhibit something strange to them if I was to entice them into the zoo. A giraffe seemed to have all of the necessary qualities, or possibly a couple of zebras. Both would be easy to feed and would be at

home in the eastern Georgia climate. I hopped a plane for New York hoping that some Northern zoo would have a surplus of giraffes or zebras and be willing to give them away to save food bills.

Early one morning I found myself asking Captain Stout of the Central Park zoo in New York what he had to offer. He told me that I might be able to get a giraffe for three thousand dollars and that the only way I could collect a couple of zebras would be to cough up twenty-five hundred. This was out of the question and I turned disconsolately on my heel when a voice out of nowhere asked how I would feel about buying some snakes. It turned out to be the head of the Staten Island zoo and it appeared he had just received a twenty-four foot python from Malaya. We discussed its physical condition and temperament. It had eaten a live chicken since arrival and apparently was rapidly becoming used to captivity. I could have it for dealer's price (two hundred and eighty dollars). This seemed more for one's money than a zebra; so a few hours later, after a visit to Staten Island's zoo, I owned a good-sized snake which was to be expressed immediately to Kingsland, Georgia. Within a year stories about that snake had been circulated and embellished to such an extent that I well remember the crestfallen look on some visitor when I told him that I had not paid three thousand dollars for the python nor was he fifty feet long, weighing half a ton. I weighed him shortly after receiving him and he tipped the scales at exactly two hundred and twenty pounds.

Two days before I was scheduled to open, the python arrived. He was neatly crated but I couldn't find anybody who wanted to board him and see that he was kept warm. The thermostat in his pen had not yet been installed. The weather had turned cold and I was scared that he would get pneumonia. Finally "Cooter" Lucre of the Georgia Power sub-station offered to keep him in the local plant, which was wired off

from the public anyway; so I bought an electric heater, faced it toward his crate, and "Grandpa"—as he was dubbed by Uncle Bud, my colored zoo keeper and man Friday—spent the next forty-eight hours surrounded by volts and ohms.

II

On the day that we opened, things happened so fast and furiously that, looking back, it all seems like some sort of a mad dream. I had eleven dollars left out of the original five thousand, an orchestra arriving after the horse races, and a fair-sized stock of whiskey, gin, and beer. Also several hundred of Mac's best sandwiches on tap. The carpenters were still working on the ceilings. My special glass-plated python pen right off the dining room was finished but the concrete was still wet and the putty along the edges of the glass had not hardened.

The night before, a small circus had arrived in the adjoining town of St. Marys and a certain Mr. LeRoy, who seemed to be the moving spirit behind the show, told me that for ten bits he would give Chief Tomochichi a world of publicity. That seemed fair enough and I asked him how he intended to do it. His solution was novel, entertaining, and, I thought, extremely dangerous all at the same time. He said that he would broadcast the wonders of Tomochichi that night from a tightrope strung over the village of St. Marys. There would be no net under him.

Now Mr. LeRoy (pronounced by him Lee Roy) was no spring chicken. Furthermore he was quite plump and fond of the bottle. He introduced me to his cronies—Doctor Stump, "former patent medicine king and university graduate," and a serious-minded fellow who might have been an archeologist but appeared to be in charge of the circus gopher snakes. This gentleman, Mr. Spreyer by name, took my python in his stride and claimed he had played about with many a python and even had a python

egg in his possession. I gave Mr. LeRoy his ten bits and promised them all that I would be in St. Marys that night to see their show.

Well, I'll tell you right now that Mr. "Lee Roy" made a bum out of anybody I've seen before or since. He had what it takes. As I drove into St. Marys a ground mist was hanging over the road, the air was turning colder each passing minute, and a breeze was springing up which sent the mist whirling in eddies at intervals. At about eight o'clock I saw the circus lights strung round the tents; from a sound truck hidden beneath a cedar tree blared the music and words of "A Tisket, a Tasket." A number of people were huddled round the ticket booth with coat collars up. High above the street was strung a tightrope and standing under it was Mr. LeRoy, looking mighty cold but evidently still master of the situation. He told me that he would make his announcement in about ten minutes and "Incidentally, do you have a drink on you, Tommy?" I had a quart of scotch sticking out of my overcoat pocket and I passed it over and asked him to help himself. I tried not to watch him but after fifteen or so seconds of unbroken silence I glanced his way and saw the quart glued to his lips and draining rapidly. My admiration for the man increased with each passing second and after he had returned the half empty quart I began to wonder if each member of the troupe put his heart and soul into things the way Mr. LeRoy did. I also watched LeRoy for signs of tipsiness, as the wind was increasing in velocity. The mist had lifted and far above us I could see the glistening tightrope and beyond it the stars twinkling merrily. But Mr. LeRoy simply pulled a rather faded-looking silk handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his mouth briskly, and said, "All right, Tommy, here goes!"

At a wave from his hand the music from the sound truck faded out and the steady tattoo of drums was substituted. Hand over hand, overcoat and all, Mr. LeRoy climbed up into the night.

He finally reached his perch and leaned down to address the assembled crowd. It was blowing pretty hard up there and his big ragged overcoat was flapping about his knees. I was beginning to become rather apprehensive about the situation and I didn't feel any better when Mrs. LeRoy confided to me that she felt her husband was getting too old for this sort of thing. I had developed a feeling of genuine interest in Mr. LeRoy and I am not referring to my ten-bit investment. Well, before I knew it I was listening to the glories and the wonders of each and every business in Kingsland; the shrimp factory, the automobile agencies, the stores, and others who had seen fit to part with two dollars and fifty cents were getting their money back now, verbally. When he had covered the lot of them he was still standing on his little platform and he hadn't mentioned the word Tomochichi. But just when I had become reconciled to his neglect the drums put on steam and Mr. LeRoy glided lightly out onto the rope very much in the manner that a fancy skater makes her debut on the ice.

The drums were beating at a horrible pace and a rather weak searchlight played upon Mr. LeRoy's lower extremities. Suddenly the rope started to sway and shake, slowly at first but with increasing speed until rope and LeRoy blurred right before my eyes. Then just as suddenly the rope took shape again, followed by Mr. LeRoy, and I received my full ten bits' worth.

"Gentlemen," he bellowed, "do you know what started me a tremblin' and a shakin' up here?" Complete silence indicated that the audience did not but would like to hear. "I started shakin'," he said, "when I happened to think of that huge, stupendous, horrendous reptile up there at Chief Tommahatchee's. Yes sirs, a great ferocious reptile from furrin jungles. Now I want each and every one of you to be sure and go see that big python to-morrow on opening day at Tommahatchee's after the thrills and spills at the Camden race track."

He jiggled the wire again at the thought of the python, said "Ugh," glided to the opposite pole, and I was still admiring the ease and grace of it all when a voice at my elbow said, "Tommy, how did you like it—and could you spare me a drink?" I gave Mr. LeRoy the rest of the quart, thanked him from the bottom of my heart, stepped into my car, and headed for Mrs. Carleton's boarding house.

III

Mac wakened me at dawn. A light frost covered the ground but the skies were clear and I figured that there would be a good crowd at the races. I had exactly one thing on my mind and that was the transferring of the python from his crate to the show case without hurting anybody or the snake. I knew that he could squeeze a man to death in less than a minute and I had to have a couple of reliable men to help me. I phoned Bob Ferguson and asked if he would give me a hand. I knew that he would be busy with his horses but he did know something about snakes and I thought that he might have some brilliant idea.

Pretty soon he arrived and I said, "Bob, how would you get this snake out of its box and into its pen?" I will never forget his answer. "Why, hell, Tom," he said, "it's a chilly morning and the snake is probably semidormant from the cold. Just pry off the lid. He's coiled up already, so tilt the box forward and he'll roll out like a hoop." This didn't sound exactly right but time was becoming precious so I decided to make the attempt.

I had already collared the only two men who had volunteered to assist and in no time at all "Bubber" Cooner (my next door neighbor), "Pop" Perdue (who ran a filling station up the line), Bob, and myself had the boards of the crate pried loose. At the word "go" we gave them a final yank and slammed the open side of the crate against the outside doorway of the snake pen. As the crate

was smaller than the doorway there was ample room for the snake to crawl back over the top of the box if it decided that this was the thing to do. Well, the python did not roll out like a hoop. Instead, about eight feet, which included its head, flopped out and the other sixteen feet remained in the crate. It occurred to me that I might be able to prod the rest of him out so I went inside the building, climbed up on the top of the cage which was covered with chicken wire, and started prodding. The first thing the snake did was to start back toward the box, so I stopped prodding; whereupon he stopped moving, and lying with most of his body in the box began to sway his head back and forth to get the lay of the land. I yelled at someone to get at the far end of the plate glass and hop up and down to attract his attention. He started to move forward and, elated with the success, I decided to see if I couldn't speed things up by inserting my stick in the center of his coils and dragging them towards me. That snake struck straight up in the air like a bolt of lightning and hit the wire beneath me a blow that I will never forget. Many times after that I saw him strike live hogs and I am convinced that the hogs never knew what hit them. At about this time "Mr. Bob" informed me that he was sorry to leave but that he had to attend to his horses; so I did the only thing that I could think of at the moment, which was to have the crate nailed to the walls and boards nailed across the open space which remained above the box.

Just about then I happened to remember that Mr. Spreyer, custodian of the circus gopher snakes, had mentioned his familiarity with pythons; so I dispatched a car post haste to the circus at St. Marys with orders to round him up at all costs. Pretty soon he arrived, surveyed the situation with a critical eye, and went to work in a thoroughly professional way. He ordered all onlookers to clear out and to stay out. "They get the old boy nervous," he said, as he rolled up his sleeves.

He then slid his hand through a crack between the crate and the doorway and placed it gently upon the python's back. His wife, watching the snake through the plate glass, was to relay any reactions. There were none. Mr. Spreyer increased the pressure of his hand. Still no reactions. The snake was becoming accustomed to it. After a few minutes Mr. Spreyer lifted up about six inches of the snake's body and moved it forward a foot or so. In a few seconds this was repeated, and inch by inch the python's body was lifted from the crate, moved forward, and gently set down on the floor of his pen. *Voilà*. Knowledge is power. I checked up another victory for circus talent. Only about a half hour had passed and Grandpa was at home, with the door in place and securely padlocked. Before leaving, Mr. Spreyer wisely suggested that I buy a can of Bon Ami to smear over the glass in case the python started striking toward it every time a customer entered. For a week, until Grandpa became used to visitors, I had to use the Bon Ami frequently.

By now the day was pretty well advanced and the next thing I knew someone rushed in and announced that the races were over. I knew that the crowd would arrive at any moment. The carpenters had just fitted the last ceiling beam in place in the dining room and we were ready to open our doors. Dr. Stump was seated in the reptile room, munching a sandwich and eyeing the python with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes. Stump's absolute and complete mastery of the king's English often puzzled me; morning, noon, and night he sat beneath a tattered but once expensive felt hat, gazing at Grandpa or giving visitors the life story of regal pythons. I don't believe he had ever seen a python before but his delivery was so perfect and his imagination so tremendous that everybody who came in contact with him left feeling that he now knew all there was to know about reptiles in general and pythons in par-

ticular. The doctor used to burn Mac up, principally because he ate so much on the house with my permission; Mac said we never could show a profit on food with that man in the same building. Mac was literal-minded and correct according to his way of thinking but he failed to realize that almost as many people were paying zoo admission to look at Stump, and listen to him dish it out, as were paying to see the snake itself.

By sunset Tomochichi's was literally packed with farmers, merchants, business men from Jacksonville and Brunswick, and gaunt, unkempt-looking trappers from the Okefenokee swamp who only left their pine hammocks and dark lagoons once or twice a year. The orchestra was playing its head off and I decided that everybody was really having a good time. I had to lock the gateway to the zoo as snakes, alligators, and alcohol do not mix. I had several nerve-racking experiences along these lines; later that night some inebriate climbed over the fence and, attracted by his yelling, I ran out and found him knee deep in water surrounded by a dozen or so alligators all over seven feet long, any one of which could have torn his legs off. "Damn it," he shouted, "I paid a quarter to see *wild* animals and these things won't even bite." Whereupon he booted the nearest one in the snout and scrambled out. If he had tried this same stunt during the spring or summer months when alligators are hungry he would never have got away with it.

By eight o'clock the local wrecking service was doing a thriving business pulling cars out of ditches. My customers were feeling just right and backed into everything in their haste to get to the prize fights at the Kingsland stadium. I wanted to get that crowd back after the fights and had made arrangements at the stadium to broadcast the fact that after the fights were finished, "Freezo," whom I'd met at the circus, would encase himself in a solid block of ice and stay there until he had beaten the record that he had established for himself in

Miami. It occurred to me that "Freezo" cocktails or highballs made with ice chipped from his frozen coffin would add to the evening's entertainment. I even hunted up Doctor Barron in Kingsland and made arrangements with him to allow me to freeze his stethoscope tube through the ice so that he could record and broadcast Freezo's heartbeat. Freezo was a pretty good scout. I had seen quite a bit of him off and on and had discovered that he was the only member of the circus who was willing to exert himself physically when I needed someone to help me move this or that. I continually called him "Frosto" by mistake and he would correct me politely. Some months later I took considerable pride in reading several newspaper clippings which he sent to me stating that he had officially changed his public name from Freezo to "Frosto—the human ice cake." He wrote that he had come to like the name Frosto and thanked me for having suggested it to him.

The fights were no sooner ended than back streaked the cars to Tomochichi. A standard-sized block of ice had been supplied by courtesy of the St. Marys Ice Company and it lay, sliced neatly in half, on a table in the middle of the dining room. It had been hollowed out in the center to fit Frosto's body. Frosto was using the reptile house for a dressing room while Doctor Stump temporarily shifted his soliloquy from pythons to Frosto's previous astounding, heart-rending feats. Pretty soon Frosto himself appeared, naked except for a pair of tight fitting bathing trunks. He had assured me earlier that he used absolutely nothing to protect his skin from the cold and that the whole thing was mostly mental. In other words if he could divert his mind from the fact that he was lying encased in ice, with little oxygen, his heartbeat did not increase and he required only the minimum amount of oxygen. There was absolutely no fake about Frosto and he admitted that he did not like his profession,

but he had to earn a living and, lacking the ready tongues of Doctor Stump and Mr. LeRoy, used his body instead of his mind to cash in with. The only trouble was that while he was encased in ice Doctor Stump could hide part of the gate receipts and then split the remainder with Frosto, claiming that his gate was smaller than it looked—through the ice.

Anyhow on this particular evening things went as scheduled, more or less, and before we knew it Frosto was lying down in the bottom of his icy coffin. The other block of ice was then placed over him and ice shavings were rubbed into the seam where the blocks joined, to make the chamber airtight. Frosto stayed in there for forty-eight minutes, a new record. At various intervals Doctor Barron would cock his ear to his stethoscope and report his findings. Sometimes Frosto would use the instrument as a sort of speaking tube and describe how he felt. When Frosto finally climbed out after the ice had been chopped away he was slightly blistered and "burned" but really none the worse for wear.

The band played, Mac mixed drinks and made sandwiches, and cars backed into the ditch and were pulled out again. At sunrise, dizzy with exhaustion, we closed up shop and headed for Mrs. Carleton's house. After paying off the orchestra and the extra waitresses we had exactly one hundred and sixteen dollars left as our entire working capital. Tomochichi had been launched but we still did not know how well she would float.

IV

At the time I purchased Grandpa the officials of the Staten Island zoo had assured me that he had eaten since his recent voyage from Malaya. After his arrival at Tomochichi's, finding escape impossible, he deliberately tried to starve himself to death. We tempted him with chickens of every color, but he paid no attention to them and even permitted them to roost on his coils. Every morn-

ing they laid eggs which Uncle Bud, the zoo keeper, ate for breakfast. I knew that pythons would not eat anything that they did not kill themselves. Following the chickens I tried large and small hogs of assorted colors, but it was no go. I knew that snakes could go a long time without feeding but after six months of this I decided to take matters into my own hands and telephoned Ross Allen of Silver Springs, Florida, and asked if he would come up and help me force-feed my python.

Allen knows as much about snakes as anybody, I believe, and I was extremely glad to see him when he arrived the following day. Ross said that we should have at least seven or eight men to hold the snake during the feeding, so I motored about the countryside asking for volunteers. I finally collected enough whom I felt that I could count on. We held a brief rehearsal. Ross was number one man and was to grab the snake behind the head as it lay coiled near the door. Bubber Cooner was second on the list, Pop Perdue third, Frosto (who had reappeared out of nowhere) was fourth, and so on down to the colored department which was to hold the tail. We were to use the same system employed by firemen in lugging a heavy hose from hydrant to fire. At Allen's suggestion I had acquired an extra long broom handle to use in ramming the ten one-pound strips of raw meat down the python's throat. I also had a bottle of Listerine to swab his mouth with and a toothbrush to clean his teeth with. When everything seemed to be in order I quietly removed the pen door from its hinges and Ross grabbed the snake quickly right behind its head and gave it a yank forward.

Out came three or four feet of snake and Bubber stepped up, threw his arm around the snake, and pulled; then Pop did the same, followed by Frosto, and before you could say "Tomochichi" we had our python stretched out on the ground as straight as a ramrod.

I grabbed the broomstick, folded a

strip of meat over it, and when Allen released his grip slightly the snake opened his mouth to strike. At that moment I jammed the meat six feet down his throat. Bubber hollered "By me" as he felt the meat slide down the snake's throat and when Frosto yelled "I've got it" I urged him to try to hold it in place while I withdrew the broomstick. We repeated this nine more times without any major mishap. True, Grandpa did try to swallow the broomstick along with the meat and lost a fang which was so deeply imbedded in the wood that I had to break it off to get the stick out.

Allen said that all would be O.K. if Grandpa did not decide to disgorge, so we ordered up a round of drinks and sat down on the snake to relax. After another round we brushed his teeth and washed his mouth and were feeling pretty proud of ourselves when someone asked how we were going to get him back in his pen. None of us had thought about the matter until then but we soon saw that it required an entirely different technic. At last somebody volunteered that if we doubled him up he would be only twelve feet long; so we did that carefully and then doubled him back again until we had a slippery bundle six feet long and about six wide. It was a close shave getting him through the door and I never took my eyes off Allen's hands which were clasped around the snake's neck. We decided to count three and give him a final push and let go at the same time. In he went and the door was slammed in place.

A week later we put a thirty-pound hog in his pen which Grandpa killed rapidly and painlessly, striking him a terrific blow in the throat, looping two or three coils about the pig's body, and squeezing him to death instantly. He then dislocated his jaws and started swallowing the hog head first. Thirty minutes later the bulge reached his stomach, whereupon he crawled to his tank of water and remained submerged for two or three days with only the tip of his nose protruding above water.

When Grandpa died it marked the end of our promotional period. He had lived two years and some months, had eaten regularly, and I believe had learned to tolerate his confined life if not to enjoy it. He had earned his purchase price many times over and Tomochichi was on the tourist map for good and all. He died of pneumonia during an unseasonable cold snap which caught him lying in the outside pen.

So much for the conception, promotion, and early means of operation of Chief Tomochichi, Inc. Mac disappeared of nearly all of my innovations, preferring to build up a reliable and sound restaurant business; but although I had the deepest sympathy with him, Mac did not have to meet the time payments and the notes that fell due faster and faster as we expanded, and my motto had to be: nothing risked, nothing

gained. I now operate the safe and sane type of business that Mac used to advocate. It has grown from a five-thousand-dollar investment to a hundred-thousand-dollar one in four years. Sound and sensible people spend the night in my cottages before entering the State of Florida.

Elsewhere tourists may see bigger and better alligator farms but are less likely to see the stupendous and terrifying feats of Messrs. LeRoy, Spreyer, Stump, and Frosto who give themselves one hundred per cent to their public for the sake of art, and ten bits. Their names may never appear in neon lights on Biscayne Boulevard or Broadway but they entertain thousands of Americans who are bound to the soil far from the great cities. That is the part of America which Americans willingly fight for. It is more than "neon deep."





REPORT ON HUNGARY

WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING BEHIND THE CENSORSHIP

BY MICHAEL DARO

"WAKE him up!" the tall blond man ordered the guard at the entrance of the Hungarian Prime Minister's headquarters. "I must see him at once!" And the guard knew that, even though it was midnight, Herr Odo von Erdmansdorf, Germany's minister to Hungary, would see Hungary's Prime Minister. The lights went on again in the apparently sleeping baroque building in Budapest's Burg, and Von Erdmansdorf saw Count Paul Teleki. This midnight visit occurred on April 4, 1941.

It was a brief visit, lasting only about fifteen minutes, and when Von Erdmansdorf had gone the lights went off again in the building. Then a few hours later two shots were heard, and Hungary's Prime Minister was dead. "The only way left for me to protest is to end my life . . . which has lost all its meaning and value," said one of his two farewell letters which revealed the details of this midnight visit.

Herr Von Erdmansdorf visited the Hungarian Premier in the middle of that night to tell him that German troops were at that very minute crossing the Hungarian border in their march against Yugoslavia. Only three months previously Teleki had signed a friendship and non-aggression pact with Yugoslavia, in which he guaranteed that Hungary would never let German troops cross its borders. This agreement was made on December 12, 1940, with Hitler's consent and assurance of co-operation.

When Teleki reminded the German minister of the Führer's promise that he would not send troops against Yugoslavia and expressed his intention of discussing the matter with Hitler, Von Erdmansdorf said: "The Führer would feel insulted if one would remind him of his promise!" (*Der Führer würde es sehr übel nehmen wenn man ihn an sein Versprechen erinnern würde!*)

On the morning following the Hungarian Premier's suicide—April 5th—Budapest was alive with Nazi tanks parading through its main streets; it was filled with the noise of hundreds of Nazi bombing planes flying above the homes of the terrified people. And Count Teleki was hardly buried before Hungarian troops were marching side by side with German soldiers against Yugoslavia, upon the orders of Laszlo Bardossy, Premier of the new captive Hungarian Government. Two months later Hungary declared war on Russia also. Most of the space of the Hungarian papers was filled with the war communiqués of the Hungarian High Command, announcing the glorious and victorious advance the Hungarian soldiers were making into the heart of Russia. The description of the heroism of the Hungarian soldier and "his determination to fight to the end for the Cause" seemed the more ironic to all of Hungary because Hitler had ordered Hungarian troops against Russia so unexpectedly and so hurriedly that there had been no time to explain the reasons for the war to

the Hungarian public. The Hungarian soldiers began fighting with about as much conviction as would English soldiers if they were told that the only immediate danger threatening their country was that from the Belgian Congo in Africa, the troops of which were about to invade their country. Though the distance between Russia and Hungary is much less than that between the Belgian Congo and England, there was as little possibility of a Russian invasion of Hungary as of an attack on England from the Congo. But this was of little interest to Hitler, who had not been troubled with any resistance from Hungary since the suicide of Count Teleki. The new Government in "power" had obediently executed all orders issued from Berlin.

The ace press chief from Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse, Geheimrat Wolff, had moved his headquarters to Budapest early in the spring of 1941, establishing a German Press department, the "Reichsdeutscher Pressedienst," in one of the oldest aristocratic palaces. Now Wolff took complete control of the Hungarian press, which was allowed to print only the propaganda material released by his office. The Hungarian papers, which before had been conservative in tone, now became as low as those in Germany. And the Nazi propaganda they printed succeeded in completely misleading Hungarian public opinion.

II

Hungary is sometimes thought of as fortunate in comparison with Nazi-occupied countries. It is pointed out, by Wolff's press especially, that Hungary is "free." As a matter of fact its freedom is merely a verbal label covering the same cruel oppression which exists in occupied territory.

If you would walk along the streets of Budapest, her capital, or of any other city in Hungary, you would see only German men and women; you would hear only German words spoken. Should you walk into any office, bank, exporting

company, travel bureau you would think that you were within the borders of the Third Reich. This is rather strange when you consider that, according to official statistics, only five per cent of Hungary's population is German. It grows even stranger as you realize that the National census held in January, 1941, showed a decline in the number of Nazis among the Germans in Hungary, to the extent that only 30 per cent of them declared themselves Nazis, the other 70 per cent identifying themselves with the Hungarians! And all this in spite of the thorough Nazi propaganda, which, since Hitler had come to power, had done everything to undermine morale and above all to turn the 500,000 Germans living in Hungary against the Hungarians; not to mention the fact that on Hitler's order German officials were in charge of the census in German-inhabited communities. The explanation is that the Swabs—German peasants living in Hungary—feared that their fate would be that of the Germans in the Baltic States, who had recently been forced to leave their land and other possessions and move to Germany.

In spite of this reversal of Hitler's plans the intolerable pressure of Germany grew heavier with each day, especially after Hitler created a legal basis for his control of Hungary's inner politics. An hour before the Viennese Pact of arbitration was signed in the former Austrian capital in September, 1940, by Germany, Italy, and Rumania, giving back part of Transylvania to Hungary (it had been given to Rumania as a result of the Trianon Treaty in 1920), Herr von Ribbentrop forced the late Premier Count Paul Teleki of Hungary to sign a statutum regarding the German minority in Hungary, whereby a German state was actually created within the Hungarian frontiers, providing such privileges to the Germans there as would be incompatible with the Hungarian Constitution. Also Ribbentrop forced Premier Teleki to sign the pact which assured unlimited rights to the German

minority leader whom Hitler had appointed in Hungary—Ferenc Basch, who had previously been imprisoned for unpatriotic and revolutionary activities. But now Mr. Basch had become a führer with absolute power assured him; he was assigned the sole right to appoint employees of any kind in the administration of those parts of the country inhabited by Germans. Thus Germany was relieved of a vast financial burden by letting Hungary support the skilled agitators and experienced troublemakers who, disguised as respectable Hungarian State employees, used their power to achieve a Nazi revolution as soon as possible.

Espionage for the Nazis began to flourish in all fields. Within each commercial or industrial company could be found dozens of German employees—"secretaries," "accountants"—all of them with special instructions given by the Gestapo. By the time Mr. Basch came to power almost all important banks, transport companies, and mines were owned and controlled by the Nazis, while on Hitler's order production had been stopped in Hungarian textile factories so that Germany's export opportunities might be increased.

Pressure was just as intense in the agricultural field. Monopolistic Nazi purchasing organizations were established throughout Hungary; it was only through them that the Hungarian farmers could sell their products. The supervision was so complete that not a single pig escaped their attention. It was a peculiar coincidence that those farmers who joined the Nazi party received higher prices for their products than did the others. But that wasn't the only way to "persuade" the peasants to join the party. In Tapolca, a little Hungarian village, a poor peasant's only cow died. The following morning local leaders of the Party knocked at his door. "Dear brother," they said to him, "we have heard of your misfortune, and we want to console you with this cow we have brought you. It's as good a cow

as yours used to be." And they presented him with a cow. In a few hours hundreds of illiterate peasants of that village joined the Nazi party.

III

In spite of the ever-increasing Nazi pressure for almost three years Hungary had been able to resist signing a military pact with Germany. Immediately after the Austrian Anschluss in March, 1938, Hitler expressed to Regent Horthy his desire that such a pact be signed, but he had to wait three years until he could push Hungary into a spot where the little country could no longer resist.

When Russia seized Bessarabia from Rumania and agreed to allow the Germans in that territory to return to Germany, Hitler asked permission of the Hungarian Government to build food centers and reserve hospitals throughout Hungary, along the main railroad lines and along the Danube, for those "tortured and starving" people returning to the mother country. According to the Nazi press's colorful articles, wherever these Germans appeared thousands of Swabs greeted them enthusiastically.

A few weeks later, when King Carol of Rumania was dethroned and the new Premier Antonescu asked help from Hitler, military instructors went through Hungary into Rumania, where they were to train Rumanian soldiers. And again a few weeks later Hitler asked to transport two German divisions through Hungary into Rumania. Forced by various threats from Hitler, the Hungarian Government agreed to allow the two divisions to cross Hungary, but only if they would travel in sealed wagons. Instead of only two divisions Hitler had sent twenty before March, 1941. By April, when he opened his attack on Yugoslavia, at least fifty divisions had crossed Hungary. With the help of these troops Germany succeeded in forming a military base from which she could operate effectively against all the Balkan countries.

Not only did these troops not travel in sealed wagons; actually they behaved as a regular army of occupation. The unwillingness of the German troops to keep the agreement not to leave their trains caused serious disturbances throughout Hungary. The first clash, which seemed to be a signal for many others, occurred in Sepsiszentgyörgy, a little Hungarian town. When German troops left their trains at the station there the military commander of the station ordered his men to fire, thus forcing the Germans to reënter their cars. When Hitler found that the station-master had his orders from the Hungarian Government, he threatened Hungary with the ultimatum that, if she wanted to avoid immediate German occupation, German military commanders must be allowed to control the railroad stations where German troops crossed Hungary. Within a few days German officers appeared in all important railroad stations.

At the same time, as a gesture of pure "courtesy" Hitler offered his "willingness" to send German troops to protect the warehouses throughout Hungary in which the food bought by Germany was stored, so that the responsibility would be taken off Hungary's shoulders in case the enemy should "do something."

German liaison officers were placed in every class of the Hungarian High Command and General Staff as well as in the Hungarian police force, where Gestapo agents acquired complete control. Important positions in the State-owned Hungarian Railroad Company and in the Hungarian National Bank were filled by German directors. In other words, Germany seized the nerve centers of the civil and military administration and took command over administration in such a way that Hungary was paralyzed in all attempts to act independently. It was evident that in order to maintain her mere existence Hungary would have to take a step that would rush her into the final catastrophe. There was no alternative. In answer to the Government's repeated protest against German meas-

ures, Hitler argued that, inasmuch as Hungary had not joined the Axis, he was forced to take steps insuring the undisturbed transportation of German troops through Hungarian territory. His justification of this move was that "Hungary, not belonging to the Axis, is no sufficient guarantee for Germany, who cannot rely upon the uncertain good-will of that country." The only way that she could retain control of her administration and transportation would be for her to join the Axis.

Hitler's threat that he would "take care of the transportation of German troops" meant nothing less than the formal occupation of Hungary. Well aware of the fatal step she was taking by signing a military pact with Germany, Hungary finally did so in an attempt to avoid such an occupation. The effort was unsuccessful, however. Not only did Hitler not alleviate pressure after the pact was signed; as much as possible he tightened his control.

With the ever-increasing power of the Germans in all walks of Hungarian life, the entirely Nazi-controlled press and radio announced to the Hungarian public daily the great number of favors that generous Germany was offering her friend.

But nobody in Hungary would believe it. They would talk loudly about their opinion of their "great friend" as they stood in bread-lines from five A.M. until noon. Instead of reading local papers or listening to the Nazi propaganda broadcasts from Budapest, they would listen cautiously at night to the Swiss and British news broadcasts, their only means of knowing about world events. They would listen eagerly with ear 'phones, for Nazi neighbors might hear loudspeakers. And the only thing that surprised them about these broadcasts was that when speaking of Nazi-subjugated countries, the British and Swiss news commentators would never include Hungary in the long list of occupied countries; outsiders didn't realize Hungary already was part of the Third Reich, not an independent nation.

IV

"The Queen of the Danube," Budapest was called a few years ago when she was one of the most fashionable tourist resorts in Europe; now she is a dead city. In her famous Vaczi Street, where once you could see Europe's best-dressed women, you now meet either German soldiers in uniform or men in black rubber coats and black hats, walking very stiffly and speaking Prussian in loud tones. If you should have the courage to ask these men why they are in Budapest they would tell you obligingly that they were just good friends of the Magyars, on a good-will tour in the Hungarian capital. But, strange to say, all of them have brought their wives and children along on this everlasting good-will tour! And they all like it there. Is it because they are the only ones who get all the eggs, pork, butter, and meat they want, while the bread ration for the Hungarian population is smaller than the one in Germany and while the Hungarians must observe three meatless days a week? Hungarians haven't seen soap, shoes, and textiles for about a year now, and shoe repairs are available only to the privileged. The sugar and potato scarcity, as well as the absolute lack of coal, is catastrophic. This want of living essentials does not concern the German "tourists" in Hungary, for they have everything they want.

Budapest's famous cafés along the beautiful Danube shore are empty now. No one dares go to any café, restaurant, or nightclub in Budapest. There were thousands of arrests for conspiracy based on the charges of Gestapo-agents who were waiters in such public places. All Hungarian politicians, with the exception of those who are outspokenly pro-Nazi, are followed day and night by Gestapo agents.

After the collapse of Poland in the fall of 1939, 60,000 Poles—officers and civilian men and women—fled to Hungary. The Government placed them in a Camp on Lake Balaton in western Hungary,

with a Polish-Hungarian Committee to care for them. It was a philanthropic organization which had as its only aim to provide food and clothing for the 60,000 Poles. But the Germans considered this a provocative action, and the members of the committee were so persecuted by the Gestapo that many of them fled from Hungary. The private homes of the committee members were searched daily for "secret papers"—documents to prove the charge that they had helped the Poles to flee across the border. The truth was just the opposite: members of this committee had tried to prevent the Poles from fleeing back into Poland. Actually it was the Nazi secret agents who, disguised as Poles and speaking fluent Polish, mingled among the refugees in the camps and offered to help their "compatriots" go back to their country. Their argument was that, even though the Hungarians were still friendly to them, the Poles had to live there in a concentration camp. Why not go back home to Poland and continue their lives, go back to their farms, their jobs? Falsely reassured by these agents ("We have just come from your town"), the Poles believed that normal life had been restored in Poland. So, with the help of these Nazi agents, thousands of the Polish refugees fled from the camp by night to cross the border. But they never arrived in Poland, and nothing more was ever heard of them. This activity continued in spite of the cautions of the Hungarian committee members. Now, two years after the fall of Poland, of these 60,000 Poles there are about 10,000 still in Hungary; accordingly, in the New Order's terminology, there are simply fewer mouths to be fed. . . .

There are weeks when no civilian can travel on any of the main railroad lines in Hungary; German soldiers have the exclusive privilege of traveling on them. Almost daily different main roads and streets are closed to street traffic in Budapest; German soldiers are marching there. German soldiers are to be seen

everywhere throughout the country—on the streets, in the movies, in the shops. All hotels are packed to capacity with them. In Budapest's famous Hotel Ritz, where kings, premiers, and maharajas used to live in its pompous royal suites, German military transportation bureaus are established; the sound of typewriters and dictaphones can be heard from each suite both day and night.

In almost every street of Budapest new German travel bureaus and shipping lines are continually popping up, each displaying pictures of the Führer in various heroic poses. But these pictures do not seem to appeal to the Hungarian public. Innumerable jokes are told of them, mimeographed copies of which are circulated; they often are pasted on the windows of the travel bureaus, sometimes in the middle of Hitler's portrait.

The Hungarian public boycotts those movie theaters in Budapest which show Nazi films. The "Urania," Budapest's Number One Nazi movie-house, was completely empty for the first two days when it showed the infamous anti-Semitic picture, "The Jew Süß." But from the third day on it was packed because free tickets were distributed among the Swab peasants of the neighboring villages.

To-day most of the automobiles in Budapest are owned by German officers or civilians, who have decorated them with swastikas. Often in the past year car windows have been broken during the night or some other damage has been done to the automobiles. One night in July hundreds of those who

owned swastika-decorated cars found them with both flat tires and broken windows. The reprisal soon followed; twenty-four hours later all the main streets and roads of Budapest were covered with leaflets announcing the discovery in "*well-informed patriotic circles*" that Regent Horthy's wife was a Jewess and that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get rid of her as soon as possible. Thanks to Nazi agents such rumors had been circulating in underground circles for over two years. After the public demonstration against the Nazis this rumor was broadcast in leaflet form.

Compromised by Hitler's friendship before the eyes of the civilized world and being in the "fortunate" position of not having been occupied by Germany, Hungary is one of the most unfortunate of Hitler's victims. She lost the sympathies of the democracies which classed her as an enthusiastic member of the Axis, enjoying benefits from her great friend, while all her neighbors—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia—and a dozen other European countries were officially overrun by the Nazi machine.

The Hungarian historian whose duty it will be to describe these events will undoubtedly say that Hungary lost the last bit of her independence on April 5, 1941, and ceased to exist; and surely the same historian will describe all events in Hungary after that date as part of a chapter entitled "Germany." Certainly the developments since Teleki's suicide would give him every reason to do so.



THE GREEN-EYED CAT

A STORY

BY MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

ONE wonders who are living now in those gay villas, large and small, which dot the fringes of the Mediterranean shore between Cannes and Marseilles where we once lived in voluntary exile. Most of us have been gone from them these several years, with the first rumbles of disaster; some, being English, were ordered home; others, being American, were "advised" to flee. Whatever the reasons we are there no more—with our berets and sandals and pajamas and backless frocks. But the houses, with the purple bougainvillea vines and the yellow mimosa, and the courtyards with fig trees and lemon trees, and the terraces where we gave our cocktail parties and moonlight buffet suppers—they are still there, in that Unoccupied Zone. I am thinking of them as they have probably become; the large ones *pensions de famille* perhaps; the smaller ones still boarded up as we left them.

Sometimes on nights when I cannot sleep I see one of the larger houses—the Villa des Roseaux—with its face to the sea and the courtyard with the platane trees at its back. And I know that on the flagstones of the court, come for food but ready to disappear at the first alarm, sits a green-eyed cat. I am as sure of it as I am of the mistral rattling the windows and wiping the terraces clean.

Two Americans lived in the Villa des Roseaux, a man and his wife. It was situated by the sea on the small isthmus

of La Gorguette, between the fishing villages of Bandol and Sanary. Our small white house was on a hill, looking down on the Mediterranean, and when we went swimming each day we had to pass the villa and walk along the wall in front. We had lived on La Gorguette for several years before they came. We owned our house, but they had to rent theirs because the owner was dead and there was some litigation among the heirs. That was their one piece of luck—that they could not buy when they wanted to.

We had heard rumors about the Martins before they came. He was a celebrity of some note and she was his new wife. The villa had been empty a long time. It was a large and cumbersome affair, with twenty rooms or so, lavishly furnished and utterly unlivable except for the bedrooms. There was a two-car garage with a studio over it and a *dépendance* which was the servants' quarters. There was a garden at the side overrun with weeds and one at the back with a pomegranate tree. But the most outstanding feature of the Villa des Roseaux was the courtyard, paved in stone and laid out like a park with tall platane trees that kept the sun away—the beautiful sun of the Midi, its chief attraction. No matter how bright the day, the courtyard was always in shadow. No matter how blue the Mediterranean or how it danced with whitecaps, the view was cut off from the courtyard by

the house and the walls. And yet it was here that the American and his wife chose to sit. They had their meals served at a table covered with oilcloth, like a peasant's table; and it was here they drank their endless *apéritifs* and received their guests. At night they had candles in *bocaux*, large glass jars, so the wind wouldn't blow out the flame. The house seemed used by them only to sleep in.

We talked about calling on the Martins but kept putting it off the way all things were put off in the south. We heard from mutual friends that we should find them highly entertaining. What am I saying? It was always we should find *him* this or that. Nobody told us anything about her.

At any rate my visit was made by accident. I hadn't planned the call, but one afternoon as I was passing the villa I looked over the wall and saw her seated in the courtyard alone.

"Why not?" I asked myself and walked in through the gate.

She was in a chair by the table, and as I approached I saw she was leaning over a basket at her feet. There were about five kittens in the basket and a large full-grown mother cat.

She rose in some embarrassment when she noticed me but she put out her hand and said, "Oh, how do you do?"

I introduced myself and said a few polite or apologetic words, and all the time of course I was observing her. She might have been twenty-five or six, a slender young woman with a pale oval face, very pale blond hair worn in a coronet braid, a rather pointed nose, and oversized eyes with pupils so large it was almost impossible to tell what color the eyes were. She was dressed in a peasanty sort of thing, with a tight bodice, fitted waist, and full skirt. On her bare feet were white espadrilles with red lacings.

The first thing she said after I had introduced myself was:

"The people round here have heard I like cats. A little girl brought me three kittens last week. . . . I couldn't refuse

them because otherwise her father was going to drown them. They were so sweet. But then somebody else brought me a tomcat that had no home, and now to-day a woman from the village walked all the way out here with this whole little family because she was moving away and couldn't take them with her."

"That makes a lot of cats," I said.

"Ten," she said tragically.

I have never seen so sad a face. I wondered what she would look like when she smiled. She seemed lost in contemplation of the mother and kittens. Then suddenly color came into her cheeks, she looked at me as if for the first time, and in a small voice I could barely hear she said:

"Oh. I must tell my husband you are calling on him. Please excuse me. Won't you sit down? I'll just be a moment."

She ran into the house and I passed the time playing with the kittens and complimenting the mother, and wishing I had postponed the visit. Anyhow I felt embarrassed because I was calling on both of the Martins, not on him, as she seemed to take for granted.

He came out however and greeted me very cordially, and after that his wife, the cats, and the courtyard all faded, the way things do in a movie when the director wants to focus attention on the principal character. He was, without a doubt, the most fascinating, attractive, and charming man I've ever met. He was about six feet tall, heavily built, with a clean-shaven face and light-brown hair just beginning to turn gray. He wore the casual clothes most of the men wore—loose sailor's trousers of blue denim, a short-sleeved tricot shirt, and capuchin sandals—but he wore them with an ease that made them really smart. He made me feel in less than fifteen minutes that I was beautiful and actually a most seductive woman in spite of my years! (He was like that, I learned later, with all women, young and old. It was not faked on his part; he really loved women and thrived on their adulation. A few

minutes with Peter Martin was worth a course of beauty treatments to any female, no matter how modest—or sensible.)

He knew all about us, talked of our friends in Paris, London, and New York, said how he had wished to meet us, and invited us to cocktails or tea the following day. (There was no standing on ceremony with him, no waiting until he returned my first call.) I accepted his invitation and started to leave. We were at the gate when I turned, in acute embarrassment, to say good-by to Mrs. Martin. I had almost completely forgotten her. It was only as I took her cool little hand that I recalled, as if it had been printed on the cornea of my eye, that all during the animated conversation with her husband she had been sitting gazing at him. She had not uttered a single word.

The tea party next day was as strange as we had been led to expect. The courtyard was filled with people from as far along the Corniche as St. Tropez and Cannes. There were friends from Les Trayas we hadn't seen in months, a princess whose yacht was anchored in Toulon harbor, several French painters, Ford Madox Ford, George Seldes, some of the Thomas Mann children. . . . I could go on naming dozens of strangely assorted people who were at the Martins' party that day. Liquor flowed copiously, the tea was impossible, and the food almost nonexistent. The talk made up for everything, and as the host continued drinking with all his friends as they came he grew more and more voluble, more amusing—and more solicitous and flattering to every woman there, from some famous beauties down to the plain wife of an *homme de lettres*.

There were a few rudderless servants roaming about, I remember, but when as we were climbing the hill to our house someone asked me whether Peter Martin was married—I couldn't remember whether the hostess had been there or not! I felt terribly ashamed of myself for the breach of politeness.

Most of our servants were interrelated—cousins or cousins of cousins. They came from the hills behind Sanary and Bandol. They were a mixture of French and Italian, and some of them were marvelous cooks and good housemaids, and some of them incredibly bad. My woman-of-all-work, Giulia, was a gem. She was a wiry, dark little woman, who left her family at six every morning, worked for us all day, cooking and cleaning and waiting on table, departing at nine every evening, with her little bundle of table scraps. Giulia was a prize gossip. It was a wonder how, with all she had to do, she found time to pick up the information she did about the *étrangers*. But she was better than the local newspaper and more reliable. If my spoken French has a strong provincial accent I owe it to the guilty moments I spent listening to Giulia's reports.

She told me when the Villa des Roseaux was rented and to whom. And it was she who filled the post of chambermaid there with her mother's third cousin's old-maid daughter, Anna. Giulia trained her in my house and then sent her off to the job. She was a half-starved, ugly duckling with a squint, but completely honest and eager to please.

The other servants at the villa consisted of a large gypsy woman who had once woven baskets and sold them in the marketplace—she became the Martins' cook ("A thief," Giulia told me in disgust. "They had better watch out! I would be afraid to put in my mouth anything she prepares—and yet, those foolish Americans are paying her *cordon bleu* wages!"); a hunch-backed gardener, named Wioland, who planted flower seeds round the shaded courtyard, where no flowers could hope to bloom; and a chauffeur named Émile, a handsome, impudent village youth who refused to soil his hands with anything but the wheel of the Martins' car. ("He will not even bury their garbage," Giulia said. "There are heaps of tin cans in the old garden which the Martins don't see because of the tall weeds. . . .")

From Giulia I learned that Mr. Martin was *très difficile* and had a bad temper at home, and never came to meals on time. Madame, on the other hand, was very *gentille*. She actually gave Anna her old clothes, instead of selling them to her, as most French women do. And she never complained about anything. When Anna told her that the linen sheets ("So large, madame, they would make shrouds for a regiment!") were disappearing, she refused to have Madeleine's room searched, though everyone in Bاندول knew what a thief that Madeleine was! And even if the food was scorched she said nothing. Monsieur Martin was close about food, allowing only a few francs a day per person, while he spent fortunes each week on alcohol and wines. And then Giulia said:

"And the cats."

"What?" I asked. The remark seemed irrelevant.

"Ten of them, and some of them already are going to have young. And they are always hungry because they are allowed only a franc's worth of *mou* a day for all of them . . . and one liter of milk, which must do for the household as well. It is *formidable!*" Giulia had the Italian's contempt for any four-legged beast that was neither edible nor able to work for its living. "And each one has a name, such as Adèle or Pistaloun, and Madame Martin fusses about them as if they were her own children. But just the same, she loves her husband; that is obvious. It is always 'Monsieur wishes this,' or 'Monsieur does not wish that,' or 'Monsieur is not to be disturbed.' Anna, who is a devout Catholic like myself, says sometimes, forgive us, it is like a nun worshipping. That is not healthy. A man should be told what's what from time to time, for his own good, don't you think, Madame?"

We invited the Martins to dinner with some other people. I remember I wore the white crepe de chine Mainbocher made for me. Even as I put it on I asked myself whether Mr. Martin would like it. Wasn't that funny?

It was a good dinner. I had hired an extra woman to help Giulia, and the service was smooth. The conversation flowed. . . . I had seated Mrs. Martin next to my young son, Tommy, who could talk with animation to a blank wall. Occasionally, from a sense of duty, I glanced down to their end of the table. She was listening, gravely. She wore a black-velvet dinner dress. With her coronet of blond hair and the fair skin, it was very becoming—but fancy wearing black velvet to a dinner on the Mediterranean!

I don't know what started the conversation about bullfights. Perhaps it was apropos of Hemingway. Most of us had attended a bullfight or two in Spain, but Mr. Martin told of one he had seen in the south of France, at Arles. As usual, he made us visualize what he wished, and we listened with absorbed attention, until someone at the far end of the table upset a glass of wine. It was Mrs. Martin.

Her husband glanced in that direction, paused, and then, with a laugh, went on:

"Marylin is probably remembering the bullfight at Arles. It was the first she had seen and she hadn't wanted to go. I persuaded her it was something everyone had to see at least once—part of her education. It was a hot day. The bulls were stupid and sluggish. They didn't want to fight and everyone was getting pretty disgusted with them. But Marylin, as usual, took the bulls' part. She kept saying, 'Why do they force them to fight if they don't want to? It's cruel . . .'"

"But at last things began to get more interesting. There came the featured bullfight, the one everybody had come to see. Unfortunately one of the horses was gored. I wasn't particularly pleased myself—the horses really haven't a chance, you know; but the toreador was good—more than that, he was a genius! It gave me a thrill to watch him because of the expertness of the thing. It was beautiful as a ballet. Everyone in that enormous old ruin of a Roman amphitheatre

theater was spellbound. It lacked only a second or two for the climax—the mortal thrust. You could have played a melody on the nerves of the audience, they were so taut. And just at that moment, my little Marilyn fainted and had to be carried out."

There were polite murmurs around the table, somebody giggled nervously. I was distracted for a second because Giulia was bringing in the *gâteau à la crème* and I was anxious for it to be a success.

Mr. Martin spoke again. "I guess the word for my wife is zoöphile." He leaned forward and looked down the table and smiled condescendingly at Mrs. Martin, whose glass was being refilled with wine. "She prefers animals to people. Don't you, Marilyn?"

She looked back at him and said softly, "Animals are kinder than people."

"Not cats surely?" someone protested. "Have you ever watched them with smaller animals—chipmunks, mice, and birds?"

She gave a slight shudder. Then she said, "It's unfortunate but not their fault. Those are the laws of the cat world. It is something we can't understand, but it's all right for cats because it is taught to them and it is the law of their world. . . ." Her voice faded almost to a whisper. Then she drew a deep breath and her voice got stronger:

"But people have a different law, made just for them and taught them when they are children and even written in a Book they all read. There is no excuse for people being cruel. Yet they are always torturing one another . . . always. . . ."

She unclasped her hands and dropped them. Her glance moved round the table and came to a stop when it reached her husband. The color left her cheeks but she did not lower her gaze. Then gradually the emotion that had lighted her burned out. She was cold and pale and still again.

There was general conversation. The dessert was consumed and we moved into the living room for coffee.

The season passed quickly. I remember only a few incidents, and it's queer that one of them should be the night we were dining at the Villa des Roseaux when Marilyn Martin found the green-eyed cat and fed it.

We were having cocktails in the gloomy courtyard. The sun had not yet set and there was a kind of yellowish sunset. Mrs. Martin had passed some little messes round that Madeleine had probably persuaded her would do for canapés. I was sipping my drink when I saw my hostess rise and walk toward the gates.

At the entrance to the villa stood a cat, one of the worst specimens of the breed I have ever seen. It was hunched up in the middle, its legs were too short for its body and thin as my little finger, and its tail was long and furless, like a rat's.

I followed Mrs. Martin, holding my glass. I saw her bend over the animal and I heard her murmuring strange little sounds to it. She seemed to know I was behind her, because without turning her head she said, "Will you please ask the cook for a little meat?"

I ran back to the kitchen. Over the stove, preparing dinner, was the gypsy cook, her black hair in disorder and her face flushed. I delivered the message, and with a stream of local oaths she cut a slab of beefsteak from a piece obviously waiting to be cooked for our dinner. I accepted it and ran.

Mrs. Martin tore off a chunk with her fingers and, kneeling, offered it to the cat. It was then I noticed what extraordinary green eyes the animal had. They gleamed like jewels. They were also the color of the Mediterranean on a clear day, where the water is shallow and the sun makes it sparkle. However, aside from the remarkable eyes, that cat was the most unprepossessing creature I've ever seen in my life.

As Mrs. Martin continued coaxing it the cat moved closer to her. Then with a sudden quick movement it tore the meat from her fingers and swallowed it. The next minute it gave a convulsive

quiver, its short legs folded up under the distorted body, and the cat lay on its side unable to right itself.

"Poor thing!" Mrs. Martin cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It was starving." She gathered the cat in her arms and entered the house.

She appeared at her place for dinner, was completely silent during the meal, and disappeared soon after.

It was along about August that the opera singer arrived to visit the Martins at the Villa des Roseaux. She was a dynamic woman in her early thirties, handsome, with dark hair and heavily made-up face. She had a propensity toward fat of course, like most singers; but so far she had controlled it and still had a beautiful figure which she showed to advantage as far as possible. She wasn't a full-fledged Met star—just an American singer who had secured an engagement at the opera in Monte Carlo. But her voice wasn't bad. It had a certain quality, and what it lacked in tone it made up for in volume. And someone at least had backed her to a wardrobe of marvelous clothes that made even my one Mainbocher look like a limp rag.

She had no false modesty. She liked to sing, and at the flicker of an eyelash she would burst into arias from "Thais" and "Manon"—showy bits, and as she sang she would strut about, showing off that fine figure of hers and thinking she was acting. Right! I didn't care much for her, and in fact, none of us did—except Peter Martin.

She seemed to be exactly what he had always been seeking in women. He reveled in her and tried to force her on the rest of us. It was obvious they had plunged into one of those equatorial affairs that make people totally oblivious to the feelings of anyone about them.

Almost before we realized it she had become the actual mistress of Les Roseaux. It was she who gave orders to the servants and made them toe the mark. It was she who did the planning of meals and made Madeleine, the gypsy, clean up her kitchen. Giulia told me

all about it. She called it that grand scandal at the villa below.

We felt sorry for Mrs. Martin of course and championed her for a time among ourselves, and then, as is usually the case, pity gave way to contempt. None of us would stand for our husbands setting up a mistress in *our* house!

We continued going to the Martins' parties though and asking them to ours, because he really was entertaining and, after all, a celebrity. And, besides, it would have been too much trouble to make an open rift. It was none of our business how the Martins conducted their private lives. The households of few famous men would bear close inspection.

One day Giulia came to me in great excitement. The gardener of the Martins had been up asking to borrow a large gunny sack which he knew was in our garage. Giulia asked why he wanted it and with a broad grin the gardener said, "To drown the cats."

"Kittens?" Giulia asked.

"Cats," said Wioland. "Cats. All of them. There has been a scene . . . oh, la la . . . what a one!"

The opera singer liked birds and hated cats. She said they were cruel and wicked. So Mr. Martin drank a lot of liquor and announced he had been sick of cats for a long time. That to have one around was all right, but to have ten cats in one household made them look . . . eccentric.

Anna, weeping, told Giulia that night what happened. One by one Wioland trapped the cats and put them in the sack, but the last one, the Rebouglie, as Giulia called it, could not be caught. Malformed as it was, the green-eyed cat proved quicker and more agile than the rest, to say nothing of being infinitely warier. At last she found a perch in a branch of a platane tree and sat there licking her paws and staring at him.

Wioland, the gardener, shook his fist up at the tree, and went into the house for the master's shotgun. He fired three times.

"And where was Madame Martin during all this?" I asked Giulia.

Ah, there had been a scene of course. She had been really angry, she threatened this and that, then she pleaded and wept, and finally she locked herself in the studio over the garage where she could not hear or see what was going on.

"And so the gardener shot the crippled cat and drowned the rest?"

"The rest he drowned," Giulia said, "and he boasted he had hit the Rebouglie with his first bullet. But that Wioland has never been able to shoot anything in his life—not even a rabbit. He is a terrible liar . . . and now he who has sworn a pledge and given it to the priest, never to drink anything stronger than wine, is drinking dry all the cafés on the waterfront of Bandol and telling everyone who will listen and buy him more *pastis*, how he got the better of the cat that the devil spawned . . . so we know he is lying again."

That week-end we had a number of guests, most of whom left Sunday afternoon by car. But there was one who was taking the midnight train to Paris and we went to the station in Bandol to see him off.

It was dark on the platform and the train was late. We spent the time walking up and down and talking. Somebody was seated on a bench near the end of the platform, a woman. But it was dark and we could make out no more than her general outline. It was only when the train came rushing into the station with its flashes of light that we recognized the solitary traveler. It was Mrs. Martin, in traveling clothes, carrying a suitcase.

"Going to Paris?" I asked stupidly.

She smiled, put out her little gloved hand, and shook mine, then my husband's, and nodded to our guest.

"Good-by," she said and climbed into a second-class compartment. Our friend had entered one reserved for smokers, and at first I was sorry, because he liked pretty women and might have sat with her during the journey. But

then I remembered how shy she was and thought she would probably prefer being alone. That was the last any of us ever saw of Mrs. Martin.

The next morning the milkman, making his rounds, stopped first, at six o'clock, at the Villa des Roseaux. The weather was fine. Three days of mistral had blown the clouds and dust away. The Mediterranean was blue, the sky clear. And the milkman, who had just left his bride of a month sleeping contentedly in bed, whistled his version of the "Peanut Vender," a song which the loudspeakers along the *quai* were blasting that season. Although he planned, as usual, to leave something less than a liter of bluish milk in the covered pan the Martins' cook put out for him, his conscience didn't trouble him. The smallest order one ought to expect from such a house was three liters. Mean people deserved to be cheated a little.

He entered the gates of the Villa des Roseaux, swinging his pail and ladle. But as he saw the table with the oilcloth cover he slowed his steps.

Tiens! This was a pretty state of affairs. The master and his woman guest had obviously fallen asleep last night over their whiskies, and nobody had had the delicacy to put them to bed!

The milkman walked softly so as not to disturb them. He was looking for Madeleine's receptacle, but it wasn't on the table where he usually found it. There was only a nearly empty bottle and two glasses, and the master's arms and head which were sprawled across the oilcloth.

The woman who, people said, was a singer of operas, lay back in her chair with her face upturned. Her eyes, strangely enough, were open.

Warily the milkman came closer . . . he was fascinated by something he now saw. The bosom of the singer's dress was dyed crimson . . . and—Mother of God!—that was because her throat had been slashed from ear to ear.

It was then he became conscious of a strange soft sound and, looking up in the

direction in which the woman's eyes were staring, he swears he saw the green-eyed cat, in the branches of the platane tree.

It was a horrible thing to have happened on our lovely shore. We could talk of nothing else for months, and it cast a cloud over all of us. There was something particularly gruesome in the thought of those two out there all night—in the courtyard where nightingales have been known to sing: the man whose sins we had forgiven because of his brilliant mind, sprawling there in a drugged torpor, while the singer sat opposite all night long, with her white throat gashed and her Paris gown stained an ugly red.

It was so brutal we hated to believe the coroner's verdict that accused gentle Mrs. Martin of the deed.

"Vengeance," the inquest decided. "*Crime passionnel*."

I often remember how calm she was when she said good-by to us that night on the Bandol platform. She had seemed in perfect possession of her mind, and somehow, now that I think of it, at peace.

Giulia, in the rare letters that come through to me now from the south of France, has written that the green-eyed cat, whom Wioland swears he shot with the master's rifle, is seen occasionally in the courtyard of the Villa des Roseaux. I suppose it is starving again, poor thing.

EVENING EQUIPOISE

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

*SO in the balanced hour of light
When wind and mind find equipoise,
The pivot-ease of earth turns night
Upon our senses without noise.*

*As bevel wings of birds drift by,
The lake records smooth duplicates;
A cloud, immobile in the sky,
Is moored by fire till sun abates.*

*Young boys no longer run up hill
But walk unhurried through the park;
Discrediting the active will,
They seek a tunnel through the dark.*

*The feud we kept with quick and slow
Must hold the truce the winds declare;
The heart, equilibrate, will know
The flawless peace of equal air.*



YOUR GERMAN-AMERICAN NEIGHBOR

AND THE FIFTH COLUMN

BY WOLFGANG ZU PUTLITZ

NOW that the bandit government of Nazi Germany has declared war upon the United States the position in this country of men and women of German origin or descent becomes acute. For people like myself—Germans recently arrived after having fought against the Nazis at some risk to themselves—the position will not be pleasant, but neither will it be desperate. I have been a guest of America since June, 1941. I have not taken out “first papers” and do not intend to apply for them. In applying for “first papers” one is asked to renounce one’s nationality and to swear that it is one’s intention to become a citizen of the United States. The privilege is great, the protection afforded is without parallel in the world, the peace of mind that results is something that only the exile can know the depth of. For some of us, nevertheless, it is impossible to take this oath. I myself hope that a German State will eventually be founded which will take its place in the family of Occidental nations. Germans will be needed (I feel) to interpret that new State to their fellow-countrymen, to keep the nursling alive through difficult times, to serve as mediators between an exhausted, suspicious, politically stupefied and vanquished people and their conquerors. Let me say that I belong to no group which has this end in view (much as I should like to see a Free Germany movement in existence, aided by Britain and America). But I do have

the will to serve this cause if it should turn out that I can be useful in it. There are many Germans who feel, as I do, that they can contribute more to the peace of the future by remaining German than by adopting another nationality. For a German of liberal instincts and democratic views the fight against Nazism means specifically the fight for a liberal and democratic Germany. Nothing is clearer than that such Germans will be able to do more for the non-German world by remaining German than by abandoning their country.

Thus, although I have more than once sworn false oaths to Adolf Hitler in order to be free to work against him, I cannot swear a false oath to a people I respect and to whom I look for eventual aid in the rescue of the German people from tyranny. If it should be deemed useful for the safety of this country that men of German nationality be herded into detention camps, despite the record of some of us as workers in the anti-Nazi cause, we shall go—without pleasure, but without protest. It is the honorable course.

But what is to be done about the German-American? Will there be a revival of the cruel delation of 1917, of wholesale denunciation of American citizens merely because they call roast veal *Kalbsbraten*, sing the “Lorelei,” and read a German-language newspaper? It is hard to weigh the chances of this. On the one hand, Americans are forewarned against it by their memory of the injus-

tices of twenty-five years ago. They are deeply sympathetic meanwhile with the plight of the refugee and recognize readily that one may be German and still be anti-Nazi. On the other hand, the impression made by the great bugaboo of our age—the fifth column—is so powerful that it seems to authorize the deepest suspicion and the closest scrutiny of everybody bearing any relation whatever to Germany. It is this, as it relates to the German-American, and not the plight of my kind of German, that concerns me.

II

I have been in America before. One of my first posts under the Weimar Republic was that of secretary of embassy in Washington, where I served four years in 1927–1931. Traveling about the country a bit, I met Americans of German descent and birth in various States of the East and Middle West. On the whole, it would have been difficult to distinguish them from other Americans; and particularly during the boom years, before the Crash of October 1929, their manners, their interests, their buoyant confidence, and even recklessness were in my eyes “typically” American and assuredly un-German. Americans of German descent, I found, could be classified in several categories.

There were first those respectable citizens in the smaller communities, of some substance but not rich, who had completely forgotten their German origin and had become part of the powerful backbone of America. Such, I dare say, is the family of Wendell Willkie. Then there were other respectable citizens, chiefly in the largest cities, some of whom had a great deal of wealth and who, precisely because they were among the leaders of their community, felt that they had a moral duty to “represent” the best that was German in America.

Let me point to an analogy. One day in London I read in a financial paper an editorial on Mr. Morgenthau’s

Treasury policy. The name of the Secretary of the Treasury was slightly misspelled: it was printed Morgenthau. I said to myself that this was interesting. If Mr. Morgenthau had been a nobody, a Jewish immigrant or immigrant’s son out of the vast anonymity of central or eastern Europe, who had succeeded in this land of opportunity, his first impulse might have been to make himself thoroughly American in every outward trait, to strip off every memory and aspect of a continent reminiscent of Jewish misery—and he might have called himself Morgan. But Mr. Morgenthau is not a nobody. He is the son of a one-time ambassador, a member of a distinguished Jewish family. It would not even occur to him to evade the duty of serving as a leader of the Jewish community in the United States. He welcomes—there can be no doubt of it—the occasion to show non-Jewish Americans what distinction of person and breeding and culture can reside in a Jew. He is the last man to wish to strip off this noble identity.

Something like this is the case of the rich or cultured Americans of relatively recent German origin. In their houses I found libraries of German literature. They were the patrons of orchestras and operas—in part because they were fostering German music thereby. They served Rhine and Moselle wines at table—because there are no better white wines in the world, but also because these wines are among the proudest and most winning of German products. And it goes without saying that praise given in the American press to a German savant, a German book, a German musician, even to German cinema actors, warmed their hearts and made them love both America and Germany more.

I saw two other categories of German-Americans, two categories of humbler people. On the one hand were the men and women who had intermarried with women and men of other nationalities, had brought with them to America no well-defined German culture, and

had been rapidly and thoroughly Americanized, so that their children spoke no word of German. On the other hand—again in the larger cities—there were clusters and colonies of German-speaking Americans exactly as there were of Italian-speaking or Polish-speaking Americans. Not saloons but *Bierstuben* stood on the corners of their streets; German-language signs swung outside their shops; there were travel and exchange bureaus where they bought reichsmarks to send to their families in the old country; and they attended German-language movies in the neighborhood theaters.

These were doubtless the least American of the German-Americans; and a certain number, indeed, were not American citizens. Because they lived by themselves in an immigrant quarter, because they were not prosperous but, on the whole, merely decently poor, they were possessed by a certain feeling of inferiority. What lay round them, they felt, was still up to a point alien to them. Their own quarter was a sort of Little Germany. And when they sought to justify their existence, to measure themselves against the gigantic America in which these more timorous, less self-reliant immigrants had made new homes for themselves, it was only by looking back to Germany that they could find strength and confidence. "The German soldier is the best soldier in the world," they boasted to one another. "There is no music like German music; no science like German science; and there are no movies"—which was true in the 1920's—"like the German movies." Let anyone attack anything German and they sprang instantly to its defense.

To-day both categories of Germany-loving Americans are sad. And I am bound to say that there are many among them who are sympathetic with the cause represented by the Nazis. I, who am not a member of the German-American community, should like, with all deference, to venture a word in the defense of that community. But also I, who am as German as a man can be, coming of

a family of Prussian squires who have for centuries farmed their lands and been close to the people, should like if I can to disabuse the Nazi-sympathizing German-Americans of their deep emotional error.

A certain number of these people are sympathetic with the Nazi cause because they are simple-minded believers either in the myth of German racial superiority or in the myth of Nazi achievement, or both. If it is the first myth that they believe, then there is nothing to be said except that they share the fanaticism of men in all countries who fancy that one race is inherently superior to another. They are no worse than Kipling in this respect; and certainly not more beastly than certain proponents of Ku Kluxism in the 1920's. If it is the second myth that they believe, then I should like to assure them that the Nazi achievement is hollow: it amounts merely to taking from the German people the whole of the national income and using it to set up war industries and a war economy. Stalin had done this before Hitler. The art of government consists precisely in *not* doing this, in giving your people employment and well-being without the regimentation and abolition of freedom inherent in a total war economy.

Many thousands have been sympathetic because, being of German origin, it was unavoidable that they should feel in their hearts a warm generous impulse to side with Germans instead of with Englishmen or Russians so long as America herself was not at war. This is of itself entirely comprehensible; but it has been reënforced by a second and equally powerful influence. For these same people, never having lived in the inconceivable horror of Nazi corruption and Nazi grand and petty tyranny, really have believed that the Germany they knew and loved still existed. They have believed that everything said against the Nazis was merely the old calumny of Germany by her enemies, the same song that was sung twenty-five years ago.

To these people I say, you have been

wrong. If what you have believed were actually true I should be fighting with and not against the present government of the Germans. The Germany you knew and loved has ceased to exist. The spy sits in the porter's lodge of every house in the land. The petty tyrant stalks abroad in every street and village of the land you loved. The harsh but honorable civil servant by whom your fathers were arbitrarily but honestly governed has given place to a sneak, a bribe-taker, an informer, and a murderer. Look into your memory of the Germany you knew. Think of the basest, the most shiftless loafer and bully of your native village or quarter. That man is now the village boss, the neighborhood despot. And so it goes all the way to the top of the Party ranks—even to the top of the Army, now that the Army is staffed with nazified generals. This time, if never before, what the non-German says about the governors of the Germans is horribly true. There is no calumny, there is only truth. There is no exaggeration, for exaggeration of Nazi evil and enslavement is impossible. Hear me! It is a German who speaks; a German who knows the Third Reich intimately; a German who will go to an American detention camp rather than surrender that German nationality which he hopes one day to devote to the service of his fellow-Germans.

III

In the great majority of these Nazi-sympathizing German-Americans I see few whom I should consider dangerous to the American community. They are on the whole sad and not aggressive, stubborn in their German faith but not active in Nazi practice. I do perceive, however, a small sector where isolated elements of danger may lurk. I refer to those immigrant citizens who for one reason or another have had a hard time in this country, and for whom adherence to the Nazi idea is a cheap fashion of taking their "revenge" against the coun-

try in which they failed to make good. This is a pocket of pus for which the community as a whole, and not the German-American community alone, must take the responsibility—exactly as the whole community, and not merely the Italian and Jewish communities, takes the responsibility for the gunmen and murder gangs of the past twenty years. And these failures, these moral defectives and fanatics, let me say, are virtually the only Americans of German origin of whom the Nazi fifth column can make use.

By fifth columnism I understand not merely propaganda or sabotage or espionage, but *the art of national disintegration*. As such, Nazi fifth columnism in America seems to me as futile as sweeping the Atlantic from the American shores with a kitchen broom. For the first requirement of successful disintegration is that the people upon whom the fifth columnist works must have ceased to believe in their national ideals. They must have lost faith in the validity of their institutions and the workability of their system. And this, surely, is not the case with the American people. Men here may have asked one another if capitalism is really doomed. The bitter enemies of Mr. Roosevelt may have used the war in Europe as a stick with which to beat the President by opposing his foreign policy. None of this serves as an attack upon the American way of life—since Mr. Roosevelt is unquestionably the defender of its human and idealistic foundations, while his opponents have proclaimed that they were the defenders of its capitalistic superstructure, and thereby of its libertarian and individualistic foundations as well.

For this reason I do not hesitate to affirm that, while Nazi sabotage will undoubtedly continue, Nazi fifth columnism is already a failure in the United States. It is not sufficiently appreciated that the fine flower, the ultimate triumph, of fifth columnism is not the convert but the non-resister. Even the Nazis could not hope to convert the en-

tire world to their creed; but they could hope to instill in the democratic peoples such a distrust of their government (as in France), such a lack of faith in the ability of the employer class to provide employment (as in Holland), that, whereas only a hundred thousand converts might be made, yet millions would be induced to stand by in a defeatist attitude while the Nazis marched into their country. The Nazis may have made a handful of converts in America: they have certainly not created those millions of defeatists without whom there is no victory for Nazism.

There are Germans who know more about fifth columnism than I do; but I know it pretty well. I fought it in its beginnings when I was secretary of embassy under Ribbentrop in London; and subsequently, in the years 1938 and 1939, when I served as counselor of the German legation at The Hague, I saw it in full bloom in its first great laboratory—Holland. From the beginning I took note of this cardinal fact: that the flywheels of the Nazi fifth-column machine are almost never citizens of the country under attack, are practically always full-fledged nationals ("citizen" is too free a word for them) of Nazi Germany.

Of course there are non-nationals in the Nazi machine. As I saw them in Europe, and as they exist in the Western hemisphere, they are mainly of two kinds. First, a very small number of hyphenated bankers and business men who have a material stake in the Nazi success, either because they still own German properties or because they are being paid handsome fees and commissions to handle Nazi business. Second, individual fools and hotheads, or criminal types, happy to pick up a bit of Nazi easy money. These latter are obvious material for the purposes of Nazi sabotage in the Americas; but not collectively, merely individually; not as constant cogs in the machine but as occasional tools earning the small pay and great contempt of their Nazi employers. Could there have been a more complete fiasco

than Fritz Kuhn's Bund of German-Americans? Can it be imagined that a real fifth column would be led by men as boastful and hungry for publicity as the paltry and amateurish leaders of the Bund? The Nazis were far too shrewd to back the Bund to the limit; and the explanation was this: American citizens of German origin, considered collectively, are useless as Nazi instruments of immediate action for the reason that the Nazis have no unbreakable hold over them. As I write, no one has ever heard—except in the movies—of a single German-American murdered or shanghaied in this country by the Gestapo. The stake is simply not worth the risk. You may take it as incontrovertible fact that the Nazis never count upon those they cannot terrorize, upon men not totally in their power—and American citizens are not in their power.

Dependence upon German nationals was the rule in Holland and is generally speaking the rule in Latin America. What was the form taken by the Nazi fifth column in Holland? The "German Citizens' Association," a camouflage organization whose membership was made up exclusively of German Nazi Party members resident in The Netherlands. Who were the minor operatives directed by the officers of the Association? In the first instance, the lower ranking members of the Party; but ultimately all of the 100,000 Germans (non-Party people) resident there. What was the hold of the Association, *i.e.* of the Party members, on those 100,000 workers, clerks, domestic servants? All of them, as German nationals, were members of the Nazi Labor Front, the government department set up as successor to the old trades unions and social security boards. If any of those 100,000 men and women disobeyed Party orders (though not themselves members) they suffered all of these penalties: (1) deprivation of passport, which meant being shipped back to Germany; (2) concentration camp or labor camp, depending upon whether the offense was serious or mild; (3) dep-

rivation of Labor Front card and thus of social security and pension rights, including the forfeiture of sums already paid into the Fund by the cardholder; (4) trouble for the family in Germany if somehow the offender escaped deportation. What were the advantages for the German worker or domestic servant who proved himself a "good" German and carried out Party orders? (1) They were allowed to continue to live in Holland, which is to say, to earn good wages and to eat decent food; (2) they were allowed to come back to Holland after, say, a Christmas visit home to the family; (3) they enjoyed a special favorable exchange rate when they sent part of their savings to the family at home; (4) they were culled out of the list of Germans forcibly deported at times when there was a labor shortage in Germany; (5) they enjoyed beer evenings, sports, and recreation under the auspices of the German Citizens' Association. But suppose you voluntarily surrendered your German nationality? (1) You were deprived of your passport; (2) pressure was put upon your employer to discharge you (the chances were, in Holland, that you worked for a German firm; and this is the case in Latin America); (3) you were deported home by the Dutch Government, under its labor regulations, as an undesirable alien because out of a job.

These, obviously, are circumstances that do not govern the life of the German-American. When you can exercise this severe and inquisitorial discipline over your own nationals you can bend them to almost any dirty job; and one of the reasons why every self-respecting German must hate the Nazis to his very marrow is the degradation they are imposing upon the German people and the spirit of bootlicking and hypocrisy they are instilling in them. When you can do this to your own nationals, and your nationals are present in every country that you design to attack, you do not bother much with hyphenated Germans. It is the non-refugee German national in America, not the American citizen of

German origin or descent, who wants strict watching. It is the German nationals who are not refugees, those who retain connections with German business, German cultural institutions, German newspapers, and German officialdom, among whom the dangerous elements of Nazi fifth columnism are to be sought.

I have already agreed that individual German-Americans undoubtedly have been in the employ of the Nazis. So have been individual non-German Americans, if any analogy with Holland is valid. In Rotterdam, for example, there was a vigorous, self-made industrialist, Jongh by name, who financed Dutch youth camps on the Nazi model. Mynheer Jongh was a man who wished his workers well with all his heart. They were given their lunch and furnished recreation and sports without stint under his sternly charitable eye. They had good wages. Nothing was denied them except independence of spirit and the possession of their own souls. Mynheer Jongh revered the Nazis because, as he put it, "By the Lord, they know how to deal with labor! Fair treatment and no strikes! If a German goes into the red it's because he doesn't know how to run his business, and not, as in Holland, because labor is allowed to tell him how to run it!"

Then there was in Holland a Jew named Hirschfeld. He had the highest rank to which a civil servant can attain—permanent under secretary of a government department. Yet by reason of some quirk in his nature, this man toadied to the German colony, fished for and was awarded a Nazi decoration, and showed himself doubly a renegade—to his nation as a Hollander, to his people as a Jew. There was a Dutch national-socialist party in Holland run by a vague civil engineer called Mussert and the one-time League of Nations representative in Austria, Rost van Tonningen.

These Quisling-like men were of course out for themselves. They were going to be the rulers of the new nazified Holland. One has heard little of the

poor dupes since May, 1940, but they had a following. It was their following that appeared literally in thousands at the German legation in September, 1939, and offered their services to us (I was still at The Hague then) against the British and French. It was not with their country that they were disgusted, but with its governors and employers. They did not—as false German-Americans might—wish to be governed by Germans: they hoped misguidedly, with German aid, to be governed by fair-minded Dutchmen.

These vain, foolish, and deluded types are to be found in every country, and I have said enough to indicate that the quarters susceptible to Nazi fifth columnism are exceedingly varied. What needs to be stressed is the distinction between fifth-column workers and fifth-column sympathizers. By and large, the sympathizer, the victim, may be present in any walk of life and any social circle; but the guiding agent, the active worker, is almost without exception a subject of Hitler, the bearer of a Nazi passport. To overlook this fundamental fact, to assume that American citizens of German descent—or of Italian descent—are by reason of their origin enemies of the American Nation would be not merely unjust to those citizens; it would be deeply injurious to the social fabric of the nation.

There has been talk this past year of discrimination in employment, particularly on defense projects, against American citizens bearing Italian or German names. I have been told, as regards Italian-Americans discriminated against, that many of them knew not a word of Italian, that most were American-born and had not so much as seen Italy. A foreigner like myself, a guest of this country, cannot presume to judge delicate matters of American concern; yet he may permit himself to speculate, to indulge in an intellectual exercise. If this discrimination does actually take place, he says to himself, the result cannot but be calamitous. The result must be to force

many American citizens to say to themselves bitterly that they have been cheated. Their fathers had come—some of them had come—to a land that proclaimed itself free and without prejudice of race or creed. Many had worn the uniform of the United States in 1917 or 1918. In the torpedoed *Kearny* the other day the three injured seamen were called Frontakowski, Kurz, Salvatore. They and their kind form part of the army of workers and defenders of this country. They had received richly, but they had also given generously. And here would be evidence—if the discrimination existed—that these gifts were not meant for citizens whose names happened to be Waldmeister or Michellini. What would this be, the reflective observer asks himself, but to create needlessly and gratuitously deep pockets of disaffection in the body politic, to nourish the seed of anti-Americanism, to throw Americans into the arms of America's enemies?

As we differentiate between the Nazi sympathizer and the Nazi agent so, I suggest, there must be differentiation between the ways in which the two are handled. I do not doubt that a grimly determined United States intelligence service, keen and muscular in direct action, can take care of the Nazi agents. Is it too bold of me to point out that for the purpose of dealing with Nazi sympathizers something quite different is wanted—a propaganda service trained in psychology and in the analysis of fact, gifted for oral and written debate in matters of history, sociology, and economics? This, I dare say, is also being built up. And to handle the American of German descent who is *not* a Nazi sympathizer, but is the potential victim of neighborhood spite or ignorance, still another thing may be wanted one of these days—judges, United States attorneys, and newspaper editors forewarned in their minds.

Twenty-five years ago unfair discrimination could do no worse than create misery for its victims: in our day it would bring formidable aid to the enemy.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



YESTERDAY the biggest boy in town tried to enlist in the Navy, but the Navy wouldn't take him. They said he was too tall. He is six feet four-and-a-half inches, or about twice the height of a Japanese. Apparently the recruiting officer felt this would give America an unfair advantage.

* * *

As I write, this is the third day of the war. That is, for most of us it is. There's one lady I know who has it worked out that we have been at war for some years now. She is an inveterate radio listener, and whenever she hears static she thinks it's the Germans, communicating with their local spies. Life has been a vivid thing to her, and war a reality, for a long while. This latest attack on Pearl Harbor was just an incident. At that I suspect she is nearer right than most of us. It is better to hear messages in static than to hear no messages in anything: think of the people who have listened to the rumbling and crackling of National Socialism for the past six or eight years without detecting any ominous sound!

* * *

A light fall of snow in the night, and this morning the fields look like a man's face when he has used too much powder after a shave. A few little apples still cling to one of the old trees—they catch the light and perform a frosted miracle of ornamentation. The sheep move about, restlessly, finding little to satisfy them on a hard earth.

* * *

How quickly life's accents shifted on that sudden and unforgettable Sunday—the fateful seventh of December. My wife was getting a hot-water bag for somebody, and somehow she managed

to lose the stopper down the toilet, beyond recall. This grotesque little incident seemed to upset her to a disproportionate degree: it was because she felt that, now that the war had begun in earnest, there was no excuse for any clumsiness in home nursing. The loss of the stopper suddenly seemed as severe a blow as the loss of a battleship. Life, which for two years had had a rather dreamlike quality, came instantly into sharp focus. The time for losing hot-water bag stoppers was over and gone.

* * *

America has been at a great disadvantage in relation to the Axis. In this country we are used to the queer notion that any sort of sporting contest must be governed by a set of rules. We think that the football can't be kicked off until after the whistle is blown. We believe the prize fighter can't be socked until he has come out of his corner. We think the fox hunter must tip his hat to the M.F.H. before he can gallop off after a fox. In this crazy land of ours a tennis player doesn't serve until his opponent is ready. Ever since trouble began inside Germany, years ago, we have hung tight to our sportsmanship, our code of honor, our book of rules, quite incapable of comprehending any other sort of approach to life. Not all the loud denial by Herr Hitler, not the plain statement in his book that the way to get an advantage was to seize it, not the deeds themselves as the little countries were struck down one by one, made much of a dent in our characters. So it was quite to be expected that America grew purple and pink with rage and fury when the Japanese struck us without warning. There are still, on this third day, people who seem to feel

that a universal referee will step in and call a penalty.

* * *

The passionate love of Americans for their America will have a lot to do with winning the war. It is an odd thing though: the very patriotism on which we now rely is the thing that must eventually be in part relinquished if the world is ever to find a lasting peace and an end to these butcheries.

To hold America in one's thoughts is like holding a love letter in one's hand—it has so special a meaning. Since I started writing this column snow has begun falling again; I sit in my room watching the re-enactment of this stagy old phenomenon outside the window. For this picture, for this privilege, this cameo of New England with snow falling, I would give everything. Yet all the time I know that this very loyalty, this feeling of being part of a special place, this respect for one's native scene—I know that such emotions have had a big part in the world's wars. Who is there big enough to love the whole planet? We must find such people for the next society.

* * *

Although internationalism often seems hopelessly distant or impractical, there is one rather encouraging sign in the sky. We have, lately, at least one large new group of people to whom the planet *does* come first. I mean scientists. Science, however indiscriminating it has seemed in the bestowal of its gifts, has no disturbing club affiliations. It eschews nationality. It is preoccupied with an atom, not an atoll.

* * *

There will be a showdown on internationalism after this war. The bitter debate between isolation and intervention (a debate ended abruptly last Sunday morning on an island in the Pacific) was really an extension of the fundamental conflict between the national spirit (which is in practically everyone) and the international spirit (which is in some but not in all). Nationalism has two fatal

charms for its devotees: it presupposes local self-sufficiency, which is a pleasant and desirable condition, and it suggests, very subtly, a certain personal superiority by reason of one's belonging to a place which is definable and familiar, as against a place which is strange, remote.

* * *

Before you can be an internationalist you have first to be a naturalist and feel the ground under you making a whole circle. It is easier for a man to be loyal to his club than to his planet; the by-laws are shorter, and he is personally acquainted with the other members. A club, moreover, or a nation, has a most attractive offer to make: it offers the right to be exclusive. There are not many of us who are physically constituted to resist this strange delight, this nourishing privilege. It is at the bottom of all fraternities, societies, orders. It is at the bottom of most trouble. The planet holds out no such inducement. The planet is everybody's. All it offers is the grass, the sky, the water, and the ineluctable dream of peace and fruition.

* * *

Clubs, fraternities, nations—these are the beloved barriers in the way of a workable world, these will have to surrender some of their rights and some of their ribs. A "fraternity" is the antithesis of *fraternity*. The first (that is, the order or organization) is predicated on the idea of exclusion; the second (that is, the abstract thing) is based on a feeling of total equality. Anyone who remembers back to his fraternity days at college recalls the enthusiasts in his group, the rabid members, both old and young, who were obsessed with the mystical charm of membership in their particular order. They were usually men who were incapable of genuine brotherhood, or at least unaware of its implications. Fraternity begins when the exclusion formula is found to be distasteful. The effect of any organization of a social and brotherly nature is to strengthen rather than to diminish the lines which divide people into classes; the effect of states

and nations is the same, and eventually these lines will have to be softened, these powers will have to be generalized. It is written on the wall that this is so. I'm not inventing it, I'm just copying it off the wall.

* * *

I find, on rigid introspection, that my feeling for internationalism, and my trust in it, are intuitive rather than reasonable. It is not so much that I have faith in the ability of nations to organize themselves as that I mistrust what will happen if again they fail to do so.

* * *

A book which has given me great pleasure during the past year is, in its delicate way, a shining advertisement of the international spirit and a testimonial to its soundness. It is a book of folk songs called *Lullabies of Many Lands*, collected and arranged by Dorothy Berliner Commins. It contains sixteen songs which belong to sixteen peoples. These are beautiful songs and excellent arrangements, and they suggest a very strong and striking kinship among people everywhere. One of the loveliest is the German "*Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf. Der Vater hut't die Schaf. Die Mutter schüttelt's Bäumelein, Da fällt herab ein Träumelein. Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.*" I don't know what particular revision the minister of propaganda has given this lovely song, but I doubt if he can permanently alter or destroy the emotions which make it live. The more brutal and desperate the time, the steadier burns the belief in universal peace. The Chinese song tells the promise: "From the flute new music comes."

* * *

I think a good many people, here and everywhere, have a feeling in their bones that some sort of large-scale reawakening is in the cards for humanity. Intimations of this feeling are in the air—in the talk of the philosophers, in the speeches of the politicians, in the songs of the poets, in the wall charts of the economists. There is the vague feeling that after great evil comes great good; after trouble

comes absence of trouble; after war, peace. It is a mystical, rather than a logical, presentiment. History does not offer any very impressive corroboration; flip over its pages and you are apt to find the disagreeable reminder that after trouble comes more trouble. Yet it is a feeling everyone must hold to.

Along with this presentiment, this hunch, goes the feeling that it is nip and tuck now with mankind on earth. Science, the dispassionate, has enabled the Japanese to deliver a terrible blow to the English and American fleets. Science, astride the fence, may enable our side to hit back. It all seems so delicately balanced. Nip we win, tuck we lose. The canny and careful reconstruction of barbarism, against the defense of old liberties and ideas. Life more and more seems to present itself in antithetical poses. Even radio news programs suggest the battle of the extremes: the world's largest-selling beauty soap paving the way for five minutes of the world's widest-spread predicament, the soft hands of Walter Winchell's lotion clasped against the tough heart of his defense of American freedom, fifteen minutes of a pleasure gasoline sponsorship in a war in which gasoline is almost the same as blood.

The mechanics and spirit of a capitalistic press and radio are both comical and beautiful to-day. The first words I heard after the news came of Japan's attack in Hawaii were: "Give Mother foot comfort for Christmas." It was in the voice we all know so well—as though the speaker had marshmallows in place of tonsils—but it had that thoroughly cock-eyed quality for which in the long run we are fighting. It makes a man suddenly realize his strange and wonderful indebtedness to the cosmetic industry and the tobacco trade and all the rest which are supplying us with capsules of news every few moments.

I was in Washington a while ago, sniffing around and annoying people by looking into their wastebaskets; and while I was there I went over one morning to a Senate committee hearing where

Mr. LaGuardia was testifying. The committee was investigating the problem of small business men who were being squeezed out of business by defense rulings. It wasn't big news by a long shot, but a couple of cameramen showed up and maneuvered into position quietly, crouching, one on either side of the Little Flower. They were well behaved, for photographers, but now and again one of them would explode a flash. Finally one of the committeemen spoke rather sharply, asked them to quit and let the hearing proceed in peace. They seemed not to hear this request. They just crouched, motionless. Then the Mayor asked them to go away and wait for him outside. The boys crouched and smiled. A newspaper correspondent sitting next to me said, proudly: "They won't pay any attention to those guys." Nothing was done. The hearing proceeded. It was a familiar pantomime—the free press, deplored yet admired. Under their vests the senators were secretly glad that they were unable to dislodge a couple of American photographers. It was what the hearing was about really—the photographers, squatting imperturbably in front of the men who were plotting to win a war which would preserve for photographers the right to squat imperturbably.

* * *

It is hard to believe now that Washington was ever the way I saw it a week or so before the outbreak of war. I had been told that I should find Washington a madhouse, but I remember it as a quiet place that managed somehow to give the impression of stability and peace, no matter how rapidly the bureaus were proliferating. Nobody seemed worried.

The taxi driver who took me from the station to the hotel said he was on his way the next morning to apply for a time-keeping job on a defense project, which would pay fifty dollars a week; and he reported with considerable enthusiasm that some of the laborers on the job had made as high as one hundred and six dollars in one week. Not even a collapsing world looks dark to a man who is about to make his fortune. The President, when he received the press in his Oval Study, gave little sign of tension and went out of his way to capture a joke or a pleasantry in midair. The weather was soft and agreeable; in the parks the oaks still held their leaves, releasing one now and then, indolently. Young girls on their hard high heels tapped home from the offices through the warm benign parks, and the squirrels and the pigeons deployed in the sunlight. In the Maryland countryside, where I visited for a week-end, there was the same hazy beauty, somnolence, and security—the little firm hills and the valleys between, friendly and warm as a mother's lap, the cornstalks in the still green pastures, the big barns, the winter wheat, and the honeysuckle and the cedars and the holly. In the morning the birds struck up almost as cheerfully as in the deep South, and on the air was the skunky smell of box. Here and there the physical signs of war, nowhere the conviction of reality.

The whole history of the war so far has been the inability of people in the democracies to believe their eyes and ears. They didn't believe the Rhineland or the persecution of the Jews or Poland or France or any of the rest of it. That phase of the war is over. Now, at least, we can see and hear.



The Easy Chair



LECTURE TO A WOMEN'S CLUB

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

I NEED only mention the name, Winship Country Day School. At once you know all about it. Your own children go to it and you visualize everything: dietitian, sixth-grade project in public marketing, term meeting of parents, apprentice writing a report on the relative frequency of misspellings by age groups, and the rest of it. At about twenty minutes past eight in the morning automobiles begin to converge on it from all over a ten-mile circle. This week Anne is driving the neighborhood contingent to school and Margie is calling for them at four-thirty; next week Kate will have the morning trick and Libby will take care of the afternoons. The kids hurry out of the cars, scrubbed, neatly dressed, unmistakably from comfortable homes, intelligent families, watchful parents, mothers who read *Child Study* and have mastered the Newer Knowledge of Nutrition. Since this is New England and many of the children come from the best stock, a rather high percentage of skinniness, myopia, and homely features suggests that the vitamins are, after all, losing their battle with the chromosomes. But these are the best kids there are and they break your heart. They always break your heart, but it's worse in wartime.

Probably you get a qualm driving home when you pass Public School No. 16. An eleven-year-old with a pigeon chest throws away a cigarette as he goes through the gate. A rather stunted kid with a football gets tackled ten feet from your front wheels. His head bangs

against a fence post, and you see one of the tacklers kick him in the stomach, getting off the pile; but the boy gets up all right and goes on swearing and running with the ball. His mother has never consulted the Newer Knowledge of Nutrition and couldn't afford to apply it if she had; but he'll do. A primitive thought strikes you: My kid will never be able to hold his own with toughs like these. An even more primitive thought follows: Well, he's brighter than they are, he'll be able to out-think them. That is not altogether reassuring, however, and your thoughts turn back to Winship Country Day.

Those children still break your heart and, knowing their fathers' incomes, you realize that by two years from now only about half of them will be able to afford the school. Five years from now it will be even worse; you are fairly sure that there won't be a Winship Country Day in five years. How many schools like it will be left in all the United States ten years from now? Not very many, and what will the kids of the once comfortably placed middle class do then, poor things? They will go to P. S. 16. Its floors and toilets will have rotted ten years farther toward dissolution, its corridors will have ten years more of accumulated stench, it will still be staffed by undereducated and underpaid teachers—who will still be in deadly fear of the politicians who boss them and will still have to teach far larger classes than anyone can teach successfully. It will turn out that the kids

can, after all, hold their own with kids who kick the runner in the stomach when he's down—they will merely have to readjust some of the ethics they have learned at Winship Country Day—but they won't get the kind of schooling you want them to have. They won't get what we have come to think of as an education and they—or at least those who go to big-city schools—will be acquiring what we like to call behavior-patterns of a kind that are an urgent danger to democracy. Ten years from now they will be breaking our hearts even more than they do now.

I say all this to the good ladies of the Winship Women's Club, who 'phoned to a defense organization for someone to address them on "Civilian Problems in Wartime" and drew me. (I was a combatant in the last war; now I'm the equivalent of a Four Minute Speaker, which horribly turns out to be a Sixty Minute Speaker.) The ladies think that I am both frivolous and irrelevant. What connection has Winship Country Day with wartime problems? They want to know how many bombers we are producing and, I suspect, they want me to predict that there won't have to be any AEF this time. Or they would swap for something about labor or morale—they think that morale is exceedingly important and they feel that their own morale is splendid. All right, I say, let's assume that two years from now your household expenses have increased only fifty per cent and your taxes have only quadrupled. But they can't possibly send their children to public school, not in Winship! Why not? For a hundred reasons, all of which say that the public schools are intolerably bad. They don't teach well enough to give our children a fair chance in college, the staffs are too small and too ineffective, the level of achievement is low. The best you can say is they do some good social work: they partially feed a lot of underfed children, they raise the general level of enlightenment a little, they somewhat improve the social discipline of a miscellaneous stock; but they are really

terribly bad schools, oh, altogether impossible for my children. Whose fault is that? Well, the Tenure Act protects incompetent teachers, the Parent-Teachers Association is only a front for the superintendent, the school board is composed exclusively of politicians, the whole system is a political football and even a political machine—you know that! Why haven't you done something about it, why haven't you kicked the grafters out? But we do do something!—this very club has a school committee that works hard—we electioneer and vote for the right candidates. Sure, letting George do it, you have given George the official encouragement of the Winship Women's Club and have sent your children to Country Day.

"Above all others," a long-dead educator said, "must the children of a republic be fitted for society as well as for themselves." Probably that sentence of Horace Mann's hangs somewhere in Country Day. Meanwhile at P. S. 16 the gangs form and learn the loyalties and constraints of gangs, which are ever so different from the loyalties and constraints of republican citizenship. The professional politicians promptly filled the vacuum you left when you withdrew in the happy delusion that America has the best educational system in the world. The vested interest of the Teachers College mind which you have allowed to develop is bad enough, but we can charge that off to your innocence and credulity. But innocence is not responsible for the cynicism and impregnability of the far worse interest you have permitted the politicians to develop—professional cash-on-the-barrel-head, quid pro quo, money-making politicians, who buy and sell the schools just as they buy and sell the usufructs of human suffering in public relief. You were neither innocent nor credulous when you let that happen; but you let it happen and now you are going to pay for it. It would take a minor social revolution to get the schools out of politics. Such a revolution ought to take place, but one doubts if it will.

The Winship Women's Club doesn't make revolutions.

But, the ladies say belligerently, it's just the same everywhere. But it isn't. In every large metropolitan area there is at least one suburb where a purposeful citizenry (with possibly no greater stimulus than the protection of real estate values) has wrested the schools from the politicians and made them good schools—good for the children of the rich and the poor alike. In general, the public schools of cities of a hundred thousand population are incomparably better than those of the metropolises. In general, the public schools of the Middle West are incomparably better than those of the East or of any other section I get to in my travels. In general, the public schools are best in places where Winship Country Day does not exist, which might suggest to the irreverent that bad toilets and underpaid teachers are an effect and not a cause of Country Day. Probably no schools are as good as they might be, as good as we loudly tell the world they are; but there are plenty of places where they justify a lot of pride. As I get about the country I see a good many public schools that are quite as good as Winship Country Day. I take it, we would like to see all public schools as good as that. We want to level up to Country Day.

I take it also that the principal reason why schools are better in cities of a hundred thousand and in the Middle West is that people like me and like the members of the Winship Women's Club accept some responsibility for them. We send our kids to Country Day and we don't concern ourselves with the schools that teach other kids. We feel the expense of paying taxes for one school and tuition to another, but we aren't aware that, in Horace Mann's words, "it is a momentous question whether the children in our schools are educated in reference to themselves and their private interests only." If we are, we utter a brief oath about the hopelessness of the system and then pass by on the other side, reducing democratic education to a phrase that

can be agreeably discussed at club meetings on Wednesday afternoon. Ten days before election a committee woman solicits our vote for Bill Payson, who is running for the school board and is warranted to be a liberal, well-educated, purposeful chap who would work hard for us. So we say, sure, and maybe, in a burst of public spirit, we send Bill's headquarters five dollars toward campaign expenses. When the professionals, the people who make power and money from the schools, snow Bill under on election day, we buy him a drink and tell one another that you can't beat the machine. Anyway, not in Winship. It isn't worth remembering that that machine was once a mechanism of democracy, which some alert people have repossessed by foreclosure.

Out in Centerville things are different. Out there a 'phone call will bring Doc James or Frank Snell the lawyer, galloping to the scene of action. Possibly it's just a hangover from a simpler age, when the community judgment was that a child who was sent to a private school must be, *ipso facto*, feeble-minded. At any rate they have a habit and tradition of running the schools as a community enterprise, as an enterprise not of part of the community but of all of it. Doc James has a son in the high school and both of Frank Snell's daughters are in Longfellow School, which is the equivalent of P. S. 16. They keep in touch with what is happening, and the superintendent, or the principal, or the League of Women Voters, or the school committee of the Centerville Women's Club can get effective action from them whenever action is called for. In fact, Doc is on the board of education, which is why the Douglas County Medical Association can't meet on Monday nights. Snell is the man who hustles round seeing to it that petitions are followed up, that the contractor doesn't slip anything over when the new playground at Longfellow is being graded, that the town's grocers, bankers, and milkmen chip in when we have to raise an emergency fund for something

not covered by the appropriation—and Frank is going on the board when Doc steps out. As a sophisticate you may laugh at his antics when the high school football team wins its climax game, or at the women who get mad and make fiery speeches at parents' meeting. But Snell and the angry women look better than you do and their heat is generated by the functioning of democracy. Incidentally, that's why they have better schools in Iowa than we have in Winship.

As part of the obligation of this column I regularly read the professional journals of educators. Currently, they are full of breast-beating and an assertion that democratic education has reached a crisis. There can be no question about the crisis, but I doubt if the educators are going to do much about it. Their solution is going to be one more brand new set of shiny phrases. It isn't up to the educators; it's up to the people, and primarily to the Winship Women's Clubs. Those ladies also have got some glittering phrases about democracy, and about the citizen's duties in wartime. They are furiously busy on various committees, studying first aid, training to be fire wardens, spotting air attacks, doing motor transport, that sort of thing.

That's just fine, girls, but don't get the idea that it's enough. It's spectacular and gives you a comfortable sense of immediate action. But meanwhile the erosion of the public schools, which you blithely ignored while you helped build up Country Day, is still going on. Don't ignore it in the excitement of being air-raid wardens. You won't often have to defend the reservoir against parachute troops, and maybe you'll never see the First Church bombed from the air. But the schools are being bombed before your eyes, right now. Better answer the alarm.

You made Winship Country Day a good school. God entered into no covenant to preserve the system that sanctioned it, however, just as there is no

divine guarantee to preserve any other part of what you glibly call the American way of life. But maybe the disappearance of Country Day is going to have a wholesome effect. When your kids start going to P. S. 16 you will be forced to realize just what your neglect of public responsibility adds up to—and call that the economic determination of a social conscience if you like. It may rub your noses in, for instance, that other platitudeous but rock-bottom, casehardened truth voiced by Horace Mann, "In a government like ours, each individual must think of the welfare of the state as well as of the welfare of his own family, and therefore of the children of others as well as his own." The trouble with the Winship public schools is that while you have been doing your utmost to develop the best possible school for your own children, you have let George take care of the children of others. So George has.

In wartime it is a good thing to live in the memory of the great symbols and the great men of America. Town meeting, the cabin in the clearing, the covered wagon, the pulpit and the press and the dream—the steadfast and the adventurous and the brave who worked to bring America to be. Maybe it is also a good thing, as we stand shivering in the great shadow, to remember the hornbook and the dame school and the little red schoolhouse and the seminary sprouting from prairie soil, to remember the dream of an enlightened people made secure by the best public education, to remember Horace Mann and thousands like him who believed, as we do, that the preservation of democracy has something to do with the education of children, but who worked for it, as we have failed to. The forefathers did not create the American way of life you make phrases about by letting George take care of the schools, and you won't save it by wrapping bandages round theoretically broken femurs while George signs contracts for the board of education.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages



Harpers *Magazine*

AMERICA IN WORLD WAR, 1917-1942

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

BY A dramatic coincidence an even quarter of a century has elapsed between America's two rendezvous with its destiny as a world power. Nineteen hundred and seventeen was certainly our most fateful year of decision after 1861. And there is every indication that 1942 will be even more important. For war now moves at the speed of the airplane, not of the proverbial army mule. And the events of this year will certainly go far to determine the success of the second American intervention in world war, an intervention that was dramatically and tragically forced upon us on December 7, 1941.

The volume of news and opinion that continually beats in on the American public consciousness is so huge and varied as to create a feeling of stunned bewilderment. One often has the sense of trying to watch simultaneously half a dozen intricate games of chess between our side and our opponents. Perhaps the best way to take soundings as to where we stand in the present crisis is to draw a few salient comparisons between 1917

and 1942. There are several subjects that fairly challenge analytical comparison: the status of the war at the present time, the nature of the American reaction before and after Pearl Harbor, the prospects of the future at home and abroad.

The center of the world's seismic disturbance is again located in Berlin. There has been a second German attempt, more carefully planned, more ruthless, thoroughgoing, and successful than the previous one, to subjugate the continent of Europe. By attacking the Soviet Union and by declaring war on the United States, Hitler has underwritten as his fantastic goal nothing short of world domination.

Just as in 1917, German land power is arrayed against British sea power. The British mastery of the seas is again challenged by the submarine, now reinforced by the airplane. But the area of conflict and of American involvement is wider now than it was in 1917. The problems which American strategy must solve are infinitely more complex.

The term World War as applied to the struggle of 1914-1918 is accurate inasmuch as all the great powers and most of the smaller ones had been at least technically engaged before the last shot was fired. But actual combat was mostly restricted to Europe. The operations in Asia and Africa were of minor scope and consequence. America did not have to consider the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, to worry about the defense of Singapore and the Burma Road, to concern itself with the supply of fronts in Africa and Russia and the Near East.

Japan, an associate in 1917, is a very active enemy now and this is one of two important points in which the comparison with 1917 is definitely unfavorable. There is a double demand on American naval strength and on the utilization of shipping. The outlook in 1917 and the early part of 1918 was by no means rosy for the Allied cause. Russia had dropped out of the war and Italy had sustained the staggering defeat of Caporetto. But British and American sea power could be mobilized for the maintenance of the life-line in the Atlantic and Japan assured safety of the lines of communication in the Orient. There was an overwhelming predominance of sea power, with all that this implied in speed and security of transportation of men and supplies.

II

The way in which America came into the present war was something of a grim joke on interventionists and isolationists alike. Our passionate national controversy on foreign policy which went on from the fall of France until the eve of Pearl Harbor centered almost entirely in the question of whether and how far we should take the initiative against Germany in the Atlantic and in Europe and Africa. There was a little subsidiary skirmishing about Far Eastern policy; but the typical interventionist was so intent on the menace of Hitler that he scarcely gave a contemptuous second thought to Japan. And the typical

isolationist was even more confident perhaps about the Pacific than about the Atlantic frontier of the United States.

For some inexplicable reason the conviction had gained ground throughout the United States during the last year that Japan would be a pushover, that its military and naval strength was little, if any, more formidable than that of Costa Rica. Here was another sad and conspicuous example of our national weakness for wishful thinking. Delighted applause was the reward of the speaker who represented the Japanese as a people of futile cretins, who called loudly for talking tough and slapping them down hard and asserted that the Island Empire could be blotted off the map within two weeks or, at the most moderate estimate, within two months. Stony silence, accompanied by covert suspicion that here was perhaps an agent of the Mikado, or at best, an "appeaser," was the meed of the observer with Far Eastern experience who ventured to suggest that Japan occupied a strong strategic position, that it was a first-rate naval power, that nothing in Japanese history or character would suggest that Japan would be likely to surrender to economic sanctions or to crumple and fold up if a few bombs should fall on Japanese cities.

A few bits of documentation on this curious cult of Japan as a pushover are perhaps not out of order as a means of warning credulous public opinion against complacency during the vicissitudes of the arduous struggle that lies ahead. Major George Fielding Eliot was only expressing an opinion widespread in many military, naval, and civilian circles when he said in a speech at the New York Town Meeting of the Air on November 10, 1941:

Japan is in no case to fight a war with a group of major opponents. Her army is sadly out of date, having not even one fully armored division, and being short of tanks, armored cars, anti-tank and anti-aircraft artillery, modern engineering equipment and modern communication devices. . . . As for Japanese air power, it is almost non-existent. . . . The Japanese Navy is good, but inferior in strength to that of

the United States, and hopelessly handicapped by lack of air support. . . . At Vladivostok Russian long-range bombers hold in chancery the inflammable cities of Japan. . . . Likewise at Vladivostok and other Russian ports on the Sea of Japan Russian submarines and torpedo craft lie ready to strike at Japan's food ships bringing rice and millet from Korean ports, and at the Japanese fisheries to the northward. The American, British, and Dutch naval and air forces are fully capable of isolating Japan from the world and bringing to bear the pressure of full blockade—a pressure which Japan could not long endure, but which she lacks the strength to break by force.

This is not, one may suggest without exaggeration, a very accurate forecast of what occurred during the first few weeks of Far Eastern war. Mr. James R. Young, a journalist of long residence in Tokyo, had little more luck in an article which he published in the November issue of the *American Mercury*. Here one can find the following bits of stargazing:

Japan's large cities are the most vulnerable in the world to aerial bombardment. . . . It would be equally simple to bomb Japan's industrial centers out of production. . . . Competent military men estimate that the planes from two American aircraft carriers could cripple Japan's rail transportation system for months. . . . Most of Japan's five thousand planes are obsolete or obsolescent. Her fliers are poor. . . . Competent military authorities are convinced that an air offensive operating from Siberian, British, Dutch and Philippine bases would annihilate or ground the Japanese forces within a few weeks. . . . Every Japanese port is within easy range of Russia and the exits from the China Sea would be under the bombs of American, Dutch and British air patrols.

These are only two of many striking examples of the gross underestimates of Japan's striking power that passed current until the attack of December 7 and its disconcerting aftermath in the Philippines and in Hong Kong and Malaya.

One should not of course go to the other extreme and credit Japan with more strength than it possesses. The Island Empire is poor in raw materials. It has not developed industrial military capacity comparable with that of the United States or Germany or the Soviet Union. But it is far and away the strongest industrial power in its own part of the world. It enjoys the strategic ad-

vantage of being extremely difficult to get at—an advantage which sober and well-balanced American military and naval observers have always recognized. Even if the difficult problem of air bases should be solved or if aircraft carriers could penetrate the extensive fringe of islands—natural aircraft carriers and submarine bases—which covers the sea approaches to Japan, it is very unlikely that the Japanese could be immediately knocked out and reduced to submission by air bombing. Nothing in Japan's past would suggest that the Japanese are any less stoically courageous, any less able to "take it" than the Spaniards, the Chinese, the British, or any other people who have been subjected to the ordeal of air attack. Indeed, the Japanese exceed most peoples in their inward discipline, in their ability to bear pain without visible show of emotion. The Japanese were surprised when Russian wounded prisoners groaned in the war of 1904-05. Japan's women bear children without using anesthetics. And a land inured, as is Japan, to fires, floods, and earthquakes would not necessarily succumb before the destructive force of air bombing.

Japan is certainly not invincible. It can be cracked if and when America and Great Britain are able to divert sufficient forces to this part of the world, if Russia takes a hand, if the Chinese can be given the artillery and airplanes and trained military leadership which they must have if their stubborn, but somewhat passive defense is to be transformed into an offensive. But no one can safely predict at this time when all these conditions will be realized. Meanwhile Hitler derives indirect benefit from all the deployment of man power, shipping, and other resources against Japan.

III

Leaving aside the circumstance of a two-ocean war, which did not exist in 1917, the military problem of beating Germany is more complicated in 1942

than it was in 1917. For Germany was then contained within narrower limits and there was a stable front in France and Italy, barring access to the Atlantic and to the Mediterranean. This front bent under the heavy blows of Ludendorff's last despairing offensives; but it never broke. The combined power of the British and American navies, freed from any concern about the Pacific, made the Atlantic a safe highway for the transportation of the fresh American man power and the unlimited American resources which decisively tipped the scales against Germany.

Now there is no such front. The discrepancy in land power between Germany and Great Britain has been so substantial that Hitler's absorption in the Russian campaign was not considered an adequate occasion for attempting to open up a new Western front. An offensive was considered feasible only in Libya, where the element of sea power operated strongly to the disadvantage of the Axis. And the initial successes of this offensive, as Mr. Churchill frankly told the American Congress, were purchased at the heavy price of failing to send to the Orient the reinforcements which could have checked the first rush of the Japanese attack.

On the Russian front—in striking contrast to western Europe, where Italy is harnessed to the German war chariot and France is prostrate—the situation is more favorable to the anti-German cause than it was in 1917. For in that year the Russian armies, with the flower of their officers and men decimated by three years of merciless battering, went completely to pieces under the impact of the Revolution. In January, 1942, Stalin's forces had at least temporarily wrested the initiative from the Germans and were nibbling off pieces of lost territory from the neighborhood of Leningrad to the Crimean peninsula.

But the Soviet Union during seven months of continuous large-scale fighting sustained terrific losses in trained men, in territory, in war matériel and in eco-

nomic resources. It would seem that almost half the output of Soviet industry has been captured, wrecked, or at best seriously dislocated. The loss in domestic output certainly exceeds the value of any help which has reached Russia from the outside or which can arrive through narrow bottlenecks of transportation in any near future. How far the German retreat will proceed during the bitter Russian winter, whether Hitler has deliberately withdrawn considerable forces from Russia in order to strike at some other objective, are questions for the daily news bulletins to answer. It would be rash to count on Stalin's ability to smash the German war machine. Russia's unwillingness to strike at its natural enemy, Japan, is certainly not to be attributed to any undue respect by Stalin for his pledged word, as represented by the Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact of last April. Paper pledges did not restrain the Soviets from invading Poland and attacking Finland. Stalin knows very well that no non-aggression pact will prevent Japan from striking at Vladivostok at the first opportunity. Soviet abstention from the Far Eastern conflict must be attributed to the need for concentrating all resources on the more important European front.

There has been much speculation about the morale of Nazi Germany, especially since the retreat in Russia began. But the subject really defies scientific analysis. In Germany, as in Russia, Italy, and Japan, there is not one of the numerous straws by which swings and shades and nuances of public opinion can be gauged or at least guessed at in democratic countries. There are neither free elections, nor opposition public meetings, nor Gallup Polls, nor independent editors, nor cantankerous Senators, nor critical radio broadcasters.

That there are severe strains and stresses within the Nazi system can scarcely be doubted. Apart from a certain amount of civilian dissatisfaction and subterranean grumbling that cannot affect the course of events, there is a smol-

dering feud between the Army leadership and the Gestapo in the occupied countries. There are individual vendettas between some of the Nazi chieftains.

But Germans, like everyone else, prefer victory to defeat. The very ruthlessness of the Nazis in the occupied countries has been a cementing factor for national unity. Germans have a strong and probably justified premonition that, if they do not hang together, they will hang separately, in the most literal and unpleasant sense of the phrase.

There would seem to be little early prospect of physical exhaustion through malnutrition in Germany. The Nazis studied carefully the lessons of the other war, when Germans ate much as usual during the first years and then experienced a catastrophic decline to semi-starvation conditions among the poorer classes in the large towns as food supplies ran low and could not be replenished. This time rationing was enforced from the day when war broke out. The most reliable recent reports indicate the maintenance for Germans of a diet that is uninteresting and monotonous, but not so lacking in food values as to lead to physical exhaustion. Germany has a greater expanse of conquered and dependent territory to exploit than was the case in 1917. Given the present distribution of power, it is safe to say that everyone in Europe will starve ahead of the Germans.

So in all probability the United States faces a longer, harder, and more complicated task than was the case in 1917-18 in achieving its objective of total victory over the Axis powers. There are possible "lucky breaks" that might confound this prediction: unforeseen sustained strength in Russia, unpredictable internal weaknesses in Germany and Italy. But it would be unwise to count heavily on such uncertain possibilities.

IV

What of the mood in which America approached and entered its second great

international conflict of modern times? What of American morale? The war could not have begun under circumstances more favorable to national unity. Japan's sudden and treacherous onslaught on Pearl Harbor was without a semblance of military or naval provocation, without any dubious "incident" character, such as might have kept alive the spirit of doubt and criticism in isolationist quarters. And Hitler and Mussolini realized the goal of some of the more advanced groups of American interventionists by hurling declarations of war at this country. Formal hostilities thus began under such circumstances that only absolute pacifists (a negligible minority in any country) could have denied the obligation to take up arms.

So what would have seemed incredible on the eve of Pearl Harbor, a virtually unanimous declaration of war, became a reality. Absolute pacifists, more numerous in the Protestant Churches than in 1917, remained faithful to their convictions. But even the editor of the *Christian Century*, ablest among the few periodical champions of the non-interventionist point of view, replied to a questioner that, had he been a member of Congress, he would have voted for the recognition of a state of war, though "with inexpressible heaviness of heart."

Discussion as to whether other foreign policies could have averted America's entrance into the war or brought it about under more favorable circumstances have become academic, in the light of the fact that our enemies took the initiative in formally announcing hostilities. Some of the background of the war and some of the cleavages in public opinion which existed on the question of intervention are worth noting, however. For, while the issue of fighting the war through is no longer controversial, some of the differences of opinion about American foreign policy may well reappear on such new issues as the most efficient means of conducting the war, or the proper use of American man power and resources, or the kind of peace settlement

that America should underwrite, or the means by which the war should be financed.

An impartial historian, writing twenty or thirty years hence, would probably come to the conclusion that the Administration was ahead of public opinion, in the main, in its measures designed to checkmate Hitler in the Atlantic. A good indication was the conspicuous failure of public opinion to react strongly to the naval clashes, involving the loss of American lives and ships, in the Atlantic. A shift of ten votes in the House of Representatives would have defeated the bill repealing the vital clauses of the Neutrality Act; and this vote was taken in mid-November, after the sinking of the *Reuben James* and the loss of lives on the *Kearny*.

Public opinion up to December 7th was in favor of all possible economic aid to Great Britain and the other powers which were fighting Hitler, was probably resigned to an undeclared naval war, but was still opposed to the idea of an expeditionary force. It was the Administration that was forcing the pace, not responding to the pressure of popular will. Had we drifted into war through a series of naval clashes we should have faced the serious danger of being a house divided against itself.

In relation to Japan, on the other hand, the Administration was more often criticized for doing too little than for doing too much. The imposition of a virtual boycott and embargo on trade with Japan in July, 1941, created in our relations with Japan much the same kind of irreconcilable tension that the passing of the Lease-Lend Act implied in our relations with the European branch of the Axis. Japan was confronted with the choice, made specifically clear in Mr. Hull's memorandum of November 26th, of withdrawing from China, of becoming progressively relatively weaker as the economic sanctions took effect, or of fighting. It is hard to see how anyone familiar with the character of the Japanese people and with

the mentality of the military and naval groups that dominated Japanese policy could have escaped the conclusion that the third choice was the most probable.

Yet even the most diehard isolationists had little, if anything, to say in criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's action in freezing Japanese assets and practically breaking off trade relations. Had this measure been put to a popular or Congressional vote it would almost certainly have been ratified by a large majority. This marked difference in attitude between war with Germany and war with Japan may well be explained largely by the general belief that war with Japan would be a swift and easy process, involving only the Navy and Air Force, while war with Germany seemed to portend mass overseas armies and heavy casualty lists.

Anne Morrow Lindbergh once wrote that, while her heart counseled aid to England, her head was for non-intervention. Many Americans, I think, would explain the divided feeling about the war which was characteristic not only of the nation, but of many individuals, in precisely opposite fashion. Up to December 7th it was their heads that had been converted to the necessity of using all means, not excluding war, to compass the defeat of Hitler. It was their hearts that had not been won for the idea of an overseas war in which the number of prospective victims might well run far above the figures of 1917-18.

The reluctance of most Americans to go all the way into war until war came to them has been a subject of sulphurous denunciation by those who felt from the beginning that America's place was in the front-line trenches. It has been interpreted as a sign of decadence, of weakness, of decay of moral fiber, of insidious penetration of fifth columnists.

But this mood was only the American expression of a worldwide phenomenon. No people greeted the beginning of the Second World War with the scenes of joyous enthusiasm that marked the outbreak of the First. I was in Paris on September 3, 1939. The atmosphere

was heavy, oppressive, funereal. If any Frenchman felt happy about the coming of war the fact was very well concealed.

So far as I could learn, London and Berlin were no more enthusiastic. Foreign observers in Germany are generally agreed in reporting the amazing apathy of the German public when the most spectacular victories in France were being announced. The reason for this changed attitude is obvious. Europe in 1914, America in 1917 had no idea of what large-scale war would mean in terms of dead and maimed and deprivation and permanent impoverishment. Now there are few illusions on this score. Because of America's geographical position and free institutions Americans were simply able to say out loud what many people in all warring countries were probably thinking. War in 1917 was a matter of the heart; in 1941 it was an affair of the head.

During America's great debate on international affairs, when every casual meeting was likely to turn into a discussion forum, some familiar patterns of 1917 reappeared. It was the individuals with British personal and cultural backgrounds who were naturally often the most convinced advocates of America's entrance into the war without reservations. The former Rhodes scholar, the professor who had visited England for research, the American with a British wife were likely to be prominent in interventionist and British war relief activities.

By the same token States and communities where there was a considerable proportion of persons of German and Irish descent were apt to be strongholds of America First. This situation was very marked in the Boston area, where the academic intelligentsia and the middle-class residential communities were strongly for war, while the Hibernian plebeians who make up a substantial part of Boston's population could be relied on to turn out and give a raucous welcome to Senator Wheeler or any other champion of isolationism.

Sectionally, as well as racially, there

were similarities between 1917 and 1941. The East and the South, at least the more articulate part of the South, were more militant than the vast central plains region. This was shown not only by Gallup Polls, but by what is perhaps the more reliable testimony of Congressional voting on such measures as the Lease-Lend Act and the repeal of the Neutrality Act.

There were also some interesting shifts of individual, group, class, and race sympathies. An anti-war attitude was the hallmark of the leftwinger in 1914. It was the Socialist Party, the I.W.W., the agrarian radicals of the type of the elder Senator LaFollette and Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., who faced the obloquy and ostracism, the mobs and the courts of the 1917-18 period. This was one reason why it was easy to smother this opposition under a blanket of outcries about "seditious Reds," "subversive aliens," "If they don't like this country, why don't they go back where they came from?"

But recently, while participation in the war was a debatable issue, the focus of opposition to involvement was rather to be found in a part of the middle class: the part that felt no sentimental attachment to England, that was skeptical about the threat of Hitler to this continent, and that cherished a profound distrust of Mr. Roosevelt and the ultimate aims of the New Deal. The I.W.W., which furnished so many of the political prisoners of 1917-18, has passed out of the American scene. And while Norman Thomas led a small group of isolationist Socialists, the majority of the old Socialist Party membership seems to have seceded and rallied round the Social Democratic Federation, which was strongly interventionist.

Here there was a suggestive and interesting contrast between 1917 and 1942. Until it became too dangerous under the sweeping construction of the Espionage Act, the war objector of 1917 was inclined to argue that he did not wish to support a "capitalist war," a clash of



rival imperialisms. The suggestion that the present war is imperialist in character has not been overlooked by speakers with an anti-British slant; but an idea that was never dreamed of in 1917 played a considerable part in stimulating opposition to involvement until the Japanese attack. This was the fear that Mr. Roosevelt, spurred on by his more radical economic advisers, would exploit the exigencies of a total war in order to clamp down a permanent system of economic collectivism. The widespread belief that both political democracy and economic initiative would be gravely imperiled by all-out war, regardless of its issue, was one of the trump cards of anti-war agitation in America. Now involvement in war is no longer an issue. But the desirability of a strongly regimented economy may well become one of the most burning disputed points of the war and post-war periods.

V

Despite the unfavorable changes in the international strategic situation, the necessity for waging a two-ocean war, and the disappearance of the stable front which contained Germany in the West in 1917 and 1918, America enters its second international conflict of a generation with good prospects of victory. Specific military prophecy in a war of constant innovations and surprises is a trap for the unwary; but the United States combines two elements of immense strategic power. It is a vast continental country with the greatest reserves of natural resources and the largest industrial plant in the world. At the same time it is a major sea power. So it combines the peculiar strengths of England and of Russia—the great sea power and the great land power of the anti-Hitler coalition. And, barring a catastrophe that even the gloomiest observer could scarcely consider probable—the sweeping of Anglo-American warships off the seven seas—our gigantic American arsenal is impervious to serious attack and disloca-

tion. There may be other reverses like Pearl Harbor and the Philippines, Guam and Wake. Difficult stalemates may arise. But, with America immune against invasion and free to develop its enormous military industrial facilities without the attrition of air bombing, the final military issue can scarcely be in doubt.

Greater than the danger of losing the war, I think, is the danger of losing the peace. Two great issues became completely merged when America entered this Second World War. One was the establishment of some tolerable and civilized international order. The other was the preservation of those essential freedoms that have held good, in the main, during our existence as an independent nation.

Both of these problems are at once staggering and challenging in their difficulty. We must frankly recognize that there was far more foundation for a stable edifice of international relations in the Europe of 1918 than there is likely to be after the escape of present-day Europe from the blight of war and Nazi conquest. The legacy of hate that will be left in Europe will be appalling. It is far from improbable that we have by no means seen the worst of the present conflict, that starvation and epidemics will recall memories of the Black Death and the Thirty Years War.

Yet somehow this edifice must be built. It cannot be built with any security on a foundation of Anglo-American domination; this will only lay the seeds of further destruction. It must somehow solve those difficult problems that were fumbled or not appreciated at Versailles: the problems of reconciling the right of every people, however small, to cultural independence and self-government, with the imperative need for larger economic units; of providing guaranties against aggression without stifling possibilities of peaceful change. No one who knows how deep are the wounds that the earlier war left in the body of European civilization can say with absolute assurance that it is not already too late for a scheme of

salvation that will gradually assuage national hates, that will feed the starved bodies and reopen the closed minds that are the grim heritage of a generation of war and violent revolution. But for our own national interest and for the sake of humanity we must do the best we can. For the two purposes have now become inextricably linked.

The peace can conceivably be lost at home as well as abroad. There is one prospect that Americans, who are even now leading unnaturally sheltered and comfortable lives in a world of savagery and disorganization, must face courageously and realistically. Whatever may be the course of the war, the American way of life will soon be receiving a shake-up and a testing such as it has not experienced since the Civil War.

The First World War left America remarkably little touched. The Second World War, with its elements of social and economic revolution, will almost certainly precipitate us into swifter, more dangerous, and more turbulent waters,

may bring much closer to us the ugly specters, in American costumes, of Europe's totalitarian revolutions. We can already discern potentially dangerous elements of hatred and division as between racial groups and economic classes, and a war atmosphere is apt to shorten tempers and aggravate passions. If we are to escape the disastrous shocks in which some great European cultures foundered after the last war we must call up all our reserves of individual integrity and tolerance and fairness and all our collective capacity for meeting alarming new situations without panic, for facing crises with a firm will to overcome them, and for distributing the inevitable heavy sacrifices as equitably as may be possible.

We now represent the largest and strongest bastion of liberal civilization. Into our unworthy hands a great banner has been thrust. We must hold it up, even though there may come times when it may seem as heavy as the Cross of Calvary itself.





HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

THAT total war is fought and won by production and not by money is as much of a commonplace to-day as it was a heresy three years ago. But it is still not generally recognized that the tasks which financial policy has to fulfill as a handmaiden of an armaments economy—and the problems with which it is confronted—are very different from the tasks and problems of financial policy in the welfare economy of peacetime. It is true that the old question: How to pay for the war? has lost much of the importance it used to have in the past—if the emphasis is put on the word “pay” as it traditionally was. But the “how”—the aims, means, and effects of financial policy—has assumed a political and economic importance in modern total war which it never had in the “partial” wars of the past.

Financial policy in total war has four tasks:

- (1) It has to stimulate—or at least not to hinder—armaments production.
- (2) It has to prevent—together with price controls, wage controls, and rationing—an inflationary movement of prices.
- (3) It has to promote as far as possible national unity; at least, it must not make for disunion and disaffection.
- (4) It must not render more difficult the transition to a post-war economy and a post-war society.

These aims may sound commonplace and their attainment may seem easy. They may even appear far too modest. Actually, they will be found very hard to realize; and they will require the

development of totally new instruments of fiscal policy and of new approaches, and a revision of some of the most sacred principles of “normal” peacetime financial thinking.

In the first place, the approach to financial policy as subordinate to the general purpose of a war economy requires complete abandonment of the oldest principle of financial thinking, that of “*non olet*.” In total war the sources of money and the means by which it is obtained are more important than the money itself. Dollar is most definitely not equal to dollar; a hundred dollars obtained from one source in one way may be many times more effective than a thousand dollars obtained some other way. The first question in war finance can never be: How much will it bring? but always: What will it do?

Second, the concrete policies needed to realize each of the four aims of war finance clash with one another. One policy would require above all a taxing of the upper-income groups, another one a taxing of the workers; one would make borrowing the main instrument of war finance, the other one, taxes. It will not only be necessary to choose between different policies—a political choice based upon political considerations; it will also be necessary to develop new compromise solutions.

It has been said with some justice that finance in a total war economy is nothing but bookkeeping. Certainly a bombing plane cannot be built by appropriating the money for it. It is made out of raw

materials by men and machines. If these productive factors are not available all the money in the world cannot produce a plane; and lack of money will not prevent the building of the plane if the country has enough labor, raw materials, and machines. Undoubtedly the physical factors of productive capacity are the only ones which determine and limit armaments production. As long as they last a country can go on producing armaments and fighting a war. It is not even necessary, as the German and Japanese examples prove, that the people have confidence in the credit-paper issued by their government. Actually the Axis countries are bankrupt. But this in no way impedes their war production, which will go on until their physical or moral resources are exhausted—or until they are defeated in the field.

Yet it is still true that the power to tax is the power to destroy. The major economic weapons in modern war are direct controls of the physical factors of production and consumption; the best, the wisest, financial policy is of no avail if these physical controls do not operate properly. But while a good financial policy cannot contribute much, a bad one can do untold harm—both economically and politically. And this is all the more serious a problem because much that is good financial policy in peacetime is bad and harmful in a war economy.

II

The foremost task in a war economy is arms production, and the main aim of all economic policy in wartime is to assist in the achievement of maximum production. Financial measures cannot produce arms; they cannot create productive capacity, but they can aid in the conversion of existing productive capacity from peace production to war production. In order to free labor, raw materials, and plants for military orders, supplies of industrial goods to the civilian consumer will have to be cut down. And that means that civilian purchasing

power for these goods will have to be cut down in the same ratio in order to prevent inflationary increases in prices. Taxes and the sale of government bonds enforce and distribute these cuts in purchasing power and prevent a competition of civilian with military demands.

Accordingly a war economy to-day looks to financial policy for the mechanism with which to drain off excess consumer purchasing power. In this country the switch from fiscal policy as a means to stimulate consumption to fiscal policy as a means to cut it was made just before the Japanese attacked Hawaii. Last November the Treasury first published suggestions for new taxes designed to absorb five to six billion dollars of excess purchasing power—five to six billion dollars of new money income resulting from the defense program, against which no goods for civilian consumption had been produced. This program, however, was designed only to prevent an increase in civilian spending and did not aim at a cut in civilian consumption. Now with the country at war, actual reduction of civilian consumption of industrial goods will become increasingly necessary.

If, by 1943, we want to have mobilized one-half of our productive capacity for war—which would still leave the American consumer much better off than the English or the German people—we shall have to drain off between fifteen and twenty-five billion dollars of excess purchasing power annually.

A fiscal policy designed to cut consumption is obviously unsuccessful unless it gets hold of money that would actually have been spent on the purchase of goods. And here appears the first problem of war finance: in different hands the same amount of money has very different effects on consumption. For instance, in the hands of the miser who hoards his money in his mattress, money has absolutely no consumptive power; to tax this money would in no way cut consumption of industrial goods. The worker with a weekly wage of thirty



dollars and a family of five, on the other hand, spends every cent of his income on current consumption; a tax of ten per cent on his income would directly and immediately reduce the demand for consumer goods—probably by more than one-tenth.

On the whole it is true that the lower the income, the greater the consumptive efficiency per dollar, and conversely the higher the income, the less the consumptive efficiency. Modern economic theory maintains that very high incomes do not become purchasing power at all but turn into "idle savings" which have no consumptive efficiency. Even if this should not be accepted it is true that over and above a certain, rather low point, additional income does not produce a proportionate increase in the consumption of goods. The "bottom dollar" of every income has a higher consumptive efficiency than the "top dollar." The bottom incomes have a higher consumptive power than the top incomes. A ten per cent tax on a \$100,000 income will cut the demand for consumer goods less than will a ten per cent tax on a hundred \$1,000 incomes. The point of optimum consumptive efficiency of income in the United States may perhaps be assumed to be in the neighborhood of \$2,000 a year per family. Up to this point every per cent increase in income results in a rise in consumptive efficiency of more than one per cent; above this point additional income produces rapidly diminishing returns in terms of consumptive efficiency. The family with an annual budget of \$1,200 consumes more than twice as much as the family with a \$600 annual income; but the \$10,000 budget includes not much more consumption than the \$5,000 budget. Of course these figures have nothing to do with the personal satisfaction obtained by the recipients of the income, with the standard of living that is desired individually or nationally, or with the economic or social utility of the purposes for which money is spent. Whether it is socially more useful to pay

\$1,500 a year for one's son's college education than to spend \$3.50 on a pair of shoes is beside the point. What matters is that the elimination of the \$1,500 which sent the son to college will free less industrial capacity for war production than the taxing away of the \$3.50 used to buy shoes.

In an extreme form the conclusion from these facts would be that it is of little importance in a war economy whether the purchasing power of the few rich is cut or not as long as that of the many poor is reduced. This is of course the opposite of the principle on which fiscal policy has been based these past ten years: that it matters very little how much the rich are taxed as long as the consumption of the poor is not cut. But then the aim of a war economy is the very opposite of that of a peace economy: the one must cut civilian consumption, the other must drive at increasing it. In a peace economy the proper fiscal policy discriminates in favor of the poor, not only from considerations of justice but because the consumptive efficiency of their incomes is higher, dollar for dollar, than that of the rich. But for the same reason war finance has to abolish their privileged status—if not actually to discriminate against them. The very measures which are odious in peacetime: indirect taxes, especially sales taxes, payroll taxes, head taxes, are the most effective means of war finance, precisely because they hit the purchasing power of the great masses. On the other hand, high taxes on high incomes—both individual and corporate incomes—are largely taxes on idle savings and useless as consumption cuts.

It is hardly necessary to point out that a policy of disproportionately high taxes on low incomes, while effectively freeing industrial capacity for arms production, would not promote national unity. The people are undoubtedly ready to make sacrifices. But they are not willing, and cannot be expected to be willing, to see sacrifices distributed on the basis that he who has the least shall sacrifice the most.

On the contrary, they expect—and with reason—that this war will equalize the distribution of income, that it will further social justice, and that in a common peril class distinctions and inequalities will be submerg'd. A financial program that does not recognize these basic facts would not only fail to promote national unity; it would rip it apart.

In this dilemma there are two ways out. First, the incomes of the rich can be cut more heavily than those of the poor, although for the purposes of a war economy there is no actual need for confiscatory or near-confiscatory levies on upper-bracket incomes. This is of course an obvious move; and it has been made in Germany and in England just as it will be made in this country. It must be realized, however, that it is no solution. To cut consumption is the main purpose of war finance, not to balance the budget. The additional money obtained from the rich, while it is perfectly good money from the point of view of the accountant balancing the budget, is worth very little in preventing inflation. The consumption of the lower-income groups will still have to be cut as much as before. And since there are far fewer rich than there are poor, the policy of greater cuts on top can be used only a short time. Germany arrived two years ago at the point where there was not much more left at the top; in Great Britain this point has probably just been reached. Yet in both countries consumption cutting goes on.

The second way to make the cuts politically acceptable to the masses is to offer them some compensation for their sacrifice of current consumption. This is the only way in which the political and economic necessity for cutting consumption at the bottom can be permanently reconciled with the political need to maintain and strengthen working-class support for the war effort. And it is on the development of financial methods and instruments for such a solution that a fiscal policy in total war has to concentrate first.

III

There is a third way to soften the blow for the civilian consumer—use up capital equipment. Instead of reducing current consumption of industrial goods by the individual, we can—to a considerable extent—free productive capacity for war production by not repairing, maintaining, and keeping up our industrial plants. Instead of releasing a worker who hitherto produced, for instance, flashlights or buttons, we can free one who used to keep up and repair the machines that turn out the flashlights or the buttons. In the first case we curtail immediate consumption but maintain intact future productive capacity. In the second case we sacrifice future production for the sake of current satisfaction.

The decision between these two courses will to a great extent not be in our hands. It will be dictated by the exigencies of war production. On the whole a worker skilled in repair and maintenance work is more likely to be needed in war production than an unskilled assembly-line worker turning out goods for immediate consumption; the raw materials which go into industrial upkeep are largely those most urgently needed by the war production program. And the plants producing machines and machine tools are not likely to be allowed to produce much for their civilian customers. On the whole, therefore, we shall be forced to forego repairs, maintenance, and modernization; we shall of necessity eat up capital and destroy substance.

There is, however, still a sizeable area—perhaps of the magnitude of three to four billion dollars yearly—within which we can decide whether we want to cut current consumption and maintain repairs and upkeep, or whether we want to maintain consumption and eliminate servicing our capital equipment. Are we willing to forego present satisfactions for the sake of future production, or do we prefer to eat up capital, capable of yielding recurrent returns, for the sake

of immediate benefits? Like every decision which involves the choice between a sparrow in the hand and a pigeon on the roof, it is not an easy one.

If we expect the war to be short the only sensible course would be to live off industrial capital as much as possible. America's capital equipment is in very good shape—with the important exceptions of railroad rolling stock and of housing. While there was little new industrial expansion during the past ten years, the long Depression was a period of unprecedented repair and modernization activities, as the hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee (TNEC) have abundantly shown. Two or three years during which all but the immediately necessary repairs are dropped should do little permanent harm. And such a program might lessen considerably the sacrifices required of the civilian consumer.

But if we plan for a long war it would be foolish, not to say dangerous, to live off industrial capital. It might mean that our industrial efficiency would fall off just when we needed it most. It might also mean that at the end of the war we should have to concentrate for several years on reconstruction of plant instead of on production for the consumer. At a time when we should require a rapid expansion of consumers' demands and of consumer goods production to prevent a depression, we might thus have to impose new sacrifices. Finally, a decision to preserve capital and to cut current consumption can always be reversed; but capital once eaten up has been destroyed for good.

On the whole the danger that we eat up more capital than is necessary will be greater than that we sacrifice too much current consumption for the sake of the future. Inevitably the bias of a war economy is in the direction of under-maintenance, under-repairs, and living off capital. Within the limits within which we can exercise a real choice we should therefore try to maintain equipment and efficiency as much as

possible, rather than obtain short-lived benefits in the form of higher current consumption of industrial goods at the price of endangering the future war effort and the transition to a post-war economy. But we are about to do the very opposite. The fiscal measures recently enacted or suggested actually put a premium on capital destruction as a means of freeing productive capacity for war uses. We have at present no deliberate and considered policy to reduce maintenance or replacements. But the same effect is achieved, without the public being conscious of it, by policies which apparently have very different and wholly laudable objectives.

American tax policy has for years been hostile to the "plowing back" of earnings. The Undistributed Profits Tax of 1936 was only the climax of a development which, in the case of the electric power companies, started in the early years of the century. Nor was the official attitude wholly unjustified in a peacetime economy where the temptation is great to escape the payment of taxes on profits by investing the money in excessive repairs and replacements. In a war economy, however, the situation is reversed; instead of over-maintenance, under-maintenance becomes a danger. And the understandable feeling on the part of tax collectors that every penny invested in plant and machines is a penny fraudulently withheld from the nation clashes with the broader aim of capital preservation—an aim more important than that of collecting the maximum amount of revenue. Whatever can be said in favor of the traditional attitude of our tax policy—and it is probably incompatible with the technological needs of a rapidly changing mass-production industry—it ceases to make sense in a war economy where we shall have a hard enough time to maintain even the barest minimum of repairs and replacements.

From this point of view attempts to "take the profit out of war" by a hundred per cent tax on all earnings in excess of

normal peacetime profits, or by a limitation of net profit to a certain percentage on the invested capital, are open to considerable criticism. Of course we must not allow war profiteering; but the schemes popularly favored make no distinction between real war profits and fictitious income representing actual consumption of capital. Nor, it seems, does management as yet fully understand the problem. It is very probable that the increased profits shown by so many businesses for the past year were due to a considerable extent to under-depreciation and under-maintenance. At a time when the wear and tear on machinery went up sharply, and when it was becoming increasingly difficult and expensive to make repairs and obtain replacements, there should have been higher appropriations for repairs and replacements. But corporation statements published so far show no awareness of these facts. To hand over to the tax collector and—to a lesser degree—to the stockholder funds which should have gone toward the maintenance of capital, as has undoubtedly been done in many cases, eases the immediate burden on the civilian consumer and taxpayer. But it does so at the risk of a real impairment of our productive capacity.

A fiscal policy in times of total war must make impossible the realization of war profits; this is simply a political necessity. But it must also take account of the fact that there is a definite problem of maintenance and upkeep, and a very real danger of invisible capital destruction. While we cannot escape living off capital to some extent, we should at least know what we are doing. We should make provision for the restoration of the damages after the war. And we should facilitate—not penalize—such maintenance and repairs as can be effected in spite of the emergency.

IV

So far our discussion has been confined to the sources of money in a war-

time fiscal policy and has avoided the question of the instruments. The consumer is deprived of his immediate purchasing power, whether he pays an income tax or whether he buys defense stamps; and this reduction of purchasing power is all that matters during the war. But there is a tremendous difference between taxes and borrowing *after* the war. The question whether we prefer taxes or borrowing is really a question which of the two is likely to help more or to hinder less in the transition to a post-war economy.

Nobody can escape the immediate sacrifice by buying a defense bond instead of paying a defense tax. But, unlike the tax, the bond carries with it a promise of restitution after the war. It is a mortgage on the future national economy which promises its holder an annual income as reward for the sacrifice of immediate consumption which he made during the war. In ordinary peacetime financing such a sacrifice is supposed to create a permanent increase in national wealth at least equal to the annual interest payment. The money borrowed by a business or by the government is supposed to be invested in individually or nationally profitable enterprises. But a war loan is by its very nature economically unproductive. Though bombing planes, battleships, and guns are of greater importance to the country to-day than anything else, theirs is not an economic value. The sums needed to pay the interest on war loans after the war are, therefore, a charge on the economy as a whole and have to come out of the normal national income. A defense bond is a promise of the community to cut down its own income after the war, in order to make restitution for the sacrifices of the bondholders during the war.

The discussion on the Federal Debt has been conducted largely in terms of the economic ability of the country to bear an annual interest load. Actually, the main question is political: to what extent will the post-war society be willing to pay out of its own pocket for sacrifices

made by individual members during the past war? Of course the answer to this question will depend largely on the development of national production and national income, on the state of business, on the purchasing power of the dollar, and on other economic circumstances which nobody can foresee. But even under the most favorable conditions, defense bonds are a political charge on the future. And for obvious reasons such charges ought to be avoided as much as possible.

The apparent conclusion that we ought to finance our defense program completely or mainly through taxes is, however, a counsel of perfection and highly unrealistic. For administrative and political reasons the maximum which we can hope to raise through taxes is one-half of our annual war bill. That would be a higher proportion than is raised by taxes in England and Germany. It would mean doubling our present tax bill within the next twelve or eighteen months—from about \$13,000,000,000 to \$25,000,000,000 annually. This would still leave \$25,000,000,000 every year to be financed by borrowing—on the assumption that by 1943 we shall devote one-half of a \$100,000,000,000 national income to war production. Actually the President's budget proposals for 1943 provide for about \$35,000,000,000 in loans and envisage a tax income of not much more than \$20,000,000,000.

With borrowing thus unavoidable, the question is how its *political effects* can be minimized. If we have to hand out checks on the future how can we prevent them from becoming a danger to political and social stability after the war? The answer is: by distributing bonds equitably among all classes of the population, so that no group will have a claim to a larger share in the national income after the war than it had before.

War bonds have always been bought mainly by the well-to-do and the economically secure who have a surplus of income over current expenditure on

consumption. According to the traditional formula of war finance, the worker contributes by working longer for less, the middle class by paying taxes, the rich by buying bonds. The middle classes in the Western countries have risen during the past century to a position where they accumulate capital and buy a large part of the government bonds. Yet it is still true that government bonds are bought mainly by the upper-income group. This was the case during the last war in every belligerent country. It has been true during the New Deal. And it is happening again to-day; according to a recent report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the lower-income groups accounted for less than twenty per cent of the defense bonds and stamps sold so far.

Under any scheme of government finance which relies upon voluntary subscriptions the bulk of the government bonds will be in the hands of the upper middle class and the upper class. And with the bonds goes the promise of an interest payment which can be fulfilled only by taking from those who do not hold bonds, *i.e.* from the lower classes. In other words, under such a policy of voluntary subscription, of reliance on loan drives, of public approval for rich men who buy large amounts of bonds, etc., those who already have are given the promise of getting a larger share after the war—and at the expense of those who haven't.

The danger of such a legacy to post-war society has been more than sufficiently proved by the experience of Continental Europe after the last war. Those most demoralizing and most disastrous developments, the fantastic German inflation, and the more gradual but not less demoralizing chain of currency devaluations in France, were due in large measure to the accumulation of government bonds in the hands of one class—the upper middle class. In both countries this class had bought most of the war bonds. In both countries the amounts issued were so large that—on the basis of the pre-war purchasing

power of the currency—the interest could have been paid only by taking a large slice out of the income of worker and farmer. It would have been necessary probably to cut the real income of the lower classes by ten or fifteen per cent in order to satisfy the interest claims of the bondholders. And while this was politically impossible, it was equally impossible to expropriate the bondholders openly: the middle classes were too strong politically and their support too vital for the government to risk open war against them. Inflation and currency devaluation were the way out; they effectively tore up the promise to the bondholders without openly repudiating it. And it was this inevitable deception—more even than the actual repudiation—which broke the spirit of the middle classes, alienated them from the government, and brought them into that opposition to the workers which ultimately was to prove so fatal. The conflict between political necessity and the bondholders' claims was not the only reason for the currency devaluations; and very few of the actors understood what they were doing at the time. But without the urgent necessity to resolve the political conflict between legitimate bondholders' claims and the equally legitimate demands of workers and farmers the inflations in Germany and France would never have assumed the proportions of national disasters.

In spite of these examples the political lessons have so far not been drawn—except, to a limited extent, in England. Nazi Germany of course need not worry about the political consequences of a policy which forces government bonds largely upon the well-to-do; the Nazis never intended to honor these promises and feel sufficiently strong to expropriate the bondholders after the war without a struggle and without requiring a new inflation. But there is no such explanation for the New Deal policy of financing, for eight years, a program designed to increase permanently the share of the underprivileged in the national income

by selling bonds to the overprivileged. However, the entire claim to future income in the form of interest payment which the New Deal deficit-financing policy gave to the purchasers of its bonds amounted in all the eight years from 1933 to 1940 to less than two per cent of the total national income—an amount hardly of much political importance in a period of prosperity. Now, however, we shall have to sell more bonds in one year than the New Deal sold in eight. And the interest promises on the war debt of the next few years will very soon mount up to a formidable total in terms of our total national income. It is, therefore, imperative that these promises *shall not be in the hands of one class*—and above all not in the hands of the upper-income group.

It will be necessary to try to distribute government bonds as widely as possible. The goal must be a distribution of these bonds parallel to the distribution of national income among the different classes and groups of the population. In this way no class would feel after the war that it must work in order to produce "unearned income" for some other class. No class would feel privileged and none discriminated against. No group would profit by repudiating the debt and none would suffer by honoring it. In other words, with an equitable distribution the payment of interest on war bonds would not become the political problem of post-war times it has always been in American history.

Such an equitable distribution requires in the first place a considerable volume of compulsory saving. The lower-income groups cannot be expected to buy a sufficient amount of bonds on a voluntary basis. In the second place, it might well mean that we should finance a smaller part of our war effort through taxes, and a larger part through bonds. Obviously, the burden on the lower-income classes cannot be increased above a certain point—for reasons of justice as well as for physical limitations. If the lower-income groups are expected to acquire bonds the money can be procured only by keeping

their tax burden lower than it would otherwise have been. In other words, the major consideration cannot be to obtain the maximum amount of taxes, but to obtain the optimum distribution of defense bonds. The difference between taxes and borrowing lies in their effects on the post-war world; the guiding rule in our decisions should, therefore, be not financial morality but the political requirements of the post-war world. More taxes and an inequitable distribution of defense borrowing would definitely be less desirable than less tax income but more equitable distribution of those promises of a stake in the future which we call government bonds.

V

To sum up: financial policy in total war has to offer the lower-income groups compensations and rewards for the very real sacrifices of immediate consumption of industrial goods. In the second place, it has to prevent an unequal distribution of the war debt between the various classes. Finally, it has to make possible a rational and deliberate system of industrial repairs and maintenance.

The solution of the first problem is partly to be found in the second. The only way in which we can compensate the worker for sacrifices of immediate consumption is by promising him restitution after the war. And the most effective restitution is through the very government bonds which the worker should have, anyway, in order to prevent a one-sided distribution of the government debt.

Basically, this is the idea behind the much-publicized "deferred payments plan" which has been advocated by Mr. Keynes and which was partially realized in the last English budget. Unfortunately the plan under which income tax payers in the lower brackets are credited with part of their payment in a savings account—blocked until after the war—was launched in England exclusively as a measure to obtain revenue. Thus the plan lost much of its political value.

But inept political handling is not the only shortcoming of the Keynes plan. It does not go very far; certainly it is too limited a scheme to achieve anything resembling a proper balance in the distribution of the war debt. Moreover, Mr. Keynes' plan does not really give the worker the equivalent of a government bond. It gives him a cash payment immediately after the war, but nothing to counterbalance the long-term annuity promised the buyers of bonds. While the basic idea behind the Keynes plan is sound, it fails by a wide margin to reach its goal.

To make the Keynes plan—or any similar scheme—effective, it will not only be necessary that the worker understand that it operates in his interest. It will also be necessary in imposing sacrifices upon the working class to use promises of restitution after the war to a much wider extent; instead of the subsidiary principle which it is in present English financial policy, this plan will have to become a major instrument. And it should really promise the worker either some long-term addition to his income after the war (like a normal government bond), or an insurance payment due when the money is most needed; a non-recurrent payment of a small sum right after the war—when there will be little to buy anyhow—is no real compensation.

Fortunately the plans of the U. S. Treasury seem to be moving in the right direction. In the first place, there is the plan to cut working-class purchasing power by doubling social security taxes—which means doubled social security payments in old age. In the second place, there is also a very definite understanding on the part of Treasury officials that defense bonds cannot be sold to the lower-income groups on a voluntary basis but must be distributed through payroll deductions or other compulsory or semi-compulsory schemes. But it may be possible to go even farther. Overtime may, for instance, be paid in defense bonds—rather than not be paid at all; or cost-of-living bonuses such as have

been introduced in Canada to compensate workers for higher prices may be given in the form of bonds.

But there is another way to offer compensations for sacrifices to the lower groups—and immediate compensations at that. While the consumption of industrial goods will undoubtedly have to be cut, there is no need to curtail the consumption of all those goods and services which are not produced on machines. Foremost among them is of course food—of which there should be very substantial surpluses in spite of the demands of Britain and of the Armed Forces. Increases in food consumption and better nutrition habits are both possible and desirable. And the promotion of food consumption among the lower-income groups—for instance through an expansion of the food-stamp plan—would be one of the main means to offset the effects of lower consumption of industrial goods.

Food is, however, not the only commodity the current consumption of which can be increased by way of compensation. We might for instance take a leaf out of the Nazi book and offer very cheap, very well-organized vacations and sightseeing trips for workers. Or we might find it possible to give real improvements in medical services to workers and farmers.

In order to satisfy the final requirement of a fiscal policy in modern war—the formulation of a rational system of repairs and replacements—it might be necessary to find means to prevent war-profiteering other than excess profits taxes on corporate income. It might be more advantageous and just as effective to “take the profit out of war” by a ban on dividend payments in excess of pre-war rates, and by an absolute upper limit on individual incomes. Incidentally, the Treasury is studying the imposition of such an upper limit of \$20,000 to \$25,000 a year on individual incomes.

Business profits, on the other hand, should be treated as a means to provide

against the extraordinary payments for repairs and replacements which will be needed immediately after the war to make good the under-maintenance during the war. Every business should be required to draw up a capital budget showing the amounts which should be spent on repairs, upkeep, and modernization. There should be a systematic rationing of materials and labor for the upkeep of capital equipment—with first priority for equipment used directly for the war effort, and with a second priority for the upkeep of the key equipment for civilian production. To the extent to which upkeep can be undertaken, the sums needed should be tax-exempt. And the sums for maintenance which ought to have been undertaken but which has had to be omitted on account of military priorities should be invested in special blocked accounts. These accounts would become available immediately after the war for the sole purpose of buying materials and machinery for replacements, for paying labor for repairs, etc.; it might even be advisable to provide that these funds become the permanent property of the government unless they are spent within a short period after the end of the war. And to the extent to which businesses are forced to neglect depreciation and maintenance, the accumulation of such post-war reserves should be given precedence even over normal income taxes; the restoration of full productive capacity is more important than the fiscal goal of maximum tax collection.

These are but the first approaches in the conversion of financial policy from peacetime to total war. Undoubtedly, as the war proceeds we shall be forced to try even newer and less orthodox methods than those sketched above. But in any event, in total war a fiscal policy ceases to be “fiscal” and becomes first and foremost “policy.”



BOY WITH VIOLIN

BEGINNING A MUSICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY ALBERT SPALDING

FOR no reason that I can think of I asked to be given a violin for Christmas in 1895, when I was seven years old.

Music had always abounded in our household and my earliest memories are mixed up with the fascination of the piano's black and white keys over which my mother's fingers had such nimble command. The long hours she would sit at the piano were an unending source of wonder and fascination to the small boy who would stand, often on tiptoe, to watch the miraculous manipulation of the keys. As far as I can remember, however, although our house was never without music by day or by night, I had never heard at home the sound of a violin.

We had come to Florence that fall—my father and mother, my brother and I; and Aunt Sally Guest had protestingly come with us. Aunt Sally was my mother's great-aunt whose permanent residence with us dated since my parents' marriage. To her it had been a sore trial to leave our New York apartment where she could sit at the window and watch the activity on Seventh Avenue and Central Park South; but to my father, who was in poor health after the panic of 1893, and to my mother, who was in love with the Tuscan city, the change had seemed wise and delightful.

Perhaps I had seen a street fiddler during our stay in Florence; at all events it was a violin I asked for as a Christmas present. There was, it appears, some

parental doubt about granting this request. A violin, why a violin? Better start with the piano. Let him start with the piano and later on we shall see. Not so, however, Aunt Sally Guest. The child wanted a violin; he had asked for it; ergo, he should have it. Her funds were too meager to allow any wild expenditure, but twenty lire seemed in those Florence days like a princely sum to equip a small fiddler. It did, indeed, go far enough to provide for me a new, red, shining half-sized fiddle with a bow of sorts to boot. A case seemed wholly superfluous!

I was overjoyed to find it hanging on the Christmas tree. This joy was somewhat jolted by the discovery that material ownership of this wonder box was somehow not sufficient to produce the music I had expected to play and hear. Still I was the proud possessor of a violin and that was already something. That very afternoon the visit of a musical acquaintance who had an elementary knowledge of the instrument showed me how to hold the violin (how unpleasantly awkward, I thought) and even to draw a squeaky bow over the open strings. For the next few days I must have driven the household nearly mad with the endless repetition of these intervals of fifths, probably more doubtful of intonation than an abandoned hand organ. Out of self-defense they lost no time seeking and procuring a teacher; and school reopening after the Christmas holidays soon brought an abatement of the torture.

Ulpiano Chiti was my first teacher's name. He was a hunchback, which in superstitious Italy is a good omen. He was, moreover, an uncommonly fine player. His somewhat impatient temper militated against the best teaching results with most pupils, and many wiseacres shook their heads when my family refused to heed their advice that I should be placed under the more pedagogical and painstaking Maestro Faini. Chiti was a brilliant violinist, they said, oh, yes! but as a teacher! Perhaps the advice was too abundantly pressed, and perhaps too parental sales resistance had a touch of obstinacy. In any case Chiti was called in and work was begun. He was, I am told, astonished to find a beginner who had what he called a natural position and above all whose bow arm was already free and straight. It wasn't possible, so he said (unless this was purely family propaganda), that I had had no previous lessons. Much else he said also of a nature to delight parenthood and no one else!

I was not to be the only debutant to music in my family. My brother Boardman, awakening to the fact that he was perhaps missing a most desirable train, proposed that he too should study an instrument. The cello was suggested as suitable to his seniority; and thus in the family there existed an embryo trio.

Boardman's teacher, Adolfo Castagnoli, was not a hunchback, but I was consoled by the fact that nature had denied him legs; he was a dwarf. Our lessons and practice hours had to be fitted in with school; but my mother was nothing if not a good manager at this sort of Chinese puzzle, and of course it was easier to arrange such things in a country where the distractions for the young are not quite so imperative or constant as they are with us.

Chiti did not sustain his reputation for impatient irritation. On the contrary, no one could have been gentler in painstaking care for every detail during the initial lessons. That he had taken a special fancy to me cannot, I think, be

doubted, and it was not until I had somewhat progressed that I began to know how swift a rap of the bow on my unprotected knuckles a momentary slip would provoke. It was a sharp reminder to be more careful in practice hours, a reminder, it must be confessed, that was not always followed. Too often natural facility successfully cloaks a lack of industry. Out of the corner of his eye the small boy watches to see if he has got away with it. Sometimes he has, but momentary elation will soon lead him into the inviting trap of repeating the stratagem and this time with dire results; the knuckles smart once more.

First pieces are rapidly learned. They are received in family circles with an astonishment out of all proportion to their merit. All the latent exhibitionism of parenthood makes a showy parade at such moments, and there never seems to be a lack of docile and long-suffering friends and relatives resigned to endure with appropriate cries of wonderment the yet elementary efforts of proclaimed promise. I must have been an abominable youngster. Undersized and frail looking, with altogether too much hair, rebellious to either comb or curling iron (yes! it was part of the torment of childhood in those days to use the curling iron without regard to protest even from the male infant), I would stand up responsively to play with an assurance I should have been far from feeling. If, once in a while, I would demur, there would be a chorus of such reproach that obstinacy was soon broken; and on one occasion at least (which was long remembered and recorded) this little brat of egocentricity was heard to sigh "Oh! I wish I wasn't so talented!" This produced a laugh which I was far from understanding at the time, and to this day I don't remember if it gained me a reprieve from playing.

II

Although our winters were spent abroad there was almost invariably a return home for the summers—to the

Jersey coast, highly disdained by Aunt Sally. There was a most unbelievable contrast between our Italian winters and American summers. Long school hours in Florence were not so great a deterrent to practicing as were the insistent and pressing fascinations of outdoor life at Monmouth Beach, with swimming, baseball, distractions of all kinds that shower themselves with such prodigality on our young. A less determined woman than my mother would, I think, have despaired keeping us (me especially) up to the mark with daily scales and exercises. With a patience that defies description she would sit by the hour at the piano poised to pounce on the least infraction of intonation, but even so it was destined to be a losing game until the services of a regular teacher were available. They were ideally found in the person of old Jean Buitrago, a South American of Spanish parentage who, lodged near us in Monmouth Beach, gave me daily instruction.

Buitrago was no such player as Chiti, but an excellent drill master with a kind of persistent perseverance that was as obstinate as his nature was mild. He had the courtly manners of a Spanish grandee, but the gentle morals of Ferdinand the Bull. I never heard a harsh word from his lips nor an unkind sentiment about anyone. Aunt Sally took to him at once in spite of his broken English heavily laden with Spanish phrases. She never succeeded in teaching him bezique, her favorite game, but daily she enlisted his services in reading to her, from the newspaper, the death and obituary notices and an occasional account of a local murder, and then one of the Psalms. These Mr. Buitrago would intone majestically and emotionally although the matter was entirely incomprehensible. Nothing daunted, however, Aunt Sally would lean forward with absorbed interest and never fail to exclaim: "How beautifully you do read, Mr. Buitrago."

I have often asked myself the enigmatic question of my father's rather

difficult role during all these years of my musical development. This headlong pursuit of mine toward a profession so alien to his own business career, and then regarded as of doubtful masculinity, must have been at first problematic, then trying, and finally alarming. But I cannot recall that he ever by word or action opposed it, and it is with a certain wonder that I pay tribute to a great and broad-minded pliability toward something that at least he sensed was inevitable. As for myself there were no doubts, no sidesteppings from the road I had undertaken. As I said, I must have been an unattractively pugnacious child.

In contrast to me, Boardman was much more studious at school, modest, and self-effacing, with none of the ego-centric qualities that gave me such a surface assurance. His progress on the cello was less marked than mine on the violin. Above all he hated playing for people and rebelled against it, often more effectively than I did, although readily enough he would enjoy joining my mother and myself in trios. Sure as my mother was that music was my destiny, she was just as sure that the law was to be his goal.

From time to time in Florence we were asked to perform at local benefit concerts. These events excited me with feverish anticipation. Fortunately they did not occur too often nor was their importance unduly dwelt on.

Once, indeed, there was an appearance before visiting royalty. The Duke of Connaught while paying his respects to his mother, old Queen Victoria, then a temporary resident at the Villa Palmieri, attended a small concert at which we were performing. A trio by Carl Bohm opened the program. I was sawing away vigorously, spurred on perhaps by the presence of a royal highness (he was doubtless asleep)—too vigorously, in fact, for, in the midst of a florid passage my E string broke. What was to be done? To stop was impossible, unthinkable. A term, *lèse-majesté*, recently read in some history book (or was it Sir Walter Scott's

Ivanhoe?) flashed in my mind with awesome fascination. What it meant I certainly didn't know. None the less I was convinced that it would apply here and with dire results. All of a small boy's ingenuity was applied to transposing passages from the E to the A string. It took me into higher ranges of position than I could conveniently manage. However I plunged intrepidly forward. I hate to think what the audible results were like. The intonation must have been somewhat painful. But the audience, having recorded the incident more with their eyes than their ears, gave us a generous accolade at the close of the trio. The day was saved. Even the Duke must have awakened, for he joined politely in the applause. There were long and exaggerated reports in local papers as to my prowess, with dazzling predictions. I was more pleased than convinced, for I knew that it had not been a good performance. Gratitude for the help of an over-friendly audience, however, persisted; that sense which has never left me—that facing me before the stage was a group of allies, not enemies. It goes a long way toward dissipating all feeling of self-consciousness.

At another of these benefit concerts while tuning up I became aware that an uncontrollable ripple of laughter was filtering its way through the entire house. I looked down and saw ample cause for dismay. Dressing too hastily in the excitement preceding the concert, I had left unbuttoned a certain part of my short breeches. The omission was repaired there and then on the stage, accompanied by the now hilarious laughter of the entire audience. I was more bewildered than embarrassed. But Boardman, standing in the wings, bore the mortification that should have been mine. His injured sense of modesty took me to task. "Why didn't you come off stage to button your pants?" My stout defense was that I should have thought it a far worse crime to keep the audience waiting. Why, I thought with a small boy's nonchalance, make such a fuss about a detail?

III

The day school we attended was a Franco-Italian one presided over by Professor Domengé, a French patriarch whose head recalled portraits of Victor Hugo. In the school attendance many nations were represented although of course Italian boys constituted a large majority. But there were French, English, German, Russian, and some Swiss. Boardman and I were, I think, the only Americans. Three days a week there was an hour's recess when all repaired to the school yard to play Prisoner's Base. On the other three alternate days there was exercise in a gymnasium some five minutes' walk from the school in the Palestra adjoining Santa Maria Novella. I did not shine particularly in either pursuit. Prisoner's Base found me almost invariably among the prisoners and I must have been the despair of the athletic trainers in the various exploits in the gymnasium so easily performed by other boys. I would try intrepidly enough and generally be rewarded by a skinned shin or a bloody nose as a result—not so much of courage, I must confess, as of recklessness—the same recklessness that would prompt me to try on my fiddle any difficulty however remote from my equipment to perform it.

Florence was in those days an enchanting city, the heart and soul of the Renaissance; intimate, intact, inviting was the spirit of the reborn Athens walking its streets with light feet as in the days of Lorenzo Poliziano and Pico della Mirandola. Botticelli's "Spring" that looked down so smilingly from the Accademia walls felt not at all superannuated by any sense of a changing world. The same magical carpet of wild anemones on which these airy figures stood could be found each March and April in the Tuscan hillsides; and among those gracious hills were many of the innumerable villas so carefully catalogued by Michelangelo in his surveying research. You did not visit Florence merely because of its incomparable museums or churches.

Those were but details, wonderful details it is true, but incidental to the city itself. The essence of the Renaissance was spread before you and met at every street corner.

Two American schoolboys could hardly sense this. Truth to tell, visits to a gallery elicited from me much more (secret) admiration for the brilliant garishness of a copyist's work than for the acknowledged masterpieces hanging on the wall. But there is some kind of alchemy that works with an invisible industry when coupled with familiarity. An apprehension of beauty first stirs, then slowly awakens, then quickens to intimate and ardent realization. I remember with what astonishment I found myself for the first time preferring the unpretentious façade of Santa Maria Novella to the more arrogantly gaudy one of the Duomo (added centuries after the building itself), many hundred years its junior. The conscious recognition appeared suddenly, as from a spontaneous revelation; but doubtless it had subconsciously been making its laborious way through the cells of semi-awareness, so that by the time of actual perception it had taken firm root.

Our home pursued a course of persistent graduation from apartment to house, from house to villino, and finally, when I was twelve, for one ecstatic year to an incredibly lovely villa with spacious rooms, a lordly park and gardens, with the farms stretching wide on all sides. I entertained a deep and personal resentment that Labouchère, erstwhile editor of *Truth*, was so inopportune as to take a fancy to it, and by purchasing it to end our short, our too short tenancy of this magical spot.

Throughout this period Chiti, my violin teacher, was frequently called by royal command to play before the aging Queen Victoria of England during her visits to the historic villa in which she annually immured herself. Her musical taste had apparently undergone a stroke of paralysis with Mendelssohn's death, and the pieces that Chiti played

for her had, he explained to me, to be chosen with appropriate care. The revolutionary surge that was then convulsing the musical world was not destined to darken her serene and somewhat saccharine world of music. Secure in the mausoleum of her intrenched judgments, she would have recoiled with horror from any unprepared dissonance not sanctioned by the classicists, as if it were a symbol of that political unrest she had so militantly and successfully withstood. "The Queen," she would declare, "can neither approve nor tolerate such license! And now, Mr. Chiti," she would add, "do please play one of those delicious songs without words you have so delightfully transcribed from dear Mendelssohn's pen."

I was disappointed to learn when my teacher would recount these anecdotes that she wore no crown. What is the use, I thought, of royalty without the glamour of picturesque regalia? Once I was thrilled when he showed me a souvenir he had received—a handsome violin case with (as I thought) gold trimmings. They proved later to be but silver gilt. The Widow of Windsor was frugal.

The firmament of Florentine society was frequently studded with kingly stars. It was for a winter or so the residence of the newly married Prince and Princess of Naples (the present King and Queen of Italy) and their presence added luster to social life. Even the Abyssinian disaster was a remote cloud in the distance, scarcely dimming the nearby gaiety. Wars in those days seemed to have little connection with everyday life. One read of them in the newspaper with an abstract interest, but perhaps with less zest and emotion than would be evoked by a dramatic novel. The Carnival was not less brilliant, nor the Battle of Flowers less abundant in its display. Opera and theaters had, if anything, more than their usual attendance; concerts languished, but not more than ordinarily.

Ah! concerts! They were the anemic stepchildren of this cradle of Art. A

bad opera could thrive where a good concert could not. My mother was a valiant and fighting member of a mere handful of music lovers who would herd themselves together fifty strong at each and every musical event that presented itself. They would aid and abet any wishful-thinking and over-ambitious manager who would try to bait the recalcitrant public with names of established fame. One year I can recall that in solemn procession we had concerts from such international figures as Eugène d'Albert, Pablo Sarasate, César Thompson, Feruccio Busoni, Joachim, and others. The empty benches gaped, rows upon rows of them, but the same vanguard was always there. They would move closer together, huddling their wraps about them. Halls were notorious for their economy in heating, and it took inspired playing, indeed, to temper the chilling atmosphere.

These were, however, red-letter days for me. Sarasate was a bewitching violinist. His prodigious facility was coupled with an elegance of style impossible to describe. His tone had a silvery sheen and a piercing sweetness. There must, however, have been a curious quirk to his musical approach, for he could always make trivial music sound important and deep music sound trivial. He played Beethoven with the perfumed polish of a courtier who doesn't quite believe what he is saying to Majesty. But when he reached a piece like "*La Fée d'Amour*" by Raff, scarcely if ever performed nowadays, or his own Spanish Dances, he was completely in his element. The violin sang like a thrush and his incomparable ease tossed off difficulties with a grace and insouciance that affected even his gestures. There was a kind of studied sophistication in the way he tripped on to the stage aping the airs and graces of Watteau's "*l'Indifférent*." I don't think I ever heard a forte passage from his bow. His palette dealt only in pastel shades.

Joachim, on the contrary, was built of sterner stuff. It has always been a regret to me that I never heard him before his

bow arm had weakened, his left-hand fingers had become cramped by rheumatism (or was it gout?), and the resulting performance was thus hampered by insecurity. However the structure of a cathedral remained even if the stained-glass windows had been shattered; and a great musical line was suggested even if a trembling bow marred its complete realization.

All these giants enthralled me, each in his own way, and many were the subsequent hours that I spent in vainly trying to reproduce what I had heard.

In another concert the pianists, d'Albert and Busoni, released their thunderbolts to my astonished wonder, but somehow a performance on the piano was less intimately enthralling to me. It was as though two Martians had suddenly paid us a terrestrial visit. They disclosed a world of wonders, but it was not quite my world. Of the two, Busoni made the more profound impression on me. He still had his beard then, was somewhat cadaverous looking, and enjoyed something less of world acclaim than d'Albert. Later on, when meeting him I recalled something of my impressions of this concert. He said "Oh! that concert in Florence. Never was there a time when I played to so many people who weren't there."

IV

When I was fourteen years old Chiti proposed that I should go to Bologna and play for the examining board of the historic old conservatory there in an effort to obtain the graduating diploma. It was, he explained, not necessary to be an enrolled student in the school. Outsiders were allowed to compete for the diploma if they complied with the set rules for the examination. The requirements were formidable: the thirty-six studies of Fiorillo and the twenty-four caprices of Rode. All of them had to be thoroughly prepared; for the candidate was required to draw by ballot the number he was to play from these two books of studies. Next a performance in its

entirety of one of the standard concertos (I played the Mendelssohn), a classic sonata ("The Devil's Trill" by Tartini), an unaccompanied Bach sonata or partita (the one in E major), and a reading at first sight from a manuscript, property of the school's library.

Beside this program there was an examination in piano (fortunately for me it was elementary) and exercises in theory, harmony, and counterpoint. The ordeal lasted over two hours and was conducted in the old concert hall of the Conservatory. It is not a large hall but it looked vast to me. There were innumerable portraits of musicians frowning down from the walls. The judges sat behind an oblong table covered with green baize facing the stage and listened to my efforts in funereal silence. I have never overcome my dislike for green baize since that day.

By the time the examination was over I had broken out in red spots as though infected by a plague of some sort. My mother and Chiti were anxiously awaiting the outcome and comforted me with assurances that I had played well, judging as best they could with their ears glued to the green-room door leading to the stage. I couldn't have told for the life of me how anything had gone. In fact, I remarked gloomily that I had made a hash of things and that of course I hadn't passed. The modest young man who had played my accompaniment protested further reassurances. He was some ten years my senior, an excellent musician, an enrolled student in the conservatory in piano and composition. I was grateful for his enthusiasm and optimism but convinced that I had invited disaster by biting off more than I could chew.

I remembered with foreboding the opposition that my application had aroused on account of my age. Too young to compete. It hadn't been done before at so early an age. Come back perhaps in two years, or better three years—that would still be on the borderline of minority. However, Chiti

had kept insisting that it *had* been done, or at least that there was nothing in school regulations that specifically required a candidate's age to be such or such. Evidently the archives had been studied when permission was finally granted, but there they were, all these snags staring me in the face and each one whispering defeatism in those agonizing minutes as I awaited the verdict.

I couldn't believe it when it came. The door burst open and all the judges appeared *en masse*. Their smiles, their tears, their embraces followed in true Latin fashion. This was all quite promising. The Senior violin master of the school stammered out something to the effect that only once before in the long history of the school . . .

"Does that mean, Maestro," my mother asked, "that he has passed?"

"Passed," repeated Sarti, "don't ask me *if* he has passed, but *how* he has passed. There is a maximum of fifty points obtainable. Thirty are required to pass. Your son has passed with forty-eight out of the possible fifty. But," he added, "that is far from being the most significant feature of this examination. Do you remember our hesitation in allowing it?" We did. "Well," said Sarti, "on looking up in the annals of the school we found that there had been one, and only one, precedent of this diploma having been awarded to any candidate of only fourteen. That was one hundred and thirty-three years ago, when a young native of Salzburg presented himself before an astonished board of examiners headed by Padre Martini. His name was Mozart."

It was, I thought, an incredible accident. I couldn't quite share the triumphant complacency of my mother, or of my teacher for that matter, that this was normally to be expected. Overnight I found myself not only front-page material in the principal Italian dailies, but also a news item internationally spread throughout the press of Europe and America, and various managers wanted me to appear as a prodigy.

Fortunately I was to be spared this premature debut. Two years of supplemental study in Paris were to ensue under Lefort of the National Conservatory, and further development of counterpoint and composition. This study absorbed me to a degree that was actually threatening to my violin playing. I undertook a serious course under Antonio Scontrino. He was a very poor composer, but an admirable teacher, tirelessly patient in forming a well-ordered vocabulary to express musical thought with freedom—that very freedom which was to be denied him.

Throughout his life Scontrino had carried the burden imposed by one of the most cruel superstitions that gifted Latin race is marred with—the Evil Eye! I never knew if he himself was aware that this sinister superstition had attached itself to him—that it was considered almost a breach of etiquette even to mention his name aloud; and that if one blundered in so doing there would be an immediate clutching of amulets and talismans as well as a unanimous making the sign of the Horus, warding off evil spirits! This was done by pointing the index and little finger of the hand outward while clamping to the palm the two middle fingers. Often when I was on my way to a lesson friends or fellow-students would hesitate to walk with me, lest some untoward accident might occur. A tile could fall from the roof crushing you, you could slip and sprain an ankle; in short, any contact with this unfortunate person was enough to invite disaster.

Once when I was playing a concert in the old Sala Filarmonica I was greatly troubled by sagging strings. As it occurred in a piece with no obliging rests during which I might have repaired the danger to intonation, I had to struggle as best I could. The evening was both damp and hot—the natural explanation of this annoyance—but such a logical answer did not satisfy the Florentines. It seems that they had noted Scontrino's entrance to the hall at the very moment (so their argument ran) when my em-

barrassing difficulties with pitch began!

Scontrino put me through a wholesome course of sprouts. He was meticulously exacting for a mathematical observance of all established rules. I would often rebel against such precision and sometimes would triumphantly confront him with an example from an admitted masterpiece where the composer had indulged in liberties refused me in the schoolrooms.

"What," I would ask, "do you say to these consecutive fifths?"

"They are beautiful," was his astonishing reply. "Imbecile that you are, how often must I explain to you that rules are to be learned only to be transcended when the right moment occurs?"

"But how," I pugnaciously went on, "is one to know what is the right moment?"

"When you are a composer," he reminded me, "you will not ask that question. No artist worth his salt writes merely because he wants to. If he does his music is not worth the paper it is printed on. The only valid reason for composing is compulsion. An impulse to say this or that, impossible to resist. Why and how, do you suppose, did Beethoven come to be called the great liberator of music? By ignorance of the established rules he was breaking? No! By first becoming a complete master of them. You cannot make a successful revolution without knowing what you are rebelling against. You can perhaps provoke a riot which will end in confusion and face a firing squad."

Many were the firing squads my attempts at riotous writing had to face. For a long time I had to indulge clandestinely the extreme fascination which that strange and dangerous Frenchman Debussy held for me. One day, led far astray into the entrancing fields of heresy, I had impudently introduced a progression of unprepared ninths (quite inappropriate, be it said, to the matter in hand, but at the time they gave me a sense of elation). On my way to the lesson, however, I had a sudden mental picture of what Scontrino's expression

would be when he came upon this passage. I lost my nerve, consigned the manuscript to the river, and arrived shamefacedly for my lesson with only a stilted and simple four-voiced chorale. I was scornfully reprimanded for my laziness, but it was gentle castigation compared to what I should otherwise have been faced with.

Curiously enough, I remember that fiasco of a lesson as a rather happy accident in that it turned out to be one of the most constructive hours in my student days. In the absence of work to criticize it was Scontrino's custom to turn with me to the piano where, playing four-handed, we would explore some masterpiece of symphonic or chamber music; and if no other pupil was to follow close on my heels the hour's lesson would often prolong itself indefinitely. On this particular occasion he dealt impressively with the alchemy of Beethoven's evolutionary methods in treating an idea that occurred to him. He had inexhaustible examples of the progressive stages through which a theme would travel before it emerged in its final form. It seemed unbelievable how, with here an addition and there an omission, rough ore could be transmuted to pure gold. Noteworthy, he would point out, was Beethoven's unerring instinct in the use of a rest for inaudible modulations. A sudden and dramatic change of key was masked only by an eloquent silence. No master before Beethoven, and few since, had so successfully used this device. I have always had a profound respect for rests from that day, but often search in vain for another Beethoven to proclaim them.

I began to look with longing and envious eyes at the prodigious wealth of piano literature in comparison to the more modest portion devoted to the violin. With totally inadequate fingers I would spend hours at the keyboard—somewhat to the detriment of my bow arm. I had been so accustomed to rely on a natural facility that is a kind of birthright of children that in those readjusting years of adolescence and early manhood, when

awkwardness replaces a certain unconscious grace and dexterity, I would be amazed to find myself unable to execute a passage with the same effortless ease that I had been able to depend on a few years back.

One detail, the use of staccato bowing: this brilliant phase of the right arm technique I had, seemingly, never had to learn as a child. Up-bow or down, it had rippled off at whatever speed desired. All of a sudden it left me; at least it departed after a fashion, leaving only a shadow of its former self, labored and halting. And all of a sudden it became, when missing, a most prized object. Many was the hour I had to devote during my twenties trying to recapture that which a prodigal providence had showered on unappreciative childhood. This time facility proved itself capricious and reluctant to respond; and I had to relearn the staccato from the ground up. It taught me a lesson never again to be priggishly disdainful of details that had come easily.

V

My debut took place in Paris when I was sixteen years old. Lefort, my teacher, led an orchestra composed chiefly of students of the National Conservatory. To my family and friends, and to me, it was an event of gigantic proportions.

I was no longer a scraggly little boy of fourteen; in two years I had shot up to some five feet ten inches, which comforted me prodigiously. I had despaired of ever reaching the noble proportions usually attained by male Spaldings and was deeply ashamed of the constant emphasis on my youth, aggravated, so I thought, by stunted growth. Clad in long trousers, I was relieved to think that most people would believe me to be approaching the mature age of twenty; and at least the horror of being classed as a boy prodigy was to be spared me. I nearly ruined my skin by hacking away with a safety razor at a beard that simply wasn't there. But it was muscular activity of a reassuring nature.

My chief pieces on the program were the Concerto in B minor by Saint-Saens and the Bach Chaconne. In addition to this there were orchestral excerpts, a group of violin solos including the Romance in F of Beethoven, and the "Gipsy Airs" by Sarasate as a display piece. The services of a singer, a baritone by the name of Charles Clark, had been secured as an assisting artist, as was customary at such events. He had a pleasant voice, and I was awed by his calm assurance in approaching the public performance as though it were an everyday occurrence. The audience, largely an invited one, seemed prepared to like everything, and once on the stage I forgot to be as nervous as, doubtless, I ought to have been. It was pronounced an auspicious debut and there was no lack of extravagant praise.

But an undercurrent of doubt and even irony checked to some extent my sense of elation, for I realized how indiscriminately the indifferent deliveries were appraised with the same fervor that greeted the good ones. It was bewildering and tiresome to hear my mother triumphantly quoting this and that extravagant sentence from such and such critic, musician, friend: that I had the "*feu sacré*"; that such a tone spoke straight from the heart; that I was destined to . . . etc., etc. Sweet at first to the taste, this praise eventually soured on the stomach. More satisfactory had been the wholehearted interest of many of my colleagues sitting behind me at their orchestral desks. Their enthusiasm was a source of strength and confirmed me in my appraisal as to those parts of the concert that had gone well. Best of all was Lefort's verdict. He mixed praise and pleasure in my success with a sober detailing of less satisfactory results.

"Do you know," he later asked me, "why you stumbled in such and such a passage?" I didn't. "Well, I will tell you," he went on; "it was because, depending too much on your natural facil-

ity, which in ordinary circumstances is apparently unailing, you don't take into account the added factor of excitement that public performance is liable to provoke. Where is your margin of safety to meet this? Yes! I know! You probably returned home and the next day repeated that passage ten times over without turning a hair. But you were alone in your room undisturbed by the electrical current produced by a thousand pairs of ears; there was no possible jolt to concentration upon the intricate pattern of notes fixed in your mind rather by ear memory or muscular association than by a clear and almost visual representation of the printed page. Here! Just try an experiment. Take this sheet of paper and write out for me by memory the entire passage, together with fingering and bowing."

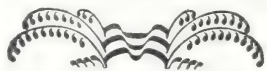
I tried and could do so only most haltingly.

"Yes," said Lefort, "but you hesitate. It is fatal to have to hesitate in a concert hall."

I murmured something to the effect that accidents were known to happen even to famous players, citing some case in mind.

"True," said Lefort, "but in the first place you are not a famous player. You are a debutant. In the second place I am not speaking of an accident. What I am referring to is overconfidence in the infallibility of facile fingers and a kind of inadequate insurance against the perils of public performance.

"However," he concluded with an indulgent smile, "on the whole, I was very pleased with your playing. It had depth and meaning and true virtuoso fire. Above all it sounded like you. You were born to play publicly. Also, what is rare, you have that in your presence which makes your audience want you to succeed. It is like a present from Heaven. Only, be careful never to be satisfied with cheap victories."



ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE GESTAPO

BY PATRICK MAITLAND

EVERY bit of news about the enemy is useful. Everybody who deliberately contributes it is an agent. Each warring country's counter-espionage service is keen to hound down every enemy agent, be he official spy or private, amateur volunteer. In wartime every belligerent newspaper correspondent is in this sense an agent for his country, an object worthy of the attention of his enemy's system.

As Balkans Correspondent of the London *Times* since January, 1939, I had a wide news-gathering organization in six countries, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Greece. And by the time the British left Germany with the outbreak of war in September, 1939, and Italy in the June following, I had secret lines for news reaching out into the Reich and into Italy from each of the six neutral capitals in my area. For before war broke out I realized that, once it came, the British press would have to rely almost exclusively on neutral countries for news about the enemy.

My main German source was an anonymous and secret anti-Nazi who worked on a Viennese paper. Amongst others, he was friendly with the military and diplomatic correspondents of his paper who were several times weekly taken into the confidence of the Reichswehr General Staff and of Ribbentrop's Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse. They were privately told how the war was going, given straight hints about what was likely to happen next, to show what line to take in their writing for the German

public. The gist of these confidences was quickly passed on to me and hence published in the London *Times* with a speed and clockwork regularity so remarkable that the Gestapo racked their brains to find the leakages. Once my man reported a secret conference of Italian and German staff officers at a villa near the Italian border. Two days later the news was in the *Times* and the Gestapo arrested scores of people living near.

But the leaks continued, for my friend devised a means of communication which held the enemy baffled. He wrote in secret ink on the cover of a package of sandwiches given every other night to a railwayman. He handed it to a second, who took it to the border. There a third took it on, smuggled it across to a fourth. He in turn threw it from a carriage window into a garden, where a friend picked it up, deciphered the secret writing, pushed the translated report along to me. Call it amateur espionage if you like, but it was part of my job as a *bona fide* newspaper correspondent in a neutral country to get all possible news of the enemy for my public.

I destroyed these reports as I used them. But a copy of one has escaped by hazard. It became mixed up with some papers I sent to the United States for safety. From it I take an extract. It gives an idea of the kind of reports I was receiving:

About May 10 [1940] three "Standarte" of the SS, numbering about 25,000 men each, were moved from Vienna down to Linz, Bruck-

an-der-Mur, and Passau ostensibly "for a holiday." They were the 75th, 22nd, and 117th.

The transfers are in fact to be explained by mutinies. One took place in the Linz Officers Training School. Officially only eleven people were killed and, according to a secret official account issued "to contradict foreign rumors," it was due to a demonstration by recruits so keen on the war that they demanded to be sent to the front immediately. Eleven deaths is, in fact, an underestimate. I am told thirty-four were killed.

The origin of the mutiny is actually said to have been resistance on the part of recruits to homosexual orgies in which they were compelled by their instructors to take part.

A further affray took place in the Youth Military Training School in the 5th District of Vienna on the afternoon of May 27 whereafter the School was closed "on account of an epidemic." But it did not prevent the inmates being put to forced labor. Fresh troops, including the crack Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler and the Germania Standarte, were at once drafted to Vienna. All Viennese Youth Military Training Schools are now guarded by SS.

Finally a third mutiny occurred on the same afternoon in the Adolf Hitler School at Vogel-sang. Several more people were killed.

And here are some other items from the same source which I recognize from my clippings. Back in May, 1940, while Nazi-Soviet relations were still officially cordial, my Vienna man reported:

The Viennese press and propaganda machine has now begun assuring the public that Berlin's pact with Moscow was only a temporary expedient, and the time has now come for Italy and Germany to resume the struggle against Bolshevism.

A month later, while the Battle of France was raging, this same informant was more specific:

Between July 9 and 12 three hundred trainloads of troops and material crossed the Czech Protectorate in an easterly direction. All Western traffic was suspended on several important lines.

It is reported from Graz that certain bodies of infantry which had returned from the Western front ten days ago were suddenly sent off again to the Northeast. The troops were ignorant of their destination, but they thought it was Scandinavia or Poland.

The Gestapo were furious at such revelations. But that was not all. For I had another source of information. The German Foreign Office keeps its lega-

tions and embassies abroad regularly informed of often secret events by means of weekly and confidential *Rundschreiben*—News Letters. I had an undercover contact inside the Nazi Legation in Belgrade who sometimes reported their contents. They were specially revealing about the still officially cordial relations between Berlin and Moscow. They backed up my Vienna man's reports of troop movements evidently to the Soviet border and the tale of a new line on Russia being followed by the Vienna press and propaganda machine. Here is an extract:

Ten days before Ribbentrop and Ciano met for their Munich conference, they agreed that their Moscow Ambassadors should make a joint demarche to Molotoff for a clarification of Soviet policy.

The decision followed a series of frontier incidents. On July 6 the goods station at Minsk [where Russian oil bound for Germany was transferred from the broad-gauge Soviet tank-cars to the narrower German ones] was partially destroyed. Sixteen Soviet tank cars crashed into a German train. The oil was spilled and burned, destroying the larger part of the station and ruining many lines. The Minsk goods station is now useless and trains have to make a detour to Homel 250 miles away to transfer their oil.

[There were only a limited number of such transfer points so the destruction of one of them represented an important bottleneck in Germany's supplies of Soviet oil.]

Though the Russians attributed the accident to Polish sabotage, German circles are convinced it was Russian.

About the same time several parts of the Minsk-Warsaw railway were interrupted.

On July 6, also, two German frontier guards were shot dead in an incident with the Russians near Brest Litovsk and next day several Soviet guards were killed in another affray. The same day Germans shot down a Soviet aeroplane over Widminnen.

Such revelations were tell-tale and worried the Gestapo.

II

So did others. For a few months earlier queer things had been happening in Yugoslavia. In April and May, 1940, thousands of Nazis had begun visiting Belgrade. A Yugoslav general drew my



attention to what looked like a peaceful, underground Fifth Column invasion. The Quisling Foreign Minister, Cincar-Markovitch, was fobbing off an anxious cabinet with tales that the inroad was no threat. So my Yugoslav friend begged me to reveal the facts in the *Times*. Then the Government would be forced by pressure of foreign opinion to act.

I went round the hotels, searched their registers. It was true. The hotels were packed with lusty Germans in their twenties who had entered their occupations on arrival as "tourists." This was absurd for healthy young Teutons when their country was engaged in fighting one of the greatest battles of history in the West. But I learned more. Many of these lusty young men, of sound health and ripe military age, were taking trains to watering places "for their health"—watering places which all happened to be near key points.

Nor was that all. For within a week I learned that some seven hundred people furnished with German diplomatic passports, saving them the formality of customs examinations, had arrived with large trunks so heavy that they needed two porters to carry each. They were delivered to the former Czechoslovak Legation, now in German hands. I made more inquiries, found that this building was being rapidly "reconditioned." In fact it was being stuffed with concrete and machine-gun posts were being fixed up. It was in the very heart of Belgrade, opposite a key point for any *putsch*, namely the Central Telegraph Office and Radio Station.

Other odd things were happening. I went to see the Chief of Police to ask for the addresses of all German citizens living in Belgrade. We plotted them on a street map and saw what I suspected. Every house had a clear view, hence a clear field for machine-gun fire, upon some key point. Then I discovered that the Germans were all over the country buying up farms and stuffing the farm-houses with concrete for use as pillboxes.

I reported all this in a series of flaming

despatches to my paper. As at that time there were in Belgrade no special correspondents for any other big paper my reports were exclusive. They were quoted round the globe. The world soon gained the impression I meant to convey—namely that the Yugoslav Government, so far from being strictly neutral, was a bunch of Quislings letting the Germans do as they liked. Cincar-Markovitch, in the face of world opinion, could no longer calm the fears of his anxious cabinet colleagues. Drastic measures were ordered. Germans' visas were presently cancelled by the hundred and "tourists" expelled by the trainload. Moreover the name "tourist" stuck.

But not before I had made a further revelation. One day young King Peter was driving to Oplenac, thirty miles from the capital. He was followed by three cars with German number-plates. When he stopped they stopped too and out stepped their German occupants. They tried to mob the King. Police intervened.

I had heard rumors of a plot to kidnap the boy and, though this was no proof, I reckoned that if I reported the incident, writing it up in such a way that it read like a foiled kidnap attempt, world-wide publicity would make the Germans desist. So it happened. The American correspondents in London picked on my story, interpreted it as I intended, sent the tale round the world that the Nazis had tried to kidnap the young King.

As I say, I had at that time no proof. But one night I dined with the King and he told me a curious tale. They had just taken on a new chauffeur at the palace. He was to drive one particular car. Peter went down to the garage a day or two later to search for a spanner. Rooting about in the pocket by the driver's seat (he always sat in front beside the chauffeur), he found an unusually hefty "life-preserver" which the new employee was certainly not authorized to possess. I was right.

All in all, the Gestapo had reason to worry about my reports. For one by

one their plans were being bared to the world. Soon I found they were on my track. One day I lost a letter bearing an address I needed. I had carelessly thrown it into my wastepaper basket. So I asked to have the waste from the apartment house where I lived searched for it. But the waste had disappeared. Inquiry revealed that my wastepaper was daily sorted out from the rest and sent to the German Legation.

By the time the Battle of France was over the Gestapo were hot on my trail. But till they controlled Yugoslavia they could do little against me by force. So the first thing was to hound me to another country where they might have a better chance. The German and Italian Ministers accordingly made repeated demands at the Belgrade Foreign Office that I be expelled as a compromising embarrassment of Yugoslav neutrality. They kept up the protests and bit by bit the Yugoslavs put impossible curbs on my freedom to work. There was in the end no alternative but to go. And when the Russians moved into Rumania's Bessarabia the center of news interest switched, so I moved to Bucharest.

III

Rumania was in a bad state. With the cession of so large a slice of territory the public was bewildered. I found the capital in a state of confused excitement. The people were disillusioned. Where would the rot stop, and when? If Rumania gave up Bessarabia to the Russians without a fight how could she hope to keep Transylvania from the Hungarians or the Dobrudja from the Bulgars? To King Carol the answer was "Full tilt into the Axis for protection against further losses." His Prime Minister, Gurgutu, and the oily Manoilescu, his Foreign Minister, presently went to Salzburg to see Ribbentrop. They offered their stricken country on a platter, ready to bow to the Führer, become a one hundred per cent Nazi Protectorate like Bohemia or Slovakia. But their host

was cold. Germany could do nothing till Rumania gave proof of her good will. She must forthwith come to terms with Bulgaria and Hungary, stabilize her internal regime, banish inefficiency. She must renounce the British Guarantee without delay, oust the British engineers and "saboteurs" from the oilfields.

Within a few days the press published a brief communiqué. Rumania renounced the British Guarantee at once. Her open adhesion to the Axis followed soon after.

The night I arrived I was met by Archie Gibson, the local correspondent of the *London Times*. He pressed me to stay with him. "You've come to a state already in dissolution," he said. "If you're here long enough you'll see an independent Rumania disappear; you'll see the Gestapo gradually win control. You'll see yourself and your fellow-British correspondents hounded like vermin. That's why, for your health as well as for mine, it's best that we set up house together."

Though I had just begun to feel the Nazi hound in Yugoslavia I had been pretty safe till now. So I listened to Archie's warning with reservations, but I accepted his invitation. Presently I saw he was right. For the Salzburg policy soon went beyond a mere renunciation of the British Guarantee. Terror against the British connection with the oilfields (where British engineers had in two decades built up Rumania's entire wealth), terror meant to hound us from the land, began inside of a few weeks. It came almost casually, visible only to the trained eye. But as I knew the symptoms, as I knew the Gestapo were on my track, I watched their growing power with frank anxiety. The state machine was slipping from King Carol's control with the public confusion and disillusion following the Bessarabian affair. I was glad to be with Archie. For I had jumped into the lion's mouth.

One day he and I were urgently invited by Rex Hoare, the British Minister

to Bucharest, to lunch at the fashionable Cina restaurant opposite the Royal Palace. We found a flutter. For sixty odd Britishers, oil engineers, had just arrived from the oilfields whence they had been summarily expelled. Some were leaving the country right away. This was a farewell lunch. It ended happily; we thanked our host and filed out. Most of the engineers were staying at the Athenée Palace Hotel across the way. They now strolled over there in batches of four or five. It was quite usual to see people hanging round the entrance so that day we paid no special attention to them. But in a few minutes it turned out that these loiterers were detectives and they were arresting Rex Hoare's guests by the half dozen. Some were confined to the hotel. Others were marched off to the police station. Some fled to the Legation and from its upper windows beheld police agents waiting hungrily outside. When Hoare tried to 'phone any of his guests at the hotel the line unaccountably went dead. All were ordered out of the country within a few days. Protests were unavailing. The decree applied equally to men and to their families. The terror was on its way.

A little while afterward detectives lured to the police station a young man employed as British Legation messenger. He was confronted by two more detectives. They alternately cuffed him about the head, plied him with brandy, then sought to persuade him to spy on Rex Hoare. He was to list the Legation's visitors, photograph documents. He refused, was cuffed some more, given further tots of brandy, finally led back. Outside the gates (it was dark) they dug revolvers into his ribs: remember, never tell a soul.

The incident was significant. Here was a British subject, even an employee of the Legation, put through the third degree in a still officially friendly neutral country. So even the Legation could be no safeguard. In the prevailing public confusion about Bessarabia, with its accompanying breakdown of public order,

this was disturbing. Moreover, the Fascist Iron Guard, a band of terrorist thugs in Hitler's pay, was once again raising its head. The Government was fast losing what moral and independent authority it had. Carol was losing grip. One more heavy blow and the state would be reduced to a tottering shell; the Gestapo would be able to operate unopposed, the German army would march in.

We correspondents used to meet twice daily in the bar of the Athenée Palace. It was a focal point for Axis espionage. The barmen were in German pay, pricked up their ears for any British indiscretion. Most of the British were temporary bachelors, having sent their wives away for safety. So the Germans provided alluring women who loitered round the bar and were ready to strike up an exciting and comforting acquaintance with any of us. As we watched these guileful sirens, observed their attempts to lure each of us in turn, we day by day saw a fresh and to me familiar phenomenon. It was the "tourists" again. Bit by bit the bar filled up and the German language was heard more and more. Then the hotel became full of these people. It became hard to book a room. There was to be here, evidently, the same sort of invasion that Yugoslavia had defied. Only Rumania would not resist. Her Government had already asked for it, invited these visitors. Begging Hitler to take their country over and save it from Hungary and Bulgaria, the Government had invited Germany to send as many Gestapo men as she wished. I recognized faces which had become familiar to me in Belgrade. They recognized me.

In the countryside disorder was growing steadily. And the Iron Guard was no longer alone in fomenting it. The Hungarians were shrieking for justice in Transylvania. Bloody demonstrations by members of their minority were alternating with bloody reprisals, sometimes by Dr. Maniu's National Peasant Party supporters. It looked as if public order

would collapse absolutely. Nor did the start of Hungaro-Rumanian negotiations ease matters. They began on August 16th. But they soon reached a deadlock and both sides appealed to the Axis. Gigurtu and Manoilescu took the train once more for Germany, and met their Hungarian opposite numbers, Counts Teleki and Czaky, at Vienna on August 31st. Without having a chance to state their case they had to await the verdict which Ciano and Ribbentrop were to pronounce. This Second Vienna Award ruled Rumania's cession of a long, broad tongue of territory reaching into the heart of the country. It contained a clear majority of Rumanians. No matter. Gigurtu and Manoilescu had to sign. The latter fainted and Ciano nudged Czaky's arm in evident pleasure at the stricken man's discomfiture.

In "return" the Axis gave a guarantee of Rumania's territorial integrity to fulfil which it was secretly accorded the right to occupy any strategic points it might fancy. The Hungarian troops marched into their region. Atrocities followed which were unimaginable for their Asiatic cruelty. I recall nights of orgiastic disorder, shooting, and raping in Cluj, the Transylvania capital. At one place the Hungarians chose to martyr the local Orthodox (therefore Rumanian) priest by crucifying him on the cross of his church tower. But the Hungarians did not march in alone. Reichswehr units went in too.

The public was amazed and its further confusion gave the Germans just the chance they intended to get. Within a few hours armed revolt spread throughout the country. Here and there Transylvanian peasants looted the arsenals, fought the invaders. In Galatz Communists seized the main points, held the army and police at bay for days. At Brasov Iron Guards seized the Town Hall and the telephone exchange, and were only dislodged after a week. In Timisoara order broke down again. Local Nazi members of the German minority marched about in uniform. Hun-

garians stayed indoors and when found were beaten up. Jews had to hide. From one town after another came the same tale. Not only were the police impotent, but they lacked the heart to fight a revolt with which they sympathized. The army saw no reason to act against rebels it felt were patriotic. It rapidly became unsafe to travel. There was looting; there were marches and demonstrations, revolver practice on the living as well as on the dead. You had to beware of stray shots. Order broke down completely.

It was as the Germans wished and events now moved rapidly in Bucharest. Gigurtu resigned a few days after his return. The Iron Guard was swept to power under General Antonescu, who now became Prime Minister. King Carol had to abdicate. He left a few days later by train. But though Antonescu promised him safe passage out of the country, he could not impose his will on the Iron Guard. They meant to get the King and as the royal train passed Timisoara machine guns rattled, the carriage windows were shattered. Carol and his party had to sprawl on the floor.

Having expelled Carol and being confident of full German support, the Iron Guard now lusted for yet more power, for further powerless victims. So the terror began in earnest.

IV

Five British subjects, four men and the wife of one of them, were arrested by Iron Guards in Bucharest, whisked away to be tortured. They were oilfield experts. For two days their whereabouts were a mystery. Inquiries with the police, the army, and the Guard gave no result. At last we learned they were in the hands of the police and had been maltreated. The police said they had been handed over by "civilians" who had furnished proof in the shape of signed "confessions" that they were guilty of "intended sabotage."

One man had been trussed up with his

arms forced backward above his head, wrenched from their sockets. He had then been beaten on the soles of the feet with wetted ropes. Toe nails had been prized off. Afterward he could scarcely stand. He was so damaged that he could only talk in a low whisper. Another man had been beaten and kicked in the tenderest regions; his back, sides and chest, his thighs also, were a mass of deep blue and black bruises. A third man had been strung up on a pulley four feet from the ground, then bumped to earth till he fainted. The thugs had brought him round with pails of water, stood him up, and for half an hour thumped him in the sides.

This was savagery and the victims were thus treated, we soon learned, under examination about the Intelligence Service of which they in fact knew nothing. They were denied any protection or access to the British Consulate; their arrest without formal warrant had amounted to sheer kidnapping.

Soon other unpleasant symptoms were visible. The Rumanians are usually polite and easygoing. You could normally walk the streets without being jostled; or at any rate without being jostled on purpose. Now I noticed a change. If I walked down the main street, the Calea Victoriei, I would be repeatedly hustled by thugs evidently out for a scrap. Many had like experiences in the streets. All Britishers began to be followed. It was plain that the hidden hand might fall on anybody at random, whisk him away, torture him. The police, indeed, took their orders from the Iron Guard. So the Guard was no longer shackled. The army, moreover, was demoralized.

Knowing that the Gestapo were after me for my work in Yugoslavia (and I had been continuing it here in Bucharest), I soon realized my danger and recalled Archie's prophetic words. We all began to feel the need of self-protective measures, and from now on we made it a habit never to walk alone, or if alone always to go round by car.

I recall a night when I foolishly took a risk and neglected the rule. I had been in the hotel bar and wanted some air so I decided to walk home. I was alone. Inside there had been lights, cheer. Outside it was cool, fresh, but dark. I stepped out briskly but soon heard footsteps behind. I quickened my pace; so did they. I reached a usually deserted corner, instinctively looked round for a taxi. Then in the dark I noticed the corner was no longer deserted. Men were lounging about as if expecting somebody. Their hands were dug suggestively into side pockets. Did they look eagerly my way? I could only guess. But anyway the footsteps were catching up. There was no taxi in sight. So I hurried on. The footsteps followed me to my very door, then turned back.

One day there was a hustle in the hotel hall. Three thugs had been up to the room of Mr. Percy Clark, a sixty-year-old British manufacturer from Ploesti. They were now marching him out to a waiting car. We saw no more of him for some days. When he turned up, this time "released under house arrest" at his Ploesti home, handed over by "civilians" who had extorted one more "confession," he was in a terrible state. He had been stood with his face to the wall while an apple was poised on his bald pate. The thugs had fired at it. He had then been offered his freedom for eighty dollars. He had paid the money and been shown to the door. As he started through it shots whizzed by. He was shaken, brought back, jeered at. The thugs then tied him up and kicked and beat him without mercy. His face was unrecognizable.

It was clear the same treatment might befall any of us. Moreover, there was another sinister development. For some months the Germans had been arranging to repatriate 80,000 members of their minority from Soviet Bessarabia. To that end uniformed SS men of the so-called "Umsiedlungskommando"—Resettlement Corps—were allowed into

Rumania to arrange the practical details, establish base camps and the like. Nobody was glad to see them, but we drew what comfort we could from the fact that they were not, as they stood, German fighting units.

But it was not hard to guess that when the repatriation was over they would stay on. By September 16th there were eyewitness reports of "large numbers" of these men in Galatz. Two days later we heard there were many more. There were now known to be far more than the 1,500 men with 800 lorries which had seemed a reasonable estimate ten days earlier. There were at least 2,000 in Galatz alone. An unknown number had turned up in the Prahova Valley oilfields. Then a few uniformed Reichswehr officers were spotted. A week later German airmen arrived in uniform at the Floresti aerodrome in the oilfields. SS men were next seen at Predeal. Others were reported making a new landing ground at Targoviste. Military exercises were being openly held in the SS Umsiedlungskommando camps at Reni and Galatz. By September 29th German circles were freely admitting that their men might have to stay long after the repatriation was over.

The German occupation, then, was under way and as it proceeded so did the terrorization of Britishers. One day a Mr. Miller, of the Astra Romana Oil Company, was spirited away from the Company's Sports Club at Snagov near the capital. Four shabbily dressed civilians, after mysteriously parking their car in a field, stealthily entered by a back door, found their victim playing bridge. They told him to come for a ride, produced impressive letters of authority. He was walked off while they dug their hands into side pockets. Then he was not seen for days. The police, the gendarmerie, the military, the Iron Guard all declared themselves baffled. Nobody, they said, ordered any arrest; so this was clearly a frame-up by unscrupulous agents provocateurs.

He turned up eventually, at Police

Headquarters. There was a "confession" as usual. He could still smile and give the thumbs-up signal, but his condition was deplorable. He had been beaten in a wood and kicked without mercy.

Presently we learned a new fact. The kidnapping was being organized from Ploesti by a German who had armed Iron Guards at his disposal. He was out for all the English blood he could get, for he had been aboard the *Altmark* when in Norwegian waters the British Navy rescued 300 British prisoners aboard, caught this man and beat him up. Now he wanted revenge. His presence, coupled with the methods employed, proved we were face to face with the Gestapo. The police were impotent. The Iron Guard were exulting in limitless power to torture. My despatches to the *Times* slid naturally into the atmosphere of a thriller.

Scared out of our wits—for this was after all the first taste any country had had of peaceful and successful German penetration—we took further measures for our safety. From now on it was deemed wise to make up groups of three or four and keep a regular four-hourly check on one another's movements. We also began to switch round our sleeping quarters. And those who had not done so bought Webley automatics.

The baiting slowed down for a while because the Germans were suddenly afflicted by anxiety. The British reaction had been strong and London had made it clear that if this sort of thing continued, including the infiltration of German troops, a rupture might ensue and with it the bombing of the oilfields before the Germans were fully installed to protect them. At the same time they meant to scare off as many British as they could. With the previous few weeks' terror to point the way, we needed little encouragement to get out. But by "we" I mean those who had no pressing business reason to stay.

For the newspapermen it was another matter. We had to steel ourselves to

hanging on as long as we dared or till our papers ordered us out for safety. While the British colony as a whole, therefore, was glad to dribble away, things were made still more unpleasant for the remaining correspondents.

Most of us had undercover contacts with some German newspaperman colleague and these contacts had been useful and friendly on the whole. Now the Germans turned them to their own account. We began to get sinister telephone messages. "I say, old boy, I thought you'd better be tipped off but for the Lord's sake don't give away my name. Who's speaking? What, don't you recognize my voice? Of course I can't say on the telephone. But take my tip and clear out. You'll feel mighty out of place if you stay here much longer."

Then our neutral colleagues would give us dark hints of what they had heard from the Germans. They meant to oust the British without forcing a rupture for a week or two, that was to say without too much terror but with just enough. Then queer things happened in another direction. We had increasing trouble with the censorship. I remember a battle on the issue whether German "Schulungstruppen"—training troops—were to be described as "troops." The censor said "No" and bade me be "very, very" careful in handling the "German question." Two correspondents were told their personal safety depended on it.

V

The Germans presently marched in openly. It was clear that Antonescu could no longer run a decrepit state machine as things were. He could no longer control the Iron Guard, for he had no reliable force to put against them. The army was demoralized. The police took their orders from the Guard. So we soon had reports that Reichswehr units, in addition to those already hidden in ceded Transylvania, were on their way. We learned from the Germans themselves that at least one, possibly two,

mechanized divisions were coming to instruct the Rumanian army. By the end of the month they would be installed in Sibiu, Brasov, and the oilfields. Hungarians told me that here and there they had already crossed the border. At least one barracks in Bucharest had by this time been cleared for visitors. Its occupants were banished to the cellars and the attics. It was getting a belated spring cleaning. Anti-aircraft equipment was now pouring into the Prahova Valley. Next day a polite inquiry from Rex Hoare to the Foreign Office elicited the reply that at least 20,000 Germans were expected.

They soon came. Two trainloads arrived at Bucharest and from them debouched 400 staff officers and a quantity of mechanized troops. Swastika flags suddenly fluttered from the Athenée Palace Hotel and guests were turned out pell-mell to make room. The newcomers included two divisional generals, Hansen and Speidel, three major-generals, and eleven colonels, plus a score of aides-de-camp.

I must admit that they looked splendid. They were tall, upstanding, handsome. Their uniforms were brand new. They were courteous and paid no apparent attention, at first, to the British who were still in the hotel and were gaily rubbing shoulders with them, hoping for scraps of information. Several of us learned a good deal by talking with the enemy. I talked with several airmen and other officers who apparently thought I was Rumanian. I learned that they represented the headquarters staff for three entire armies and that they thought their presence should keep Turkey quiet when Mussolini attacked Greece a week or two hence. The tip served me well for it made me decide to make for Greece when I left. In consequence I was the only special correspondent of a big paper to be in Athens when Metaxas received the Italian ultimatum on October 28th.

I have been asked what it felt like to behold the first German officer. I think

most Britishers were mildly elated. The idea of a German penetration had been familiar for weeks. We were used to "tourists." Then bit by bit we saw them wearing army breeches and sports jackets. Next we saw the non-military of the SS Umsiedlungskommando. Finally we saw the real thing. The change was gradual, but once it was complete we mostly felt, I think, that the Rumanians were getting what they deserved.

And our plight was thrilling. We knew the Gestapo were in charge; we knew their methods. I think there was even some kind of official announcement admitting their presence. We were clearly at their mercy. Even our safe departure would depend at least as much on their goodwill as on our own wits. The roads were now patrolled by Reichswehr units. So were the railways. At the frontiers Iron Guards and Gestapo men were maltreating and shaming departing travelers with evident delight.

Moreover, we well knew that at any moment the hidden hand might descend on any one of us and whisk us away to torture or near-death. But, being in that situation, being for the first time close to the enemy, rubbing shoulders with enemy officers in uniform, there was a certain (maybe perverted) exhilaration to be enjoyed. This is not heroics. It is simply the way things were.

In my case elation alternated, I admit, with undisguised funk. Others were cool throughout. Henry Stokes, the obstinate, brave little Australian correspondent of *Reuters*, was a hero. His nerves were unruffled. And a month after he left he even went back. As for Clare Hollingworth, of the London *Daily Express*, her courage cannot be described. She enjoyed the whole business. We were virtually prisoners, why make a fuss? Enjoy life while you may. She stayed long after the rest of us had left. Archie Gibson was maddeningly cool. He too stayed dangerously long.

We still had a lurking hope that the Legation might be some protection.

But that was soon crushed. Iron Guards, who now made it a regular practice to cut off the telephone first as a precaution, one night paid a call on the house of Andrew Pember, British Press Attaché, after his line had gone dead. He was out and took the hint to leave two days later. The next night Iron Guards began shooting at the house occupied by Lord Forbes, the British Air Attaché, and one of the Legation Secretaries. The police who came at the Englishmen's call soon ran away. So Forbes and his colleague fired back and the Iron Guards desisted.

My initial feeling of elation gradually gave way to uncontrolled fear. I was still hoping to get away untouched and the *Times* had sent me three telegrams begging me begone in the interests of my health. I knew the Gestapo were after me, had even recognized some German faces familiar from the Belgrade days. One night I was discussing it with Archie at dinner at home. Suddenly a friend burst in, his face white as death, and announced that our telephone too had gone dead. We tried it and it was so. This was a plain warning.

Clearly the Guard planned a descent. But the line had gone dead, our friend said, two hours earlier. So we had little time. For me it was enough. But Archie needed persuading. At last he agreed and we moved elsewhere for the night. We kept revolvers at our bed-sides. I returned next morning to pick up some things and as I left I saw (or fancied?) four thugs on the street corner fingering their side pockets. I pulled my hat well down, imitated an old man's step, hailed a taxi, drove to the airport. I paid heavy bribes to police, soldiers, customs men; there followed a breath-taking half-hour wait with my heart thumping so loud I feared the watching Gestapo men must be bound to hear it, suspect a guilty conscience, and hold me. But at last the plane for Belgrade prepared to move off, and I was allowed to depart.



HOW NOT TO WRITE HISTORY

BY MARGARET LEECH

*Not only people who have done historical research but many other readers must have wondered how an author collects material for a book like *Reveille in Washington*, which abounds with historical flavor and detail; so we asked Miss Leech to tell how she, a novice at history-writing, spent the years that it took her to write her account of the city of Washington during the Civil War. This is her reply.—The Editors.*

ABOUT six years ago, in a mood of happy confidence engendered by an almost total ignorance of my subject, I started to write the story of Washington during the Civil War. A little random reading had evoked a sleepy Southern town, surprised by war into fear, confusion, and a great destiny. My mind had begun racing with the excitement which is the precursor of laborious hours at the typewriter, and I gave little serious consideration to the fact that I was not a trained historian. Ignorance, like inexperience, seemed to me a defect supremely easy to remedy. I thought that after consulting a dozen authoritative works for background I would run through diaries and letters and newspapers, and describe that Washington of yesterday—the unfinished Federal buildings, the pigs rooting in the mud, the crinolines glimmering in the gaslight, the tramping soldiers, the fancy girls, and the ambulance trains. It was an enterprise which inevitably required some study; but it did not occur to me that, in muddling through it, I should closely resemble the distracted little capital of 1861, or that I should struggle longer than the Federal army before I brought those blue-clad boys marching in triumph up Pennsylvania Avenue.

For the amateur student of history the road of research is dark and difficult. He needs not only guidance to reliable

sources for his facts but expert advice on his point of view. My first disillusionment came when I discovered that there were not a dozen authoritative books which covered the Civil War. Special aspects of the period had been treated in a dazzling profusion of tomes, monographs, essays, and theses; but most of the standard general histories had fallen into disfavor because they were written by prejudiced Northerners. I learned this by going up to Columbia University to hear Professor Allan Nevins lecture on American history. On one occasion he asked for a show of hands from those who believed that slavery was a moral issue. There were four or five Negroes in the crowded lecture hall. I put up my hand too. It still seems to me that slavery was a moral issue; but I was jolted out of a complacent admiration for abolitionists. I emerged from that course of lectures feeling as spruce and up-to-date as a woman in a new hat. I was determined not to follow those dowdy, sectional historians in whom I had been ready to place an innocent trust. I plowed through the seven volumes of James Ford Rhodes, looking askance at every one of the good gentleman's paragraphs. On the other hand, I did not feel entirely at ease with more recent historians who took the larger view of the struggle and presented the case for the Confederacy. In works of

the most austere impartial tone you could often scent a Southern grandmother or a sound affiliation with the Democratic Party. The thought crossed my mind that I might have to pick my own way among the dissenting opinions of the history books. It was a thought too hideous to contemplate and, with my point of view still floating in the air, I went back to the study of the city of Washington.

There was no trouble in gathering information about the physical aspect of the capital. With the aid of a few memoirs, two guide-books published in 1861, and photostats of a balloon-view and maps of the period, it was easy to visualize the city which sprawled untidily around its stark new marble palaces in the Potomac mud. It would not be honest to say that I could find my way about Civil War Washington, for I lack a sense of direction and find it hard to concentrate on maps. Eventually, my research on the bawdy-houses proved helpful. To establish the fact that they were situated in good residential neighborhoods, as well as in disreputable sections, I went through the daily newspapers of 1862, noted the addresses of all raids made by police and provost guard, and marked them on my map. Perhaps it was not worth the trouble, but it served the incidental purpose of impressing the layout of the city on my mind.

It was easy too to recapture the early social life of Washington—the leisurely, gay, and simple life which war blighted almost overnight. A few nostalgic paragraphs in *The Education of Henry Adams* were amplified in the wistful memoirs of old ladies who had been young and lovely in the antebellum capital. A number of European visitors wrote down their sharp, fresh impressions of an unfamiliar scene. The foreign traveler is, like the modern reader, a stranger, and his amazement at the commonplace is illuminating to those who seek to journey back through time.

In an entertaining book of recollec-

tions, E. D. Keyes's *Fifty Years' Observation of Men and Events*, I came upon the figure of General Winfield Scott, the commander of the little United States Army. Keyes had served on Scott's staff and he described his superior officer with a kind of filial exasperation which I found convincing. There was irony in the contrast between the half-built Federal city, alarmed by revolution, and the pompous, gouty old man in yellow epaulettes and sash who came limping in to save it. The general was actually older than the capital; and, in my enthusiasm over this discovery, I read everything I could find about Winfield Scott and wrote my opening chapter.

Like an old-fashioned novelist, I had begun at the beginning. I took it for granted that the narrative should unfold, month after month and year after year, until it reached its conclusion. This is the hard way, the long way and, I suspect, the wrong way to write history. I knew nothing about analyzing my material fully in advance, and did not anticipate that my chronological development would have to be interrupted to permit the discussion of special subjects, such as prisons and hospitals. I admire neat, compact, beautifully ordered books. *Reveille in Washington* turned out to be badly organized and diffuse.

My method of work was to alternate a period of research with a period of writing. When I finished a chapter I read about what happened next and wrote another. The disadvantages of this system are manifest. It entailed a final laborious business of expansion, revision, and correction. But it gave me a recurrent confidence and sense of achievement without which I should never have persevered in a long task. Writers do not like to write, but to have written. Moreover, although it seems that the order should be reversed, the process of setting down words serves to clarify my mind. I make my notes with a pencil, but I think on the typewriter. If I had waited to begin my book until

I was sensibly informed about my subject I should have become hopelessly lost in mazes of unfamiliar detail.

II

Above all things, I was interested in the characters who played their parts, great and small, in the drama of Civil War Washington. An historical character is only an automaton on a dusty page if you know nothing of his looks and personality. I studied the faces in the old photographs, and collected bundles of notes on physical appearance and mannerisms, which observers of the period had been kind enough to report. They were not always kind enough to agree. If their variance was hopeless I omitted the point or fell back on a time-honored phrase like "One man thought," or "An observer noted." If some vowed that a man's hair was red while others declared that it was brown, I compromised on reddish-brown. In spite of an earnest desire for accuracy I made a number of mistakes. In the first edition of *Reveille in Washington* John S. Mosby, the Confederate guerrilla leader, is described as "a skinny, bearded, taciturn trooper." A Mosby fan who had read the proofs hastened indignantly to inform me that his idol was habitually clean-shaven. My bearded photograph had been taken during a temporary lapse, and in later editions I was able to make Mosby caustic rather than hirsute. I could make no amends to the Union general, John A. Logan, pure Celt, his grandson tells me, though I accepted the popular belief that his dark skin and long black hair showed Indian blood. Ben Butler, whom I called short, turns out to have stood five feet eleven. It is quite easy to be misled about height. People said that old Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, appeared insignificant; so I carelessly supposed that he was short too. Just before my book went to press I discovered that he was tall and insignificant.

Important traits of character often

proved to be equally difficult to verify. From the bibliographies of the historians I copied the names of books about Civil War figures. They were rich in data about early life, education, and accomplishments. Most biographies of the statesmen and soldiers of the 1860's were written by admirers, grateful for access to private papers. In fact, all but the recent fine crop of American biographies make such dull reading that they offer a partial explanation for our widespread lack of interest in the personalities of our past. The Lincoln material is enormous, but I was not writing about Lincoln. My small contribution was to be the scene in which he moved for four years, and I shrank from any allusion to the towering figure that dominated it. Mary Lincoln's strange and obscure career in Washington proved too fascinating to omit. When the first draft of my book was finished it gave the impression that some nameless President was lurking about the White House. It was so silly that I had to put Lincoln in, justifying myself on the ground that I presented him as he appeared to contemporary Washington rather than to posterity.

Because of the scarcity of lively biographies, I had many a weary search for the details which make a bronze statue step down from its pedestal. But even the stuffiest biographer may let slip an indiscreet fact or publish a revealing letter. Unexpectedly, in a diary, a newspaper, or a book of travel or recollections, you may come upon a paragraph of sharp-edged characterization. It is surprising how much criticism can be implied in the eulogistic periods of a memorial address. The disadvantage in synthesizing this material is that you cannot lightly accept the appraisal of a man's contemporaries. McClellan, represented by Democrats as a maltreated military genius, and by Republicans as a fainthearted traitor, is one of the stumbling-blocks of the Civil War. He would be still harder to understand if his doting wife had failed to preserve his egotistical letters.

When it came to depicting events I encountered similar complications. Historians have worked like beavers on most of the important aspects of the Civil War period; but when I tried to relate their findings to the city of Washington I lost the guidance of authority. My assignment, by its very limitation, altered the focus of events, and frequently incidents vital to the story of the city were too specialized, or, from a larger point of view, too trivial to have warranted previous investigation.

The evaluation of historical material is a task for which the novice is supremely ill-equipped. For example, I was led astray for a while by my reliance on L. E. Chittenden's *Recollections of President Lincoln and His Administration*. Chittenden was an honest Vermonter and a staunch Republican, Lincoln's friend and his Register of the Treasury. In Civil War Washington he had excellent opportunities for seeing everyone and everything, and he wrote his reminiscences with a captivating zest and a relish for detail. His work is cited in highly respectable bibliographies, and I lifted several scenes from it before I learned that Chittenden should have turned his talents to fiction. There was one touching description of a parade of colored Sunday School children in front of the White House. They were so thrilled by the sight of Lincoln, standing dewy-eyed at a second-storey window, that they pelted him with roses. Chittenden was in the room, right next to Lincoln, and he said that the floor was carpeted with flowers. The remarkably good aim of those colored children should have given me pause, but I did not lose faith in Chittenden until I came to General Grant.

I intended to begin a chapter with Grant's arrival in Washington in the spring of 1864, before he launched his grand campaign against Lee in the Virginia Wilderness. It was a dramatic moment—the first visit of the nation's hero to the nation's capital—and Chittenden was ready with a wonderful

story. One morning, he arose before dawn from a restless sleep at Willard's Hotel and sat reading the morning paper in the office, where the gas-lights were turned low, and the hotel clerk slumbered behind his desk. Presently two omnibuses drove up with the passengers from the early train from the West. They rushed for the register and went off to their rooms. The clerk had again closed his eyes in sleep when a neglected arrival stepped modestly forward: a sunburned man, wearing a linen duster, and holding a small boy by the hand. The clerk haughtily assigned him a cheap room—until he glanced at the register, and fell to groveling and apologizing. Chittenden was curious enough to step over to the desk and examine the last entry. It read "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill."

No writer could be blamed for reluctance to abandon that scene; but the fact was that Grant did not arrive in Washington at dawn, but in the late afternoon. I verified this in a dozen places before, with black curses on the head of nice old Mr. Chittenden, I tore up the opening of my chapter. It is within the bounds of possibility that Grant was treated haughtily at Willard's at suppertime; but a man who could invent that restless night and early rising, the dim gas-lights and the sleeping hotel clerk was capable of imagining anything.

The obvious answer is that Chittenden's recollections were published in 1891. I have instanced his book because it was flagrant, not unique. Anyone might anticipate that old men forget, but it still seems to me a little surprising that they are prone to lively memories of things which never happened. Even a faithful memoirist may embellish his own past by pointing up his connection with historical events. Carl Schurz made an interesting statement on this point. In his later years Schurz firmly believed that he had been in Lincoln's office on the anxious Sunday of March, 1862, when the fate of the capital seemed to hang on the outcome of the encounter

between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. Other evidence, however, convinced him that he was not at the White House until the following day. Schurz reached the honest conclusion that the scene in Lincoln's office had been so vividly described to him by the President that he imagined he had been there.

III

I had become deeply involved in my research long before I formed the faintest conception of its scope. At first I casually collected material by jotting down references and interesting items in a loose-leaf notebook. It was an act of disloyalty to the Vassar history department, which had thoroughly grounded me in the principle that all notes should be made on small pieces of paper, an item to a page. If a writer can make anything out of a notebook he must be a superman. The information is entombed and unmalleable, unsusceptible of classification and ready reference. My research really began when I threw my notebook aside and ordered some four-by-six blocks of paper. Like the ones they use at Vassar, they were ruled in red, horizontally an inch from the top of the long side, and vertically an inch from the left-hand edge. Across the top, you write the substance of your note, as "Seward—Personal Appearance" or "Second Inauguration—Procession." The upper left-hand corner contains the name of the source and the volume number, if any, while the left-hand margin is used for page references. For each work consulted you fill out a separate sheet, with the full name of the author and his work and the publication date; and these are filed together for your bibliography.

As I read I found it helpful to record my own fresh opinion of a book, and I also frequently added a phrase or paragraph which the material suggested. These jottings were especially useful when the notes were taken months or even years before they were used.

My method of filing and cross-indexing was rudimentary. The latter consisted of sticking in pages marked "See chapter 8," "More about this under White House," and the like. When a bundle of notes fitted neatly into the scheme of my book I filed them in an envelope marked with the number of the chapter for which they were destined. Special categories, to which I might need to refer at any time, were labeled with their own designations—personalities, army organization, social life, conscription and so on.

I grew very tired of my little pieces of paper. Dusty and smudged and dog's-eared, they littered desks and tables, and overflowed drawers and boxes. There were thousands of them. But I could always find them, always sort and re-classify and compare them. When I see a student burying his research in a notebook I have to resist a temptation to snatch it away and hand him one of my little red-striped blocks.

Among a variety of specialized fields with which I was forced to acquaint myself the most forbidding was the military. When I started to write I didn't know a field officer from a guidon, or a caisson from a reconnaissance. I had no intention of concerning myself with army matters, and fancied that, by sprinkling round a few aromatic words like *Minié* ball and *bivouac* and *vedette*, I could make my narrative redolent of the period. But, unfortunately for me, Washington was of great military importance during the Civil War. It was hemmed by battles and threatened by raids, and for years its protection dominated the strategy of the Army of the Potomac. To understand the actual defense of the capital it was necessary to have at least a dim comprehension of fortifications. As Washington was crowded with soldiers, I was perpetually confused by questions of army organization, encampments, insignia, and uniforms. I had to check the location of outfits and identify obscure officers, and I wasted a great deal of time before I discovered use-

ful handbooks. Who would guess that nice little biographies of all deceased West Point graduates are hidden away in a series misleadingly entitled "Annual Reunions"? Not the amateur research worker.

My pursuit of military information sometimes led me into strange company. I should never have expected to take an avid interest in Professional Paper Number 20 of the United States Engineer Bureau. It is called "A Report on the Defenses of Washington," and it was written by General J. G. Barnard, who planned the capital's fortifications and supervised their construction. An invaluable reference book was Fred Albert Shannon's *The Organization and Administration of the Union Army*. In taking up specialized subjects I reminded myself of the novice who cannot obtain work because he has had no experience; I could not grasp information because I was ignorant. As a rule I was obliged to read the books twice. The first perusal served to give me a bewildered idea of the subject, a sort of rickety framework into which to fit further research. After I had gathered a mass of concrete detail and illustration I found fresh meaning and clarification in the general treatment.

The military literature of the Civil War is appallingly extensive. The card indexes of the regimental histories alone fill whole drawers in the New York Public Library. It is the duty of the regimental historian to glorify his outfit, and in their accounts of prowess these little volumes are usually as undependable as Baron Munchausen. I scanned all those which dealt with organizations which had at some time been in Washington and was rewarded by finding a half-dozen useful sources. A history of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and two histories of the Sixth Corps were helpful in my research on Early's Raid, the only occasion on which the Confederates appeared in force before the capital. I could find no adequate treatment of the small military action in the Washington

suburbs. Early's Raid put me on the firing line. As diligently as any candidate for a doctor's degree, I labored over orders, reports, telegrams, and military correspondence. Of the one hundred and twenty-eight thick volumes which comprise the *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, there are at least two which I ought to know by heart. I grew very fond of the *Official Records*. Their austere pages tell many a story of ludicrous confusion, of ambition and jealousy and disappointed hopes.

The amateur must overcome a reluctance to examine ponderous tomes with dismal designations. *The Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings* (volume 43, 1910) contain young Henry Adams's brilliant description of the Secession winter. The six huge volumes of *The Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion* have many enjoyable pages; and, to those with a taste for the gruesome, I recommend their colored plates. Two series entitled *Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War* (three volumes each) were so enthralling that I cast research to the wind and read them straight through, for pleasure. The greater part of my reading was done in the New York Public Library. With the exception of the Washington newspapers, two or three rare books, and a few original sources, all of my material was found there.

IV

In his desire to emulate the professional historian, the ambitious novice is forever itching to lay hands on an original manuscript. He too has his dreams of uncovering something new; and he may not be devoid of a meanly snobbish ambition to embellish his bibliography. However, the fact that material has never been published does not, of itself, enhance its value. I had an opportunity of examining a diary which a Washington lady of Secessionist sympathies had kept during the war. Eagerly though I took up those pages of faded handwriting, I must admit that their sentimental

maunderings about the Southern cause, their regrets for the good old days and complaints about the horrible Republicans failed to contribute in the smallest degree to an understanding of the period.

Far different were the letters of B. B. French, Lincoln's Commissioner of Public Buildings, whose private papers are deposited in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress. French's scribbled letters tell the news of Washington with gusto, and are particularly eloquent on the subject of Mrs. Lincoln.

At the National Archives in Washington I had the great pleasure of examining the dossiers of intercepted correspondence of Mrs. Greenhow, Mrs. Morris, and other spies for the Confederacy who were arrested in the early part of the war. These records had been sent to the Archives by the State Department, which was in control of counter-espionage activities until February of 1862, when the War Department took charge. The War Department guards its records jealously. At that time—two or three years ago—the only Civil War material which had been received at the Archives consisted of payrolls and bills for fodder. This sounded discouraging, but I had become so much interested in the spies that I thought it would be well worth the trouble to go to the War Department and dig out further information for myself. To my amazement, I could not obtain permission to do so. For a long time I was incredulous, but at last I was forced to accept the decision that military bureaucracy had the Civil War spies in its grip. The War Department has form letters which state that all that has been deemed fitting has been published in the *Official Records*. Information about spies has been withheld out of consideration for the feelings of the descendants of the persons involved.

This does not seem to me a sound or sensible reason for keeping students away from historical material. Whoever invented that phrase was certainly misguided about the emotions of the

descendants of persons involved on the Confederate side of the war. Their feelings consist of pride and gratification in the activities of their grandparents, and I wish that the War Department would find this out.

V

Through a happy mischance I was able to see one forbidden manuscript, the record of the hearings of State prisoners before the Dix-Pierrepont Commission. That commission was appointed by the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton; but its envelope had been incorrectly marked 1861, instead of 1862, and it had found its way to the National Archives. With an agreeable sense of putting something over, I quoted large sections of the hearings. I have had no complaints from the descendants of anyone involved.

Among recent acquisitions of the Archives are the official papers of B. B. French—records of the Department of the Interior—and there I was able to find information about White House employees, especially the thieving gardener, John Watt, and also the bills for Lincoln's funeral expenses. These papers I did not myself examine. During the last months of intensive rewriting I engaged the services of a competent research worker.

Prior to that period I made it a habit to pay short visits to Washington seven or eight times a year. Most of the time was spent in the Library of Congress, reading the files of the Washington newspapers of the Civil War years. The New York Public Library had been able to produce only a few scattered numbers of the *National Intelligencer*, a dignified sheet which reported the sessions of Congress and affairs of national importance, and did not condescend to notice the local doings of Washington. I was so disappointed in the *Intelligencer* that I had no very high hopes of finding good newspaper material when I first went to the Library of Congress and asked for the 1861 files of the *Evening Star*. I

opened a dirty brown volume, about two-thirds of the size of a modern newspaper, and found myself embarked on the happiest adventure of my research. In the dust of those old pages you could smell another dust—that rose on Pennsylvania Avenue under the tramping feet of the Union volunteers.

For good or ill, *Reveille in Washington* was made out of the newspapers. They gave me the flow of life, the shape of thought, the sense of participating in history as it was being made. I was interested even in their inaccuracies—for the delay, distortion, and censorship of military news was part of the story. But my first interest was in the graphic and often humorous reporting about the city of Washington. The proprietors of the *Star* and of another excellent news-

paper, the *Chronicle*, knew what the people of the capital wanted to read during the Civil War. They were the things I wanted to read. I never took the train from Washington—my eyes aching from the tiny print, my clothes covered with dust, my right arm stiff to the shoulder from taking notes—that I didn't feel the high excitement of having been able to live for a while in another day.

Most historians look down their noses at newspapers. They call the information they afford "irrelevant detail." As a parvenu in the field of history, I would like to curry favor with the experts; but I cannot retract on irrelevant detail. I wish professional historians would use more of it. It is my only word of defiance to my betters.





THE WORKMANSHIP HAS TO BE WASTED

A STORY

BY ALEXANDER LAING

THE starter watched Mrs. Madison. She turned slowly, staring in awful distrust at the Assyrian doors of the elevators, six on one side, six on the other, and three of them half open.

"What floor, lady?"

"I'm not sure. The address just says 5642."

"'Fitty-six' floor," he told her, in a tone of sad wonder at having so often to explain the obvious. "Express."

A sweep of his scarlet arm wafted her into one of the cars before she had even made up her mind that she dared.

"Ayuh," the Negro operator said to the starter. "OPM'll back a Mack off the Avenue, clear in hyah in the lobby. Cart mah fancy doors away to one of them great big kettles. Melt 'em right down into p'opellers or somepin'. Any day now."

Two men with brief cases marched in and stood side by side in the middle of the elevator, ignoring each other importantly. Although their appearance was gentlemanly, they did not take off their homburg hats. Looking between them, Mrs. Madison watched the closing doors of the local shaft opposite: doors embellished with half-kneeling bronze figures in low relief, their heads twisted impossibly backward.

"Man made them doors, he be pretty cut up," the operator mused aloud. "Melt them pretty doors into engine bearin's, or mebbe bomb noses."

As the car accelerated smoothly, Mrs.

Madison had a Jules Verne image of herself being shot to the moon from a slender building that had become an enormous vertical gun. But the car slowed to a gentle stop. The doors slid softly back against their rubber bumpers.

Standing upon firmness again, to wait for her stomach to catch up with the rest of her body, she made the half-panicky gesture that so quickly had become automatic, feeling for and pressing the hard lumps under her tight black coat. A journey all round the walls of an H of corridors brought her to 5642 on the last door, a few feet from where she had started. The glass was lettered "Van Zoorn and Nephew."

No one answered her knock. A pretty double chime sounded as she pushed the door open, repeating as it closed of itself behind her. She was alone in a very small anteroom with three yellow chairs on a nubbly magenta carpet. No pictures hung against the aquamarine walls. There was not even a table piled with *National Geographics*. Mrs. Madison wondered when she last had seen a *National Geographic*. She had stopped all the subscriptions after her husband's death.

In the wall at the left there was a triangular opening, just too small for any human body to squeeze through. A middle-aged, long-nostrilled woman stared inquiringly from beyond the glass. Mrs. Madison pushed under the edge of it a crumpled clipping from the want ad page of the *Sun*.

"This is this place?" she asked, indicating the lowest of several pencil-marked addresses.

"Van Zoorn and Nephew, yes," the reception clerk said with a kind of trill. "Whom do you wish to see, madam?"

Memory of older occasions came back full strength at last as Mrs. Madison said decisively, "Mr. Van Zoorn, if it is convenient." Her heart was pounding more slowly, but pounding still.

The woman behind the glass looked critically at clothes that might or might not express the quirks of a fabulous old female tightwad. Playing safe, she said, "Mr. Raymond Van Zoorn could see you shortly. Mr. Van Zoorn himself is out."

A rhythmic clicking, as of the lock on her daughter-in-law's new apartment house, indicated that a button had been pressed to make it possible for Mrs. Madison to push open the knobless door at her right.

The next room was much larger. A counter, topped with black velvet, ran from wall to wall a couple of yards out from the windows. A slim young woman, her shoulders beautiful in tailored russet sharkskin, was perched on a tall chromium stool on the near side of the counter. Beyond it a stout and bald-headed young man was nodding vigorously as he said, "Yes—yes—Mrs. Koppers. Not easy, you so well understand. But it commands of us the beautiful workmanship. Yes."

They took no notice of Mrs. Madison as she walked to a lower chair at the other end of the severe counter.

The young woman's hair reminded Mrs. Madison of that of her son's wife. Lucy's had gone straight and lank for a month or two, as if she didn't care about anything. But now, in her new apartment, she was wearing it longer, puffed back prettily over the shoulders somewhat like this too excellent example of planned unruliness.

"And then the cartouche, Mr. Van Zoorn. I'm playing a long hunch, aren't I? But I'm just certain they'll be

the thing again by spring. You'll think I'm silly, I'll bet, but I asked Madame Zelda about that. It's simply unbelievable the things she's been right about. My husband says he's going to ask her about the market. He says she can't be any crazier than those people on the Exchange Commission, or whatever it is, that make everything so hard these days."

"It is your wearing it that will make the cartouche fashionable again, Mrs. Koppers. Madame Zelda is quite safe about that, as she is so shrewd that she can know it."

"Well, I hope you're both right."

The girl leaned forward, drawing with a childish awkwardness that came oddly from a body otherwise so graceful.

"The initials of my husband and myself, this way, in absolutely the tiniest diamonds and rubies. I think big stones are so vulgar these days, with the terrible taxes and everything. How small can you cut them? I want them specially cut."

"Yes. They can be closely microscopic. But comes a point where cost increases, the smaller and smaller they are."

"But obviously. What I have in mind is simply hair-lines of stones for the cartouche."

There were no *National Geographics* anywhere. Mrs. Madison took from her bag the only reading matter in it: a half-finished letter to her son, her third attempt to break the news she had not yet been able to surrender to the mails.

I should have mentioned before that Lucy and I have rented the house, but I wanted first to see how it would work out, and now I can tell you everything is just fine. She's taken a very nice one-room apartment at the Jersey, and I've got a lovely room at Mrs. Clark's. Both together cost just what we get for the house. Please don't think there was any unpleasantness, my dear boy. It's just that you are the only interest we really have in common, and when you were called to active service . . .

Mrs. Koppers was saying, "Now how much is a quarter of an inch?"

The jeweler showed her.

"I know. What I have in mind would be at least ten stones in that length of space. You don't think that would be vulgar the opposite way?"

Mrs. Madison felt the building swaying again. She remembered a drawing in the newspaper of the slantwise path of a bomb falling against a skyscraper, intended to prove that all but its highest and lowest storeys would be safer than an ordinary building could be. But she did not feel safe.

. . . Lucy has been very sweet always, and she comes to see me and I go to see her. Now that the President says the shooting has started I don't see how we can expect it to stop till you've won your war, just as your father and your grandfathers won theirs. But as soon as it's over I'll be right back in the house with you, whether you like it or not. . . .

Mrs. Koppers was standing, the transaction apparently over. "You call me right away," she said, "the minute the patterns are ready. It's so convenient being at the Elbridge Towers. All young couples ought to go there, they say, for their first year. Just a step from practically everything. You can't imagine what we save on taxis."

Mr. Van Zoorn stole his first glance toward the other visitor, but Mrs. Koppers went lightly on.

"After you've chosen most of your things I suppose it's in the cards to settle down some place farther up the Avenue. But I for one am going to hang right on at the Elbridge till our things begin to drop out the windows. Our place is just a *pied-à-terre*, my husband says. But that's true of all the apartments. So sensible in your first year."

After the latch at last had clicked, the stout young jeweler maintained his bow for a moment. Then he walked briskly to the other end of the counter.

"I am so sorry for this keeping you waiting."

Mrs. Madison did not regret the delay. She felt composed, almost business-like at last as she said, "I have some—" Then she paused carefully to use the ex-

act words recommended by her daughter-in-law's new friend, the lawyer. "I wonder if you would care to bid on some stones I may offer for sale."

"We are glad to be privileged to see them—madam."

"My name is Florence Madison—Mrs. Madison."

"Yes, Mrs. Madison. The light is better a little in my office."

As he went round to open a door from the far side she unfastened the safety-pins that held a manila envelope to her coat lining.

"These are Golconda stones. My husband's father brought them from India. He used to say they were a better anchor to windward than any insurance policy."

"He was a sailor. So my grandfather was," Mr. Van Zoorn commented, staring briefly at the two stones through a little bucket-shaped black instrument. One stone was set in a circular gold locket, the other in a brooch. "Both imperfect, like most old mine stones."

"I understood that they were very good. The color—"

"They are good of their kind. This is too yellow by modern standards. This of the brooch is better."

Mrs. Madison's heart was trip-hammering again. While Mr. Van Zoorn was measuring the stones with calipers and jotting on a pad, she tried to divert her mind to other matters. But she succeeded only in remembering what she would not acknowledge to herself that she had even seen: her daughter-in-law's expression as she shook her fluffy hair before admitting the jaunty young lawyer and the frown on her face when he said casually that he had few clients so conveniently located as right across the apartment-house hall.

"The locket stone would weigh perhaps ninety-five points. The brooch is close to two karats. What do you ask, madam?"

"I was asking for your bid. I have others."

The jeweler took a worn little notebook

from his vest pocket and studied it.

"The smaller stone would be about eighty dollars a karat. The other is perhaps worth a hundred a karat."

"But you told me it weighed only two karats," she said, her eyes widening. "My husband said the larger one alone was appraised at eight hundred dollars."

"It seems high, Mrs. Madison, but not impossible if long ago. Were you to authorize their removal from the settings then I put them on the scales."

"But what is your bid just as they are?"

"Without weighing them I can offer seventy dollars for the smaller stone, one hundred eighty for the larger."

"But I am sure there is a mistake. I had a loan on them for much more than that. And I borrowed from—from someone else, to redeem them and get the extra value by selling them."

"Unfortunate. Such stones were valued more highly a few years ago. You should have let the lender foreclose."

He made as if to push the jewels back toward her. Mrs. Madison's look was desperately imploring, as she blurted, "My son was a reserve officer in the Navy. They called him from a very good job. The pay is hardly enough for his wife now. I don't want to be a burden. Don't you see? I was told that diamonds had gone up."

"Small stones have, for war industries, and also stones in need of no recutting. It would be twenty-five dollars a karat to have these recut, and—"

"And you would lose a quarter of their weight in the process," she broke in suddenly as she slumped thinly in the chair. "Yes, I know."

What was the good of trying to act over again, with a fool's hope in each increasingly elegant office, her first incredulous despair? Beginning at Third Avenue at street level, she had been told these same things. Why should these people believe her story about the loan? That it was true was no help before the always courteous men who knew their

business so well—these men who in their vest pockets carried infallible little books that always produced the same valuation, within five or ten dollars, more or less.

"I'll accept your offer, I think now," she said wearily. "What are the settings worth?"

"Only the value weight of old gold, I'm afraid."

He weighed the pieces on a scale in a glass box, and added, "Nineteen dollars, assuming fourteen-karat gold."

"My husband had them made for me when his father gave us the stones, forty-seven years ago. All the workmanship has to be wasted, doesn't it?"

He turned the simple round locket in his palm.

"Taste changes," he admitted. "It is so. The workmanship has to be wasted every generation. But what can we do? The clipper ship of your father. So beautiful. So were my grandfather's ships. I have three, in pictures, marvelous, intricate, but of what use now?"

As he was writing a check the double-chime sounded twice. When Mrs. Madison went out, Mrs. Koppers was on her stool again.

"Mr. Van Zoorn," she called, "I think this is maybe a simply marvelous idea I've just got. Couldn't you put a little extra band inside that could come out in case I put on weight? You can't ever know—"

The door shut on the young anxieties of Mrs. Koppers.

The elevator was full, going down. A man was saying, "Yeah, just come in over the radio. American destroyer sunk up round Iceland or somewhere. Seven million bucks of beautiful machinery at the bottom of the Atlantic. Now if that man in the White House—"

Amid the waves of numbness that swept over her Mrs. Madison wondered, after all she had dared in the last two days, whether she dared ask him the vessel's name.



THE DUNNE BOYS OF MINNEAPOLIS

BY DALE KRAMER

ONE morning in 1934 Minneapolis awakened to find itself in a state of siege. The truck drivers under a set of Irishmen referred to vaguely by the newspapers as "the Dunne brothers" had forcible control of the streets and highways and they refused to let commerce move. Who were these Dunne boys? Minneapolis watched them come to dominate the city's labor movement and the city itself after a bloody three days' battle with the organized local employers. It saw them extend their influence to the streets and alleys of a dozen States. And finally in the summer of 1941 the U. S. government charged the brothers and twenty-six of their associates with sedition. Eighteen of the defendants were, after trial, sentenced on December 8th to prison terms.

Fabulous as they became, Minneapolis learned little about the Dunne boys—not even knowing for sure how many there were. Yet they were native Minnesotans—though one was born in Kansas City—who had spent the major portion of their lives in Minneapolis' sprawling workingmen's North Side. Three of them shared direction of the union: Vincent was the brains, the directing genius; Miles, eloquent, possessed of a quick Irish wit, was the orator and front man; Grant was most at home on the picket line. A fourth, Fenton, active in the early days of the union, dropped out. From the start they had a stern and relentless critic in their older brother, Bill. The Minneapolis Dunnes were Trotskyites—dissident Communists who

split with the main body during the long fight between Trotsky and Stalin—though only Vince was an active party member. Bill, who left Minnesota early for a radical career in such varying places as Montana and Outer Mongolia, was a leader of the bitterly antagonistic American Communist (Stalinist) Party.

Trotsky called Vincent Dunne the most effective labor leader in America. A slight, grave man, Vincent at fifty-three looks a half dozen years younger. His face is long and dark with cool blue eyes and he wears his hair close cropped. He resembles Humphrey Bogart, the movie actor, and his deliberate movements are much like those of Bogart in the one or two quiet Irish roles he has played. No one ever doubted that Vince was the "big Dunne," but he seldom bothered to hold union office, preferring to rule by the force of his personality and the demonstrable accuracy of his judgment. Unobtrusive of dress—though he wore a pince-nez when he read—he was as apt to be seen puttering round the clubrooms or the bookstore of the Minneapolis Socialist Workers' Party (Trotskyites) as in the union offices. Except in times of union crisis, when his appearances before membership gatherings were received with awed silence, his speeches and private conversations dealt primarily with "widening the political view" of his listeners. In smaller groups of union officials and party leaders (he was credited also with a major role in formulating the policies of the national Trotskyite body) his habit was to listen

silently to the others, then to analyze and amplify their opinions, occasionally demolishing them with a mordant wit. It was a favorite method of Lenin's.

Just as Vincent preferred a behind-the-scenes role, Miles (Micky) Dunne, who studied to be an actor but spent his early years as a coal driver, liked the center of the stage. He too was small, with slick dark hair; he might be described as a natty dresser. Convivial, fond of companionable drinking, prize fights, football, hunting, and fishing, Micky buttered up such opponents as it was considered policy to butter. And his vitriolic tongue was helpful against stubborn enemies. He served as the floor spokesman in conventions, as delegate to various central bodies, and served as union president or held other major union posts as the situation demanded.

Grant Dunne, gassed in the First World War and thereafter subject to considerable physical pain and nervous disorders which made him often irascible, was of the greatest use when trouble was afoot. Very dark of skin (the slight strain of Indian blood in their mother came out strong in Grant) he had high cheek bones, straight black hair, and smoldering black eyes. In the negotiations at which he was most expert—grievances against employers, welfare boards, and the like—he bellowed and bluffed, but in physical action he was icy calm and entirely fearless. He shot and killed himself a few weeks before the sedition trial opened.

Vincent and Miles, with twenty-six members of their union and the Socialist Workers Party, went to trial on October 20th in Minneapolis' blackened old rock courthouse, charged with endeavoring to "bring about, whenever the time seems propitious, an armed revolution against the Government of the United States." A few weeks prior to the indictments, which came on July 15, 1941, the Dunne boys in order to escape expulsion from the International Brotherhood by Daniel Tobin, its president, had sought refuge in the arms of A. D. (Denny) Lewis,

John L.'s brother, who somewhat illogically issued them a charter in the CIO Building Construction Workers' Organizing Committee. Tobin served as labor chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the last three Presidential campaigns. The Dunne brothers and their friends charged that the arrests were a payment by President Roosevelt on the political debt owed to Tobin, and that the inclusion of other Socialist Workers Party leaders was mere camouflage.

II

The route traveled by the Dunne boys to leadership was circuitous and troubled. Old William Dunne, their father, who spent the last thirty years of his life sweeping out Pullman coaches in the Eighth Street yards of the Milwaukee Road in Minneapolis, had not been able to provide his eight sons and daughters with much of an education. An Irish immigrant, he had drifted over the country swinging a pick, skinning mules, hoisting mortar, and had finally married a French-Canadian girl from Little Falls, Minnesota. When his two elder sons were babies old Dunne was hurt in an accident and confined for a year to the poverty ward of a hospital. Mrs. Dunne took her babies home to her father's little Minnesota farm. Dunne followed when he was able but he was badly crippled.

Every hand was needed to scratch the land for a livelihood, and there was little time for school. But the older boys, Bill and Vince—neither of whom was ever able to attend school consistently enough to rise above the sixth grade—grew adept at reading.

Vince was the first to leave home. At fourteen, when he was about as large as he is now and passing himself off for a man, he went to work first for a farmer who had a contract to haul logs out of the woods, then as a full-fledged lumberjack. He spent the winters in the woods, the springs on the river drives—where, being considered a cool head and a sound hand with the cant hook, he was assigned to

ride the logs to break up jams. In the summer he was a gandy dancer—member of a railroad section gang—and in the autumns he followed the harvest. It was a hard, bitter life for a half-grown boy. The workday was twelve hours or longer; the food was miserable and the camps verminous.

No lumber camp was without its Socialist and his little cache of literature. Vince read all he could find and, a little later, joined the I.W.W. He stayed in the lumber camps until the panic of 1907 drove him with hundreds of thousands of others on the road. In Seattle he slept on the sidewalks with rows of other bindle stiffs. The city was paying a nickel apiece for rats in an extermination drive, and he earned a few cents for meals by trapping them. Some rats were colored blue and red and turned loose again. The catching of these earned a prize. Vince never caught a colored one. After drifting from Portland to Los Angeles to Louisiana where he worked in the mosquito swamps cutting pine, he finally landed in Arkansas chain gang. He thought he had had enough of the road. Escaping, he rode the rods home. About the same time a big Norwegian-Swedish youth named Floyd Bjornstjerne Olson, whose path was to cross that of the little Irishman, was also beating his way home to Minneapolis with an I.W.W. card in his pocket.

The Dunnes had moved into Minneapolis. The old man had his job, but his pay was not sufficient to feed and clothe the family. The younger boys sold papers, searched the junk heaps for valuables, and picked up scraps of employment, attending a Catholic academy intermittently. Vince got a job teaming. He liked horses, handled them well, and after a while worked himself into the class of express drivers, sweeping through the streets ahead of the rest. The teamsters liked to warm themselves with coffee at the lunch counter in the Union Depot, where there was the additional pleasure of exchanging wisecracks with Jenny Holm, the pretty Swedish

waitress. Vince drank a good deal of coffee and produced a great number of epigrams, which he thought up while driving, before he managed a "date." After that it was smooth sailing. Jenny Dunne, small, blue-eyed, and now silver-haired, is extraordinarily fond of children. Besides raising their own son and daughter, they took in homeless children from time to time. In later years Vince's parents (old Dunne having been laid off at the yards) lived with them. Altogether, the frame bungalow on the North Side was a full and lively place. Vince maintained his interest in radicalism, paying his I.W.W. dues and passing out copies of the *Appeal to Reason* to other drivers. For that he was fired by the Wells-Fargo Express Company and blacklisted, but he was a good driver and after a few months found another job.

Meanwhile news poured in of the adventures of Bill. He had had a somewhat easier time of it than had Vince. Bill was short, like the other Dunnes, but stocky with a barrel chest, bullet head, and the voice of a bull moose. After tossing about for a while at common labor jobs he had become a skilled electrician, rising in time to the post of business agent for the British Columbia branch of the electrical workers' union. In 1916 he had gone to Montana as an engineer for the Anaconda Company, but, like Vince, he had been converted to radicalism, and when a strike of the miners developed he was in the thick of it. Having somehow achieved a fair imitation of Victor Hugo's florid prose style, he became editor of the *Butte Daily Bulletin*, which the strikers established in an abandoned church. Those were days of violence in the copper country. Bill's admirers called him the "hero of Bloody Butte." Gangs of riflemen attacked the *Bulletin* plant and were met by volleys from the standing Red Guard. Bill's roars always carried well above the strife. In 1918 the labor voters of Butte elected him to the Montana State Senate where, though ostensibly a Democrat, he 'raised' the slogans ("all power to the

workers and farmers") of Lenin and Trotsky, who had taken power in Russia. When the American Socialist Party split over the question of support of the Bolsheviks, Bill adhered to the left wing, becoming a charter member of the American Communist Party and a member of its central committee.

Grant and Micky marched away to war. Vince was never called—he thinks his employer had him deferred. Micky went to France as a telegrapher. Grant was one of the first of the AEF to reach the front. An ammunition dump from which he was loading was struck and blew up, wounding and shell-shocking him. After many months in a hospital he was brought home on a stretcher, and for three years was bedridden. There is some irony in the fact that a few weeks ago the surviving Dunnes assented to a military funeral with full honors of the United States government for the brother who died while charged with trying to subvert its armed forces.

Vince had not felt quite sympathetic enough with the Socialist Party, then strong in Minneapolis, to join it. The new Communist Party was more to his liking and, besides, Bill was conducting a long-distance campaign by letter to recruit him. He joined, dropping out only when Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer drove the party underground; he favored open agitation no matter what the consequences. When it reappeared he went back into its ranks and became a local leader. News in radical circles travels fast. In 1928 Bill, who had gone to New York to become editor of the *Daily Worker* and to occupy other important party posts, was in Outer Mongolia carrying on agitation for the Comintern (the Communist International with headquarters in Moscow) when he heard that Vince was siding with Trotsky in the epic Stalin-Trotsky feud. He fired a letter to Vince accusing him of treason, and Vince replied in kind. As each considers political opinions more important than blood, they have since referred to each other as complete strangers.

Vince was now weighmaster—a good job—in one of the larger Minneapolis coal yards. Though he made no effort to conceal his views, peddling party literature and seeking office, his employer, who liked Vince and believed in free speech, took no steps against him. The radical parties assign "political tasks" to their members. One Sunday afternoon, in the parlor of his home, Vince, after doling out assignments to his handful of followers sitting round the library table, read quietly from his agenda "... and to Vincent Dunne the task of organizing the coal drivers of Minneapolis." His employer heard about it and for years occasionally inquired good-naturedly how he was making out. The man who was to place Minneapolis in a state of bloody siege and eventually to become one of the most powerful figures in the Middle West merely smiled ruefully, weighed up his coal, and answered truthfully that progress was practically nil.

III

Minneapolis has always been a rough city. To Bridge Square—gateway to the Northwest—in the old days came hordes of raw migrant workers to hire out for the railroad gangs, the lumber camps, the harvest crews. Washington Avenue on the square's west edge, lined with cheap hotels, cheaper saloons, girl shows, and bawdy houses, became the toughest thoroughfare between New York and San Francisco. Gradually as the railroads were completed, the forests stripped, and the wheat fields put under the combine, the migrant workers settled in Minneapolis. Some got jobs in the flour mills and the foundries. Because Minneapolis is the distributing center for the Northwest, many became warehousemen and truckers. But the abundance of unskilled labor caused low wages and unemployment, and prevented the standard of living from rising much above that in the camps.

Hennepin Avenue, which is the city's

Broadway, and Nicollet, its Fifth Avenue, run southwest out of Bridge Square, dividing the city into north and south sides. The buildings, many constructed of blackened red stone, are old and low. Ancient wide trolleys clatter on the brick-paved streets. Except for an area up and down Hennepin and Nicollet from Seventh Street (department stores and dress shops on Nicollet, movies and Chinese restaurants on Hennepin), the commercial area is drab and sullen. Back of Hennepin after it swings southward is the city's only elevation—Lowry Hill, where, fittingly, the Empire Builders erected their mansions. These men had brooked no interference from the Scandinavians and Irish they had enticed from Europe for the heavy labor, nor had their sons any intention of doing so. Minneapolis was an open-shop town; such strikes as occurred were skillfully and ruthlessly broken by the Citizens' Alliance, the well-knit organization of the employers.

The depression had hardly begun when Lowry Hill saw trouble approaching. In 1930 young Floyd Olson, who had worked his way through night law school (his father was a crossing watchman on the same railroad that employed old Dunne as a car sweeper) to serve a couple of nonpartisan terms as Hennepin county attorney, ran for governor on the Farmer-Labor ticket and was elected. Armies of the unemployed marched regularly out of the North Side to harass city officials. The state of mind was illustrated when in 1933 Vince Dunne was fired by his heretofore tolerant boss after he had taken an afternoon off to lead a demonstration to City Hall to ask additional unemployment relief and at the same time to apprise the mayor of the rise to power in Germany of a dictator named Hitler.

Vince had been finding a more fertile field for his agitation and now, on relief, he had more time. When he had washed the coal dust from his face, Micky was a dashing young bachelor whose bosom drinking companion was

Bill Brown, a cop-fighting, roistering truck driver who, on the side, was president of the puny teamsters' local. Brown said he would take in any members they could get if the head brotherhood office would let him. Meanwhile Vince had secured a job as coal driver for his brother Grant, who had been thrown out of work as a plumbing estimator, and he aided in the organizing. In the yards was a gigantic Norwegian coal heaver named Karl Skoglund who, after being blacklisted by the railroads following the shopmen's strike of 1922, had studied Marx. He had been helping Vince hammer at the drivers. Between them they managed an abortive strike in a couple of the coal yards. It was the spark. Thousands of drivers of all categories flocked to them, and, after some argument, Bill Brown got permission of the teamsters' international union to admit them to his local.

IV

The two Minneapolis truck drivers' strikes of 1934 have been aptly described as civil war. Though the police had a part in the conflict, the Citizens' Alliance preferred to go into the battle with its own army, while the still loosely organized and ill-financed union depended to a large degree on the unemployed and other sympathetic workingmen. Early in May both sides made preparation for what appeared an inevitable struggle.

The young men of Lowry Hill and those who some day hoped to live there organized into brigades. Here was a serious matter and fun besides. Booted, six-shooters at belt (they had been deputized), the flashier of them strode about Citizens' Alliance headquarters getting the heft of new ax handles. The Union rented an abandoned garage safe in the heart of the North Side. A kitchen was set up in the old car-wash division, from which during the strike one hundred women fed thousands of pickets daily. Because police held injured strike leaders under guard in hos-

pitals, thereby sometimes endangering the success of strikes, a comprehensive dressing station was established. The strike committee—Vince, Micky, Grant, Brown, and Skoglund—made elaborate plans for control of the streets and the roads leading into the city. When the strike got under way Vince and a rangy young engineer turned coal heaver named Farrell Dobbs sat behind a battery of telephones taking calls from picket captains and perusing reports from half a dozen motorcycle dispatch riders. Warned of an effort to move trucks, one of them grasped a microphone and shouted orders for squad cars to proceed to the scene.

Once Vince made a serious error of judgment. A plump, fever-eyed youth named James Bartlett came in and said he wanted to help with the strike. "Haven't you been hanging around with the Stalinist crowd?" Vince asked. Bartlett said he had. "Didn't you stand up on a soap box last week and call me a stool pigeon, a police spy, and a traitor?" Vince went on. Bartlett agreed that he had but declared he had had a fight with the Communist leaders and was through with them. Vince assigned him to a squad. A few years later he regretted that he had not had Bartlett thrown out.

Three blocks north of Hennepin Avenue is the market. On Saturday, May 19th, the deputies and police defeated the pickets. Sunday was spent by the union leaders in reorganizing their forces. One step was the high-jacking of a truck load of hickory clubs which a local woodworks manufacturer was sending to the deputies. On Monday several hundred drivers secreted themselves in the basement of the Central Labor Union building, which lies between Hennepin Avenue and the market. The rest went to the market and by milling round managed to separate the force of deputies from the main body of police. A truck containing union men drove pell mell into the police, scattering them, and during the battle that followed the battalion from the Central Labor

Union building, led by a Congressman, Francis Shoemaker, wheeled in almost perfect military formation to attack the deputies' flank. Observers gave the edge to the drivers, but the battle was not decisive.

Next day some twenty-five thousand spectators crowded the streets and nearby rooftops for the expected resumption of the fray. To accommodate those citizens who found it inconvenient to attend, a local radio station sent a microphone reporter. In addition to seven hundred regular police, about one thousand deputies appeared. One, not without logic, wore a football helmet. A well-known local sportsman and mountain climber arrived in jodhpurs and polo helmet. The signal for action was not long in coming—someone attempted to load a few crates of tomatoes. When the conflict was over—in something less than an hour—the deputies and police had fled, leaving a deputy, a successful young manufacturer, dead on the pavement. The union members thereafter referred to the contest as the "Battle of Deputies Run," and Bill Brown maintained that for several hours, the police having been driven from the streets, union men directed traffic.

Governor Olson was in a difficult position. He was a labor governor, but he was sworn to keep the peace. And he had been elected largely on his personal popularity with elements opposed to the strike. Tall, powerfully built, a Beau Brummel and at the same time a tobacco-chewing two-fister, he was a matchless campaigner. Before his death in 1936 his admirers were certain he would become the nation's first radical President. Reluctantly he sent troops to Minneapolis. The federal government dispatched its best mediators, and eventually a shaky agreement was reached.

On the second day of the second strike, July 20th, the police under command of Chief of Police Mike Johannes (thereafter called "Bloody Mike" by the strikers and, when the power of the Dunnes became strong enough, driven

from the force) opened fire on a group of strikers who were attempting to halt a truck. Two men were killed and sixty-seven injured, most of them shot in the back. Olson declared martial law once more, ordering no truck to move without a permit. Vince denounced Olson as a strike-breaker and ordered resumption of picketing, whereupon Olson's soldiers raided strike headquarters (and those of the Citizens' Alliance), capturing Vince, Micky, and other leaders.

Here was a situation suited to Grant's talents. He exchanged clothes with a roughly dressed teamster, dirtied his face, and in the confusion walked past the soldiers who had orders to pick him up. He directed operations from a hideout until in a secret rendezvous he persuaded Olson to release his brothers. After a month of negotiation the strike was settled. Though not a complete victory, it indicated to the observant that the Dunnes were to have their way.

Any criticism of the Dunne boys uttered on Lowry Hill was mild compared with that of big brother Bill in New York. Bill was dissatisfied with the whole performance. Each day as the strike progressed he had set down in the *Daily Worker* a list of suggestions for his brothers to follow. These had been ignored. Undiscouraged, he put together his ideas in a neat green pamphlet entitled *Permanent Counter-Revolution: the Role of the Trotskyites in the Minneapolis Strikes*. On the whole his approach was austere. He referred to the strike leaders distantly as the "Dunne brothers," though in an instance or two he found the terms "palookas" and "traitors" more suited to his needs, and on one occasion he hinted that they might be "fools or crooks, or both." The denunciation of his brothers came in time to be one of Bill's major party "tasks." He had grown fat in New York and was none too well. When he appeared in Minneapolis for addresses it was sometimes necessary to strap him to the platform. Micky went occasionally to heckle him, but Vince refused to at-

tend, declaring that "this Stalin boot-licker has nothing of importance for me to hear."

V

Men who know the cost of internecine labor warfare estimate that the American Federation of Labor has spent in the neighborhood of a million dollars trying to dislodge the Dunne brothers from the labor movement. Tobin, the teamsters' president for more than a quarter of a century, had denounced the strike leaders as Reds. When neither Bill Brown, the titular head, nor the membership chose to dissociate themselves from the Dunne brothers, he withdrew the Minneapolis local's charter and induced A. F. of L. President William Green to send a personal representative with instructions to organize a new group. The Dunne boys said that a number of other representatives, whose profession Mr. Green would not want to disclose, were dispatched also. Dark alleys and streets became unsafe for either side.

In the course of the struggle the Dunne brothers tried to widen their influence to include unions in no way connected with driving. They had established headquarters in an old three-storey warehouse on the North Side just off Washington Avenue, breaking up the building into halls and wallboard office compartments and installing a bar which Fenton Dunne, who had played a lesser part in the strike than his brothers, tended. Vince shared a cubbyhole with an organizer. It became understood that any union leader with a knotty problem could drop over to Drivers' Hall and Vince would put his mind on it. Nor was Vince reluctant to offer assistance in instances where no invitation was forthcoming. One evening he dropped over to watch developments at a knitwear factory on strike. The police, clasping hands, had formed two long chains between which strikebreakers were being sent into the building. In order to encourage the pickets, Vince commenced to weave under the policemen's arms and

haul out strike-breakers. The cops were unable to catch him because to have broken their grips would have spoiled everything; but a new detail arrived and took him inside. He emerged gray of face, and some of the pickets took him to a hospital where he had three broken ribs strapped up.

After a couple of years of fruitless struggle, A. F. of L. officials decided to ask a truce. A compromise was reached whereby a new local was established with half of the leaders drawn from Local 574, the body led by the Dunnes, and half from Local 500, the new group. The difference in numbers was split also: the combination became Local 544.

With the pressure relieved, the Dunne boys were able to extend their influence rapidly. Two methods were employed. The first was to proselytize young men into the Socialist Workers Party, then to assist them to important union posts. But the most rewarding method was plain power politics. Their union was the most numerous and soon the richest. Moreover, drivers have a strategic position in almost all strikes—it avails a manufacturer little to hire new men to replace his striking employees if drivers refuse to transport raw materials or his finished product. The leaders of other unions could not help but notice that strikes which had the sanction of the Dunnes were successful while those they frowned upon were likely to fail. Often in exchange for cash gifts and other assistance, unions accepted a Trotskyite official or two.

Each brother fitted into his niche according to inclination and ability. Grant, never an intellectual (Bill expressed a doubt in one of his declamations that Grant had ever read a book) spent his time agitating for better relief conditions for unemployed drivers, settling grievances, and negotiating the innumerable contracts which the union had with small concerns. Given to dark moods resulting from his wounds and shellshock, he sometimes stayed at home for long periods. Micky was best at

snapping him out of them. Grant's wife, seeing his despair deepening, had sent for Micky just before her husband shot himself.

Micky blossomed with the growth of power. Now he could wear good clothes in the daytime as well as in the evening; his bearing was almost military. He polished his oratorical style, making up for the years when his histrionic abilities had been obscured by coal dust. The three brothers had built a cabin up north in the jackpine country, but it was Micky who used it most often, going there to hunt and fish. He occupied the largest office, had a clerical staff, and in general conducted himself after the manner of an executive. Most of the labor leaders round town were willing to credit Micky with being a dashing young man, but some of the A. F. of L. leaders who had fought the Dunnes during the 500-574 split maintained that he had taken unfair advantage. The Dunne boys had always appeared to know the A. F. of L.'s plans. After the breach was healed Micky married the confidential secretary to the A. F. of L.'s head man without ever having let the opposition know he was courting her.

Outwardly Vince changed little. He wore cheap store suits, refused to move into a full-size private office, and left most public appearances to Micky and the younger men. Because Micky was listed as the editor of the union paper, he was credited with its caustic green-whiskey tone. But it was Vince who was chiefly responsible, and in his spare moments he threw off sketches and an occasional poem. His satire dealing with Red charges was a favorite with Floyd Olson. There was a fanciful interview in which Trotsky instructed union leaders about activities in Minnesota: it Russianized all names and purported to show that even those men denounced by the Dunnes were under Trotsky's thumb. As the leaders were making their departure Trotsky called them back and waved a warning finger. "But look out," he said, "for Olsonovitch."

With union affairs progressing satisfactorily, Vince gave more time to the Socialist Workers Party, listing himself as State organizer, running for office on an involved platform of "criticism" of the Farmer-Labor Party (being a stern opponent of social democracy, he considered it a snare and delusion), and addressing small party gatherings. Occasionally he unbent for a visit to one or another of Minneapolis' few salons where, his pince-nez in one hand and a highball glass in the other, he gently dissected the world. Because the party had little or no labor influence elsewhere, its intellectuals flocked to Minneapolis in order to enjoy under Vince's wing the illusion of participation in the actual affairs of working men.

Now and again Vince set off for Mexico to visit his mentor, Trotsky. In contrast to the chatter of the bright young dilettantes who flocked to the exiled Bolshevik, he approached the master with reverence. "There," said Trotsky after their first meeting, "is a man." Vince always hoped to make Minneapolis the wandering exile's refuge.

The Dunnes kept steadily at work, year by year extending their power. A campaign in eleven Midwestern States netted more than two hundred thousand members for the drivers' union. Their fame spread. News that the Dunne boys would participate in strike conferences heartened strikers and frightened bosses. Attacked from all sides and victorious in every encounter, they had grown full of power and a little arrogant. Even so they could hardly have predicted the intensity of the storm that was to break over them.

VI

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters' decision to take back the Dunne local had not resolved the bad feeling. The Dunne boys felt that Tobin, the brotherhood's president, was an old-fashioned craft unionist more interested in his salary than in anything else, and they did not improve matters

when they fought, though unsuccessfully, a measure to increase his salary from twenty thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars yearly. Tobin, on the other hand, did not want radicals in his union, and he was angered because the Dunnes refused to break up their groups, organized along industrial lines, into smaller bodies according to craft. For a while Tobin had hoped the men placed round the Dunnes by the merger would be able to isolate them, and he tried to detach their followers in other ways. The key man in the 11-State Over the Road organization was Farrell Dobbs, the youth pulled by Vince from behind a coal pile in the early days of the union. Tobin pushed Dobbs up in the national organization, only to see him, with a lucrative trade union future certain, resign to become national secretary of the Socialist Workers Party. Nothing seemed to work. In the end the Dunnes were laying plans for control of the brotherhood itself. Differences were strained further by disagreement on foreign policy; Tobin supported the President while the Dunnes were vehement isolationists, the SWP not having joined the Stalin Communists in the flipflop after the Russian invasion.

Early in 1941 a "Committee of 99" composed of dissatisfied members—partly, according to prosecution witnesses in the sedition trial, under the direction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—made its appearance in the affairs of Local 544. Among its leaders was James Bartlett, the former Communist whom Vince had permitted both to work in the strike and to join the Socialist Workers Party. An earlier Committee of Five had unsuccessfully asked the courts to oust the Dunnes and place the union in receivership. The new committee made almost the same request, but put it to Tobin. The Dunne boys appeared before various hearings which Tobin held, but in the meantime Vince got a card from John L. Lewis to put up his sleeve. He tossed it on the table a few days before the expected expulsion. The Minneapolis

union's members voted to leave the A. F. of L. for the CIO, and Dunne-dominated unions in the surrounding States followed.

Tobin, who heard about the move while at the brotherhood's offices in Indianapolis, immediately sent a wire to President Roosevelt. "The withdrawal from the International Union by the Truck-Drivers Union, Local 544," he said, "is indeed a regrettable and dangerous condition. The officers of this local union . . . were requested to disassociate themselves from the radical Trotsky organization. . . . We feel that while our country is in a dangerous position, those disturbers who believe in the policies of foreign, radical governments must be in some way prevented from pursuing this dangerous course. . . ."

Stephen Early, the President's secretary, issued a statement from the White House. ". . . When I advised the President of Tobin's representations this morning, he asked me to immediately have the government departments and agencies interested in this matter notified, and to point out that this is no time, in his opinion, for labor unions, local or national, to begin raiding one another for the purpose of getting memberships or for similar reasons."

Tobin did not intend to ask the President to tote all his eggs. Virulent telegrams promising a last-ditch fight against the Dunnes went to all Midwestern affiliates. The St. Paul *Dispatch* estimated that three hundred Tobin organizers came to Minneapolis to bring the drivers into the new local, and members of 544-CIO declared later before a State labor board hearing that blackjacks and brass knuckles were used liberally by the visitors. At the same time William Green sent a committee of three, including Matthew Woll, the A. F. of L.'s champion Red hunter, with instructions to purge the Central Labor Union of radicals. That spelled danger for leaders of other A. F. of L. unions who chose to befriend the Dunnes.

The Dunne boys' harshest epithets are reserved for Minnesota's Governor Harold E. Stassen. Curiously, they are in part responsible for his incumbency. Since the Socialist Workers Party had only contempt for "social democrats," the brothers grew adept in subtly harassing Minnesota's Farmer-Labor administration. Perhaps unintentionally, they contributed to its defeat in 1938. Stassen's labor board struck one of the hardest of all the blows at the Dunnes when it named the new A. F. of L. local the sole bargaining agent for drivers—without a vote of the drivers themselves. Stassen, who hopes for the GOP Presidential nomination in 1944, addressed a large meeting arranged by Tobin in Seattle at the time of the A. F. of L.'s recent convention there, and also addressed the convention itself. The Dunnes charge that there has been a deal.

The government's sedition charges (of incalculable assistance to Tobin whether coincidental or not), in addition to the three Dunne brothers, embraced subordinate leaders in the union and national officers of the Socialist Workers Party. Among the latter were James P. Cannon of New York, national secretary, a long-time radical who probably would have headed the American Communist Party had he not sided with Trotsky. Minneapolis defendants included Farrell Dobbs, who had returned to assist 544 when it joined the CIO; Karl Skoglund; Carlos Hudson, editorial worker on the union paper who was cut off by his wealthy Minneapolis family when he turned radical; and Dr. Grace Holmes Carlson, an educational leader. The others were union officials.

The government's case, it developed, rested largely upon the testimony of James Bartlett, now an organizer for 544-A. F. L., who, after several years in the Stalinist and Trotskyite branches of the Communist movement, felt that he was an expert on sedition. The government had promised sensational revelations concerning preparations for armed revolution, but in the end it chose to base

its case on the Smith Act of 1940 which makes advocacy of overthrow of the government seditious whether accompanied by overt act or not, introducing as one of its chief exhibits Karl Marx's Communist Manifesto.

The defendants, while not denying belief in the inevitability of proletarian revolution in the United States, or their desire for it, stuck to the charge that the whole case was rigged by the Administration to help Daniel Tobin and to retaliate for opposition to its foreign policy.

Ten of the defendants, including Miles, were acquitted; eighteen of them, including Vince Dunne, Karl Skoglund, and Farrell Dobbs, were convicted and sentenced to prison terms.

The future of the Dunne brothers as labor leaders is problematical. Miles was acquitted, Vince and two of his chief lieutenants must each spend a year and six months in jail. At this writing they are at liberty pending appeal. It is

likely that the truckers will remain loyal—wages almost tripled from the depression low during the period of their leadership—but the State labor board has made it almost obligatory for drivers to join the A. F. of L. local in order to work, making dual membership necessary for Dunne followers. They will have to find a way round the ruling and already are testing it in the courts. The feelings of other Minnesota labor leaders are mixed. They credit the Dunne boys with having made Minneapolis a union city, and they are fearful of a labor board which does not inquire about the views of employees involved; but they feel that life would be more comfortable with Vince behind the bars. Of one thing they are certain—the Dunne boys have some cards left to play. Miles is free and his abilities lie in the direction of activity and action; Vince did the thinking for them all and he can think just as easily in jail as out.





THE FIRE FRONT

OUR DEFENSE AGAINST INCENDIARY BOMBS

BY C. LESTER WALKER

A LONDON newspaper reporter who was walking along the streets in the late afternoon of December 29, 1940, remarked on the peacefulness of the city. It had been a quiet Sunday. No air-raid alarms, little traffic because of the weekend exodus. You could hear a cat walk on wool. Strolling from the west toward Ludgate Hill, the reporter noted the giant Christmas tree on the steps of St. Paul's. Its fairy lights (his term) winked peacefully at the gathering dusk. As he passed the Cathedral a clergyman inside in the chapel of St. Dunstan was hearing prayers.

That was 5:30 P.M. At six the Luftwaffe came—in the greatest fire raid in history. That night it rained down over one hundred thousand fire bombs, and London was in its direst peril since the days of Samuel Pepys and the Great Fire of 1666. By midnight the city was fighting fifteen hundred separate fires at one time.

The first bombs struck in the section near the Guildhall. The fires spread rapidly, many roof-top spotters being away on week-ends; and within an hour St. Paul's stood in a welter of flame; people at Windsor, twenty miles away, were reading newspapers by the light of the blaze; and overhead the legions of the Luftwaffe thundered across the sky at ten-minute intervals, regular as express trains. With each wave another part of the city leaped into flames.

Between seven and eight o'clock mat-

ters took a turn for the worse. High-explosive bombs had been added to the rain of fire. Using flaming buildings as beacons, they struck with increasing accuracy, scattering burning debris in all directions, breaking telephone connections and smashing the water mains. Some of the 300 engines fighting the holocaust began to go dry. Hose lorries rushed to the Thames, snaking out hose behind them. From London Bridge 750 auxiliary trailer pumps began to suck up the river and relay the water to London's 25,000 firemen, still grimly fighting.

At nine o'clock hope had waned for the Guildhall, which had looked down on London half a century before Columbus found the New World. Across Guildhall yard Wren's church of St. Lawrence Jewry (1671) already crackled with flame. At about ten o'clock the spire teetered, tilted, then plunged like a giant torch on to the Guildhall roof.

London now began to burn in earnest. So intense was the fire glare that at some points searchlight beams were totally eclipsed. Firemen guarded their faces, saying that the radiated heat seemed to pierce their eyeballs. On Thames-side columns of inky-black smoke pillared up from oil-storage fires, the drums of oil, sucked up by the great draft, bursting in mid-air with a boom and flash like detonating bombs.

The streets were a mass of shattered buildings, bomb-smashed fire apparatus, heat-twisted trolley rails, sagging wires

festooned with wearing apparel bomb-blasted out of homes, pavements awash with char-laden water, miles of snaky twisted hose, choking smoke, blizzards of burning embers that slanted down like snow.

At eleven the German planes were still coming, bombs—fire and explosive—still raining down. One stick of bombs obliterated the two ends of one street, sealing it and trapping, in the inferno between, ten pieces of fire apparatus and their crews. At St. Paul's the staff of the Cathedral risked life and limb to climb the flying buttresses and extinguish roof-lodged fire bombs. In a brewery yard eighty fire-crazed horses whinnied in panic until a single high-explosive bomb stilled all eighty with a direct hit. Petrol for the pumper engines began to run low, the water in some sections to fail. No man knew now if London could last the night.

Just before midnight the all-clear sounded, but the fires raged on. At seven-thirty in the morning they were under control. London licked her wounds and toted up the score.

Block after block lay in ruins, the money loss incalculable. Two hundred and fifty firemen were injured, fourteen lay dead. Civilian casualties were too numerous to record.

That day, December 30th, many a Londoner thought what he dared not say: another such night, and another, in succession, and London would be done for. But that night bad weather over France grounded all German planes.

II

Will such a holocaust be visited upon any American city? What are the chances?

Some bombings are expected, as everyone knows. Probably military objectives will be attacked most frequently—with explosive bombs. But experts seem to agree that if the Japanese or the Nazis conduct *civilian* bombings of our mainland cities they will do it chiefly with

fire. The only question seems to be where. I have seen an official map showing a "zone of expectancy." Worked out by LaGuardia's Office of Civilian Defense and the Army, it is a three-hundred-mile belt paralleling the seacoasts. On the east it runs through Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Atlanta. The west-coast line whips down through Spokane, Goldfield, Nevada, Las Vegas, and Flagstaff. Coastward of these lines, say the more conventionally minded experts, enemy bombings are most likely to occur.

But inland of the zone of expectancy the map shows cities "vulnerable to air attack": Chicago, Youngstown, Cleveland, Moline, Detroit, Denver, and others—over twenty in all. Designated as logical air-attack objectives because of their war industries, these towns have shrugged their shoulders for months at the idea of war or bombings. They are comparatively unprepared. Yet enemy pilots could easily reach them by night, dump their fire bombs, bail out, and on landing surrender themselves for internment as prisoners of war. (German planes have range enough to come, one way, direct from ground bases in France. Japanese bombers could base on aircraft carriers, hidden perhaps by fog, off our west coast.) Such organizations as the National Fire Protection Association (now being constantly called on by the government for advice on wartime fire hazards) have been worrying about these inland cities for over a year. They feel that they are just as subject to attack as the coastal cities if and when the rain of fire comes.

To see how such an attack would be made, suppose we conduct a typical fire-bombing on one of these inland towns. Detroit, Buffalo, Minneapolis, Atlanta, says the NFPA, whose fire engineers are the top experts in such matters, are particularly logical and vulnerable fire targets. Detroit is one which does not expect to be bombed; so let's take Detroit.

Somewhere on the coast of occupied France the German bomber command is laying its plans. The command knows

its business. It knows that Detroit is a great war-industry town. It knows that it is not a city of brick and stone, in the sense that European towns are, but a city of combustible wooden-frame houses, shingled roofs. It knows that in a period of six years Detroit has had 15,000 wooden shingle fires. It counts on that. It knows that there is always a wind working off the Detroit River, to fan a blaze. The Nazi command knows too, foot by foot, just what sections of Detroit are most fire-vulnerable. The Sanborn fire maps published by the Underwriters tell them all that. The different colors spot out plainly the high-value congested areas, the manufacturing districts, the blocks of wooden shingled homes. The German meteorological experts have advised that early winter is the optimum season for a Detroit fire raid: after a dry autumn, before heavy snow. Anti-aircraft fire over Detroit the command knows will be negligible; and the bombers can come in unmolested over Canada—Quebec and Ontario provinces are practically a trackless wilderness. One moonlight night the bombers take off, heavily laden, for Detroit.

How many planes? Not many. Mass raiding is unnecessary for a town with so many frame and shingle buildings as this has. Fifteen or twenty bombers are enough; nestled in the belly of each, 2,000 Electron bombs.

When a magnesium Electron bomb strikes a roof it goes right on through. Slate, tile, metal will not stop it. It will pierce a quarter-inch of plate steel or three and a half inches of reinforced concrete. Yet it is an innocent-looking instrument of destruction, and you can easily hold it in your hand or drop it into your overcoat pocket. It is only ten inches long, without its tail, and only two inches in diameter. It weighs scarcely 2.2 pounds. Flat-nosed, a sort of leaden silver-gray in color, it looks unexciting.

But this bomb is the most efficient fire-lighter that warfare has ever known. Except for its iron tail every part of it

burns. Magnesium makes up 100 per cent of its shell, and burning magnesium throws a heat of Fahrenheit 2372!

The core of the bomb is thermite—powdered aluminum and iron oxide. On impact a needle in the head or the tail stabs into a percussion cap, igniting the thermite, which burns at 4532 degrees. Iron melts at 2795. Burning thermite cuts through steel rails like cheese.

Over Detroit our first Nazi bomber will come in at about 20,000 feet, throttle the motor, slide quietly down to 5,000, level off at about 200 miles an hour and start laying his eggs. He drops the bombs twenty at a time, a second apart, from containers. In three miles he drops a thousand, doubles back to repeat. He is now setting fires in the city below every sixty yards.

When the bombs hit the roof-tops they are moving at better than four miles a minute. They go on through and lodge in the attic floor. The burning thermite, liquid now, forces flying molten magnesium through special vent holes in the bomb's shell. The magnesium flows through cracks and fissures to the floor below, igniting everything it touches. By now fire has the building well in hand.

High over the city the Nazi squadron commander watches the raid progress. The moonlight on the curving Detroit River gives him his bearings. The fire flares light up familiar landmarks below. Familiar because, with German thoroughness, the commander lived in Detroit several years ago—just to prepare for this job.

He sees that the first bombs struck the high-value congested district extending northward from the river in the south central part of the city. Woodward Avenue, sweeping through the district's entire length, is already well pockmarked with flames. Fires are now beginning to spurt up along Jefferson Avenue, cutting the district crosswise on the southern side. The four blocks bounded by the Detroit River, Woodward Avenue, Jefferson Avenue, Randolph Street, Wood-

bridge and Bates Avenues, where the streets are narrow, and the Larned Street district, only eleven per cent fireproof, suddenly open up like a rose.

The manufacturing areas begin to get it now—east along the river to Belle Isle bridge, and west as far as River Rouge. Out of the darkened auto-parts plants, the chemical works, the foundries, the railroad yards, fire begins to lick upward.

The squadron commander swings his plane north. The universe is alight! The wooden shingle roofs in the Grand River and Gratiot Avenues districts, where Detroit lives, are now many of them ablaze.

How many fires? Hundreds have been extinguished, but the flight commander knows his statistics. He knows that out of every thousand bombs 133 will hit a building; that of these 75 will start what are termed "working fires." He knows that at this moment the city of Detroit has at least 100 major fires on its hands.

The raid is over now. It has taken about 45 minutes.

III

Is Detroit prepared to handle this situation? And what about other American towns?

If you want details: At this writing, Detroit has 1,787 firemen, 1 fuel wagon, 1 water tower, 14 hose wagons, 17 aerial ladder trucks, 58 pumper engines, 2 fire boats, 13 service ladder trucks, over 12,000 feet of ladders, about 170,000 feet of assorted sizes of hose, and a high-pressure water system just for fire fighting. Its personnel is tops. Its chief fire officers are intelligent and on their toes, and their Fire College and fire-fighting methods are copied countrywide. With all this, Detroit is by no means equipped to handle 100 fires at a time.

No American city is. Only New York could handle as many as fifty.

There is a big job ahead of us on the fire front, and perhaps we had better take a steady look at it. When war hit

England London increased its fire-fighting personnel tenfold, its amount of apparatus thirty-six fold. That will give you some idea.

Our own fire-fighting weaknesses now must be fiercely scrutinized; and although they vary from city to city, some are general enough to be examined here.

At a recent Boston warehouse fire, apparatus from surrounding towns rushed to the scene 55 engine companies, 1 hose company, 8 ladder companies, 2 water towers, 2 rescue companies, and 10 chiefs! Fire trucks jammed the crooked Boston streets so tightly there was hardly room to lay hose. The incident illustrates one great American weakness: bad organization. Not within a particular fire department, but between departments. Co-operative arrangements between towns to-day are either so complicated or so nebulous that they usually produce a feast or a famine.

The ten chiefs of course present a problem that is chronic. Who was superior to whom? Nobody knew. London when the war began had this same puzzler. "The men had to be introduced to one another," says one eye witness. American cities, because of faulty co-ordination plans, again and again run into the same ridiculous jam. It may have a Gilbert and Sullivan flavor in peacetime—but it won't in war.

After Ralph Ingersoll, editor of *PM*, had visited Fire Service Headquarters in London he wrote admiringly, "New York has never seen fire chiefs like these: university career men in fire fighting!"

American chiefs, by contrast, present one of our justly disturbing fire-front weaknesses. Too many of them are reactionaries and stand-patters. Typical is a former New York chief who would never deign to attend the conventions—where papers are read and experiences compared—of chiefs from other cities. No need, he thought; New York knew all the answers. Fortunately all chiefs have not such closed minds (Chiefs William Fitzgerald of Seattle and Hendrix Palmer of Charlotte, North Caro-

lina, for example); but in general American chiefs bridle at ideas from outside the force. "My men learn to fight fires by fighting fires," they like to say.

This cliché runs head-down into one of the most serious, for wartime, of all our fire-defense failings: lack of big-fire training. Most American fire companies, through no fault of theirs, have spent the majority of their fire-fighting hours putting out rubbish heaps. Why? Because there are only thirty to forty big fires a year in the whole country. And such inexperience bodes ill for wartime; for fire bombs set big-area fires, and the big fire demands a special technic.

I once watched this technic in action. The firemen were outgeneraling the fire, playing a war of position. They worked to *place* big streams, to concentrate their fall in a solid curtain of water, and thereby to check radiant heat from getting at other buildings.

They handled ventilation in a special way, knowing that if the roof remained solid the fire would mushroom out and down, pile up hot gases, and explode the building to pieces. The technic also demanded knowing when to ventilate and when not.

The water curtain particularly fascinated me. This was formed by the equipment especially designed for big fires, the "deluge guns." Mounted on the trucks, like artillery, these guns threw streams from two-and-a-half-inch six-hose nozzles at the rate of 1,500 gallons a minute. It was like Niagara in reverse. No fire company untrained in handling these giants can fight big fires competently, as London learned; and yet how many American cities have given the big streams special attention and practice? Only Chicago.

The lack-of-training weakness leads into a touchy subject: the volunteer fireman. Our country has about 13,000 volunteer fire companies and about 500,000 volunteer firemen. Some States rely almost entirely on volunteers. New Mexico has only 96 paid firemen. Indiana and Texas average 400 communities

with volunteers only. Delaware has only one paid department. And you can find ninety volunteer fire companies within a half hour of New York City. The question of course is: "Are they worth their salt?"

They are. Many VFD's have done yeoman service. But for a national war emergency the system needs re-examining.

Remember that many of the volunteer companies are "clubs," always have been; that often they have no responsibility to anyone. If they want to buy fire apparatus for winning the prize at a parade instead of for fire fighting they can and do. If the apparatus is off parading at the county seat and a fire comes in, too bad—but nobody can touch the volunteers. And most of the VFD's support a large inactive membership, with the result that the scheduling of men on duty and the co-ordination from town to town often go haywire.

"Outside Philadelphia, at Ardmore and other Main Line towns," a leading fire engineer said to me recently, "at week-day fires it's always, 'Where the hell is the apparatus?' On Sunday it's, 'Where the hell did all the apparatus come from?'"

On Sundays of course all the volunteers are out for a lark. Other sections, other States, have the same troubles. England had them, and learned how tragic they could be.

When it comes to apparatus we just have not enough if fire bombings begin. Our American peacetime equipment amounts to about 22,000 pumpers, 7,500 hose trucks, 6,000 ladder trucks. When war began London had 87 pumpers—and added 3,000! That huge increase was of course made to meet a mass-bombing need, and as mass-bombing is highly unlikely here in America, we need undertake no such huge expansion, even for our cities. But a relatively modest increase is urgently needed. Furthermore, too much of our apparatus is obsolete. Among cities of 20,000 or over, 365 reported this summer that 51.9 per

cent of their pumpers and ladder trucks (five in every ten) were over fifteen years old. Would *you* rely on an automobile as old as that?

Certainly, then, the manufacturers have their work cut out for them. But in 1939 they turned out only 768 pumpers; in 1928, a peak year, 1,015. Not very reassuring, even though in performance American fire-fighting apparatus beats the world.

IV

What is to be done? Learn from London chiefly.

England solved its organization problem by putting London's fire chief under the Home Office and making him supreme over all England. In the remarkable time of thirteen weeks the British completely reorganized 1,400 separate fire-fighting forces into 39. Now if London calls on East Anglia for help it comes on the double. And London apparatus speeds to distant shires.

Thirty of our States have fire marshals, who investigate incendiaries, prosecute arson, co-ordinate fire-prevention work. Instead of our having one national Chief-Over-All, as in England, it is suggested by the NFPA that each of our States make its fire marshal a fire-defense dictator; and for the rest, for now, let them study the Maryland Plan.

When a year or so ago foresighted Governor Herbert O'Connor took on the task of co-ordinating all Maryland's fire-fighting forces for war emergency he found he had a running start on most other States. Although his fire companies were nearly a hundred per cent volunteers, they prided themselves on a tradition of excellence that went back over a hundred years. Good as they were, O'Connor pushed them into additional training and opened the regular Fireman's Training Program to high school seniors and to farmers. From answers to defense plan equipment questionnaires he compiled an inventory of all fire-fighting apparatus and its distribution. Clerks put the data on huge charts—nine

feet by three feet—and copies were distributed Statewide. Each town's chart showed all other towns within a fifteen-mile radius starred in red. When a chief needed extra equipment in a hurry he could tell at a glance where to get it and how much.

O'Connor broke the State into six fire-defense districts, put a district inspector over each, and one man over all, the Coordinator. Under this set-up if fire bombing starts, Maryland is well organized to meet it. Michigan, Indiana, and Massachusetts will soon be somewhat similarly prepared.

Perhaps you are wondering how many firemen the country is going to need. London had 2,750 before the war began, now has 30,000. To-day England's auxiliary firemen, non-professionals, number 248,000. In proportion that would mean 800,000 auxiliaries for the United States, which would be over double the number of regular firemen. Does that seem an astronomical number? London learned that the auxiliaries who merely walk and wait are among the most valuable of all. Their constant¹ patrol snuffed out tens of thousands of fires in their infancy.

When we do get these auxiliary fire fighters of ours they had better be trained more realistically than to date. New York City offers horrid example number one of what can go on. Recently it was training civilians to be fire-front fighters by letting them *watch* fire drills, but never, never *touch* a piece of apparatus. If the civilian fire rookie got hurt he might sue the city!

Now that we are in the war the auxiliary should be allowed to touch the apparatus. Yes, indeed. And our volunteer firemen should be sent to the State fire schools. In one year recently 30,000 of them, from forty-two States, did attend these schools; so that is a starter. The full-paid fire-eaters should be increased in number and sent to the Army's special fire-defense academies for policemen and firemen, such as that of the Chemical Warfare Service, at Edgewood

Arsenal, Maryland. And our chiefs had better be told to go there too.

All this training and more training cannot be overemphasized. London trained and retrained, and then forced auxiliaries *and* regulars into advanced courses. "Learn to fight fires by fighting fires?" No. Every self-taught brigade fought fires differently, which meant that they fought ineffectually against the big blazes. So to standardize the method, London packed everybody possible off to training school.

About apparatus also London can teach us much. The British, forehanded, were making 500 new pumps a week when hostilities began. But at that they had to improvise frantically. Here lies the lesson for us. Let no American city wait for deliveries of fancy hose wagons and pumpers. Let them improvise in good Yankee style. Let them take any commercial light truck, mount a pump on it, add 500 feet of two-and-one-half-inch hose, 500 of one-and-one-half, throw aboard buckets, hand pumps, ladders (fire ladders are not necessary), shovels, axes, a hydrant wrench, a crowbar—and they will have a formidable fire wagon. Such pieces will have to serve us well for some time.

V

After London's worst night Home Secretary Herbert Morrison called for fire watchers and got 2,000,000 volunteers. They were none too many. Yet our Office of Civilian Defense as recently as November had enlisted only 4,601 fire watchers for all of America. Our papers print air-raid instructions for explosive bombs, but at this writing they have printed next to nothing to tell the individual citizen how to handle the fire bomb.

Foreseeing the need to come, Factory Mutual Laboratories recently checked by direct experiment all the conflicting reports on the Electron bomb. Now they say to the citizen whose house is hit, go to the bomb, but keep a respectful distance for about three minutes—the one-in-fifty explosive time charge! Then stand about twenty feet away (prone position dangerous, they found) and spray the bomb. With *water*—contrary to previous theories. Extinguishers may be dangerous, the tests showed; and snuffers and smother materials were found less practicable than a common garden hose, or a four-gallon portable pump tank. Although a heavy shot of water does make burning magnesium explode, it was found that a *spray* tames it. Unmolested, the bombs burned fifteen minutes. With a thumb-jet spray and a cool head even the timidest could extinguish them in five.

How important is general knowledge of this technic to America? It is said that the motto "Every house a fire house" saved London. It might save Minneapolis or Keokuk, Iowa.

And suppose no fire bombings come? (Tokyo, for one, may hesitate to initiate them, with its millions of paper and bamboo flimsies.) Well, then, at least American cities will be better protected against fire than ever before in their history. We are a profligate race where fire is concerned: we have one fire a year for every 200 of our citizens, a home fire every one and a half minutes, 700,000 fires annually. The flames have taken \$3,000,000,000 of our property since 1929 and each year 10,000 lives. So if the war-born alarums and precautions cut our normal fire losses even ten per cent, all the effort, time, and money—and even the hysteria—will have been worth it.





THE NEW BRITISH INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

BY E. F. M. DURBIN

THE present war has greatly increased the economic power of the Government in Britain. Modern warfare demands an immense and, above all, a rapid mobilization of industrial resources. The necessary changes are so far-reaching that only the Government can be responsible for them.

It would be a mistake, however, to attribute the increasing economic activity of the central Government wholly to the exigencies of war. The war has merely accelerated movements that were already apparent before it began. This is only natural. Experienced as the British are in the arts of improvisation, it would be impossible to invent a completely new system of industrial control in two years. There is bound to be some continuity in the transition from peace to war—even total war.

Fortunately Britain had shared in the world-wide movement to extend Government control that began after the depression of 1929. In the past decade British and American economic history moved upon parallel lines—both countries attempted to control banking, both used programs of “public works” to stimulate investment, both organized selling cartels and schemes for restricting output in agriculture, and Britain applied the same methods to many of her old basic industries (coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, and cotton). In the case of measures for social security Britain had no need to embark upon any new policy because they had been established twenty years before and had been continuously extended ever

since. As a consequence of these two trends—the growth of the social services and the common reaction to the Great Depression—the State had become the most powerful single agent in the British economic system.

By 1939 the Government was responsible for the following activities or exercised the following powers:

1. It disbursed, in interest payments, in the costs of social services, and in the rearmament program, no less than *one quarter of the gross national income*. It had therefore become, by an immense margin, the largest provider of income and purchaser of commodities in the system.

2. The Government, through the Treasury, controlled the general *internal monetary policy* of the Bank of England. It was responsible, that is to say, for determining the level of the long- and short-term rates of interest and for the quantity of cash resources made available to the commercial banks. These are the old-fashioned and respectable instruments of credit policy but, important as they are, they are not sufficiently powerful, as we shall see, to give any bank or government a mastery of internal prosperity.

3. The Treasury dominated the *foreign exchange* market through the possession and manipulation of the Exchange Equalization Fund. Individuals were still able to buy and sell foreign exchange freely, and no attempt was made to copy the German method of dragooning foreign trade into bilateral clearings; but the size of the Equalization Account (raised to £550,000,000 before the beginning of

the war) enabled the Treasury to determine, within narrow limits, the day-to-day level of the foreign exchanges.

4. Successive Governments—most of them controlled by the Conservative Party—embarked upon a policy of piecemeal *cartelization of the basic industries*. Coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, the spinning of cotton, transport by rail, road, and air, electricity, wheat, milk, sugar, and other less important commodities and industries became dependent upon some Act of Parliament or Order in Council for their support. The forms of control were varied. In some cases (*e.g.*, coal and milk) monopolies were established at the selling stage. In others (electricity and the transport of passengers in London) a public corporation was given a monopoly of production or service. In yet other cases (wheat and sugar) direct financial aid, by taxation or subsidy, was provided. Intervention was neither systematic nor planned; but it always consisted in substituting, in some form or other, monopoly for competition, unified direction for individual enterprise and, in most cases, restriction for expansion.

5. Finally in this period (1929–1939) the older *regulative activities* of the State were maintained and extended. For over a hundred years collective bargaining between employers and organized labor had been protected from the provisions of the criminal law and for over thirty years from those of the civil law. Hours of labor, ages of permissible employment, and conditions of health and safety had long been supervised. All these duties were uninterruptedly performed. In addition, the State continually extended measures aimed at protecting and improving the standard of life of the people—the clearing of slums, the provision of new houses, the rise in the rates of unemployment benefit, the extension of collective insurance, and the provision of better facilities for education and recreation.

The State in 1939 was not only the most powerful single force in the eco-

nomic field but was rapidly increasing its power and influence. Moreover, this fundamental policy was not in dispute between the two main political parties. The difference in theory and political principle between the Conservative and Labour Parties was and remains great. But in practice all Governments since 1929 have extended their field of influence without halting or hesitation.

But it is essential to remember what the Government still did *not* do.

In the first place it did not control the total volume of expenditure or even of investment. The State provided, through all its spending agencies, 25 per cent of the community's income; private employers were still responsible for the remaining 75 per cent. The Treasury never made itself responsible for all internal investment nor seriously considered the possibility of assessing the national money income and reinforcing it to the extent necessary to maintain full employment—with the inevitable consequence that, since three-quarters of the national income was provided without any unified plan or control, "trade depressions" (whose chief characteristic is a general fall in money incomes) were still possible and did in fact occur. The mild recession of 1938 in both Britain and America showed that neither Government was yet in a position to maintain the money expenditure of the community at a level sufficiently high to employ all the labor willing to work. In this respect they lagged behind the standard of financial administration achieved by the Russian and the German regimes—inefficient as those regimes undoubtedly were in other respects.

In the second place, the State did not directly manage—even in the form of public corporations—more than a very small part of the industrial system nor directly employ more than a very small percentage of the labor force. The building of roads, the letter post, telecommunications, broadcasting, the generation of electricity, the Admiralty dockyards and the Royal Ordnance Factories,

together with the utility services of Local Government Authorities, were the only important undertakings operating under the immediate direction of public bodies. In addition, of course, the Government directly engaged men and women in the armed services, the civil services, and large numbers of teachers, doctors, and social workers. All told, however, not more than twenty per cent of those "gainfully employed" were paid by the State. Four out of five employed persons were still dependent upon private individuals and corporations, and nine-tenths of the industrial system was still managed by private enterprise. The incentives to efficiency upon which the economy depended were still predominantly "capitalist" incentives—wages for the workers and profits for the management.

The policy of successive Governments has therefore been to turn a competitive capitalism into a monopoly capitalism, and thus to encourage all the restrictive practices that follow naturally from such an arrangement; to protect, in a paternal but unsystematic way, the life of all depressed minorities and needy classes; and yet to depend upon the traditional incentives to operate this mixed system. Such measures present a curious blend of intervention and *laissez faire*, of activity and self-enforced impotence. Governments have behaved like husbands who are always interfering with the running of their homes and the education of their children but never have the time—or inclination—to accept full responsibility for the housekeeping or the nursery.

It is obvious that there is a lot to be said against the new economic system that slowly emerged during the '30's. It was dangerously restrictive. It placed far too much power in the hands of minorities composed of workers and employers who depend for their livelihood upon one industry and who are provided by the State with the ability to hold the community to ransom. It removed the only set of conditions (those of competition) under which the search for private

gain is in the social interest; without replacing them by any other safeguards; and no effective use was made of the increasing economic power of the State to maintain financial prosperity.

Nevertheless it would be a great mistake to suppose that the new system was an unqualified failure. On the contrary. Between 1924 and 1936 the real national income increased by over twenty-five per cent! This was a remarkable achievement in a period of twelve years containing one of the worst depressions ever recorded. And, in addition to this growth of wealth, there was an immense increase in the security and dignity of common men. In the new system they were emancipated from the greatest economic evils of which they were conscious, and it is thus no accident that the decade before the war was one of the most contented and peaceful in British history and that, at the end of it, the people rose united to defend their nation and its liberties.

II

The war has accelerated the pace, rather than altered the direction of this economic evolution. The chief developments are these:

1. A complete control of *foreign exchange* has been set up. The Bank of England has been given a legal monopoly of the trade in foreign money and it is a crime to buy or sell except through the Control.

2. No legal change has been made in the status of the commercial banks, but *internal financial policy* has come under the direction of the Government by another road. The needs of the Treasury are immense. A gross expenditure of 4 billion pounds per year must be made. Over 50 per cent of the national resources are required for military purposes. The Treasury is therefore willing to borrow and spend all that can be saved (in addition to the income secured by taxation) and even more (by inflationary borrowing from the banks) if

that were necessary. Consequently the Treasury has become the master of the internal financial system because it is the sole borrower and the greatest spender in the country—not excluding even the consuming public taken as a whole.

It is perhaps worth mentioning in passing that the finance of war sets in its proper and simple perspective the problem of maintaining full employment in Britain or any other country at this or any other time. At the ruling level of money wages there is a certain total expenditure on the finished products of industry that would provide a sufficient market to guarantee employment to all persons willing to work; and as long as the Government—or any large spending authority—is prepared to supplement private expenditure sufficiently, this total can always be maintained and no recession or depression or general unemployment need arise. In Britain the necessary level of expenditure before the war was in the neighborhood of 5 billion pounds a year—while in the United States it was something like 80 billion dollars. Yet in 1932 the two nations allowed their national money incomes and outlays to fall as low as 3.8 billion pounds and 60 billion dollars respectively. For this folly we both paid heavily.

It is not necessary, in my view, to increase the burden of the national debt by "public investment" of the ordinary kind in order to close the gap and secure permanent prosperity. The Government could borrow, without fear of inflation and without paying high or permanent rates of interest, from a fully integrated banking system. Much less is it necessary to set up any authoritative economic or political regime. Just as we shall beat the German mechanized army without imitating the fearful political tyranny of the Nazis, so we can learn from, and surpass, their achievement in mastering the modern monetary system without copying in any particular their repressive brutality. It is necessary only

to act with clear sight and *on a sufficient scale* to make an end of the periodical depressions from which we have so deeply suffered in the past. It requires no political repression to implement such a policy.

(It seemed to me, by the way, that the excellent articles published by Mr. Dal Hitchens and Mr. Peter F. Drucker in the February, March, and May, 1941, issues of *Harper's Magazine* made somewhat heavy weather over the essentially simple point that I have tried to discuss in the last two paragraphs. It is quite unnecessary to connect the solution of the technical problem of credit policy with any revolutionary changes in social or political institutions. You don't have to become a Nazi in order to have your tonsils out!)

3. Another important war development has been that the Government has set up "controls" for all the essential *raw materials and foodstuffs*. Iron and steel, non-ferrous metals, cotton, wool, timber, and a dozen other commodities are bought by the Government, held, and allocated to producers under contract to Government Departments or to producers certified by the Board of Trade to be engaged upon essential civilian work. All imported foodstuffs are bought by the Ministry of Food and sold to the distributing trades upon conditions determined by the Ministry; and home-produced food is similarly controlled by the Ministry of Agriculture. The Raw Materials Department and the Ministry of Food have under their joint care the raw-material basis for the economic and industrial life of the nation.

4. Finally the Government took the right to fix all prices, wages, and terms of employment and to direct any person over the age of sixteen to take up any designated work of national importance. In practice these powers have been used to fix the prices of all essential foods and raw materials and a number of important industrial products and services (*e.g.*, coal and machine tools). All statutory limitations upon hours of labor have

been removed but wage rates have not been rigidly fixed for the most part, and the Ministry of Labour is careful to exhaust all the arts of persuasion before the power to "direct" men and women to new work or new homes is finally used (outside the armed services). This leniency may well be a mistaken policy but it springs from the deep belief that voluntary labor is more efficient (in the absence of all the other accompaniments of military life) than forced labor.

These changes represent an immense increase in the economic authority of the State. The British war economy has become completely planned.

But it is interesting to notice that a great many functions still remain outside the sphere of Government control. In the first place, the actual management of industry has been left in private hands. There is still remarkably little direct production apart from the Admiralty dockyards and the Royal Ordnance Factories. Nine-tenths of the products required by the military forces or the civilian population are bought, under contract, from companies that manage their own affairs. This freedom of management ("anarchy" as some would term it) has met with an increasing volume of criticism as time has passed. It is claimed that many firms are badly directed and that some "inspectorate of managerial efficiency" should be set up with the right to investigate all cases of alleged incompetence and to secure the maximum economy of the resources, and the greatest possible output of the products, that we so desperately need.

It is, however, clear that no radical change of personnel could have been or can be made. It is quite impossible to conjure a new managerial class for industry out of a hat. This class numbers, in all grades, something like a million persons. It would certainly have been possible to call all these people "civil servants"; but although there are many young and efficient men and women who might be promoted to positions of greater authority, by and large the same people that

ran industry in peacetime must also run it in wartime—just as the men who drive the trains in peace must drive them in war. The time is too short to make all men new.

An entirely different question arises when one asks whether it was sensible to leave private management in control and to remove from it the customary incentive (that of profit) by imposing a one hundred per cent Excess Profits Duty. The memory of the "profiteers" who made fortunes out of the inflationary chaos and miseries of the last war was too strong to make any other policy politically practicable. But it is probably a deterrent to the full development of our industrial energies.

Another thing which still remains outside of Government control is the determination of wages, which are still fixed by the widespread machinery of collective bargaining that has been traditional in the British labor market. On the whole this method has worked well and it has certainly not been abused by organized labor—who, for the first time in twenty years, command a really strong bargaining power. The Treasury has played its part in stabilizing the cost of living by subsidizing the price of food, and despite some serious anomalies (the wages offered to women in the major war-production industries are still below those to be earned in less essential employments in some parts of the country), the rise in wage rates and earnings has been kept well in hand.

It is not possible to say whether this system of direction has worked well or not. The final test of efficiency—the pace at which the output of munitions has risen—is a closely guarded secret. Such information would be of great value to the enemy. It is, however, no secret that the production of weapons is now reaching a very high level, that the pace of industrial mobilization has exceeded that of the last war (when people came more slowly and less willingly to the discipline of central direction), that industrial disputes are less numerous

than they were then, and that social discontent is very much less marked—indeed scarcely perceptible at all. The nation is more united in purpose, council, and action.

III

The conditions of war are extreme. The British people—both men and women—will accept guidance more willingly and draw more deeply upon the springs of their invisible unity in war than in peace. It is therefore possible that the wartime extensions in the economic power of the State may prove temporary; and it is certainly highly probable that some contraction in Government activity will take place. It is impossible as yet to be sure how far the relaxation of control will go.

Nevertheless I feel confident that the reversal of policy will not affect the long-term trend that was so plainly discernible before the war began. The State will emerge from the transition to peace more powerful than it was. There is no feeling in Britain, as there was after the last war, that there is a “normal” or “natural” or desirable state of the economy (free from State control) from which the country is temporarily diverted by the inescapable necessities of war and to which it is one of the richest fruits of victory to return. Rightly or wrongly, the ordinary man is no longer determined to preserve the economic arrangements under which he experienced unstable prosperity and indefensible (as he thinks) unemployment and poverty. People have perhaps gained a more just historical perspective in which they see that economic systems rise and fall, change and develop into something new, in the restless and ineluctable flux of history; and that no set of human arrangements, technical, political, or industrial, bear upon their faces the mark of eternity.

If I am right and if the new economic system whose emergence I have described in the first part of this article—and which is neither capitalist (because

it is State-controlled) nor socialist (because property is preserved in it) nor fascist (because it is produced by, and is compatible with, political liberty)—is likely to endure and grow, then it is reasonable to ask whether there are any conclusions or morals to be drawn from the study of its emergence before and during the war.

There are, I suggest, four observations that are worth making:

1. It is surely obvious, from the experience of the war, that such a system can be used to prevent cyclical depressions and thus to remove the major cause of unemployment. It is only necessary to maintain total expenditure—the spending financed by the Government plus the spending financed by the public—at a sufficiently high level; and it is possible to do that (as I have already shown) by borrowing from a unified banking system without adding to the burden of the National Debt. It is therefore within the power of the Treasury, in a partially planned economy, to stabilize a high level of employment if it is equipped with the necessary powers and enlightened by the right ideas. It can do so without exercising any compulsion, except upon the banks, and by so doing it will add an immense increment to the total of human happiness, to personal freedom, and to political stability. (This does not mean of course that everything will be easy for Britain, after the war; for her internal monetary policy may not be wisely managed and she will have considerable difficulty with her balance of payments.)

2. The State, active in an eclectic spirit, can surely remove the more destructive types of economic insecurity without greatly changing the incentives to personal efficiency. It is an unmitigated evil that men and women should be poor when they are temporarily ill, unable to work, or when they have children; and it is intolerably unjust to allow them to become poor when they grow old. It is essential for the wealth of the nation (to maintain its power of

production) that those who are ill should be nursed back to strength, that those who are unemployed should be kept physically and mentally healthy, and that children should be properly nurtured. The wise nation will see that provision is made—on a contributory or a non-contributory basis—to provide income to all its citizens in their time of need. This is not charity. It is common sense. And all this can be done without either abolishing the habit of paying differential wages to stimulate the productivity of labor or removing profits as a motive for maintaining the efficiency of management. Both Britain and America have moved far along this road and Britain, at any rate, will move farther.

Britain will also modify the inequality in the distribution of income and property more radically. The high cost of the war has already raised the rate of taxation upon the highest incomes to 90 per cent, and there are less than one hundred persons in the country left with as much as £5,000 of income (as distinct from capital) to spend. No doubt these extreme rates will be considerably lowered after the war but they will remain higher than they were; and the maintenance of a high level of armaments and increasingly expensive social legislation will permanently reduce the fraction of the national income that can be left in the hands of the rich. Great personal wealth will become a thing of the past and we shall achieve a large measure of economic equality by this indirect road. But it is, again, possible to do this without removing the essential capitalist incentives of differential wages and profits.

3. There is one outstanding lesson to be learned from the industrial policy of the State during the past ten years. It presents a sharp challenge to the social will of a free people. It has been restrictive and monopolistic. The universal tendency—in coal and cotton, in wheat and road transport, in Great Britain and in the United States—has been to create unified selling (or produc-

ing) agencies that have reduced output in order to maximize the income of the industry and benefit the classes (employer, *rentier*, and worker) who drew money (in salaries, profits, or wages) from it. Thus a new and surprising form of syndicalism has grown up—in which capital and labor sink their differences in order that they may combine joyfully against the public interest. By this means we deliberately prevent the full increase in the standard of living made possible by scientific discovery and attempt to avoid grappling firmly with the painful but inescapable need to reduce the size of industries whose output and equipment have become excessive.

This policy is intolerably short-sighted. It uses the power of the State for precisely the wrong purpose—to advance the interests of minorities opposed to the common good. We must insist that the growing influence of the Government should be exercised for the good of society and that, in this context, it should be directed to the positive work of adapting the size of the old basic industries to the scale of modern demand. State-created and State-maintained monopoly must be destroyed.

4. Finally, there stands a problem that remains unresolved. What should be the common method of industrial administration—private enterprise or a hierarchy of responsible officials? This question is not yet answered in Britain and it will no doubt give rise to considerable controversy and deep, though not irreconcilable, differences between the Conservative and Labour Parties now united in a common determination to win the war. No doubt some compromise will be slowly evolved when the normal tradition of British political life is resumed. It is too soon to see clearly the precise details of the solution to which we shall come.

One principle will, however, secure wide agreement. The size of the units into which industries are to be divided, and in which they are subsequently administered, must be reasonably small;

and the type of cautious person naturally selected for the public service is not sufficiently vigorous to shoulder, unaided, the tasks of production. The view will be commonly held in Britain after the war that we must seek to preserve amid the spreading activities of the State the advantages of relatively small enterprises and the willingness to accept responsibility which characterizes the best type of business executive. It would be possible to demonstrate, I believe, that we can combine these virtues of private enterprise with the advantages of public control and, in this matter, enjoy the best of two worlds. But space does not permit a defense of this paradox.

I contemplate the future of the new industrial system in Britain with moderate optimism. It is the fruit of slow public pressure, often ill-instructed and confused in thought, but deeply informed by a knowledge of human need and suffering. It is the fruit of that sovereign advantage of democracy—the rapidity with which the general requirements of human happiness can be satisfied—“first things come first.”

Neither disaster nor Utopia await us in Britain when the war is won but a slow and experimental improvement in our economic (and political) arrangements—the gradual triumph of the common man.





A PHOTOGRAPHER IN MOSCOW

BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

WHEN German planes began dropping bombs on a chain of Russian cities, and the Soviet Union entered the war, one of the first military regulations to be passed was a law providing that anyone seen with a camera would be shot on sight. Here was I already in Moscow, facing the greatest scoop of my life, the kind of an opportunity that would seem possible to a photographer only in an opium dream: the biggest country enters the biggest war in the world, and I was the only foreign photographer of any nationality to be present.

The anti-camera law was inconvenient, but I had only to reflect on the supreme convenience of being within Russian borders at all, at a time when all other photographers attempting to enter were being refused visas, to be willing to meet any difficulty. I did think, however, that to have to face German bombing planes and Russian firing squads on the same side of the same war was rather a lot for even a photographer to do.

The first two weeks of the war were probably the hardest for the Russians, for they had to set their armies against unpredictable advances along the world's longest front. That first fortnight was certainly the hardest for me. My advances were confined to the short home front, a distance of seven blocks between the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, its little cousin, the Press Bureau, and my hotel; but in the end a determined frontal attack conquered, as it does in most wars. I was given several precious bits of pasteboard bearing my picture along

with decorative stamps and signatures, variously affixed in purple and red, and my status as *Amerikanski* photo-correspondent was established. These documents were so unusual, however, that militiamen to whom they were shown almost invariably put me in temporary custody in the nearest police station to give them ample time to telephone to higher authorities for verification. Moscow sunlight is a shifting thing at best, so it was a foregone conclusion that the sun would be behind the clouds by the time I was returned with apologies and a courteous military escort to the place where I had started out to work; and I would have to come back and repeat the identification procedure to a new patrol on the next sunny day.

The balcony of our hotel suite, however, provided one of the best photographic view-points in the whole city, and without benefit of documents. It overlooked the Kremlin and faced the Red Square, and it possessed certain elements of history. Trotsky had stood on this balcony addressing the unheeding Trade Unions at the time of his fall from power. Lindbergh had stayed in our suite during his visit to Moscow. When we moved out of it, Lord Beaverbrook moved in, while attending sessions of the American-British Economic Conference. But during our occupancy it furnished a camera view-point whose value was beyond measure.

Every night there was something to photograph because, whether it was a light raid or a heavy one, the Germans

always managed to aim at least one bomb at the Kremlin.

They didn't always hit it, although one night I watched a whole palace rise up in a plumelike formation against a moonlit sky. Frequently missiles aimed at the Kremlin landed on various buildings across the street. Why our hotel managed to stay erect so successfully I do not know, for it was so old that it trembled every time a streetcar passed. Perhaps its very flexibility helped.

During the first weeks of the war every citizen of Moscow received thorough training in home defense, with emphasis on the habits and treatment of the fire bomb. This was made possible by the extraordinary amount of organization which existed in Moscow civilian life, even in peacetime. Apartment-house groups in Moscow are social units, with little movie theaters, playgrounds, house committees. The discipline which in recent years has been a feature of Soviet home life came into play with the beginning of the war. The same House Committee which used to decide on when to put a new swing in the children's playground and when to repaint the house and repair the stove began directing the work of home defense.

On alternate nights the committee members went to large central schools, and on the nights in between they taught the folks at home such subjects as first aid, how to behave in case of gas attack, how to treat incendiary bombs.

Children took an important part in this. It was their duty to keep water pails constantly filled, sandbags always ready.

Each night of bombing was a demonstration of how thoroughly this job of home defense was being done. Every doorway, every alley, every roof top had its watchers, who worked on four-hour shifts and then were relieved by others. As more and more men went off to the front, the ranks of these watchers were filled largely by women and boys and girls of school age. All the children that I knew dreamed of having their watch on

a night with plenty of fire bombs, for they were all ready to be heroes.

After utilizing my splendid balcony to the utmost—to photograph the centuries-old silhouette of the Kremlin towers against a strictly modern fire-span-gled sky, which lighted up each night into new and unexpected patterns—I began to search for new view-points. The British Embassy faced the opposite side of the Kremlin from our hotel, and was situated at the edge of a mass of roofs which became alive with activity when bombing started; and big, bluff General Mason-MacFarlane, who headed the British Military Mission, gave us a standing invitation to drop in for air raids.

When the alarm began sounding we would jump into our car and make a dash for the British Embassy, some eight blocks away from our hotel. We had this procedure so perfectly timed that we could make the trip before the siren stopped blowing, at which time all but official cars must be off the street.

One night gave me more usable negatives than all my past nights' work put together, for it was a night in which the Germans tried to burn down Moscow.

When I arrived at the Embassy so much was happening in all corners of the heavens that I decided to try to work four cameras at once, instead of one as heretofore.

The General led me to the attic, where we buckled on our helmets. Mine was the regulation Russian army type which had been lent to me by the Mayor of Moscow. It was shaped like a mushroom, and so heavy that I had to develop a whole new set of neck muscles before I learned to keep it on for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. The General held a guarded flashlight while I picked out the lenses and filmpack-holders I expected to need, and then we climbed up a little ladder through a trap door in the roof.

II

There is something unearthly about being on an open roof in a raid. My

first feeling was one of extreme loneliness. The sky was so startlingly big with its probing spears of searchlights and flaming onions hurtling their way through space, that man seemed too small to count at all. But as the raid got under way I had so much to do that I could not think of anything except the four cameras that I was trying to operate at once.

There are no rules for exposure on a subject like this—at least none that I know of. The most I could do was to guess, by the mounting action, which points of the horizon would be the most interesting to photograph and then, after the spurts of firing had taken place, to try to estimate whether the illumination had been correct for the exposure of each of the four negatives in process. The exposures varied from a few seconds to several minutes, depending on the fire patterns that had etched their way meanwhile over the field of each plate.

Once I became so engrossed in calculations as I focussed on a group of cathedral towers with anti-aircraft guns sending up decorative spurts behind their onion-shaped domes that the General reproved me. "You can't hesitate over your decisions in war, you know."

"But I'm not a general, only a photographer," I said, so apologetically that when I completed my focussing arrangements he added kindly, "Are you sure you are quite happy about that camera now?"

As we started on all fours down the slope of the roof he suddenly called out, "Get behind that chimney. Those things will be hot when they come down." I did not realize what "those things" were, as I heard a swish like satin through the air; but within less than a minute, a hundred fire bombs had fallen within eye-range over the city.

At the back of the embassy was a cluster of roofs and I could hear the fire-watchers calling out to one another. Some of the voices had such a youthful quality that I could tell that these were schoolboys who had recently taken to

serving as fireguards. Suddenly I realized that on a neighboring roof an astonishing thing was happening: a group of youngsters were actually arguing with one another for the privilege of putting out the next fire bomb. At the drone of each German plane that passed overhead I could hear the youthful voices calling out; each boy wanted the next one, for each wanted to make a record.

A garage building somewhere off to the side caught into a blaze, and a fire-truck rushed up and pulled into the drive. By now the grounds were illuminated with red light and I could plainly distinguish the fire engine's crew. It consisted not of men but of girls, wearing firemen's helmets and asbestos suits and mitts.

"May we take a short cut through your driveway?" asked a pleasant woman's voice. "We have come to liquidate the fire."

The blaze was still confined to the corner of the garage, and the "liquidation" was rapidly effected, whereupon the truck of firewomen took off toward the Lenin Library, near which another spurt of flames was mounting toward the sky.

By this time another phase of the raid had begun. A second wave of the Luftwaffe was coming with demolition bombs, hoping, I suppose, to take advantage of the light from the fires that had been set. I wondered how the city looked to them up there, and whether the amount of "liquidation" accomplished between waves of planes would annoy them. The peculiar whoosh-like whistle of bombs began—that sound which means that a quarter of a ton of finely turned steel is rushing down through the resisting atmosphere—and at regular intervals we could hear the shrapnel tinkle on the roofs and streets about us. The General said, "It's getting too thick to stay out here. Come inside for a while."

We climbed through the attic window, and there on the ladder, hanging like a furry bat, was Sir Stafford Cripps, in pajamas and a fuzzy bathrobe, watching

the raid. It takes a spectacular raid to rouse the interest of an Englishman, for they have been through so many; but this one was enough to bring the British Ambassador out of bed.

Periodically I would have to go out to change the films in my four cameras, and as the General helped me out of the trap door he would say, "Do it as quickly as possible, and if you hear something little coming, stand up, because you're less of a target, but if you hear something coming that sounds big, lie down." I was never able to analyze whether the various descending articles were big or little, so I buckled my wobbly helmet on tighter, made the rounds, changed films, checked the focus, and then returned for a short breather on the ladder.

His Excellency had gone off finally, and his place at the trap door had been taken by the British Vice Admiral. Then something was dropped that was so spectacular that we all crawled out on the roof and crouched along a railing by a drainpipe to watch it. A flare had been dropped directly overhead, and was drifting down toward the Kremlin so close that we could count the ribs in the enormous parachute that held it. Suspended from the giant umbrella was a ball of blazing magnesium, so bright that it hurt our eyes to look at it.

"They're certainly looking for something very specific in this neighborhood," said the General, "when they burn up as much magnesium as that. That stuff costs plenty."

"It's not just the cost," said the Vice Admiral. "There's only just so much of that stuff in the world."

It took half an hour for the mammoth parasol to drift to earth, and it was a fruitful working time for me. Photographers have taken pictures by the light of magnesium flares for years, but I had never expected to have the help of a fleet of German pilots dropping flares from the sky to light up my night pictures of the Kremlin.

At last from the square near us we could hear the loud speaker blaring out,

"The raid is over. Go to your rest," and we went downstairs and had whiskey and soda with the Ambassador, who was sitting very comfortably in his pajamas and bathrobe, with his dog Joe at his slippered feet.

III

Lady Cripps had once told me how she had ended a cable to her husband with the message "REGARDS TO JOE," and then, afraid that the Ambassador might think that she referred to Stalin, she had revised it to read "REGARDS TO JOE AIREDALE." On various occasions I had photographed Joe Airedale, but what I wished more than anything else was to have the opportunity to take a portrait of Joseph Stalin.

Arranging for that portrait was my hardest single job in the Soviet Union, but at last a day came when Molotov had been induced to recommend it, and a government car whirled me through the Kremlin gates. I was conducted by an escort of soldiers into the old Tzarist palace in which leading government officials have their offices, taken up to the second floor in a little gilt, red-carpeted elevator, and led down the long winding hall toward Stalin's office. On the way I kept making little speeches to myself. Nothing could be accomplished by being nervous, I told myself reasonably. Just treat Uncle Joe the way I would anyone else. Ask him to sit down and chat and act natural.

But when his office door was opened and I caught sight of his face, I said to myself, "That is not the way you talk to a dictator."

Ordering Joseph Stalin round would be like giving directions to a statue made of Vermont granite. As I began to focus on that immobile profile I thought he had the strongest face that I had ever seen.

But as soon as I sank to my knees and began shooting, the fact that he was the most mysterious and inaccessible figure in two continents faded away, and his last name might have been Doakes, instead

of what it was, or Ivan Ivanovitch, as Joe Doakes is called in his country.

Whoever is unfortunate enough to be within reach of my right arm when I have my head under a camera cloth is apt to find himself a camera assistant. This time it was "Young Litvinov," as he is known in diplomatic circles. He is not related to the present Soviet ambassador to Washington, but he happens to have the same name and he acts as Kremlin interpreter. As I kept automatically handing out reflectors and flashbulbs he began holding them for me, first on the far side of Stalin's face, and then above his head, for toplighting, which the interpreter accomplished easily, for Stalin is a very short man. Soon *Tovarisch Litvinov* was changing flashbulbs with a single twist of the wrist as though he had done it all his life. This amused Stalin and he began to laugh, and then I knew I had the expression I wanted.

When I left and walked back through the endless corridor, a little question began forming in my mind. In the Soviet Union there is a custom that appears unshakable. Elevators are made for the apparent purpose of carrying people upward, but not of carrying them down. As we approached the little gilt conveyance I thought, "Surely in the Kremlin itself it is possible to ride down in the elevator." I turned toward it. But no—the colonel accompanying me took me courteously by the arm and I found that even when one has come from an audience with Joseph Stalin it is still necessary to walk down the stairs.

It was almost half-past nine when I left the Kremlin, and the Luftwaffe had been calling regularly at ten o'clock each night. I couldn't risk developing my precious films at the hotel. I had been doing my developing in the bathtub, but there was too much danger of being interrupted by the hotel wardens, whose strict duty it was to put all guests in the cellar shelter when the alarm sounded. To have an air raid warden break into my bathroom and tear me away from a

partially developed negative of Stalin was more than I cared to risk.

Our chauffeur helped me carry my developing tanks and trays of solutions down the stairs and place them on the floor of the car. We drove to the American Embassy, arriving just as the alarm sounded, and I set up a laboratory in the servants' bathroom in the cellar. Sandbags stacked against the cellar windows helped to insure that my darkroom would be light-tight.

The negatives of Stalin were so irreplaceable should anything go wrong that I did not have the courage to plunge them in, sink or swim, a whole film-pack at a time, as I usually do. I began processing them one at a time. It was a busy night outside, and I could hear the rhythmic booming of the guns as I worked, and when finally long descending shrieks began sounding through the air, I was glad that there was that bank of sandbags outside the cellar window.

Wouldn't it be fantastic to have a negative fogged by a fire bomb, I reflected, as I dipped Joe's face thoughtfully into the hypo.

As the night wore on I grew hungry. I had entirely forgotten about supper in the excitement of the appointment. But it should be easy to get something to eat in your own Embassy, I thought.

I came out and found several Embassy clerks sleeping in the inner part of the cellar, which had been designated as a shelter. One of them sat up on his cot, and when I whispered that I was hungry he got up and started on a hunt. But the steward, it seemed, had gone off to the big shelter in the subway with all the pantry keys in his pocket. One rarely-used icebox had been left unlocked, but it contained only a bowl of rice of doubtful date.

While I rested, eating cautious spoonfuls of the cold boiled rice, the clerk searched out other articles to speed my work: an extension cord, so that a Mazda bulb could be draped over the radiator; a box of pins for hanging up wet negatives; an electric fan to shorten their

drying time; a couple of soup plates for print developer.

I wanted to be prepared for the possibility that I might have to radio-photo the pictures to America, which meant that I had to have a set of prints made by morning.

I had no regular printing apparatus, but an old type of clamp-back printing frame which I had borrowed from the chauffeur would serve. It could be held up to the Mazda lamp on the radiator, to expose the prints, but I must conjure up a red safe-light to develop them.

The most valuable contribution of the United States Diplomatic Service that night, from my point of view, was a piece of red muslin. At least it was a dustcloth of a reddish color. With a hand-held flashlight wrapped in the dustcloth, it was possible to control the developing time of the prints in the soup plate, and by dawn I had a full set of Stalin prints.

IV

After finishing the Stalin portrait there was one thing more that I wanted greatly to do, and that was to go to the front. This was difficult to arrange, for the Russians were too busy fighting the Germans to want to be bothered with photographers and reporters on their front lines, but finally I was granted permission.

We went to the front over a succession of rivers of mud which had once been called roads. "General Mud has been reduced to the rank of Colonel in modern warfare," was a favorite Red Army quip, but I believe that during the fall months, when the Germans were pushing their drive toward Moscow, the Russians managed to promote him to the rank of Generalissimo.

Sometimes while negotiating these almost liquid highways, small units of the Luftwaffe would appear and begin their work over the roads. The first time this happened we dashed out of our cars and slithered across the slippery surface to the edge of a meadow, where we threw

ourselves down in the low shrubbery. It is odd what images become engraved on one's mind. I remember noticing that we were lying in the largest patch of fringed gentians that I had ever seen. The gentians were at a level with my eyes, and over this blue border I watched three great curtains of mud rise into the air and hang there shimmering, as though suspended on invisible curtain poles in the sky. When these heavenly draperies descended to earth again there were three large sludgy pits, perfectly round in shape, in the road behind us; but our cars were undamaged, though they glistened with a coat of mud laid on thick, like maple icing on a cake.

I began gathering fringed gentians, but the soldiers who were driving our cars had something much more practical to gather. They began pulling boughs off the shrubs and trees and tucking them around the fenders and tying them on the tops of the cars, and when we moved on again we looked like a nursery on wheels.

From then on, during my whole trip along the front lines, almost everything I saw was either covered with a tree or tucked under one. This made things difficult for a photographer, because it made the war look like a back-to-nature movement, which in a way it is. When we visited an emergency airport we found that it had been laid out on a level stretch, suitable for takeoffs, but that clusters of fir trees had been cut down from the adjoining woods and stuck up along the runways to mask the planes and the pilots' tents. At night this greenery was conveniently removed, and at dawn it was realistically set back again.

As we traveled directly along the front lines, we proceeded from one grove to another. Each little wood, as we approached, looked uninhabited until we went in under the trees and our eyes grew accustomed to the dim green light. Then it revealed itself as a complete living community with field telephones, dug-in tanks, batteries shrouded with green boughs, and soldiers singing in

their off moments, even when the Germans were only a mile away.

Photography in the daytime was difficult because everything was camouflaged so thickly in green leaves that there was nothing but verdure to be seen; and at night, when the woods were a hive of activity, I could use flashbulbs only with the greatest caution.

Once we were led to the edge of our grove after dark and allowed to run through an open meadow to an "action point" a quarter of a mile distant. We were told to run single file, three meters apart, and when we were halfway across the meadow, suddenly the landscape was ringed with light and a loud roar sounded above us. It was one of the Soviet batteries firing over our heads, and the Germans began answering with machine-gun fire.

When we reached the "action point"—where we had to go on tiptoe and talk in whispers because the Germans were only a stone's throw away—we found the guns set in the midst of a delightful little wood of birch and fir. Even with the white trunks of birch lighted periodically by star shells, the grove looked more as though it had been designed for picnic baskets than for cartridge cases.

But there was nothing of this sylvan character about the great battlefield of Yelnya, for that, when we reached it, looked like the end of the world. Here were the ghosts of blasted trees—great trunks split and smashed as though a giant hand had picked them up in bundles and dropped them broken back to earth.

Instead of fields we saw wastelands, as far as the eye could reach, channeled with trenches and littered with the remains of war which had swept in concentrated fury back and forth across it. We had to be careful where we stepped because the ground was full of unexploded shells and mines; sometimes their noses could be seen poking out of the earth.

Fifty thousand German dead had been hastily shoveled into their own trenches. Everywhere lay the paraphernalia of life. A torn sleeve, the piece of a boot, a tattered raincoat, a fragment of rain-soaked German newspaper, a broken sword. Like hundreds of empty turtle-shells lay the German helmets, some decorated with little swastikas painted in white, many cracked viciously through the top where the metal had given way during battle.

The town of Yelnya, situated between Vyasma and Smolensk, had passed so frequently from Russian to German hands, and from German back to Russian again, that most of its houses had been reduced to skeletons. Sometimes the central ovens, typical of Russian peasant houses, remained partially intact with their tile chimneys, like sentinels, rising out of the wreckage. Here and there was part of a wall, a corner of a roof. And where two or three beams held together, people were creeping back into their homes, so resilient is the human race. Sometimes they were welcomed back by their cats, which have a way of lingering round the house even after bombing, although dogs turn wild and run away.

Often I saw the people cooking, over what remained of their brick and plaster ovens, with strange utensils. I examined these utensils more closely. They were not mere pots and pans, bent out of shape from bombing. They were pieces of downed German planes and portions of metal sheeting from captured enemy tanks, which when bent into shallow shapes could serve well as baking tins or broiling pans. Once I saw a woman borrowing some hot charcoals from the fire of a neighbor. "What is she carrying them in?" I wondered, as I watched her heading homeward. The shape was familiar. She was bringing home hot coals in a Nazi helmet.



GOOD NEIGHBORS

A STORY

BY STOYAN CHRISTOWE

THE old man—my Grandfather—lay on a straw mat inside the garden apiary. Near him was his time-worn cane, with its head shaped into a dragon, from whose jaws stuck out a once fiery tongue, now bearing no trace of the scarlet paint my Grandfather had put on it.

The whole garden was teeming with life. The cherry trees had shed their pink and white blossoms and from their leaves peeped out jade-green beads. Embryo clusters, like green pompoms, protruded from the grape arbor entwined about the fence on the courtyard side of the garden. The bushes which ran from the house to the barn and shielded the garden on the outer side were bementled with flowers and looked like garlands hanging from the necks of the old willows.

Against the back of the house were the beehives, at least a score of them. Some were housed in cone-shaped hampers of osier, plastered with fresh cow dung, now dry. These were the older hives. The younger ones were in rectangular wooden boxes which had come to the village with kerosene—in each box two square five-gallon cans, the word BATUM stamped on them.

One hive was lodged in a truncated log, a little larger than a bushel-measure. My Grandfather had sawn off the log—with the bees in it—somewhere in the forest and had brought it here to become the progenitor of this ancient apiary.

As if conscious of its age and dignity, and proud of its brood, the stump reposed patriarchlike amidst the hampers and boxes. With its bark peeled off and its knotty, bone-bleached surface, it suggested the knuckle of some gigantic prehistoric animal. On one of the knots Grandfather had hung a dog's skull, whose polished surface blended with the wood itself. It was there to avert "evil eyes," or rather to break their evil spell.

To the exterior of this aboriginal hive, as well as to the exteriors of some others, now adhered clumps of bees, like huge clusters of ripe grapes. Having forsaken the interiors, these new families had established themselves out of doors to await a propitious moment for their swarming.

The sun, the flowers, the warm day itself, had inspired the hives with incessant, feverish activity. The bees came out through the wax-trellised entrances of their toylike homes, twanged in the sunlit air, maneuvered about, and dashed off into the adjoining fields to forage. Soon they returned, gorged with nectar, and dropped like bullets on the thresholds of the hives.

Many bees warped and spun about us, and some even alighted on Grandfather's bare head, or on his neck. He did not disturb them. I didn't remember that he was ever stung by a bee. And I used to see him shove his hands into heaps of them and pour them into

hampers or boxes like so many handfuls of berries. He was so familiar with them that he could detect the temper and mood of a bee from its hum. Sometimes a bee rushed through the air with an angry hiss as if it brandished a sword; sometimes one glided by with the sweet thrum of a guitar. Once in a while the jamlike masses which clung to the fronts of the hives, or depended from the platforms, had such a wildness in their shivering and buzzing that Grandfather had to call the priest to sprinkle them with holy-water and to calm them with incantations.

The bees droned about us, their tiny bodies glinting like gems. I could see how the claws and antennae of some were tinged with the pollen which they had gathered. They streamed back in an endless procession, hurrying to disburden themselves of their treasure and to fly back for more.

Suddenly two bees looped excitedly in front of me. They filled the air with a tense, angry buzz. Observing them closely, I discerned that one bee was trying to dodge the other. The pursued bee zigzagged, circled, shuttled to and fro in front of me. But the assailant followed skillfully, imitating its every maneuver as if it were fastened to it by an invisible cord.

I noticed too that the pursued bee's wings and horns were tinted yellow from the foraging, while the aggressor's weren't. And from this I concluded that the assaulted bee must have been returning to the hive with its harvest when this other bee tried to rob it of its load.

I was thinking of something to do to help the menaced bee when they collided in the air and fell to the ground together, like a single heavy drop of rain such as sometimes precedes a downpour. The claws of each clamped about the cuirass of the other, they groveled in the dust near the stem of a pepper plant. Firmly interlocked, they bounced up and dropped again.

I picked up a dry twig and tried to separate them, succeeding with some

difficulty. But the instant that they found themselves unclenched they flew at each other with redoubled zeal. Their little bodies curled wrathfully; they rolled in the dust, grappling and stabbing.

The duel continued until the enfeebled bodies sagged down, until legs and horns could no longer respond. One of the bees then ceased to move, or rather it ceased to fight, for it still twitched in every limb and joint. I could not tell which it was, for, coated with the dust as they were, they looked alike.

With one final, effortful movement, the still-active bee sank its claws and antennae into the bowels of its victim. And then it too rolled off into the dust, twitched its legs a few times, went through a single convulsive movement, and became as still as the other.

"Two bees! What are two bees?" I viewed them with equanimity. Grandfather always said that bees were among God's most intelligent creatures; more intelligent in some ways, he said, than human beings. Here were two of them who had survived the winter. A few minutes before they had been flying in the sunny air and creeping over the flowers. Now they lay dead in the dust.

"Grandfather," I called, "are you asleep?"

"No, my child." The old man responded without stirring.

At this moment a rooster clapped his wings and rushed through the courtyard in the direction of the shed where two hens fluttered and pecked at each other like hysterical women. The dog, which lay nearby, got up, wagged his tail, and walked off somnolently.

"I just watched two bees fight and kill each other." I said that in such a way that the old man would know it was meant as a contradiction of his statement about the intelligence of bees.

Rising a little and moving forward, he coughed a few times and said, "You have, eh? Maybe one of them was a wasp?"

"No! They were both honeybees."

"They were? Well, there's good and bad among them. A bad one must have attacked a good one and the good one had to defend itself."

"It looked like that," I said.

Presently, as we were talking, another bee came nosing and poking about. It alighted near the fatal scene and walked about suspiciously. Then it approached the bees in the dust and, discovering them to be dead, it darted away toward the hives.

This made me wonder if bees were capable of communicating information and I turned to ask Grandfather if such a thing might be true. But I noticed that he had his eyes fixed on the log hive with the dog's skull on it. And looking out there, I saw that the ball of bees clinging to the outside was in its pre-swarming fermentations. The bees stirred like an army preparatory to an expedition, or a nation on the eve of exodus. They sputtered and popped much as corn roasting in a pan. And the whole clump of them, though still hanging together and to the wood, began to swell up into a huge blister.

All at once the distending blister burst at one place and began to spout bees into the air in a continuous stream. A low, sustained din, like the drone of a bagpipe, filled the garden. Flurries of bees shimmered in the sunlit air like a heat mirage. The birds in the trees and the bushes, with alarming chirrupings, fluttered away to quieter places.

As the gushing spout effused the bees higher and higher into the air, the blister on the log shrank away. In ten minutes it dissolved into a myriad of dancing specks.

It was a prodigious swarm. Grandfather stood beneath it knocking two stones against each other and chanting in a sweet beguiling voice. Already he had tied a bunch of daisies to a cherry-sprig in hopes the queen might be attracted to perch there. With all his bee-breeder's cunning he importuned the queen-mother to settle on the twig. "Come darling . . . come sweet one

. . . settle. . . ." The stones kept clacking in unvaried rhythm.

Unmoved by the cantillations, the bees continued to swarm in the air.

Standing there and watching Grandfather, I suddenly became aware of another deep, faint noise, like the drone of another bagpipe. And looking out over the fence, I saw that a swarm had also issued from our neighbor's apiary. Like a conoidal, baseless tower, it reeled and wavered in the direction of our own swarm.

Grandfather too must have seen it, for presently he cried out, "Pick up stones, child, and try to woo it the other way!"

I did as I was told. As best I could I endeavored to entice the swarm away from ours but, as if annoyed by my crude music, it trembled stationary above me for a few moments. Then, no doubt attracted by Grandfather's incantations, it began to drift closer toward our swarm.

Roused by the noise, our neighbor came out, wiping dough from her hands on her thick woolen apron. She too picked up stones and commenced the bewitching chant. "Come queenie . . . come mother . . . this way, darling. . . ." As good a beekeeper as my Grandfather, with great skill she tried to charm her swarm away from ours. Still the black droning bee-cloud revolved slowly and inevitably toward our own.

"They'll mingle," Grandfather quavered. "They'll scythe one another to the last bee."

Children who came running from their play kept at a safe distance. At a distance also, lest their "eyes" be blamed if the bees should intermingle and war, men and women leaned on wicker fences in their courtyards, furtively observing the coincidence.

Like two balloons floating in the air and destined for collision, the swarms gyrated toward each other. Soon they touched, and instantly rebounded. But again they drew closer, and the next time they collided they began to fuse.

Thenceforth they kept dissolving into each other until they formed a single mass.

Now both my Grandfather and our neighbor knocked stones and chanted dulcet words, as much to make the bees alight as to keep them in good humor and prevent an internecine clash. The two-queened, double swarm poised itself above the treetops like a prismatic chandelier suspended from the heavens.

Fortunately there was no angry drone in the swarm; no spear-shaking. But it was too high up. And we all knew that when a swarm rose above the treetops more often than not it made for the forest. Once a swarm did that no power on earth could check its flight.

The two bee-charmers plucked handfuls of daisies and swayed them above their heads as they caroled the swarm-chants. Their voices, each with its own peculiar sweetness, never ceased to intone affectionate names to the queens.

For a few more moments the giant swarm wavered above the trees and then began to sag toward a bebloomed bush. When several feet from the bush, the swarm assumed the form of an inverted pyramid, the apex of which twirled like a gimlet over the flowery bush. There was no doubt now that one queen or both of them had settled there. Lest the charm should be broken, the two voices kept up the monotonous chant.

Presently the swarm began to precipitate itself. Living drops rained upon the bush, into a nucleus that seemed to act as a magnet for the others. In their mad rush the bees bounced against one another, and tumbled on to the spot where the queens had alighted.

As the cluster grew bigger, the heavy, continuous noise subsided. The air became clearer of the dense specks that shimmered in it. The atmosphere, it seemed, had become denser than the bees and, compressing the inflated swarm, caused it to dribble on to the bush like winnowed grain. In ten minutes the whole swarm congealed upon the bush.

The sun returned to resume its task of

promoting life in the garden. Some birds too ventured back and trilled with joy now that they were able to reoccupy their peaceful domain.

Grandfather and our neighbor proceeded to hive the bees in one of those kerosene boxes. The box had been scoured and then anointed with honey. For some reason, perhaps because their structural regularity made it easier to construct combs in them, the bees liked these rectangular boxes better than the cone-shaped, dung-plastered hampers.

Our neighbor held the box over the bees while Grandfather "smoked" them into it. He did that by holding under them a pan of dry burning cow dung, the fumes of which caused the bees to spume up the sides of the box. They shed away in a continuous ferment without actually detaching themselves from the mass. Fins and shells glimmering, they scaled up in layers. Drones, recognizable by the thicker plumage at their necks and the saddles, by the greater spread of their wings and the farther reach of their horns, sizzled amidst the smaller worker-bees.

When the swarm was thus transferred into its new home, the box was set on a plank near the bush, where it remained for the rest of the day; for some bees continued to hover on the outside and did not enter their new home until twilight.

At twilight our neighbor came over, picked up the box, and without saying a word started to carry it to her own garden. Grandfather, sensing from her attitude that there was something awry, that perhaps she regarded the hive as entirely her own, hobbled behind her.

"Wasn't it lucky the two swarms didn't fight," said the old man, emphasizing the word two.

The woman said nothing and walked on through the courtyard with the box in her arms. Grandfather kept pace with her. "It's all the same where the hive sets," he said good-naturedly. "It's got to set somewhere till fall. Then we'll spoil it and divide the honey."

The old man leaned on her fence and watched our neighbor place the box on a platform inside her garden. He was not angry, and kept on murmuring half to himself and half to her, "Too bad they had to go and get mixed up like that. But praise the Lord for keeping them from scrapping and cutting each other."

She paid no attention to him and went ahead putting some strips of tin on top of the box to keep the rain from dripping in. She laid stones over the tin strips to secure them against the wind and then she padded in her bare feet to the gate and disappeared into her house without having spoken a word.

"It's all right," said the old man to me. "It don't make any difference where the hive sets." He appeared composed, but I could tell that he was disturbed by the woman's unneighborly behavior.

He said nothing further about it. Throughout the rest of the summer he made no mention of the subject, though every now and then he did go over to our neighbor's garden and lean on the fence to look at the common hive.

Fall came, and with it the honey harvest. There was no more food in nature for the bees. Some of them still journeyed about, poked into the coarse, withered autumn flowers, even trooped as far as the vineyards in hopes of finding some hidden grapes, but returned to the hives with empty bags. It all meant that they must now turn to their precious stores of honey, and that we must beat them to it.

None of us had ever heard of glass hives or removable combs. To get the honey we had to kill the bees, by drowning. Every fall we would decide on the number of hives we wished to keep for "mothers," and butcher the rest, as it were, except that we used the word "spoil" for it. We did the "spoiling" in the evenings, when the bees were numbed by the cold and it was easier to drown them.

This particular fall we "spoiled" all

but seventeen hives, which we retained for "mothers." In the following summer every "mother" would swarm at least once, and some even twice and three times. In a good year it was not unusual even for a swarm to swarm.

When we had finished the harvesting of our own honey Grandfather said, "Guess I'll go over and tell her we must spoil the hive to-night."

I didn't go with him and I didn't know just exactly how he broached the subject to her. But it was easy to tell what she said to him, for when he returned he was shaking with anger and kept repeating, in her own voice, "Old fool! Hollow-headed old man! What do you mean *our* hive! It's *my* hive. Why don't you *call* your bees if you think there's bees here that belong to you?"

He shook the cane's dragon-head at me and told me to stop laughing.

"What does she think bees are, anyway? Sheep or pigs that you can call them to you?"

"Why quarrel, Grandfather? It's only a few pounds of honey. Let her have it."

"It's not the honey. It's the bees. You can't let your bees go. She wants to keep that hive for a mother. She wants to take away our bees. You know that when you let a hive go you lose your luck with what you keep. Did you ever hear of anyone selling a hive?"

And that was true. The only way you could start a new apiary was by finding a colony of honeybees in some hollow tree, as Grandfather had done. Or else by having some beekeeper donate a hive to you with grace and good will. Bees, it seemed, resented being sold, bartered, or appropriated, but didn't mind being made a gift of.

In the evening, after supper, the old man said to me, "All right, my son, get the lantern and the steelyard."

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to spoil that hive and take our share of the honey."

I lighted the way across the courtyard. It was a dark, cold, starless night.

Grandfather carried two pails, one filled with water for the drowning of the bees.

We had just passed through our neighbor's garden gate when the door of her house burst open and she screamed, "Thieves, spoilers, get out of my garden!"

"We're aspoiling nobody but the bees," said Grandfather. "Our bees."

"There's no bees of yours here."

"Calm yourself, woman. Half this hive is ours and we aim to take our half." He kept removing the stones and the tin flashings from the box.

"You'll not touch that hive." She tugged at the old man.

"Keep away," he warned. "You want to knock over your other hives?" He pushed her away.

"Put down your lantern, my son," the old man said to me, "and help me move this hive."

We took hold of the end of the box, tipped it forward, and set it on the ground open-side up. Grandfather reached for the pail of water. The woman kept jabbering. "You'll pay dearly for this. It'll come high to you."

The box shivered inside. I lifted up the lantern and the light fell in a sheet across the top of the box. Thousands of bees had already risen to the surface, sizzling over the combs, like berries cooking for jam and ready to boil over. The pail of water descended in a deluge upon the effervescing mass, sweeping the struggling creatures down through the interstices amidst the combs.

"You old ghoul!" the woman wailed, "spoiling my hive."

Grandfather took the lantern from me and held it up so the light might fall more directly upon the combs. The next instant he was crossing himself. Leaning over, I looked at the combs, now swept clean of bees and gleaming in their

golden purity. Instantly I understood the reason for the old man's crossing himself. He was now shaking his astonished head and clucking his tongue. The woman herself came closer and peered into the box. She said not another word, for she, too, was awe-struck by the unique, unheard-of arrangement of the combs. I myself had assisted at the spoliation of dozens of hives but had never before seen such an ingenious network of wax. Instead of constructing the combs widthwise, and strictly parallel, as had always been the case with any hive housed in these rectangular wooden boxes, the bees had in this instance divided the interior with mathematical precision into two equal compartments, partitioned off by a resinous wall. Half the combs ran crosswise, that is, parallel to the partition; the other half lengthwise—at right angles to the partition.

It was evident that the two tribes of bees had separated after they had been hived and had peaceably divided their living space. Why they had chosen to commingle in the first place—when they had left their original homes because of lack of space—even Grandfather could not divine. The important thing was that they had managed to divide their space amicably and to live in peace and accord. And because each swarm had half the usual space, the combs were packed with the purest golden honey I had ever tasted. There was not an empty cell. And this made it unnecessary for us to weigh the honey. We each took half.

Our neighbor was too ashamed to ask to be forgiven. And I admired Grandfather for not preaching to her. He could have told her how she could learn to be a better human being by example from the bees, but he didn't.



A MOTORIST TO THE ENGINEERS

BY D. A. SAUNDERS

I SUPPOSE I am pretty close to being the average motorist. I drive a black two-door sedan whose original cost was less than \$1,000. I bought it second-hand, as most American car-owners do. My car is in the three-to-five-year-old class, which includes a considerably larger number of cars than any other age group. I drive it between eight and twelve thousand miles a year; some of that is business, driving to and from work, and some is for pleasure, including vacations.

Like many another motorist, I thought often in the past year about buying a new car. I didn't, partly because I couldn't afford it, partly because I thought I wouldn't get as good a trade-in allowance as my present car deserves, but mostly because I didn't get round to it. And now it is clear that I shall be keeping my present car until the war is over. By that time it will be completely worn out and I'm going to be in the market for a new one. The purpose of this article is to give the engineers an idea of what kind of car I want.

If I say some hard things about to-day's cars let no one think it's because I have no confidence in the automobile engineers. On the contrary, I have almost implicit faith in their ability to build exactly the right car for me if they know what I want. And now, when they have several years to think about it without any competitive pressure, seems to be just about the right time.

First, and perhaps most important, I don't understand why even the most

popular "light" cars have grown steadily bigger and heavier until they aren't light cars any more. The 1942 Ford is about 350 pounds heavier than the 1938 model; the 1942 Chevrolet is over 300 pounds heavier. If you want to go back fifteen years to 1927 the difference is more startling: a 1942 Chevrolet is over 900 pounds heavier than its 1927 equivalent.

Why? I don't believe that a heavier car is necessarily safer, or holds the road better, than a lighter car; and I don't subscribe to what one automotive engineer called "the old myth that a heavier car makes riding easier." It seems to me that these things depend on design, not weight, whatever the salesmen may say.

As a result, gasoline consumption has become worse. The weight increase for Chevrolet and Ford since 1938 is about 10 to 12 per cent, while their engines have remained the same size. Has their mileage per gallon been increased 10 per cent in the past three or four years? Whatever the tests on the smooth concrete speedways may show, I know it hasn't for the ordinary kind of use that I give my car. From an economy standpoint, we haven't got very far beyond the Model T Ford.

There is some indication that the manufacturers themselves are self-conscious about the increasing weight of their cars. One General Motors vice-president is said to have remarked not long ago, "We'll finally realize that 3,500 pounds of material to cart one or two people around is just plain dumb." I fervently hope that they will, but it's going to take

a sharp reversal of a trend that has gone on for many years.

There's nothing wrong with the way that the motors on modern cars run; it's only that they cost too much to operate. If the weight of automobiles had been engineered down as steadily as it has been engineered up, then far smaller, less expensive motors would give us just as good performance with twice the economy. Generally speaking, fifty horsepower will handle a 2,000-pound car just as well as 100 horsepower will handle 4,000 pounds. The lighter car also has substantial advantages as far as oil and tires are concerned.

And repair cost is still too great. In addition to giving the normal amount of attention to such likely places as valves, spark plugs, and distributor points, I have had to replace the windshield-wiper mechanism, the fuel pump, and the automatic voltage regulator. (That last is an exceptionally handy device which steps up the charging rate of the generator when using lights, heaters, radios, etc. It works beautifully except when it goes out of order, and then the battery runs down in a few days as mine did.) These three repair jobs cost me about \$20, and I see no earthly reason why such equipment shouldn't last the life of the car.

Speaking of repairs, the past few years have seen sheet metal slung round so indiscriminately in the design of cars that I constantly marvel that a mechanic can get at his repair job at all. It has come to the point where on some cars you have to take off the front wheel and remove a sheet-metal panel to make a simple adjustment of valve clearances; at least twice as much time is spent in getting to the job as in doing it. That's just plain dumb too.

II

As for the body of the car I want to buy, above all else it ought to let me see where I am going. That's primarily for the sake of safety, which worries me continually even though I have never had an accident. It seems to me that the ability

to see clearly in as many directions as possible is of infinitely greater importance than safety glass, perfect brakes, and the strongest body ever built. The skill with which bus drivers maneuver those ungainly vehicles through frightful traffic is due not only to constant driving, but also to the exceptional field of vision downward, sideways, and in every direction which they enjoy.

The average motorist, on the other hand, is almost like a little boy trying to look out of a window that is too high for him. Half sitting, half lying under the steering wheel, he is completely cut off by the hood from seeing that most important piece of the road lying directly down in front of and slightly to the right of the car. At a distance of one to two feet from his eyes is a thick corner post, creating a total blind spot for pedestrians or other cars coming from his left. More bulky posts obstruct his vision to the sides and slightly to the rear, while both rear quarters (particularly the left one) are so designed that the driver simply must guess what cars behind him are doing unless he has the aid of three mirrors.

This question of vision isn't one driver's pique. It is a matter of life and death—all too frequently the latter for the thirty or forty thousand people who die on the highways every year, for the hundreds of thousands who are scarred and broken. I know that my chances of staying all in one piece will be infinitely better when I can see in any direction.

The automobile manufacturers might be able to prove that to-day's cars equal or exceed those of yesterday in total glass area; but the angle and placement of that glass is just as important as the area, and the present vogue for slanting windshields and rear windows cuts down the actual field of vision. A 45-degree windshield (that is, at a 45-degree angle to your line of sight) needs to have over 40 per cent more area than one which is straight up and down, in order to provide the same field of vision. The extreme slope of the rear window on most of the new cars makes it little more than a nar-

row slit through which the driver can see practically nothing.

One of the worst offenders for cutting down vision is the long, high, wide hood, which may have had a use once, like the human appendix, but is just a dangerous nuisance now. When engines were bulky, the length of the hood showed how powerful (and therefore how expensive) your car was. To-day's engines are so much more compact that they seem lost under the great wide sheet-metal umbrella of the hood. Lift up the hood on a Plymouth or a Ford, for instance: the engine is practically out of sight down in the well.

Furthermore, the hood doesn't stop at the radiator, as it used to do. It goes on beyond anywhere from one to three feet, in order to connect with the complicated metal tracery of the radiator grille—and look oh, so big and long and powerful. The hood is also usually designed in such a way as to make the right-front fender invisible—which doesn't help the motorist backing into a short parking space and wondering whether he's going to hook the bumper or the fender of the car ahead.

I hope my post-war car won't have a hood designed solely to look every inch as long as a 1927 Rolls-Royce. But if that's too much like the millennium, I'd like the automobile makers to realize that more than half the space under the hood is wasted, and that they could at least use it for storing tools, jack, battery, etc. To-day we have to lug that space around for no purpose at all.

The radiator grille is a highly instructive example of how automobiles seem to get designed. I remember the radiator grilles of about fifteen years ago. They were heavy nickel-plated metal screens which sat about a half inch in front of the radiator, and had the laudable purpose of preventing a minor collision from jabbing a hole through the radiator. Then came a frantic race to see who could make the largest, flashiest, most complicated radiator grille, which ended (for ever, I hope) in the final riotous designs

for the 1942 models. By that time the grille wasn't a metal screen any more, but one or more complicated chromium-plated castings covering most of the front end of the car. It sat far in front of the lowly radiator, throwing its handsome curves about in careless neglect of the thing it was supposed to "protect." Some cars have moved the radiator down into the fenders, but nobody seems to have told the men who design the radiator grille, for there she sits as usual.

As it got bigger, the radiator grille also became more fragile. Usually a brittle zinc casting, it could not be repaired if damaged, but had to be replaced altogether. (The zinc shortage due to the war has caused an actual benefit in the wide substitution of steel stampings for zinc castings.) The final absurdity arrived when cars began to include complicated bumper guards to protect the radiator grille which was originally supposed to protect the radiator! If the war hadn't interfered, I would have bet even money that some new gadget would have been added to-protect-the-bumper-guard-which-was-supposed-to-protect-the-radiator-grille-which-was-supposed-to-protect-the-radiator.

The extended hoods, grilles, bumpers, and such in front of the car are as nothing, however, compared to the overhang which they have lately developed in the back. Some of the 1942 models extend anywhere from four to six feet beyond the rear axle, largely for the sake of appearance, which means that they require a bigger parking space and are more difficult to park at the same time. The only noticeable gain is in luggage space. While I would be the last to sneer at the usefulness of the trunk compartment, still I park a car much more frequently than I take 1,000 mile trips; and I refuse to believe that the engineers can't include reasonable trunk space without that cumbersome overhang.

This question of both front and back overhang is of course just another way of discussing the "over-all length" of an automobile, the distance from bumper to

bumper. Most cars have increased in overall length 6 to 12 or more inches in the past 3 to 4 years. The 1942 model Ford V-8 is nearly 15 inches longer than its 1938 ancestor, while Chevrolet length is up nearly 9 inches. Since there doesn't seem to have been that much (if any) increase in leg room and the depth of the seats from front to back, the extra length represents a net loss. Careful design should provide me with more useful space while reducing total length.

And chromium! I fervently hope that the designers get such a hangover from their chromium-plating spree of the past few years that they won't ever touch the stuff again without iron self-control. Chromium hub-caps had grown as big as dinner plates. There were chromium strips on the rims, along the fenders, on the body, and (recently) chromium "window reveals" round the windows. Before war necessities put a stop to it, I was grimly awaiting the appearance of the super-deluxe model which would be chromium-plated all over, including the tires and upholstery.

Streamlining, as Gilbert & Sullivan might say, is a subject that I approach "with a sense of deep emotion." The only reason that I can see for streamlining is to allow a car to run with minimum wind resistance and noise. The resistance doesn't amount to much at ordinary speeds, up to 40 m.p.h. At 50 or 60 and beyond, it uses a rather high percentage of the engine's power.

My objection is not to streamlining: it's that we are not getting enough of it. Streamlining is a kind of engineering design, not a stylist's creation. But it seems to have fallen into the hands of the stylists. In other words, we have been getting the *appearance* of streamlining—doorhandles and dashboards and steering wheels—instead of the real McCoy. The "fade-away" at the window corners may look streamlined but it only cuts down vision. Fortunately, there is one simple test anybody can make to determine whether a car is really streamlined.

Take a look *under* the car, which only your service man usually sees. Until they streamline cars underneath, you can be sure that the thing is still in the hands of the stylist instead of the engineer.

The last is pretty close to the heart of what I want—a car designed by the engineers. I want it built for years of trouble-free operation. I want the money that I spend for a car to be lavished on giving me safe, swift, economical transportation, not on making my car look snooty on a showroom floor. Does that mean it will be ugly? Of course not, no more than a sailboat is ugly. A boat designer turns out a beautiful object because his designs are guided only by the purpose to be served, the materials available, and the limitations of cost. He certainly doesn't sweat over whether his competitors are introducing a new model next month with spiral masts and scalloped sails.

There is another reason to hope for lighter, more durable, better designed cars; though it may seem of little moment to-day, to-morrow it will loom large. I mean the kind of world we all shall have to live in after the holocaust.

If America is to do the job of winning the peace as well as winning the war I don't see how we can afford to sink one-tenth to one-sixth of the national income into luxurious automobile transportation. If we can't afford it we have two choices: either get along with fewer of the same type of bulky, over-powered, de luxe cars we have to-day, or strike out toward a new kind of motor car that will provide just as much human transportation at far smaller individual and social cost. I am sure the engineers can design a car that runs perfectly for years as a matter of course, without being the biggest item in the family budget. I want to take my car for granted as a machine to carry me round with the least possible bother and expense, not as an index of my wealth and social prestige. In short, I want to spend less time on the mechanics of living, and more time on the business of living itself.



GERM-KILLERS FROM THE EARTH

THE STORY OF GRAMICIDIN

BY JOHN PFEIFFER

A NEW drug called gramicidin was one of the chief topics of discussion at an early November convention of the American College of Surgeons. According to Doctors Charles H. Rammelkamp and Chester S. Keefer of the Boston University School of Medicine and the Evans Memorial and Massachusetts Memorial Hospitals, the powerful germ-killer worked effectively against a great many serious infections, including skin diseases, stubborn cases of pleurisy, and pus-ridden wounds. Deep-seated skin ulcers in which streptococci and staphylococci were so firmly rooted that the open sores had failed to clear up for years responded in a few weeks to applications of the chemical.

These and other important results were not all that aroused the interest of the United States' foremost organization of surgeons. For the discovery of gramicidin itself was even more of a sensation than its chemical effects, and the attending delegates heard a tale of an attack on disease that may have more far-reaching and beneficial effects than even research on sulfanilamide and related compounds.

Gramicidin was found in the soil. It was extracted by chemical methods from the tiny cells of microbes that live beneath the city's pavements and the plowed fields of the open countryside. Its discovery was the result of carefully planned and logically conceived work by a French-born scientist at the Rocke-

feller Institute for Medical Research, Dr. René J. Dubos, who is an ardent admirer of Pasteur and is ably carrying on the tradition of the great French bacteriologist. In fact, the story of the new drug can be traced back, as can so much of the research in man's combat against disease, to some of Pasteur's shrewdest observations.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century the men who studied microbes had good reason to suspect the ground beneath their feet as a source of epidemics that had killed countless human beings since the dawn of history. Millions of dead bodies teeming with the germs of bubonic plague, leprosy, tuberculosis, cholera, typhus, pneumonia, and many other deadly diseases had been laid to rest in the good earth. What could be more natural than to suspect that such virulent bacteria had multiplied between the clods of rich, moist soil? So men took samples of earth into their laboratories and hunted for the germs that had infested other human beings in the past.

But the more they searched the more they became convinced that the germs of these infectious diseases could not survive for long in the soil, even though some germs such as those causing anthrax and tetanus can do so. And they soon suspected that one important reason why the germs did not thrive in an apparently suitable environment was that they were being killed and devoured by ravenous but harmless-to-man microbes that flour-

ished in tremendous numbers in the earth. Pasteur himself first found an experimental basis for this belief in studies of the microbe that causes anthrax, which is contracted from unsterilized bristles or hides and often brings death by pneumonia when it strikes the lungs. In 1877 he reported that certain soil-dwelling bacteria were capable of destroying the germ and he even suggested that such knowledge might be applied on a large scale in the treatment of human beings.

Early French and German bacteriologists confirmed Pasteur's findings and they isolated bacteria from the earth that slowed the growth of harmful germs. By the nineteen-twenties soil microbes had been discovered which killed diphtheria, typhoid, and cholera organisms, and a large literature had been collected on the subject. But the time had not yet come for the long and important step from the laboratory to gramicidin and the hospital. Although germ enemies were definitely known to exist, the special solutions that held them contained varieties of microbes other than the potent ones as well as impurities of all sorts, and as a result the anti-germ action was considerably weakened and was too variable to merit large-scale clinical trials.

This was the shape of things when Dr. Dubos started work and became a pioneer in studies calculated to concentrate germ-killing substances from the soil. After receiving a bachelor of science degree in Paris, he came to the United States in 1924, spent three years at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, and studied soil bacteriology.

At about that time Dr. O. T. Avery of the Rockefeller Institute was working on a particularly difficult problem in connection with a study of pneumonia. Virulent pneumococci differ from harmless forms of these bacteria in possessing a coating or capsule that protects them from the body's germ-devouring white blood cells. Dr.

Avery had found that this "armor" is a polysaccharide, a variety of sugar that resists the attacks of molds, other common bacteria, and the plant and animal substances known as enzymes which are capable of breaking down complex molecules into simpler forms. But young Dr. Dubos thought he could find a substance that would shatter the seemingly impregnable defenses of the sugar-coated germs, and his search led straight to mother earth and her vast microbe population. Dr. Avery liked the idea and brought him to the Rockefeller Institute, where he has stayed ever since.

The twenty-six-year-old scientist knew the soil as a storehouse of invisible living things. Every ounce of the good earth contains from fifty billion to more than one hundred billion living bacteria, which play a vital role in reclaiming dead things for the use of plants and animals not yet alive. Each year from 3,000 to 6,000 pounds of dead leaves, twigs, and other natural debris fall to rest on every acre of the 470,000,000 acres of forests in the United States. Each year hundreds of millions of the world's human population, as well as countless insects and lower animals, will their bodies to the soil as the result of disease, old age, and war. The chemical compounds of this organic heritage represent potential nourishment for plants that will in turn serve directly as food for herbivorous animals and indirectly for the meat-eaters. But crops cannot live on plant and animal debris in its unmodified state. They need simple, basic substances from which to synthesize new tissues; and the breaking of useless litter into available plant food—a process known by the unpleasant words "decay" and "decomposition"—is a job that falls largely to soil bacteria.

Like all soil bacteriologists, Dr. Dubos realized that the microbes of the good earth are not microscopic "goats" which can digest everything from animal matter to waste paper. The earth's invisible multitudes are specialists. Some break down complex pro-

teins, releasing ammonia as a by-product; others oxidize ammonia to nitrites, which are in turn changed to fertilizing nitrates by a third bacterial craft union. Furthermore, bacteria are extremely fussy about maintaining a strict division of labor. Microbes that attack cellulose, an important component of the woody parts of plants which is used in the manufacture of Bakelite and rayon, will not go to work on glucose, a fruit sugar of similar chemical structure. If the members of the microscopic world were specialized in these and a thousand other ways, Dr. Dubos reasoned, there might be an undiscovered type of microbe containing enzymes in its tiny cell that would destroy the hitherto invulnerable capsules surrounding pneumonia germs.

So the bacteriologist took a sample of New Jersey peat and placed it in a solution containing the polysaccharide coatings of Type III pneumococci, the most deadly of all the more than thirty varieties of this organism. That put the next step squarely up to the billions of soil bacteria. They could, to put it directly, like it or lump it. Most of the microbes were set in their ways by centuries of evolutionary development and, unable to stomach the unaccustomed polysaccharide diets that were offered to them, they lapsed into a stubborn dormancy. But a relatively few microbes were not so conservative as their soil-dwelling brethren and managed to change their habits sufficiently to digest the strange sugarlike compounds. In other words, their bodies formed adaptive enzymes—substances capable of breaking down the pneumococci polysaccharides into a simpler chemical form which they could use for food.

These enzymes were extracted from rich cultures of the newly discovered race of bacteria, and when injected into mice, protected them against a dose of pneumonia germs powerful enough to kill one million untreated animals. The protective mechanism has been viewed step by step through the microscope. Type III pneumococci were injected into

a mouse peritoneum, the strong colorless membrane which lines the abdominal walls, and they could be seen floating round with their proud coatings intact. But the presence of enzymes from the soil bacteria changed all that. Through the microscope Dr. Dubos could see the capsules dissolving away, leaving naked pneumococci. Soon the animal's first-line defenders came in for the kill, and surrounded and devoured the denuded germs. The experiment was a success. But the experimenter was not satisfied because the soil bacteria were too specialized. They produced enzymes which attacked and dissolved the coatings of Type III pneumonia germs only. The next step that occurred to Dr. Dubos was to develop from the earth a strain of bacteria that would not be so extremely restricted in their germ-killing effects.

At this point, instead of trying to develop a breed of microbes that would destroy all pneumococci, he decided to coax a breed of bacteria from the soil which would be capable of killing a far greater variety of disease-producing organisms. There is a large group of germs which have in common the quality that, after they have been stained with various dyes to make them easier to study, the coloring cannot be removed by washing in 95 per cent alcohol. The fact was discovered in 1884 by a Danish doctor named Gram, and the so-called gram-positive micro-organisms include not only all types of pneumococci but a host of other deadly bacteria such as streptococci, pus-forming staphylococci, and anthrax and diphtheria germs. Because the cell walls of all such germs hold stains so firmly it seemed reasonable to assume that they had some chemical structure in common, an Achilles' heel which might be vulnerable to the attack of a far less specialized strain of soil microbes.

Proceeding on this assumption, about five years ago Dr. Dubos started to create a new breed of versatile microscopic creatures, taking soil samples from the Rockefeller Institute's greenhouse. This time again, most of the preliminary work

was left to the earth-dwelling microbes. The earth was kept under carefully controlled conditions of temperature and humidity until practically all the available food, in the form of leaves, stalks, and other waste material, had been devoured. Billions of bacteria were near the starvation point, and were almost ready to go into a dormant state. Then Dr. Dubos added fluids, containing live streptococci, pneumococci, and other germs, to the experimental soil, thereby supplying the soil microbes with one and only one type of meal—a sort of mixture or “germ cocktail.” Of course in this test the meals were alive as contrasted with the “dead” sugar coatings of Type III pneumococci which were used to lure the first strain of anti-pneumonia bacteria from the earth. But the results were just as favorable. Again it was a matter of sink or swim for the earth dwellers, and again most of them, unused to a diet of living bacteria, sank into the inevitable dormant state. As usual, however, there were a few soil microbes which rose to the occasion, adjusted themselves, and survived in the artificial struggle for existence.

For two entire years Dr. Dubos added a mixture of gram-positive, pathogenic germs to the soil until he was convinced that the resulting microbe population—each member of which was about .00008 of an inch long—should have formed a gluttonous and cannibalistic appetite for other tiny creatures that produced disease among men.

To isolate the carefully bred germ-killing bacteria he put a pinch of the treated soil in a test tube containing a solution of germs, shook the tube to mix the contents, and then let the surviving soil microbes multiply. By diluting the bit of soil from tube to tube, the result finally obtained was a relatively pure “culture” of the micro-organisms. Under the microscope these rod-shaped microbes seemed to exert some, as yet unexplained, chemical attraction on nearby streptococci, staphylococci, and other germs, which floated straight for the sides

of the soil microbes and stuck there like iron filings to a magnet. Then the firmly glued germs began to lose their spherical shapes and dissolved into shapeless watery blobs.

Thus the first stage in a process of laboratory-guided “synthetic evolution” had been completed with the discovery of a wonderfully germivorous race of microbes. But Dr. Dubos suspected that relatives of the new soil bacteria could be found in other sources. He knew that he had not played God by creating a new kind of living thing (although he came as close to it as is possible until man succeeds in producing artificial organisms in test tubes) and that his contribution had been to bring out an unused beneficial potentiality in mother earth. Did relatives of the remarkable microbes exist anywhere else in nature? In further tests Dr. Dubos found that certain bacteria in sewage and manure could be trained to destroy germs. Remote ancestors of the potent soil microbes were obtained also two years ago from the Lister Institute in London, which had samples of bacteria extracted sixty-four years ago from French cheese; and later Dr. Dubos learned that monks in Oka, Canada, a small village near Montreal, were making a fine-tasting cheese in the old French tradition. Obtaining an order of this product, he promptly isolated a strain of germ-killing micro-organisms from it—and incidentally combined pleasure with business, for he enjoyed its flavor greatly. But this work was merely a sidetrack to the main exploration and, although Dr. Dubos found other sources of cannibalistically inclined bacteria, the soil was still the most convenient and generous storehouse, and the microbes he first isolated were the most effective.

The next problem along the chief line of research was to extract from the powerful bacteria the substances that did the destroying, for microbes do not kill with teeth and claws but with a formidable array of chemical weapons. The soil bacteria were put in a solution containing hydrochloric acid and the mixture

was whirled in the scientific "cream-separator" known as a centrifuge. Solid matter was obtained from the spun solution and immersed in alcohol which dissolved a part of the substance. This fraction was found to be the material which destroyed germs and was named tyrothrycin. But it was not a simple substance. Further investigation revealed that it actually consisted of two substances, tyrocidine and gramicidin. Animal tests showed that tyrocidine is a germ-killer in the test tube but a relative Caspar Milquetoast in living tissues. But gramicidin is another story.

II

Gramicidin is almost unbelievably potent, as little as seven billionths of an ounce being sufficient to kill 1,000,000,000 pneumococci or virulent streptococci in two hours. Similarly infinitesimal quantities injected into the peritoneal cavities of mice protect against 10,000 fatal doses of these germs injected into the region.

In the spring of 1940 Dr. Dubos had an interesting chance to try gramicidin on higher animals. The Walker-Gordon Laboratory in Plainsboro, New Jersey, had purchased 116 prize cows from eighteen States and Canada for the Borden exhibit at the New York World's Fair. But sixteen members of the herd contracted mastitis, an inflammatory condition of the udders caused in this case by a type of streptococcus. Because the localized disease may spread from animal to animal, the quickest method of preventing bovine epidemics is to remove the infected cows from the herd, an expensive procedure especially among a prize herd. Veterinarians, having tried sulfanilamide to curb the ailment but failing to obtain satisfactory results, turned to Dr. Dubos and gramicidin for aid. Injections of the drug into the infected udders destroyed invading streptococci, sometimes within two days, and cured the disease in a dozen of the ailing milk producers. The result was that

only four instead of sixteen cows had to be removed from the herd.

Inevitably medical researchers became interested in the possible applications of gramicidin to human beings, and Drs. Rammelkamp and Keefer, who reported to the American College of Surgeons, are among the pioneer workers in this field. They recognized that they were launching research as important as the early German experiments in the Rhineland with sulfanilamide, and approached the studies carefully. Gramicidin is no cure-all. In fact, it has been shown that, far from being beneficial, the drug may cause death if it gets into the bloodstream; for the chemical extract from soil microbes destroys vital red blood cells. In other words, the substance can be administered only locally in body cavities (such as the udders of the prize cows and the peritonea of mice) and in unbleeding wounds. But even with such restrictions the future is bright.

To date they have treated well over one hundred patients, patients who had failed to respond to other forms of treatment. Among the most successful cures were desperate leg-ulcer cases. One patient had lived with a foul and painful open sore for fifteen years, during which a wide variety of treatments had done little good. Yet only three weeks of locally applied gramicidin healed the strength-sapping disorder. Recovery from similar ulcers was also announced for two children who had been suffering for weeks. The roster of cured patients included sufferers from empyema following pneumonia, a condition in which pus collects between membranes that cover the lungs and which is often treated by making a surgical incision in the chest and inserting a tube to drain off the infected matter. In several such cases internal applications of gramicidin to the diseased but unbleeding membranes killed pneumococci just as effectively as they had done in soil, in the test tube, and in animals. According to Drs. Rammelkamp and Keefer, many staphylococci-infested wounds were cleared up within

twenty-four hours, while a great number of as yet unreported cases were successfully treated.

These and other studies resulting from Dr. Dubos' work have meanwhile drawn attention to another substance obtained, like gramicidin, from a microbe and important not only for its own effectiveness but also as a vivid sign that the hunt for germ-killing bacteria is broadening. This time the germ murderer is a mold of a variety known as *Penicillium* which is found in the air and soil and is related to the type of microbe that forms the greenish growths on stale bread and helps ripen cheese. About twelve years ago Professor A. Fleming of London left a group of open plates containing germ colonies in his laboratory. During his absence a lucky accident occurred. One of these molds happened to fall from the air into one of the open plates. When the professor returned, he noticed that the germs in that plate were dead and found that the mold was the culprit. After a study of this fascinating problem he managed to isolate a substance from the helpful mold *Penicillium* which he fittingly enough named penicillin.

Two years ago a large group of workers at Oxford University began studying the new drug and found that it will inhibit the growth of staphylococci and streptococci in dilutions as small as one part in one million of solution. One of their first patients was a fifteen-year-old boy with severely infected sores over his right hip which had developed as the result of a hemorrhage during operation. Sulfapyridine, the sulfanilamide derivative, was given and brought no improvement, being unable to stop the child's temperature from wavering between 99 and 103 degrees. But penicillin injected into his veins brought the fever down and produced general recovery. In another case a six-months-old baby had a serious staphylococcic infection of the urinary tract, and penicillin along with sodium bicarbonate to help neutralize stomach acids that destroy the drug was administered. The scheme worked and the

substance, unaffected by alkalized gastric juices, cured the urinary disease.

This is merely one example of work allied to the studies of Dr. Dubos. But it is still gramicidin that is deservedly receiving greatest attention as the most promising germ-killing discovery since sulfanilamide. News is already coming in from other medical centers outside of Boston to confirm and extend the findings of Drs. Rammelkamp and Keefer. Drs. Wallace E. Herrell and Dorothy Heilman of the Mayo Clinic have treated about as many patients as the Boston physicians, including a score of infections in which germs invaded the sinuses, the bone pockets that lie above and behind the nose. Gramicidin has proved extremely promising for the relief of sinusitis with its persistent symptoms of sneezing and headaches near the eyes resulting from inflamed membranes. Some patients showed clearing up of the responsible bacteria within forty-eight hours. A week was sufficient to curb several extremely severe bladder infections caused by germs vulnerable to gramicidin.

The list of similarly successful trials is increasing monthly. Johns Hopkins doctors have used gramicidin on sinus victims and other patients. Army physicians are experimenting with the drug as a throat spray to protect against sore throats and colds. The tide of gramicidin work has received notice in leading British medical journals and the British government has requested a shipment of the substance for tests on military and civilian casualties. Several American chemical and drug firms are preparing large quantities of the drug and its mother substance, tyrothrycin, for distribution to a greater number of medical researchers. That a vast new field has been opened for medical advance is evident to doctors in the United States and abroad.

III

Dr. Dubos, however, is not to be found in the midst of this increasing practical activity to which he has contributed so

much basic research. The quietly enthusiastic scientist is confronted by too many problems of a fundamental nature. For example, the exact mode of action of gramicidin is still a mystery, and in the phrase "mode of action" is contained one of the most vital problems of modern medicine. It is a phrase which has appeared in an increasing number of research reports during the past few years and which covers the all-important riddle of how germ-killing drugs perform their beneficial effects. Scientists cannot kill bacteria with the greatest possible efficiency unless they understand the invisible enemies.

The task of Dr. Dubos is to discover considerably more about the deadly microbes that cause disease. One way of adding to the storehouse of knowledge is to attack them with a series of specific drugs and observe how the tiny foes resist each new "secret weapon." From Dr. Dubos' point of view, gramicidin is one of these weapons, and an extremely important one, because legions of differing bacteria are extremely vulnerable to it. That is why the practical benefits of the drug as reported from the Mayo Clinic, Johns Hopkins Hospital, and other medical centers do not engage as much of his attention as the work he has mapped out for himself in a quiet corner of the Rockefeller Institute. Realizing that he does not yet know the exact nature of the powerful weapon he is using, Dr. Dubos, with Dr. Rollin Hotchkiss, is studying the chemistry of gramicidin. They already know it is a proteinlike compound containing building blocks of amino acids, the chemicals which in different combinations compose the proteins in everything from egg-white to the hairs of a man's mustache. But the detailed molecular structure of the drug has not

yet been discovered and remains immediate problem No. 1.

Once this riddle is solved the next step is to find just what there is about a pneumococcus that makes it such easy prey to gramicidin's chemical pattern. Any new clue to the complex chemical workings of bacteria will provide science with a more detailed knowledge of the great germ army that is attacking man, and how those workings can be ruined. The ultimate move is to design specific substances to do the ruining. When this is accomplished wars with bacteria will be much more one-sided—in man's favor. The tiny killers are already engaged in a losing fight and the scientist of modern civilization may some day wipe them out as effectively as his caveman ancestor wiped out the saber-toothed tiger. It is only when man is fighting man or earthquakes or other as yet uncontrollable elements, that germs take heart and enjoy a temporary field day. Nevertheless, gramicidin may supplement the sulfa drugs in the not too distant future and help in the brave and promising efforts to curb bacteria even in war-time.

Dr. Dubos is one of the leaders in the drive toward this goal, a drive for germ-killing substances which Dr. Paul Ehrlich, the great father of chemotherapy, once compared to "charmed bullets which strike only those objects for whose destruction they have been intended." To this the Rockefeller Institute researcher adds: "It will be necessary to obtain even greater knowledge of . . . the physiological architecture of the cell. . . . It is only through a complete knowledge . . . that we may hope to develop rational technics for the production of these charmed bullets which were the dream of Paul Ehrlich."



THE COMMANDO

BY BRUCE THOMAS

IF you should happen to meet a British soldier on the street or see one in the movies in battle dress, with the word "Commando" on his shoulder, you will know he is one of Great Britain's shock troops. He is the super-trained fighting man—a combination of Peck's Bad Boy, Robin Hood, Tarzan, a first-class Boy Scout, Superman, and Daniel Boone. He is the cagiest and canniest fighting man on the loose to-day. His average age is twenty-seven.

These men whose job of war is without doubt the most thrilling and exciting are the world's number one guerrilla fighters and unconventional scouts. Every man has been hand-picked for the job. To-day there are only a few thousand of them, but each day their force is getting stronger.

The Germans have been driven frantic by their surprise attacks. Silently silencing sentries is one of their chief sports.

Many are the stories told of their achievements. Some are printable now, others cannot be told until after the war.

Every night for several months the enemy coastline from Norway to Spain has been silently surprise-attacked in one or several places. The thousand miles of beaches from north to south along Norway's, Holland's, Belgium's, and France's coasts are guarded by searchlights every night in hopes that these even now legendary figures will be seen and destroyed before they land.

Each unit, each Commando—a name which came into use in the South African

Boer War, meaning a party commanded for military purposes—is made up of severely trained and tested soldiers. They are volunteers drawn from all branches of the army, particularly from the infantry regiments.

These modern raiders are physically on their toes. They have to be. Their job means that they must be topnotch participants in all branches of sports. They never know at what moment they will be called on to raid enemy territory and under what conditions. They are fine swimmers, wrestlers, boxers, runners, jumpers, signallers, wreckers, car-, tank-, and motorcycle-drivers, and would put an Indian to shame when it came to all-round tracking. They must know how to steal and drive a railroad train and then wreck it—should they capture one.

Of all the Press Tours arranged for us war correspondents by the Ministry of Information, the two days and nights I spent with one Commando unit was without doubt my most thrilling one. What I saw was no special show put on for a visitor. In fact they did not know I was coming until I appeared in their camp in the hills, "somewhere in England."

While I was in the main camp two men returned from a training-test cross-country trip. Obstacles and normal conditions to be encountered in an actual raid in enemy territory had been made for them. Practically every branch of their hard training had come into play during this test raid.

Their "scheme" or "problem" had been to make their way from camp to a

certain city one hundred and twenty miles away. A time limit of eight days was given them to attain their objective of attack and to return to their home base. This they had accomplished, returning nine hours within the time limit set.

They had started with three days' rations. When those were gone they had to forage and live on the land. They carried no passes, money, or identification. They could not use main roads, but had to travel inland as a crow flies, cross-country. At night they had to seek accommodation with a friendly farmer who could be persuaded to put them up as itinerants. Otherwise they must find a barn or a haystack. These lacking, they had to bivouac snugly on a bed of fern or fir twigs with a lean-to built of tree boughs or with a tunnel of tree boughs and brush just big enough to crawl into. Physical doggedness is a first essential, as these men had learned in this, their trial trip. That is why the Commandos are taken on long marches over the most difficult country by day and night. Each wore a pedometer and had been allowed ten miles over the total round-trip distance. A sheep or two had been stolen and expertly butchered. Vegetables and fruit had been taken from unsuspecting farmers.

Their special training in woodcraft came into play innumerable times. The ability to read a map like lightning—to be remembered many hours later and in pitch blackness while traveling across unfamiliar farms, rivers, and woods—had proved invaluable to them. They had also tested their ability to go for days with but little food and water and to carry on with a minimum of sleep. The single weapon on this trip was a service knife. The usual tommy-gun, Colt automatic, and club which are standard equipment had been left behind. On special raids they would also have carried several kinds of silent death-dealing pieces of equipment used as far back as 1066, during the Battle of Hastings; and bombs and grenades, specially designed for the use of Commandos only,

would have been carried if their objective had been of a certain kind.

Their mission in this particular surprise raid had been to "borrow" any car which carelessly had not been immobilized. Certain things were to be done to the car which would arouse the suspicion of the police of Fifth Column activities. This of course would make their situation more dangerous. Their "friendly raid" had been most successful. Definite proof had been brought back that they could have wrought great destruction; also vital information about people and conditions along their route.

We correspondents have known of these Commandos for a long time but up to a short while ago their very existence was "hush-hush." Official information concerning them has now been released. We can now visit their training camps and they are allowed to circulate freely in uniform, with their Commando shoulder insignia to show which branch of the service they represent.

The main camp in the little belt of mountain woodlands appeared very much like a very high-class American hobo jungle camp. I hardly realized that they were uniformed soldiers. Khaki trousers, yes, but above that several of them had on just a jersey of some conventional color and woolen caps like those which skiers wear. They never wear an overcoat. Most of the officers and men were smoking pipes as they worked.

One group was practicing fire-making, another practicing distance-judging; other men were camouflaging themselves and their equipment with paint and ashes and mud. While there I attended a lecture and blackboard chalk-talk. It was the oddest lecture I have ever listened to—the art of wrecking a tank or capturing it singlehanded and then turning that weapon against the previous owners. Oh, they are grand fellows, these Commandos—providing they are on your side.

It wasn't warm in this open camp but none of the men had on a coat. I felt the cold and I was well bundled. They

do put on their jackets when they really need them. There is a real science to keeping warm when it is bitterly cold, and they know that science. Their total bedding equipment calls for one light blanket apiece. The exceedingly severe training has hardened them to the elements. Theirs is a training which has made them able to withstand conditions which would kill the average man. But no hardships for hardship's sake. These men are intelligent scientific soldiers.

Now just what is the purpose of all this? Well, it's plain enough that one of the jobs of these guerrilla troops is to surprise-raid the enemy in his own bailiwick. The Commando has learned what to do—to get where he wants, leave destruction and chaos behind him, and bring information out.

Harassing an opposing force and getting away quickly, vanishing into the hostile blue, to keep going for days in ones and twos without supplies or ammunition, are some of the games they play. They do tasks that a whole army corps couldn't but that twenty audacious men might. They are not spies. If they are caught their uniform saves them from a spy's fate. They are uniformed wreckers who have practiced being bulls in a china shop. Whatever they touch just isn't any good any more. They are arsonists and wreckers and killers and destroyers of anything foreign to their likes.

On one of the nights during my visit I didn't get a wink of sleep; instead I went out with a party to see a night landing exercise on a rocky and dangerous coast.

It was a pitch-black night, ideal for such a practice and the only kind of a night they would use for it. One could hardly see the headlands and cliffs. But on they came, eyes and mind and body trained for just this sort of thing. We, the watchers, acting as sentries, did not know they had landed until they were ashore with full pack and equipment. Not only ashore, but the entire raiding party had got round behind us and was ready for the silent kill. It was a

tremendously difficult operation. But these special troops live on difficulties.

The craft they used travel silently at over twenty-five miles per hour. They are flat-bottomed motor boats with bullet-proof protection capable of landing a platoon, motor vehicles, or a company of infantry direct on shore. During the early morning hours a company of men were taken some distance from shore. With full equipment all were able to slide silently over the boats' sides and swim ashore with their rifles held well above the water. To do this and to be able to arrive on land as keen for a fight as when they dropped into the water takes a new brand of training.

They also receive sea-training in close co-operation with the Royal Navy. Both officers and men are made familiar with the routine of ocean-going ships and learn the use of small craft, including rapid embarkation and disembarkation by day and night in all kinds of weather.

Can you imagine the astonishment and chagrin of the sixty-seven German officers attending a dance recently in a small coastal city in France? They had just finished a dance when to their great surprise they found themselves surrounded by a group of grim men, each with a tommy-gun in his hand. The guards had been silenced—never to guard again. These Nazi officers were given a free ride across the English Channel as guests—until after hostilities cease—of the English Government, with thanks to the Commando. They must have felt quite foolish.

The world has just begun to hear of the unbelievable and thrilling tales and exploits of this unusual band. That they will never be chained or paralyzed by precedent or convention you can be sure. Theirs is a spectacular job of unusual fighting done by an unorthodox band of men in unexpected places. The decent people of the world will some day bless these men of the Commando for the work they are doing, which may well be a prelude to invasion of Hitler-occupied countries and Germany itself.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



MOST males in the United States are either too young to have fought in the first war or too old to fight in this one. But there is a little group, as yet unnoticed, on whom Destiny has bestowed a special kiss: they are the men who were just old enough to get into War Number One and who are not quite old enough to stay out of War Number Two. I belong to this doughty company, this accommodating age group, and it makes me chuckle every time I think of it. Roughly, we are the male babies of the years 1897, 1898, and 1899, eligible for combat duty under the Selective Service Acts of 1917 and 1942. In the first war we were the starry-eyed striplings; to-day, in the new battle for freedom, we are the tough old campaigners—a little puffy round the girth strap, faltering a little at the top step of the long stairway, subsisting on bicarbonate of soda and ephedrine sulphate, our pocketbooks lined with silver and our back teeth loaded with gold, but ready to go forth again to distant peninsulas against old enemies.

We are the Everlasting Soldier, the Perpetual Grenadier. We are beginning to look each other up, write each other letters. I have had two letters within the fortnight from comrades I hadn't heard from in more than twenty years. One was from a private in the rear rank of the squad which, as acting corporal, I led with such memorable distinction on the drill fields of Ithaca.

"Command me, Corporal," he wrote. "I won't war without my old superior. T.R. organized his Rough Riders—why not the White-Plumed Pepper Pots, to terrorize the foes of '42? I can see you yet, sir, in the khaki of World War I. I loved my position in your rear rank. From it I could keep my eye on your

military figure. I liked to think that our squad would swoop deftly upon the enemy. Your hawklike profile, no doubt, suggested the swoop. The way you coughed commands! Under you I was on the military pinnacle of my nineteen years. Respectfully I watched you. I cherish your image on a drizzly afternoon—the drip off your campaign hat and your nose detracted not a whit from the individuality of your bearing. As your moist clothes sagged you were wondering, no doubt—as we all did—why 1918 uniforms draped rather than fitted. And now the call again for military men. What are twenty-three years to those as fit as we? Command me, sir! Make it the rear rank, so I may gaze again upon your profile, which by now must have a jowl."

Thus do we report for duty, we old half-remembered warriors. We are the two-war men. Our lives are double-barreled. In our bottom drawer is an honorable discharge from the United States Army, addressed to all whom it may concern. I see that mine is dated the 16th day of December, 1918, and signed by Major Alcott Farrar Elwell and by 2nd Lieutenant Theodore E. Lapres. Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions, none. Knowledge of any vocation, none. Triple typhoid prophylaxis, complete. No A.W.O.L.'s, no absences from duty under G.O. 31, 1912, or G.O. 45, 1914. Character excellent. Final payroll, \$36.

We are the two-war men. Our discharge papers are yellowing, our temples are graying, but we were on deck at the draft board on February 16th to give our age as under 45 and sign up for a return engagement in freedom's tournament. We really should organize our own

Battalion of Death. Babes of 1898, we should be called. Or the Sons of Battle. Or the If-at-first-you-don't-succeed Corps.

I think there is very little bitterness or recrimination among us, no attempt at irony. We feel honored to dare not once but twice in freedom's name. Besides, the first war seemed curiously unreal to those who did not get overseas. The second letter I received (from a Babe of 1898) said: "I guess it's something to live during two world wars, but I'm realizing that I was barely conscious during the first one." That is certainly true. At nineteen we were unconscious and willing; at forty-two we are merely willing.

At nineteen you are full of yourself, shining alone in a sky. If you're soldiering, it's enough that you go through the motions of the drill and, with luck, the interruption is slight. At forty-two, you are full of the world, you are a storehouse of stale responsibilities and fresh goatfeathers; the interruption, even if you are lucky, is terrific.

My quarrel in the First World War was not with Germany; it was with the person who worked out the details of close order drill. I had difficulty distinguishing between the command "Right front into line" and the command "On right into line." If you were an acting corporal (even though you only got a private's pay) you had to know the difference between those two orders, which sounded so much alike. I knew the difference, all right, if I were given a little time, but I didn't like having to make a quick decision while the platoon was under way. There was a private in my squad named Jimmy Williamson whose mind worked much faster than mine and whose aim in life was to throw the Army into the greatest possible confusion consistent with his own safety. When the Company Commander barked "On right into line!" and I shouted my feeble interpretation, whatever it happened to be, Williamson invariably would whisper a low coarse denial.

"That's wrong, you dope," he would snarl through his teeth. My demoralization was almost complete by the sixteenth of December, when I was mustered out. But the war, on this side of the Atlantic, seemed an innocent enough pastime, and Europe was just a fairy tale.

I don't know whether, in modern infantry maneuvers, there are still any such commands as "On right into line," and "Right front into line." If there are I intend to try for some other branch of the service, for I feel that, with all the troubles I have had in the intervening twenty years, I can't go through with *that* old nuisance again. I am eager to do my stuff in this war, whatever it may be and wherever it may lead, but there is a limit to what a Son of Battle will endure in the way of old dilemmas. I suppose everything is different nowadays. They just take you up in a plane with a parachute tied to your back and the only decision you have to make is whether to jump or get pushed. I can make a decision like that, because it doesn't require any orderly mental process.

I hope my country feels a special affection for us perennial warriors, for we feel a special affection for her. Graver than the first war is the second, but more clearcut. This is Private 4,345,016, unwounded, mindful of his blessings, reporting for duty.



ANYONE coming ashore in a boat anywhere along this coast is required to carry complete identification in the form of a photograph and a fingerprint. Fishermen must have a special license for their boats, in addition to the regular number, and they have been asked to watch for and report any unusual activity among the islands or along the shore. The belief is that some of the islands in this vicinity were used by German submarines in the last war. A friend of ours, wintering on an island three miles

offshore, told me that one fisherman he knows has agreed to report any unusual happening, but not if it means having a telephone in his house. The fisherman says he once stayed in a house where there was a telephone and they are a danged nuisance.

The citizen who has found the greatest excitement and satisfaction in the new precautionary measures is the photographer in the village at the head of one of the harbors. After desultory years of arranging an occasional wedding party or a high school graduation group in an attractive pose, he is now doing a flourishing business taking passport photos of some of the most deeply salt-bitten countenances on the whole Atlantic seaboard. There are plenty of islanders who have never faced a camera before, although they have faced about everything else.



EVERYONE noticed how much more satisfactory a state of war was than a state of not-quite-war. The years between Munich and Pearl Harbor were like the time you put in in a doctor's waiting room, years of fumbling with old magazines and unconfirmed suspicions, the ante years, the time of the moist palm and the irresolution. Then the door opened and you walked in and things were better right away because you had something definite to do, even if it was only sticking out your tongue at the doctor—or at the Japanese.

But it wasn't until it assumed the round, familiar shape of an automobile tire that the war finally came to my house. Before that the war had had many shapes, all of them unreal. It had troubled our dreams, interrupted our meals, endangered our spirit; but it had stayed off the premises. At last it curled itself neatly into a 6.00-16 four-ply automobile tire and rolled merrily into the yard. I for one was glad to see it. Two years of fighting an intangible enemy on a full stomach were beginning to get me down. I would lash out, every now and

again, but it never seemed to me I was hitting anything—my knuckles showed no blood and my immediate personal problems were only those of a free citizen in a peaceful world.

All that is over. With the ban on rubber tires, millions of rural people have passed from the preliminary stage to the combat stage; our cars still roll, on their old shoes, but only on errands of strict belligerency, and the driver keeps his eyes straight ahead, fixed on the Malay peninsula.

Here in the country, rubber is the staff of life. Everything arrives on rubber, everything departs on rubber. Even a pedestrian arrives and departs in rubber boots about eight months of the year. Our nearest railroad station is twenty-five miles away and there is no bus line. We had come to regard distance as something that had gone out of date, with the hoop skirt. But now distance, good old-fashioned distance, is going to return to us, in all its former majesty. Twenty-five miles will again be twenty-five miles, and if your job is several miles from your home—which is the case with a large part of the population hereabouts—all kinds of adjustments will be required to meet the new situation.

I have talked with quite a few people about rubber in the last few days and find varying views on the subject. One man spoke of the rationing of tires as the final iniquity of the New Deal; he regarded Singapore itself as nothing but an extension of democratic venality, a battle trumped up by Roosevelt to add the final touch to a sordid Administration. Rubber rationing was this man's chance to say: "See, I warned you about the archfiend—he now takes the tires right off your wheels." A storekeeper with whom I discussed rubber looked upon the rationing as just another scare which will blow over, like the gasoline rationing of last summer. He had probably sent his old tires to be retreaded, just in case, but he is not expecting ever to have to walk anywhere. Time, he believes, will work the thing out, and no American

citizen will ever be in the ridiculous and ignominious position of being without four tires inflated to thirty pounds pressure. An American is not going to let himself be annoyed to that extent. Most of those with whom I talked felt that the rubber shortage was serious, all right, and that the government meant business, but they figured they had enough rubber to keep them wheeling for a year and who wants to look any further ahead than that. The price of a retread job doubled over night, and some who had sent off their old tires recalled them when they found out what it would cost. I know of a couple of people who are terrorstruck. They neither believe that life can be sustained without an automobile nor do they want the thought put into words. The impact of war without a rubber cushioning is too brutal for them and they have gone to bed for the duration and pulled the covers up over their eyes. They will probably come out some day, when the rubber hot water bottle springs a leak.

Most people of course are taking the tire shortage in their stride; but it will be a while before we disabuse ourselves of the idea that life and motoring are synonymous. I see by to-day's paper that our county's quota this month is 12 passenger car tires. At that rate the transition from an inflated civilization to a deflated one won't take very long.



A SENSE of personal participation in the war had been almost impossible to achieve until, finally, something was denied us—a rubber tire for our car. A man's first instinct was for self-preservation—looking out for his own interests and not getting caught short, not letting somebody else get in ahead of him.

Early thoughts flashed through our heads and were sometimes expressed and sometimes left unsaid. We allowed our minds to twiddle with the idea of owning a horse and buggy. We inspected the remains of old bicycles. But then we settled into the business of arranging our small affairs so that they would consume the least amount of rubber consistent with carrying on a productive farm, and this task gave us the illusion that we were a part of the war effort and were doing something to lick the enemy. With great commotion I constructed a special wartime bulletin board in the kitchen, on which we were to jot down whatever was needed for the household, classified according to destinations. This was with the idea of preventing the enormous amount of duplication that had occurred in the free and easy past, when nobody thought anything of jumping into a car and driving nine miles for a pound of bacon and a package of soap flakes. The fine flurry which the construction of this bulletin board kicked up was the best thing that had happened to me in a long time: I put a lot into it, and felt myself fighting a delaying action in front of Corregidor. Pushing the thumb tacks home, with an avenging thrust, I could feel a hundred million others beginning to prick the enemy, each after his own fashion.

Every trivial thing acquired an extra meaning. One morning I opened the barn doors in a chill rain and found that our boy had left his bike out all night; so I gave him a calling down and explained that the time was past when you could leave your bike out in the rain—this was war now and people had to have more sense than that. It seemed sinful to see a rain-soaked bicycle. Sinful and, well . . . short-sighted.



THE CIVILIAN OUTPOST

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

LESS than a week after Pearl Harbor the officials of a New England city called a "unity meeting" to enhance the morale of the community. Twenty thousand people were expected to attend it. Four hundred showed up, and the principal speaker could not come because he had to do some work with a defense committee. Several days later a school for air raid wardens opened. A thousand sets of registration blanks had been provided; more than three thousand applicants came to the first meeting. This contrast has been repeated throughout New England: organizations which propose to get some work done have been swamped with volunteers but gatherings for the generation of rhetoric have had only the feeblest attendance. "Maybe," a veteran of 1918 was heard to say, "maybe this is a war we can fight without Four-Minute Speakers."

Such avoidance of oratory is a sizable step toward realism. Nevertheless, at the end of the first month of war, the civilian public appears to be feeling about this war in terms of its memories of 1918. The United States entered the new war after the most thorough and minute application of democratic processes in history: every step of the way was exhaustively debated and every value was weighed. It is better informed than any nation has ever been about any other war. But, deep in the nerve-ends of belief, there is still an overall expectation whose roots go back to the experience of a quarter-century ago.

For the United States the first war was a very small war. Its military participation was slight, its loss and suffering inconsiderable compared to those of any other power. Its role was to turn a balance, to upset an equilibrium, and it came out of the war invigorated by its effort, much more powerful than it had been at the beginning, with a minute casualty list and none of its social or political institutions seriously changed. Now, though the defeats at Pearl Harbor and the Philippines are the most serious in our history, though the social dislocations are already greater than any except those produced by the four years of the Civil War, there is still a deep-seated conviction that God, luck, or the destiny of the American people has arranged an outcome that will not be much different from that of 1918.

That conviction will be amended by events. A nation already willing to forgo oratory will soon have a more thorough-going realism thrust upon it. One cannot doubt the realism—but the shock is likely to have dangerous sequelae. But the counsel of editors and publicists who foresee that danger has not been very useful. In the first week Miss Dorothy Thompson told her millions of readers that the sacrifices of war would bring them a joy comparable to the ecstatic pain of childbirth. A few days later Mr. Henry Luce told his readers that the era which had given Mr. Luce a large fortune and a pulpit for his exhortation was "as pusillanimous an

epoch as there ever was in the history of a great people." Both of these strains were frequently echoed elsewhere, but it is not clear that either has much guidance for the civilian population, the base of the American war.

The exultation of the comfortably placed in someone else's sacrifice and their humiliation in someone else's shame are a kind of leadership which we may usefully disregard. The ordinary citizen, whose life between two wars has amounted to an uphill struggle against inflation, depression, and mobilization to the sole end that his children might have clothes and schooling, has not been comfortably placed, has had no fat to live on, but has nevertheless maintained the standards of private decency so far as was within his power. Such a citizen cannot soundly prepare for the war years on an assumption that the sum of his life up to now is pusillanimous. The same citizen, now aware that the rest of his life and the lives of his children count for nothing except as they may serve the survival of the nation, and accepting that realization with an astonishingly high heart—that citizen is likely to be bewildered, if no more, when exhorted to feel, as he certainly does not feel, the joy of a woman who holds her first-born in her arms. He may be pardoned for wondering if he is not tuned to the wrong station, if this message is not coming from Berlin.

The core of bewilderment seems to be the obligations of civilian life. In total war everyone belongs to the military service. Implications of that fact will be sufficiently clear as the citizen sees his car immobilized, his customary sports eliminated, repairs to his house and replacement of clothing and household goods made increasingly impossible, and money for his savings, his insurance premiums, and the education of his children drained off into the production of armament. Everyone is also a potential combatant and may at any moment become an actual one, and the implications of that fact will be clearer as the citizen and his

family are required to serve in the organizations of civil defense. But precisely here there are already much civil confusion and many possibilities of error, waste, and futility. There is too much thinking by analogy with experiences in the present war which are not applicable to the American situation. There is too much thinking in terms of American experience in the last war. There is too much well-meant acquiescence—too little intelligent criticism.

In one way the participation of nearly anyone in nearly any civilian defense effort can be a good thing. It satisfies the individual's deepest needs, to do something and to be associated with his fellows while doing it, and it heightens our awareness of our common lot. But uncritical participation in misconceived or misdirected efforts is a grave danger. It wastes time, money, and supplies, and it produces illusions and self-satisfaction which can impair really vital jobs. Thus there is no question that our coasts are in danger of being raided by planes, but the organizations now preparing to meet that danger are preparing, with little criticism from without or within, not for any raids now conceivable but for long-continued, nightly, mass attacks on the city of London. Similarly hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of women are being taught first-aid for cases of traumatic surgery who ought to be learning the care of bed pans and the technic of alcohol rubs, in preparation for epidemics that are more to be expected than invasion and will find the nation stripped of nurses.

We cannot afford to be indulgent to energetic, enthusiastic, patriotic people who are devoting themselves to aimless or useless work. In the last war our margin was large enough to contain the vast, miscellaneous futility which someone summed up as "procuring ice water for artillery horses." In this war we have no such margin. We cannot afford the waste, and we cannot risk the apathy that is the inevitable consequence of misapplied enthusiasm. We are cautioned

that amateur criticism of our military strategy must be restrained. The advice is wise; the cry of "On to Richmond!" has always been disastrous. But the critical faculty thus suspended at the level of strategy must be constantly applied in our home towns, where only we shall be combatants. Organizations for civil defense, accessory services for the Army and Navy, all the network of furiously active groups that has sprung into being with the most praiseworthy promptness must be constantly scrutinized by those who are working with them and those who are not. The danger of patriotic activity is that it may be misapplied—when we have no time nor manpower to waste. Is there anything unintelligent about such activity in your town? If there is, you must speak out. Is there anything unintelligent about your share in it? If there is, then you must take steps.

But the gravest danger in the defense activity of civilians is that they may fail to realize that it is superimposed upon, and cannot be substituted for, their obligations as citizens. The first duty of the civilian is to be one. The maintenance of the community is entrusted to him, not to the armed forces, and the community is in danger of wartime attack from others than the foreign enemy. The enemy within becomes more active, not less, when the shooting starts, and it is only in the phantasies of columnists that war and sacrifice produce universal regeneration. The opportunities for smart men have been multiplied many times and the wolves are prowling, right now, in your home town. They are skilled in the uses of patriotism and they rely on your attention being focussed overseas. The troughs are filled to overflowing for hogs to feed at, there has been set up a vast reservoir of power which some will find ways to use, and a tremendous mechanism for the application of pressures which will serve those who know how to manipulate it. Shady politicians, business men who know the detours and the tunnels, public and private officials who

perceive a profit in their positions, the parasites who feed on want and need and bewilderment and fear—they see chances which they know will never come again and they are not to be deterred by mounting lists of American dead. A grave danger in peace, they are nevertheless only local infections then and are controlled by the general health of our society. But they are a potentially fatal danger in wartime. Our German enemy has backed his judgment that they will prove fatal to us and has the collapse of one powerful democracy to vindicate him. They can be prevented from vindicating him here only by civilians fulfilling the duties of citizenship with a greater vigor and conscientiousness than they have been accustomed to devote to them in safer years.

The recent commemoration of the Bill of Rights is to the point. The democratic liberties are not in danger from the national government; suspensions and abridgments of them as a national policy have occurred in all our wars, have been wisely managed, have achieved the necessary ends and then been terminated. Ultimately there is not much more to fear from the subversive groups whose job is to erode these decencies; they also are expert in the camouflage of patriotism, but they are an open and known menace which can be dealt with. The danger exists rather in the enthusiasm and patriotism of public officials in a condition of excitement, under the permission of private citizens misled by their own excitement. If war can lower public morality it can also cause a seepage of private character. The responsibility begins at one's own dinner table, with the guest or host who is broadminded about stories concerning the Jews provided they are really funny, and at the corner of one's block with the neighbor who has the most valid reason for investigating the black market in tires. It begins at church or the steering committee of the community fund, in the school board or the chamber of commerce, with the local leader who

thinks that this is no time for unorthodoxy and that the previously or potentially unorthodox had better be stopped right here and now. It begins at the city hall with the overworked police chief who sees a duty and a sanction to clean up a bad situation that has always honestly troubled him, and in the chamber of the magistrate who honestly believes that the war emergency justifies the police chief. It begins with the miscellaneous witch-hunting that can already be observed. The witches are German and Japanese now, but the categories will be neither so clear nor so narrow very long unless in your own home town you step in, force a halt, and stay on guard. War volatilizes the community decencies and decent people must realize that these decencies will escape between their fingers unless their fingers are closed tight.

Such obligations as these, which deal with evils which no war anywhere has ever failed to produce, lay a sufficiently heavy burden on civilians who are potential combatants as well. Consider that there is added to them every man's daily necessity to control his private dreads, all enhanced by the dreads of wartime and multiplied by the fact that his private expectation has been cut off clean. Consider that he must maintain the tone of his emotions and those of his family, not only steeling himself against cynicism and despair but keeping strong his children's belief and security. Consider finally that he is also charged with the custody of peace in war. The schools, the arts, the sciences, research, learning, the web and fabric of civilization are in his keeping. All will suffer some attrition at best, all face the frontal assault that every war makes on them, and they are no concern of the military forces. Only the civilian population can stand against that assault, digging in at the handiest positions and resolving "so far and no farther."

It makes a sum so great that the slightest hysteria will put it in peril. Well,

those who tell us to beat our breasts in contrition for things past are hysterical, and so are those who find ecstasy in strains and hazards so great as these. The trouble with ecstasy is that it ends soon and ends in barrenness. It is too soft, too self-indulgent—and too foolish. It begets illusion, the self-deception that loses wars. We certainly need dedication, but the dedication we need is one which realizes that men were not made for war, that war is the most terrible experience any individual can be called on to face, but which faces it nevertheless and will pay the cost to the last cent. Such a dedication begins farther toward victory than ecstasy in sacrifice can ever get—in tranquillity of purpose and the fortitude that endures to the end.

This dedication is after all, if the hysterical will only remember, a basic quality of the American people. They are a people who are used to big jobs and have not yet found one too big for them, who have crossed all the mountains and bridged all the rivers they found in their path—and have done so without supposing that virtue required them to be religious about engineering. They do not naturally fall into religious imagery, when confronting jobs of work. However great the job, however high the odds against it, they are more likely to use an imagery drawn from the native humor.

"The *Heils* and *Banzais*," remarks the *Infantry Journal*, "may be loud for a while. But before it's over they'll be drowned out forever by good American razzberries." The Marines have already given us "Send us some more Japs," and unquestionably sergeants recently dead have exhorted their platoons not with talk about the ecstasy of sacrifice but with the summons traditional in all our wars, "Come on, you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever?" Trust the Army and Navy to fight the war in the right mood. Those who are not bearing arms would be well advised to adopt it.



Harpers *Magazine*

AMERICA'S ENEMY NO. 2: YAMAMOTO

BY WILLARD PRICE

PERHAPS our chief individual enemy, next to Adolf Hitler, is leather-faced, bullet-headed, bitter-hearted Isoroku Yamamoto.

We have recently read in the newspapers an extract from his letter to a friend: "When war comes between Japan and the United States I shall not be content merely to occupy Guam, the Philippines, Hawaii, and San Francisco. I look forward to dictating peace to the United States in the White House at Washington."

Admiral Yamamoto is Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese combined fleets. He is Japan's first man against America and Britain, the spearhead of Japanese ambition to rule Asia and, later, the world. Not only ability makes him our great antagonist, but hate. There has been no heat in his hate, only a cold, implacable fury, and the complete dedication of his life to the crushing of White superiority.

I met Isoroku Yamamoto long before he had become an admiral and unapproachable. But he was already hating, icily.

It was in 1915. Fellow-passengers with my wife and myself on the *Awa Maru* from Seattle to Yokohama had been Baron and Baroness Uriu. They were good friends of America. The Baron, who could also lay claim to the title of admiral, had received his training at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis. His wife was a graduate of an American university—which one, I forget. She was a woman of charm and stamina. During the eighteen days of typhoon weather, as our snow-covered ship heaved and bucked along the stormy Great Circle route close to the Aleutians, she was the only woman to eat in the dining saloon.

Shipboard friendship led to an invitation to visit the Urius at their home in Tokyo—rather, their two homes. One was strictly foreign, the other strictly Japanese. They stood in a grove on the summit of a hill overlooking the city. We were stiffly entertained in the foreign house, then walked through the garden sprinkled with April blossoms to the Japanese house where the family did its

real living. There our host and hostess visibly relaxed as they slipped the *geta* from their feet and stepped on to the familiar mats.

A previous guest who had been playing *go* with a young man of the family rose to take his leave. He was a solid, square, rather grim fellow, evidently in his thirties.

"Don't go," said the Baron, and he introduced Isoroku Yamamoto. "This is an American editor," he told him. "He will probably want your views concerning his country."

"I don't mind telling him if he doesn't mind the truth," said Yamamoto gruffly. His English was curiously pronounced but grammatically perfect.

I secretly resented his manner and turned my attention to the Baron. I had no desire to hear this sprig's opinions of America, but I had been trying for three weeks now to draw out the Baron's reminiscences. Here was the man who had fired the first shots of the Russo-Japanese War. Japan, using the pattern with which we are now bitterly familiar, struck first, declared war later. The first jubilation processions in the streets of Tokyo were in honor of Admiral Uriu's triumph at Chemulpo. But he would not talk. After an hour of pleasant nothings, he turned to me seriously with, "I wish to be of service to you. And I can think of no better way than to have you talk with young Yamamoto. I am—what you call—a goner. He is a comer." He gestured to Yamamoto. "Go, both of you, to the tea house. While you are gone we will show Mrs. Price some brocades."

Yamamoto and I walked down the path to the tea-ceremony pavilion. It would have been hard to say which of us was the more sulky. We sat on the green *tatami*, the scent of past pourings of ceremonial tea mingling with the perfume of cherry blossoms.

Well, I had to make the best of it. I began asking questions. Yamamoto answered them, always directly, sometimes brutally. That night I wrote it all down

in my notebook and dismissed it. Who was Yamamoto? Why should anyone care about his story?

But when Pearl Harbor was blasted, Wake, Guam, and the Philippines attacked, the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* unbelievably sunk by aerial torpedoes, and the Emperor Hirohito wired congratulations to a certain Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, the life purpose of this man began to mean something to us. I dug up my notes.

II

Young Yamamoto began to hate America when his father told him tales of the hairy barbarians, creatures with an animal odor owing to their habit of eating flesh, who had come in their black ships, broken down the doors of Japan, threatened the Son of Heaven, trampled upon ancient customs, demanded indemnities, blown their long noses on cloths which they then put in their pockets instead of throwing away.

For many years the boy saw no foreigners—he could only imagine them. And he was, and is, a person of great imagination. His boyhood home was in Nagaoka in the bleak northwest of Japan, far across the Kiso range from the foreign ports of Yokohama and Kobe. The name of the province is Echigo, which means "behind the mountains." It was so isolated that in feudal days it was used as a place of exile for political malcontents. It became a brewing pot of strong minds and bitter determinations, a breeding place of heretics.

Yamamoto described his home town with a fondness that seemed scarcely appropriate to this place of wind and snow and solitude. The mountain roads to the rest of Japan became nearly impassable early in autumn. The winter snows literally buried the town for four months. The small thatch-roofed houses disappeared. From above, an airman would have seen no town—only an unbroken white blanket. But underneath this blanket life went on. The wide

eaves of the houses protected the sidewalks. The outer edge of each walk had been walled, before the snow came, with upright boards. In this wall were inserted at intervals windows of oiled paper. Against these windows lay the snow, but an uncertain light filtered through into the long corridor that flanked the fronts of the homes and shops. Down this dimly lighted hall it was possible to move in safety even in the worst weather. At street corners, tunnels were dug across the streets. In these passages, many feet below the surface of the snow, large characters could be read with ease, and children studied their lessons as they walked home from school by tunnel and corridor and tunnel. Except for the burrowings from one sidewalk to another, the snow that lay house-high down the middle of the street was not disturbed from autumn to spring.

Deep in these snowy catacombs there was protection for women and children—but men must still emerge through apertures in the surface, blinking in the strong light, and go on broad straw snowshoes after wood, or carry goods from town to town, or hunt, or fish in the icy waters of the Sea of Japan many miles away. There the boy got his first strong taste of the sea and liked it.

He spoke with a kind of sour satisfaction of the typhoons and blizzards, of the roping down of boathouses to prevent them from being blown away, of the capsizing of a fishing boat and his cold swim to a cavern in the cliff where he had to stay two days until the sea had quieted and he could swim to a beach. He learned how to fish for bream, sole, mackerel, octopus, and swordfish. He learned secrets of cloud, wind, and wave—and made up his mind either to be a fisherman when he grew up or to join the navy.

"Why did you choose the navy?" I asked him.

He smiled his frostbitten smile. "I wanted to return Commodore Perry's visit."

His barbarian-hating father was named

Teikichi Takano, a rather grim man, I gathered, and very poor. But after he died the boy was adopted into the more prosperous Yamamoto family. Such adoptions are common in Japan. A family without a male heir will adopt a son to perpetuate the line.

Young Isoroku found himself in a home that boasted the largest and most sumptuously gilded Buddhist shrine in any house in the town. Also there was a very plain *kamidana*, or god-shelf, bearing a simple miniature of a Shinto temple. Display is not congenial to Shinto. While Buddhism embodies the flowering effulgence of the rich Orient, Shinto expresses a samurai severity that is not essentially Oriental at all, but only Japanese.

The army, dreaming already of world conquest, had sensed the value of Shinto in their plans. They had revived the ancient faith, given it new points of emphasis, made it a rallying point for Japanese patriotism, emperor-worship, and the mission of divine Japan to dispel the darkness that enveloped a godless globe.

All this suited Isoroku. He bowed only perfunctorily before the golden Buddha and the Yamamoto ancestral tablets—but he placed daily offerings on the god-shelf.

Not only was Shinto twisted to mean Japan-worship during Isoroku's impressionable years, but *bushido* was born at the same time. Of course both he and the West were taught to think *bushido* as old as the Japanese race. But you cannot find the word in any dictionary, Japanese or Western, published before the year 1900. Loyalty itself was nothing new, although it was no more common in Japan than elsewhere—but loyalty's code of rules called *bushido* was an invention of the Japanese army. If the militarists and their Emperor were to remain in the saddle, the unquestioning obedience of the masses was necessary. *Bushido* was the answer. By giving it the whiskers of great age, they insured that it would be venerated as no con-

temporary contrivance would be. A heavenly glow was cast over feudal days. Then every samurai was true to his daimio and every daimio would lay down his life for his Emperor. How ridiculously untrue such a picture was, Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, one of the closest students of old Japan, has pointed out:

"An analysis of medieval Japanese history shows that the great feudal houses, so far from displaying an excessive idealism in the matter of fealty to one emperor, one lord, or one party, had evolved the eminently practical plan of letting their different members take different sides, so that the family as a whole might come out as winner in any event, and thus avoid the confiscation of its lands."

But Japanese history, as Isoroku studied it in school, had been rewritten to suit the requirements of the new expansionist policy of Japan. To go forth and conquer, Young Japan must have fanatical faith in itself and contempt for the rest of the human race. This was accomplished by teaching myths that made gods of the Nipponese people, "Seed of the Sun," and cast a dubious light over the origin of all other human beings.

"Were you ever taught the Darwinian theory of evolution?" I asked Yamamoto.

"Yes—as a Western idea—and perhaps applying to the West. But our teachers always made clear the special place of the people of Yamato."

"You don't mean," I questioned, "the story of the gods Izanagi and Izanami who gave birth to the Japanese islands and the people who inhabit them? No modern, educated Japanese would actually take such a legend seriously?"

Yamamoto stiffened. "Were there any other questions you wished to ask?"

I had a vision of a certain fundamentalist friend of mine who had once stiffened in just this fashion when I questioned her belief in the creation of the world in seven twenty-four-hour days and the shaping of Adam from the dust of the earth. In matters of religion

questions are not safe. Faith plays too large a part.

And the Japanese self-exaltation is distinctly a religion—taught in childhood, thoroughly ingrained, soberly supported by scholars such as Hirata who says, "From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence." And the *History for Middle Schools* reminds student Japan that "Such a national character is without a parallel throughout the world."

I went on to the safer ground of questions regarding school routine.

"Was school excused during bad weather?"

"On the contrary. During the midwinter month, supposed to be the coldest, our hours were longer and our tasks were made much harder."

"What was the purpose of that?"

"To build endurance. The room was heated only by *hibachi* [braziers]. The temperature was half of what would be considered necessary in a foreign home. On the ninth day of the midwinter month, thought to be the coldest day of the entire year, no fire whatever was allowed. We were given a hundred ideographs to write. We must keep at the task until it was finished, no matter if the brush-fingers became purple and frozen and there was no feeling from the wrist down. When the work was done we thawed our hands by rubbing them in snow."

"A good preparation for pneumonia," I suggested.

"What does that matter?" he flashed. "The lioness pushes her cub over the cliff and leaves it to climb back alone. It is a Japanese proverb."

"What did you like best in school?"

"Drill."

I remembered my own schooldays in Toronto and the weekly drill when we dressed front in the schoolyard, shouldered arms, presented arms, made right turns, left turns, and about turns. But it soon appeared that the drill Yamamoto

was thinking of was nothing like this.

"We made long marches in the snow or rain. The worst weather was always chosen for these marches. We sometimes spent the night in the open. We stormed imaginary forts. We were taught maneuvers suited to various types of terrain: how to fight in the hills, on the plains, in the woods, in marshes, how to cross rivers, how to invade sea-coasts."

"When did this training begin?"

"When school began, at the age of six. But we didn't get rifles and uniforms with brass buttons until we entered middle school at twelve. The greatest sport was the annual military maneuvers of about ten thousand boys drawn from schools all over the western provinces and divided into two armies, the one taking its position in strong entrenchments, the other attacking an hour before dawn. Regular army officers commanded us. Of course we fired only blanks—but our rifles, grenades, machine guns and field guns were all the real thing—not dummies. It was good practice."

III

A trained militarist at seventeen, Yamamoto entered the Naval Academy at Yatajima on the Inland Sea near Hiroshima. Here he studied for three years and then spent another year on the training ships. The first of these training ships was an old-fashioned square-rigged sailing vessel.

"But why train on a windjammer for a navy that contains nothing but steamers?"

"Because a sailor's first duty is to learn the sea, not the ship. And you are on closer terms with the sea in a square-rigger. You learn the habits of currents, waves, winds, storms. Besides, it's a hard life. It makes sailors."

Later I had an opportunity to go aboard a square-rigged training ship of the mercantile marine, similar to those used by the navy. On the Kyoto-Tokyo train the young man in blue uniform

sitting next to me had suddenly asked if I had ever been in "Seedonay." I finally made out that he meant Sydney, Australia. He had gone there, he said, on a cruise of his training ship. I indulged his desire to practice English and was rewarded by an invitation to visit his ship. A few days later I met young Okawara at Shinagawa and we went by sampan out of the mouth of the Meguro River and over shallow Tokyo Bay to board the handsome white four-masted barque *Taisei Maru*.

I soon saw what Yamamoto had meant. The lads perched high on the yards furling sails knew where the wind was coming from. They and their officers studied the sky with an earnestness unknown to men of steam. And the toughening process was obvious. Barefoot cadets, who would be ships' captains some day, curled their toes round foot ropes from which one of their number had been blown into the sea during the last storm. They struggled with wet canvas that whipped back and forth in the grip of a strong breeze. The ship carried, when full-rigged, twenty-seven sails. That means plenty of exercise. Add to this the scrubbing down of the decks with sand and coconuts at 5 a.m., the long lessons in navigation, and the lifeboat drills which are staged when the sea is particularly bad. And I understood the claim of the nautical schools: "There is nothing to equal work on a deep-water square-rigger to harden and toughen a youngster. Training on a windjammer brings out qualities of iron nerve, quickness to act in emergencies, physical toughness, all of which are necessary to the future steamship commander."

Such training of course is not peculiarly Japanese. In fact Japan learned it from the seafaring English, and we have had it in America too.

But Yamamoto, when I talked to him, did not give much credit to the English—who taught Japan most of what she knows about how to fight the English! He briefly traced the growth of the Im-

perial Navy. The edict of the Shogun Iyemitsu forbidding the construction of any ships large enough to leave the shelter of the coasts isolated Japan for more than two centuries. It was not until Commodore Perry's squadron arrived with demands backed with force that Japan saw the need of ships and guns. The ban on shipbuilding was removed. A dockyard was constructed at Nagasaki and a naval school started with the aid of the Dutch. The Imperial Navy began with two presents, one a six-gun paddle-wheel steamer from the Dutch, the other a four-gun yacht from the Queen of England.

The first ironclad in the new navy was the *Stonewall Jackson*, purchased from the United States. Other ships were bought and some built. The Powers seem to have taken a most benevolent interest in the budding navy which was much too small and weak to be regarded seriously.

French engineers founded a dockyard at Yokosuka and taught all that the West knew about the construction of warships. Great Britain made the most significant contribution. She sent her naval officers as instructors to conduct a naval school at Yokohama and, later, a great naval college at Tokyo where Admiral Douglas and thirty-three picked English officers and seamen labored to create an expert personnel for the navy.

But Yamamoto principally emphasized the progress made since these outsiders had been dismissed and sent home. The Japanese, he pointed out, have a peculiar aptitude for the life of the sea and show remarkable technical ability. He did not mention the early warships of Japanese construction that turned turtle because too many clever ideas had been incorporated in them.

Doubtless the foreign fathers of the Nipponese fleet were very proud of their infant prodigy's performance in the war with China in 1894. They had even more reason for satisfaction at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. Now Japan had seventy-six war-

ships including battleships, destroyers, and torpedo boats.

Yamamoto, twenty years old, took part in this war as an ensign on the *Mikasa*, flagship of the great Togo. The war was begun, as I have said, by the gentleman in whose tea pavilion we now sat. Admiral Uriu challenged the Russian ship *Variag*, which should have been safe since it lay in the neutral Korean port, Chemulpo. The commander of the *Variag* appealed to the captains of other foreign warships in the harbor to make joint resistance to the proposed violation of neutral waters. Some were willing, but the most important, the commander of the United States cruiser *Vicksburg*, was not. His refusal reflected the pro-Japanese American attitude of that time. In effect, he opened Korea to the Japanese and gave Nippon a start in the conquest of Asia. The *Variag* was sunk. Admiral Uriu landed troops which took over Korea and made it the land base for the attack upon Port Arthur.

The sea attack upon Port Arthur was begun by Admiral Togo. For many months he blockaded the port, trying in vain to tempt the Russian fleet to come out and fight. Ships that did venture out were sunk. Young Ensign Yamamoto had a perfect opportunity to observe at close range the tactics of one of the greatest naval strategists. "There will never be another Togo," he said.

On May 27, 1905, the ensign was a participant, at least to the extent of two fingers, in what Hector C. Bywater has described as "the most decisive naval action in history." The main Russian fleet had taken seven months to come from the Baltic. It was wiped out in one day. The meeting took place in the Straits of Tsushima. Why there? Yamamoto had heard Admiral Togo several days previously explain the reason for the selection of this spot. It was here that the attempted invasion of Japan by Kublai Khan had been turned back seven centuries before. The souls of Japan's defenders who had died in that

engagement would, Togo believed, fight beside him in this one.

With battleships and cruisers Togo steamed in ahead of the dog-tired Russian fleet, while ships commanded by Admiral Uriu and others closed in behind it. Above the head of Ensign Yamamoto where he stood on the deck of the flagship *Mikasa* rose Togo's famous signal, "The fate of the Empire depends upon this battle. Let every man do his utmost."

After only ten minutes of firing, the turret of the Russian flagship *Suvaroff* was blown away and other Russian vessels were in flames. Within three-quarters of an hour the issue was decided. The Russian fleet, bogged down with store ships and colliers and blocked by sinking battleships, was in complete confusion. At nightfall Togo withdrew his large ships and left his torpedo boats to pick the bones—which they did so effectively that by morning only four of the original Russian fleet of twenty-seven remained. These were allowed to surrender.

Yamamoto came out of this epic fight minus two fingers but plus the knowledge that the yellow man could whip the white. He had been a spectator of the first great triumph of the Asiatic over the Aryan. That seems to have set his life pattern. Now that he knew it could be done it must be done. The white man must be driven from Asia.

When he began to think of the airplane rather than the battleship as the means by which this would be accomplished, I do not know. He had been raised on deck. He had seen battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo boats turn the tide of history. And yet when I asked him which of these he believed would be the important war vessel of the future, he said:

"None of these. The most important ship of the future will be a ship to carry aeroplanes."

At that time, 1915, the "aeroplane" was as clumsy as its name and the aircraft carrier remained in the womb of imagination. There had been a few ex-

periments. America had been the pioneer. The first plane to take off from a ship's deck left a temporary platform on the forward part of the *U.S.S. Birmingham*. The year was 1910 and the pilot, Eugene Ely. The first plane to land on a ship's deck was brought down by the same pilot on the stern of the *U.S.S. Pennsylvania* in 1911.

There was a tendency to regard these experiments as mere stunts. Four years had now passed and nothing more had been done with the idea. But it was fermenting in Yamamoto's brain. His superiors evidently gave it no attention.

Oddly enough, conservative Britain was the first to develop the fantastic scheme. The First World War brought home to her the need for a floating air-drome and she completed the world's first aircraft carrier in 1918. America commissioned the *Langley* in 1922, the *Lexington* and *Saratoga* in 1928. All navies were now alive to the idea. As Yamamoto and other air-minded men rose to power in the Nipponese navy, Japan took the lead, and she has to-day more aircraft carriers than any other nation.

But we are ahead of our story. The brown, brusque man in the tea pavilion who had suggested that the greatest surface ship of the future would be a mere handmaiden to the ship of the air ended the interview on a sour note. I asked him the usual question about Japanese-American relations and expected the usual guff.

"They cannot mend until they break," he snapped.

I looked for some trace of melancholy in his manner but found none. He evidently looked forward to the break with the liveliest anticipation.

A few days later I had a before-breakfast interview with Count Okuma, then Premier. He had been limping about his garden since dawn. He always said that his best thoughts came early in the morning.

His early thought for me was, "I believe the entire East is to be bound together in one heart and one mind. And

I believe that Japan has a mission in helping to bring this about."

Could there have been a more suave proposal of the most stupendous program of aggression the world has yet known?

I spoke of my talk with Yamamoto.

"That young man," smiled Count Okuma, "will, I prophesy, be one of the instruments in the policy I have just mentioned."

But I found no one else who regarded Yamamoto seriously, and few who even knew of him. Certainly he meant nothing to American readers. Yet as the years ticked by I noted his activities.

IV

His name was always associated with planes and airfields. He became Chief Instructor in the Kasumigaura Naval Air Corps. Some caustic remarks came from him when the Washington Conference put the United States, Britain, and Japan on a 5-5-3 naval ratio, Japan accepting the little end. He and other young radicals made life uneasy for Japanese representatives who had thus "humiliated" Japan.

He was Naval Attaché in the Japanese Embassy at Washington in 1925. He had much to do with United States naval officers and they had reason to feel flattered by the keen interest he took in American naval technique. He learned English thoroughly and improved his game of poker.

He returned to Japan and was appointed commander of the *Isuzu*, then of the *Akagi*. But while he trod the deck he turned his eyes aloft. His voice was increasingly heard arguing for aircraft and aircraft carriers.

He also talked oil. Japan had passed through the palanquin era and the ricksha interlude and as yet hardly realized that she was in the oil age. But Yamamoto had been raised on oil. Every summer at Nagaoka he had spent much of his time in the oilfields just outside the town. Here were the richest oil wells in Japan. For two hundred years oil had

been known to exist here—but nothing much was done about it until 1876, when the Japanese government engaged an American geologist to survey the possibilities. His report was favorable. Wells were feverishly dug, Nagaoka talked oil, smelled oil, lived oil, and when Isoroku was six years old Echigo province was supplying ninety-nine per cent of the oil consumed in Japan.

The boy very naturally grew up oil-minded. He saw a civilization run on oil and by oil. He realized that oil was the lifeblood of mechanized warfare. His home province did not have enough for that, Japan did not have enough—but there was enough in the East Indies. Therefore the Japanese navy was destined to sail southward.

But it would never dare to do so if it were only a 3 navy as compared to America's 5 and Britain's 5. He so bitterly attacked this "degradation" that he was chosen as the right man to go to London in 1934 and upset the 5-5-3 ratio.

Rear Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Special Envoy to the London Naval Parley, declared when he left Japan that he would read no newspapers on his way to England. He knew the subtle wiles of Westerners and feared that his obduracy might be weakened by their arguments. He was determined to keep himself vacuum-fresh for London.

As he crossed the American continent he refused to see reporters. They were stopped by an interpreter who blandly brushed them off with the explanation that the Admiral did not speak English. Those who believed it must have been considerably surprised when the envoy, upon stepping off the *Berengaria* on English soil, immediately broke into voluble English. He did not wait to be subjected to the persuasions of the conference table. Between gangplank and taxicab he struck the blow that wrecked the London Naval Parley.

"Japan will not submit to the continuance of the ratio system. There is no possibility of any compromise by my government on that point."

After two months of talk the situation remained exactly where it had been when Yamamoto stepped off the boat. He stood for a "common upper limit." He assured his rivals that this was a matter of honor for Japan and that his nation probably would not actually build up to that limit.

"If we grant paper parity," suggested Prime Minister MacDonald, "will Japan promise not to build up to it?"

"Very sorry, but no," answered the Japanese envoy. "Very sorry, but no."

He was entertained at many dinners and always ate and drank heartily, but it never mellowed him. On one such occasion a British guest, when the atmosphere seemed particularly congenial, leaned over to say to the Admiral, "Now, tell me just why you won't agree to the ratio."

The Admiral consumed the last particles of roast and vegetables on his plate, then laid down his knife and fork.

"I believe I am shorter than you are," he said.

"Yes."

"But you don't tell me that I ought to eat only three-fifths of the food on my plate. I eat as much as I need."

Even if he had desired to yield he would not have dared. If he had yielded he would not be alive to-day. When it was rumored in Japan that the ratio might win, the Black Dragon Society met and vowed that if this happened the Japanese envoy and all his aides should be assassinated.

The British suggested that if the ratio were abandoned the three powers should at least agree to an interchange of information so that each should always know the building programs of the others.

"But it would be of value to Japan to know at all times what the others are building."

"We can find out," said Yamamoto bluntly. "But you can't find out what we're doing. So such an arrangement would be of no advantage to Japan."

His respect for aircraft carriers was

shown in his suggestion that if Japan were given free rein in Asia she might agree to a world program of disarmament, beginning with the aircraft carrier.

"We consider the aircraft carrier the most offensive of all armament. Now that we are all concerned with reducing the menace that any one country may be to any other, it would seem logical to get rid of the most menacing weapon first of all."

Whether his expressed willingness to disarm was genuine or was made to test his opponents who can say? Certain it is that he showed no regret when the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922, first great venture of the human race to do away with armaments, lay in ruins in London, broken on the rock that he had provided for it. He went back to Japan and I happened to be in Tokyo when he arrived. A parade of admirals and two thousand members of reservist and patriotic associations, including the Black Dragons who had pledged his death if he failed, welcomed him. He went to the palace to receive the congratulations of the Emperor.

Time having been turned backward and the world plunged toward certain war, Japan rejoiced.

"A naval construction race," gloated the Navy Ministry in an official pamphlet, "may be regarded as a stage in the rapid expansion of our national strength. We therefore must be firmly resolved to overcome any difficulties that may arise ahead of us so that the glorious position in which our Empire now finds itself may increase in glory."

V

Since that time Japan has swiftly increased, if not in glory, at least in armament. The race has been made in secret, and any published figures of Japan's naval strength should be taken as a very mild approach to the truth. For example, the number of Japan's aircraft carriers is usually estimated at from

seven to nine. But Brigadier General Sewell, military expert attached to the British Library of Information, has told us that a private report establishes the number at fifteen. The United States, according to pre-war Senate figures, has six, of which some may be in the Atlantic. This would give Japan a very heavy superiority in the Pacific. The Dutch have had no aircraft carriers, and at this writing no British aircraft carrier has been reported in the Pacific.

Japan is also far ahead in airplane strength. When it comes to battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines she at least rivals our combined Pacific and Asiatic fleets; but both Admiral Yamamoto and Admiral Suetsugu have been criticized in Japan for their emphasis upon aircraft to the neglect of battleships.

"How," someone asked, "can you expect to destroy a battleship except with a battleship?"

"With torpedo planes," replied Yamamoto, and he quoted a Japanese proverb: "The fiercest serpent may be overcome by a swarm of ants."

The sinking of the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* made his meaning clear.

While Japan's army has been depleted in China, Japan's navy has had nothing to do but to grow and prosper. To-day even in air power, which is usually an army prerogative, the navy is superior. Six hundred miles from the sea, navy planes have been bombing Chungking. If Japan is "exhausted," the navy does not know it. During the ten war years from the invasion of Manchuria in 1931 to the beginning of the present con-

flict the Japanese navy went unscathed.

The disastrous defeat of the Japanese army in 1939 at Nomonhan on the Russian-Manchurian border brought Japan to her senses so far as fooling with Russia was concerned. The Japanese war lords lost interest in Siberia and began to listen to the insistent demand of the navy for "southward expansion." Yamamoto had his chance.

He is now fifty-eight. No hampering system of seniority has prevented him from attaining power before he was too old to do anything with it. He is a hard chunk of a man, hair cropped as short as the bristles on a beaver-tail cactus, lips thick, jowl heavy, chin prominent. He is, I hear, as surly and abrupt as he was in Admiral Uriu's tea pavilion. I have never met him again and never wanted to. But I have seen him occasionally and his house in Kamakura. It is a small place. He lives simply. This simplicity does not extend to his smoking, drinking, and eating, which are all on quite a grand scale. He takes pride in the fact that they do not hurt him. He dissipates hard, works hard. He plays hard too. He has the conquest complex, enjoys having opponents, plays games to win. For many years he has been navy champion in poker, bridge, chess, and *go*.

He is a man of tremendous conceit with the brains and stomach to back his bluff. He was in Washington once. He plans to be there again. If he gets there it will be because of Japan's superior air power.

If he doesn't get there it will be because of America's superior air power.



THE CRISIS IN MAN POWER

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

DURING the last week in January, 1942, twenty-five hundred welders in Seattle struck; a Seattle radio speaker during the same week announced that the eviction rate in the city was rising with alarming rapidity; during the preceding three months 500 men had quit the Boeing plant there to go into the Army—150 of them volunteers and the rest drafted men; the WPA had just announced that 23,600 families had moved into Seattle during the previous year and that 38 per cent of them had traveled 500 miles or more.

While these things were happening in the Northwest, the stoppage of automobile manufacture in Detroit caused the laying off of men by the thousands; other thousands were pouring into Long Beach, California, clamoring for jobs in the airplane plants; Wichita was in the peculiar position of having more jobs than ever, more unemployed than ever, and not enough shelter for either the employed men or the jobless. During that same last week in January the United States Employment Service in Philadelphia reported that, owing to raw material restrictions, seventeen textile plants had laid off 2,000 hands and that other plants in the neighborhood had dismissed 8,000 more. And a few days before, on a Saturday morning, 52 secretaries in the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Washington found on their desks telegrams from various war agencies offering them better jobs at bigger pay.

This was the state of the nation, as far as workers and jobs were concerned,

when the newspapers broke out with a rash of stories about an impending "labor draft" and a "compulsory mobilization of man power." It was a fact that men from 20 to 45 called up for registration for the draft on February 16th would be confronted with an occupational questionnaire the like of which had never been seen, a questionnaire comprehensive enough in its list of trades to include lens grinder, policeman, diver, stone mason, drill-press operator, and "hardener, heat treater, hoisting engineer, and horticulturist."

The skeptical citizen, aware of the fact that there are numerous unemployed persons in the country, that there are many thousands of competent and qualified Negro workers who have been shut out of jobs by prejudice, and that raw-material restrictions have thrown more thousands out of work, may wonder what sense there is to talk now of labor shortages and may ask why a "labor draft" should be necessary.

It is a fact, however, that shortages have occurred and promise to be more acute. The United States is now committed not only to raise and equip and maintain its own armies, but to supply food and munitions to the British, the Russians, the Chinese, the Australians, the Dutch, and any other armies and peoples assistance to whom the government believes essential in the prosecution of the war against the Axis. Nobody knows how much physical material will be required to fill these demands. The program for 1942 calls for 60,000 planes,

45,000 tanks, 20,000 anti-aircraft guns, 8 million tons of shipping, and enormous quantities of rifles, machine guns, anti-tank guns, and other gear. Up to February 1, 1942, more than 90 billion dollars had been appropriated for military expenditures—more than three times the money spent by this country between 1917 and 1919 on the First World War—and this was only a starter. The dollar sign had lost its meaning and the task of calculation was moved over to men and munitions. The result has been a statistical bender.

How many men will our armies levy? On the 27th of January, 1942, the President said that "from 6 to 10" American Expeditionary Forces were planned for or on their way or had already arrived in various parts of the world. As this is written there are 1,700,000 men in our Army; before the end of 1942 the Secretary of War states that 1,900,000 more will be in training, making a total of 3,600,000 men. On the 28th of January Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, national director of Selective Service, said that probably the greatest number that could be taken into the Army would be between five and six million men. This calculation was based upon the belief that there are in this country between 57 and 58 million men and women able to work and upon the belief that to conduct a present-day war it requires the labor of 10 persons to supply one fighting man. In short, our greatest task will be, not to fill the Army, but to find and put to work those suppliers.

It is not often remembered that the United States narrowly escaped just such a man-power crisis before. That was in 1918. Some understanding of the present situation may be gained by retracing the old pattern.

II

From 1914 to 1919, first because of war manufacture for the Allies, then because of our own war production and great civilian demand, there occurred an extraordinary expansion of American in-

dustry. Labor shortages were showing up here and there shortly after the war boom began. The stoppage of immigration had shut off one supply of additional labor; there remained three other big sources: Negroes, white women, and the white farming population.

The number of women who quit housework and schoolteaching either to work at industrial jobs or to take the place of men in other jobs has been estimated to have been as high as a million. Hundreds of thousands left the farms for war jobs. Labor agents swarmed through the South recruiting Negroes; by the first of January, 1918, more than 400,000 had gone north. The shortage grew more acute. The bars were let down at the border and 20,000 Mexicans were brought in; 2,500 Bahama Negroes were imported for government construction at Charleston; every source of labor was ransacked.

Once labor was secured competitive bidding began. "In building the Nitro, West Virginia, powder plant . . . agents were employed to recruit laborers and transport them to the plant, bidding against other Government agents recruiting for other plants." This competition was for common labor; the bidding for skilled labor reached fantastic proportions. In one case a group of skilled metal workers in Pittsburgh were kidnapped and taken to Seattle.

Three-quarters of the war contracts—aside from shipbuilding—were concentrated in the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. Into the big centers in these States the war workers piled up, living in shacks, rooming houses, and makeshift shelters of every description, jumping from job to job as the bidding went on. As the difficulty increased of distributing workers where they would be needed, and as the rising cost of living brought friction over demands for higher wages, the labor problem became more complex and strained. To deal with complicated questions of wages, hours, and places of

work no fewer than 13 Federal labor adjustment boards were at work; to discourage moving from one shipyard job to another on the Pacific Coast, for example, wages were made uniform in every yard. Every expedient was resorted to in harvesting the crops; 21,000 boys were recruited for this purpose in Illinois alone. Numerous government and private agencies set about training workers. "Girls were trained to do just one job. The sole object of the training was to make a girl skilled on a single operation in the briefest possible time."

Still the demand mounted. Grosvenor B. Clarkson, who was Director of the United States Council of National Defense in 1918, has described the final stages in this situation, as Federal control of labor hove in sight:

Waste man power was found in large numbers of men of German birth . . . it was not thought advisable to send them into active service . . . arrangements were made to employ them in manual labor for the Army. . . . Similar action was taken with respect to conscientious objectors, soldiers physically unfit for active service, and military prisoners. . . . The Army was persuaded to accept discharged convicts whose offenses were not treason, felony or infamous crime. Special efforts were made for the employment, chiefly in agriculture, of such discharged prisoners as did not enter the Army. Interned enemy aliens were put to work on the roads. With the assistance of local authorities and, in some States, of special laws regarding vagrancy and idleness, thousands of tramps, bums, and loafers were put to work. The waste labor in corrective institutions all over the country, if not otherwise employed, was turned to the reclamation of waste material. . . . Congressional action was sought for the authorization of prison labor in producing supplies for the Army and Navy.

By the late spring of 1918 it was clear that some sort of Federal control of this anarchic situation was inevitable. In June, President Wilson urged that after August 1st employers should recruit skilled labor through the United States Employment Service exclusively. This request had slight effect and, in September, 1918, a Labor Priorities Section was added to the War Industries Board. General Crowder had already issued his

famous "Work or Fight" order. Then, suddenly, the war ended—but not before the government had come to the verge of drafting labor.

III

The complications and the strains of the war-labor shortage were not completely forgotten and, after the passage of the National Defense Act of 1920, the Army set about devising plans in the event of another war. Their analyses of the problems of raw materials, war industries, and labor were popularly known as the M-Day Plan.

The 1931 edition of the Plan said this about labor:

Labor: The assurance to industry of an adequate labor supply, both in numbers and by occupational qualifications, will require the organization of a labor administration with an administrator of labor, appointed by and directly responsible to the President, at its head. In addition, labor will be represented in the organization of the director of war industry by the appointment of its natural leaders to positions on the war-service committees. Among the more important problems to be considered are the minimizing of excessive migrations of labor by an equitable distribution of war orders, the prevention of unethical competition for labor by war industries, compilation for the information of the President of lists of industrial deferments required for efficient operation of war industries, the avoidance and settlement of industrial disputes, and the co-ordination of employment services.

The Plan got some criticism and little popular attention. Labor people, when they considered it at all, denounced the scheme as a dictatorial plan to rivet the shackles on the unions and coerce the people. Their denunciations were underscored when, in one edition of the Plan, an "outstanding industrial leader" was substituted for labor's "natural leaders." Most people never heard of the Plan at all.

American participation in wars was largely dismissed during the boom years, and after the crash of '29 the minds of most people were preoccupied with pressing domestic problems. It speedily developed that labor migration was one of those problems. There was little

exact information about it. For years farmers in the grain belt had depended on roving harvest hands, lumber workers had been migrant for a hundred years, the I.W.W. was all but founded on migrancy. But in the depression the migrants and their miseries caused plenty of talk and finally, with *The Grapes of Wrath*, ended up in the best-seller lists and the movies. The House of Representatives set up a Select Committee to Investigate the Interstate Migration of Destitute Citizens. Popularly known as the Tolan Committee, from its chairman, Congressman John H. Tolan of California, this group became migrant itself and moved about the country, holding hearings and piling up mountains of testimony and statistical matter that laid bare the bones. Presently the Committee collided with a new sort of migration, that induced by the letting of British and French war contracts and, later, by our own defense efforts. Blair Bolles described this in *Harper's* last October in "The Great Defense Migration" and told how 107,000 people seeking work had moved in on Connecticut between the taking of the 1940 Census and the first of July, 1941; how Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with 16,000 inhabitants, was suddenly forced to swallow 10,000 more. Already the pattern of the First World War was repeating itself.

But there was a difference. Now the newcomers were received with fear and dread. In the towns were memories of the collapse of the old war boom in 1919-20 and even more recent depression experiences. Mr. Bolles cited the remarks made by William S. Newell, President of the Bath Iron Works, to his employees in December, 1940. "I feel compelled to urge you," he said, "to save some money while you have it coming in for the ebb-tide condition that is bound to come." While Mr. Newell was warning his help 30,000 new workers were pushing into Wichita, Kansas, to work in the aircraft plants. A resident described how "the Board of Real Estate fought the defense housing project with every ounce

of political pressure it could bring to bear . . . this fear of expansion is a new phenomenon of American life; really it is fear of the future."

The new sort of "expansion" that the Wichitans feared was actually the coming of total war. Total means entire. Entire includes Wichita real-estate men, the Bath Iron Works, and the Okies.

IV

What had happened?

When the big defense production effort got under way in the summer of 1940, just after the fall of France, it was generally believed that we could go on having business as usual, guns *and* butter. The country was torn with bitter contention over just what "defense" was. The President had said that nobody needed to be "discomboomerated"; that the ladies would be able to get their chocolate sodas. Some of the New Dealers contended that there wouldn't be steel enough, but Mr. Gano Dunn reported that the capacity of the steel industry was sufficient for both civilian and military needs and that expansion was not necessary. The Army and the Navy in the award of contracts went as usual to the big industrialists who were equipped to take such contracts and who would undertake the responsibility of delivery.

Progress was most unsatisfactory and the National Defense Advisory Commission—which had tried to co-ordinate and channel the government ordering—was succeeded by the Office of Production Management, headed by William S. Knudsen, the former president of General Motors, with Sidney Hillman as his associate.

The problem was this: The war material had to be turned out and men had to be found to do it. This meant a first call on the country's industrial plant and some planning for the skill and labor that would be required. As far as industrial plant was concerned, the resources were of two kinds: there were the great mass production industries—the automobile

industry was chief of all—and there were the multitude of small factories scattered about the country. The logical use of this plant meant the systematic conversion of the great industries to war production as speedily as possible, which would permit the subcontracting of parts, spreading out the production into thousands of smaller plants. It meant also the discovery of some means to utilize the enormous plant and machine-tool capacity scattered through the country in the small businesses which had never been subcontracting satellites of big business and *which had a labor supply with which they were well acquainted near at hand.*

Any such method of going at the problem meant that a strenuous effort would have to be made to organize the labor supply. In addition to some seven millions of unemployed, skilled and unskilled, there were additional millions who would have to be shifted from civilian work to labor in war production. The situation was already acute. On February 4, 1941, a month after the organization of OPM, labor shortages were reported from many places and labor migration was increasing. An analysis by the WPA showed that 85 per cent of the contracts were going to 12 States in which lived less than half of the people who were on WPA.

As early as December, 1940, California aircraft companies were advertising in New York State papers, offering skilled workers up to \$2 an hour, moving expenses, and a guaranty of a year's work. Almost a year later, on November 14, 1941, it was found that 54 per cent of the employees of the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation of San Diego had been last employed in other States. At the same time people from California were trekking across the country to get jobs in the aircraft plants at Farmingdale, Long Island.

All during the spring and summer months of 1941 Bernard Baruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board in 1918, had been making trips to Washington. He had talked to the President; he had

set up an "office" on a park bench from which he dispensed advice and observations in general. He had testified before a Congressional committee: "Because the conversion of facilities from peace to war production was not begun soon enough, we now face—virtually overnight—widespread dislocations, temporary unemployment, and possible business failures."

But the argument for conversion of non-war industries was getting nowhere. The Reuther Plan—a labor union suggestion for the pooling of idle tools and men in the automobile industry and their use for arms production under a joint board representing management, labor, and the government—was submitted to the government in December, 1940, and got short shrift. War production was still being superimposed on peace production. For their part, automobile makers were complaining that "it was many months before they could get hold of an order, or any letter of intent" indicating that they might go to work on war-production jobs, in preparation for which they had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. Meanwhile automobile production was running full blast and as late as May, 1941, only 13 out of every 100 workers in the automobile industry were engaged in defense production. Of course at that very moment there were unemployed automobile workers in Detroit and elsewhere.

On August 30, 1941, the OPM—impelled chiefly by an impending shortage of raw materials—ordered a 26.6 per cent cut in automobile production. The announcement of this drastic curtailment—and of a subsequent and even sharper one in December—threw Michigan people into consternation, coming as they did before any conversion plan had been worked out. The Governor estimated that somewhere between 150,000 and 200,000 automobile workers would lose their jobs. He said:

This dislocation will create a very real danger of outward migration, as industrial workers move back to their former homes or travel to other areas in search of work. One of our main

problems will be to prevent this out-migration from having undesirable results and leaving a shortage of workers when our defense production reaches its peak in 1942.

As for small business, despite the fact that engineers estimated that there were 150,000,000 man-hours of small plant capacity in the country and 700,000 machine tools that would take 2 years to make, little progress had been made. There had been remarkable performances in York, Pennsylvania, and in Kansas City among small firms which pooled their resources; there were pools operating in Providence, Toledo, and some other places; the washer and ironer industry, which had been knocked out by priorities, had a 12½-million-dollar contract; but aside from this and the subcontracting done by the big industries on what war contracts they had taken, small business was nowhere.

Then, on the 7th of December, 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

V

The situation at the end of that first week in December was this:

1. "Business as usual" was making a last stand.

2. The application of priority cuts had either shut down many plants making durable consumption goods or had seriously curtailed their operations. This was particularly true in the case of hardware, refrigerators, radios, furniture, silk goods and plumbers' supplies. Floyd Odlum had predicted the bankruptcy of twenty thousand businesses. The *Wall Street Journal* reported on December 3rd that about "90 per cent of all defense awards in New York City have gone to about a dozen plants and these have been running at practical capacity for some time." Small plants were closing and in New York City, where more than 20,000 iron and steel workers are employed, many were being laid off. Work could not be found for displaced silk workers in Scranton and relief lists were climbing. Similar jams were reported in scores of other towns.

3. A combination of fear and prejudice and expediency had created artificial shortages. Despite the distinguished military and industrial record of Negroes during the last war—a gang of Negroes broke the world's record for riveting at Hog Island in 1918—discrimination against them in employment had reached such

a pass that the Negro press was on fire. The same sort of discrimination was directed against Jews as well as against Germans, Italians, and other aliens or persons of alien parentage.

4. Competition for skilled labor was getting hotter, despite the fact that large numbers of skilled workmen were jobless. "Though there seems to be a great shortage of pattern makers all over the country, here in Flint the pattern makers are almost idle."

5. Statutes passed in the wake of war scares were causing obstructions. For instance, aliens were forbidden by law to work on "secret, confidential or restricted government contracts" and employers who permitted this could be fined \$10,000 or imprisoned. But the Army didn't specify what secret, confidential or restricted contracts might be and the employer, to be on the safe side, made citizenship a requirement. The easiest way to prove you're not an alien is to produce a birth certificate. It is estimated that there are 45,000,000 persons in the labor force in this country who have no birth certificates and it is sometimes very difficult to prove that you were born. The result is that State Health Departments have been driven crazy. Ordinarily such departments would handle perhaps 10 birth-certificate cases a week. By February, 1942, such departments throughout the country were trying to handle 84,000 cases a week.

6. The number of women in industrial jobs was rapidly increasing. In July, 1941, Hillman had asked primary contractors to employ more women. Gradually aircraft companies began both to employ and train women for riveting, drilling, and other processes; one company was advertising for women qualified for welding, lathe operation, and other jobs. Moves of the same character were occurring in other industries.

7. Unskilled labor was on the move, despite the urging of the U. S. Employment Service that workers check with their local offices to make sure there were jobs in the towns toward which they were bound.

8. The practice of uniform wage contracts had been revived and was in effect on the Coast.

9. Rents and the cost of living in the war-industry areas were soaring; housing projects were way behind; workers were living in dumps, doubling up in rooming houses, commuting great distances, spending on trailer camps.

10. Strikes were complicated by jurisdictional disputes and the feud between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O.

What was required was not only some method of organization whereby the award of contracts could be expedited, existent plant capacity used, civilian needs provided for, and greater speed in

production attained, but also some means of making an inventory of the labor skill and putting it where it was needed. Essential skills had to be reserved from the Army for production purposes, but what was "essential"? It was impossible to tell when the production bosses themselves were floundering in indecision.

All through the rest of December the situation was riding to a crisis. On the 2nd of January the decision was made to stop automobile manufacture on February 1st. Presently unemployment in Detroit was rising fast. The maximum amount of unemployment compensation was \$16 a week and it could run no more than 18 weeks at the most; and an official had said: "When we realize that even the Chrysler Tank Arsenal, at its peak production, will be using only about one-twentieth as many man-hours per day as are represented by 250,000 unemployed, it is clear that each week's delay in mobilizing Michigan's man power and machines completely is a catastrophe." Could it be that more conversion was possible now than was believed a year ago? "Of course," the *Washington Post* quoted Mr. Knudsen as saying, "now that there is nothing else to do."

Finally, on the 16th of January, the President issued an Executive Order giving Donald Nelson full mobilization power over industry, labor, and government as head of the War Production Board. OPM was through; Mr. Knudsen was made a Lieutenant General and assigned to the task of overseeing production at the War Department. Maybe there would be better luck now.

VI

The business of gathering up man—and woman—power in January, 1942, was carried on by the employers of the country, by private employment agents, and by a number of branches of the government, of which the most important were:

1. The Army—recruiting men under draft age.

2. The Navy—recruiting for itself.
3. The Marine Corps—recruiting for itself.
4. The Selective Service—conducting the draft.
5. The Civil Service Commission—placing people in government jobs.
6. The United States Employment Service—placing people in industry and agriculture.

These agencies, public and private, were all carrying their pitchers to a common well and there struggling for first place—or rather for first chance at certain kinds of water. The chief object of the struggle was skilled labor.

The government had anticipated shortages and for months numerous other agencies had been preoccupied with the problem of training people to meet the shortage.

One of the most important of these agencies was called Training-in-Industry, which was attached to Mr. Hillman's Labor Division of the OPM. The function of this agency was to promote and keep track of employers who took on unskilled help and trained the help in 4 to 12 weeks in a single operation. The training completed, a dozen or so of these single-operation workers are turned over to an all-round skilled man who oversees their work. This sort of tactic is called "dilution," the breaking down of a skilled job into many small operations. The most promising of the recruits as they gather experience are "upgraded" into the ranks of the skilled. Actually it is a system designed for the mass production of partly qualified apprentices. Training-in-Industry also undertook to instruct foremen in how to oversee the training.

A completely different group of agencies were attached to the Federal Security Agency. The Office of Education was pushing along with the oversight of vocational education in the public schools, training that had been subsidized by the Smith-Hughes Act in 1917. Another branch under Federal Security had the overseeing of quick training in simple processes and was called Pre-Employment; another branch offered supplementary or "refresher" training to per-

sons who had skills but who had either got rusty while out of a job or who hadn't worked at a particular skill for a long time; still another office was concerned with Out-of-School Youth. Then there was an outfit called Engineer-Science-Management Defense Training, which was carried on with the help of the engineering and technical schools and was intended to "give intensive instruction in a narrow field to prepare the trainee for specific duties in as short a time as possible—normally between 2 and 6 months of full time or part time study." In other words, this was the dilution technic applied to the higher brackets. There was also an office dealing with apprenticeship.

By the 31st of December, 1941, these various branches produced the following figures:

<i>Total Enrollment July 1, 1940 to December 31, 1941</i>	<i>Active Enrollment December 31, 1941</i>
Pre-Employment 771,679	126,769
Supplementary 889,796	168,474
Out-of-School 373,892	45,277
Eng.-Sci.-Mgmt. 261,748	105,000
Youth Admin. No. 5 . . . 520,398	111,540
<hr/> 2,817,513	<hr/> 557,060

This meant that 557,060 persons were in training and that 2,260,453 were already trained and ready for employment, but not necessarily employed. There were also 350,000 vocational students under the provisions of the Smith-Hughes Act. The Training-in-Industry office had given training to foremen in 752 plants where 1,080,215 persons were employed and had, in one way or another, promoted dilution training in 2,000 other plants where some 2,800,000 persons were employed. Also the CCC was supposed to be dusting off its enrollment for war work if not for armed service.

These people, be their training good or bad, were either employed or were available or soon would be. But assuming that Nelson was able to make headway with the War Production Board, how were the skilled and the unskilled to be

promptly fitted into the jobs which the efforts of his Board might provide? The migrants were still on the move; the want ads and the activities of labor agents showed that employers were still trying to fill their needs in the old way. No efficient way of handling the glut of people piling up in defense centers had been devised. And glut there certainly was.

And what about the total supply? That wasn't known either, though numerous agencies had considered the problem, arriving at figures ranging between 57 and 60 millions of persons.

On February 3rd the Bureau of Labor Statistics thought that the labor force at the end of 1942 would be 57.4 millions divided thus:

Armed forces	4.2	millions
Unemployed	2.4	"
On farms	8.5	"
"Non-agricultural"	42.3	"
	<hr/> 57.4	"

They believed that there would be *an increase in the number employed in war work rising from 5 million in 1941 to 15 million in 1942*, and warned that discrimination against the employment of women, of Negroes, and of other minority groups would "seriously interfere with the Victory program."

Was 57 million enough? Enough of what? Enough lens grinders or cotton pickers? Nobody knew what was enough. All there was to go by was the recollection of the jam in the last war, the knowledge of local shortages and of widespread migration, and the belief that an acute stringency was approaching.

It had been foreseen that some such situation might arise, but the possibility of labor control was not admitted. In the late autumn in Washington rumors were afloat. "I cannot discuss the subject," said one of the men in the Social Security Agency; "it's dynamite." The Labor Section of the M-Day Plan had risen from the dead. After Pearl Harbor the tension on the subject increased. It was rumored that Security Administrator Paul McNutt had handed the President a

plan for a board to deal with the question. Naturally the board would have a chairman. There was a good deal of speculation as to whether Selective Service would be given control of the distribution of labor. Or would Sidney Hillman be in charge?

On the 19th of December the Tolan Committee brought in a series of recommendations calling for immediate changes in the war program. After giving elaborately detailed consideration to the problems of production and conversion, the recommendations asked that "the transfer of displaced workers shall be planned in advance and not after the fact of unemployment. The first prerequisite for such planning is the complete inventory of available labor supply . . . on planning of defense production." The Committee argued that the re-employment of the unemployed and the transfer of workers from non-military to war work should be an integral part of the planning of production. The aim of the Committee was a single civilian board with full responsibility for war production and civilian needs, completely equipped with engineers and representatives of the armed forces. What this amounted to was a revival of Baruch's 1918 War Industries Board with the Army and Navy thrown in and with bona fide representation of labor. The Committee didn't deny that control of the labor supply might not be essential; they were simply concerned about who was going to do the controlling and how. They regarded with favor the British system whereby the whole responsibility for man power, including the levying of soldiers, was vested in a civilian Ministry.

If a labor inventory were to be undertaken there were just two sets of machinery in the country that were already set up and working: the Selective Service with 6,500 draft boards and the Employment Service with 1,500 offices. The Employment Service had consisted of 48 autonomous systems in the States, tied in at Washington. In December the Presi-

dent had asked the States to consent to a national consolidation. Then it became known that after February 16, 1942, when the draft registration would be held, registrants would receive an elaborate occupational questionnaire; the facts gathered would be shared between the Employment Service and the Draft.

The unions, whose interests were most critically involved, were practically caught asleep at the switch. Rumors of a labor draft brought a sharp recoil. A railway union paper on February 3rd had a headline: "Man Power Mobilization Plan Alarms Labor; Sees in It Resemblance to Hitler's Methods." The publicity office of the United Mine Workers' *Journal* said over the telephone, "If you're talking about that McNutt Plan, we're against it." On the 2nd of January Mr. Murray, head of the C.I.O., wrote to the President: "Up to the present no coherent labor supply policy has been established by the government. . . . It seems to me that a sound administration of labor supply . . . would mean a grouping of the important training and labor supply agencies under the direction of the Department of Labor. It would mean the transfer of the United States Employment Offices to the jurisdiction of the Department. It would further mean the assignment of general supervision over the entire problem to the Department of Labor."

This suggestion, however, was not exactly a plan. The Reuther Plan had been a brilliant natural and the more it was kicked around the more of a natural it became, whether the union got in on the management or not. But the unions had no plan to promote in case the crisis made a labor control essential. The C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. had been at loggerheads for a long while and though their heads agreed to be peaceable for the duration of the war, they were not prepared to press their claims for real and not "advisory" participation in the labor control machinery.

VII

Some sort of control, however, is coming. The Director of the Employment Service said on February 3rd that the employment offices "are not capable at this time of taking on this substantial additional job of registering millions of men who are not now seeking jobs" but that "the next logical step is the control of hiring in critical skills through the employment offices." The Employment Service has not been an unqualified success and in numerous localities it has been inefficiently managed. The employment office in Pittsburgh or Cleveland will look at its lists to fill a demand for 1,000 welders; if there are not enough local welders on its lists it will call the offices in nearby towns and pick up what they have, and so on in a widening circle.

But the control will go farther. General Hershey has said that "if this war is going to be the kind of war we are visualizing now, it is going to take all of our man power"; and "if you are going to use man power wholly and efficiently, you have to allocate it on a central plan and not as each particular man decides or desires his part should be"; and "you are going to have to distribute your cream, your rich milk, your skim milk, and the bottom of the milk where you can use it"; and "England has now gone practically to conscription for labor, the same as it has for the armed forces, which means very close control."

In other words, the prospects are that in order to carry the war to a successful conclusion the labor of practically every able-bodied person in the labor force will be required; and the question of where the individual's services may be used best, no matter how unskilled he may be, will eventually have to be decided by someone other than the individual him-

self. If the Employment Service cannot undertake the job, and no other means is devised to handle the problem, probably it will be up to the Selective Service Administration and the 6,500 draft boards.

At an early date, for example, we may look for a combing of the student body of the colleges. Since there is a shortage of doctors and since technical training is essential, those in the medical and engineering schools will no doubt be taken care of easily. But the candidate for honors in English Literature or the Fine Arts may have a surprising future ahead of him.

There has been a great deal of confusion over this question of a labor draft. It has been talked about in vague terms, partly out of ignorance of what may be needed and partly out of expediency. The idea is repugnant to Americans. The words "labor draft," "compulsion," "control of hiring," have unwelcome associations. Military conscription has at least the strength of tradition behind it. There is no tradition behind a labor draft, only the fact that we missed one by a close shave in 1918.

But this much is now clear. Many millions of men—and of women too—will be desperately needed in the war industries before the end of 1942. The machinery for placing them where they are wanted is now so inadequate that an immense work of organization lies ahead. If the job cannot be done without rationing the labor supply and ordering men and women to go where they are needed, the rationing and the ordering will come. If and when that is necessary, it will be vital that the logic of the situation be clearly explained to the people, so that they may know without question that what is proposed is no arbitrary action of the government's but a deadly necessity for the winning of the war.



MR. AUERBACH IN PARIS

BY GLENWAY WESCOTT

ALMOST everyone felt a greatness of some kind about old Mr. Auerbach; the feeling did not derive from his appearance. Little by little he was going blind, and his eyes, under the necessary lenses of magnifying glass, were unattractive. He had a roly-poly neck, the nape of it strewn a little with snow-white hairs. His lips pouted with no definite shape. All his features were large in proportion to the physiognomical area they occupied. It was an expressive face, waxing with enthusiasm, waning with worry; but in the least emotion, even happiness, he looked as if on the verge of tears, which in one whom you knew to be a man of power seemed absurd.

But no matter; if you could not see you could sense that he was shrewd and honorable in business, and very strict in the more intimate aspects of morality, charitable, intellectual, and art-loving. He was a millionaire retired from a great career of finance management and speculation. In philanthropies of the ordinary sort he was not only generous but painstaking; yet it was a poor substitute for the big business he had given up. He had also occupied himself acquiring a fine collection of paintings by old masters, working hard at it. But still he had time on his hands, money to spare, and superfluous energy; which made the loss of his eyesight especially hard for him.

One whole year in my young manhood I was employed by him. At the start I had only to read aloud while he ate

breakfast and before dinner, and occasionally, for two or three hours after dinner. Certain English and German newspapers interested him, as well as the *Times* and the *Sun*. I knew how to pronounce German and gradually learned what the more recurrent words meant. In the evening we concentrated upon highbrow books: biographies, histories or art, and essays.

We read, I remember, an essay entitled "Leisure and Mechanism" by Bertrand Russell, the point of which was that it is better to do nothing and amount to nothing than to do a wrong thing. To make clear what this meant the noble author cited a certain newspaper-magistrate who had no vices and slaved away faithfully at his lifework; and, year in and year out, for millions of newspaper readers, set the vulgarest example and advocated entirely evil policies. It would have been better for the world if he had lain snoozing on a miserable sofa or under a shade tree all his life, the philosopher said. The effect of his virtue and industriousness had been only to increase the harm he was in a position to do.

This essay infuriated Mr. Auerbach. He arose and strode round and shook his fist. He had respected Russell as a master-mathematician and admired him as a great liberal and a pacifist, but this was the limit! With his most tearful look, shaking his forefinger at me, he maintained that work, hard work, no matter what hard work, was all-essential. It was a good thing in itself, indeed it

was the basis of morality. Save for the necessity of it, with the sting of poverty in the lives of the poor and the desire of rich men to get richer, all men would lapse into themselves in drunkenness, lewdness, and every vile, selfish habit, he said. This righteous wrath was my introduction to a form of puritanism which is an important problem to-day, pro or con. In Mr. Auerbach's case it was not connected with any religion, although there was an echo of Elijah or Jeremiah in the tone of his remarks. After this he would not hear another word by Bertrand Russell and often referred to him as frivolous and a bad influence on young people.

Now and then he told me what I wanted to know about himself. Like many German-Jews in those days he was romantically pro-German. Born in the United States, the son of an old-fashioned, comfortable banking family, he was sent for higher education to Heidelberg and he never got over it. Our involvement in the so-called World War struck him as a wicked mistake; and after quarrelling with certain relatives and business associates he retired from the firm he had founded, and suffered in silence while Germany was being defeated. Even the charities of wartime were against his principles; and it was then, in the sudden loneliness of his rich Park Avenue apartment, that he was inspired to take up art collecting.

In the spring I accompanied him and his wife abroad in a half-secretarial, half-filial capacity, chiefly to keep him company when she was engaged and to give him my arm at street corners where his failing eyesight was not to be trusted. He took a last look at the museums of Europe through great binoculars, focussing them as close as he could get to one painting after another; and he added a few final treasures to his collection.

Since the War his dearest philanthropy had been assisting the German universities to re-equip their laboratories and to bring their libraries back up to date; and he had to see people in Berlin and

Munich about all this, and some very distinguished sociability went with it. Even in England he found a way to be serviceable to the Fatherland, in the correction of prejudices left over from the conflict and its vindication in the eyes of the world. That was in 1923. There was a group of Englishmen just then, half in and half out of government, whose international policy and attitude toward the erstwhile enemy suited him. They were idealists, pacifists, and radical economists, and various liberal gentlemen who simply admired Germany, in its national temperament and culture and political philosophy as it appeared then, more than they admired their own nation or its allies.

Three or four were rather famous figures in 1923; to-day they have been forgotten. I think that we should be reminded of them and when peace is declared again ponder their example and strange influence. They founded something called the Union of Democratic Control, and they constituted what we should call a brain trust round Ramsay MacDonald while he reversed the foreign policy of Great Britain and abandoned so large a part of its military and naval power. To familiarize the general public with their principles they had a magazine, and it was in this particular that Mr. Auerbach could help them—he defrayed a part of the expense of publishing it.

As Mr. Auerbach's seeing eye and strong young right arm, I had the privilege of meeting these influential men. Their aristocracy and refinement of manner and general culture were astonishing to me. Certainly the several politicians whom I had encountered in the United States were not in a class with them. And they were far from the phlegmatic type of Britisher; they expressed their gratitude to Mr. Auerbach over and again, and indeed our impression was that they would have been glad of his company even if he had not entered into their plans for the peace of Europe.

Perhaps I have not given enough em-

phasis to the fact that Mr. Auerbach was a very good companion; a really civilized, knowledgeable old man. It was extraordinary, given the narrow range of his life as a whole and the complacency that as a rule develops with the making of a fortune. For almost half a century his days had been spent in Wall Street, in intense concern with money matters. He once confided to me that in his waking hours, until the hateful war left him to his own devices, business had never been out of his mind for more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time; even his beloved beautiful wife had not distracted him from it. Yet now in his old age he had some grasp of all the main features of culture as such, and a personal point of view about it all. A love and a knowledge of music had come to him from his family, and having begun to buy art, he had mastered the essential facts about that also. On his brief annual holidays abroad he had kept in touch with all sorts of Europeans, and he appreciated the best in England and France and Italy as well as in Germany. He had a host of appreciative friends in New York, though not much intimacy with them; and even those who kept a bitter memory of his lack of patriotism in 1917 admired the dignified way he bore the onus of it. He had an odd, superior, deceptively simple nature. To me he was almost a hero in spite of the fact that I was to some extent, you might say, his valet.

From London we journeyed across to Paris. It was in April; the French spring came early that year. It was my first trip to Paris, I was young, I had never loved a city before, of course I loved it. The famous festive style and modest proportions of its architecture surprised me as much as they pleased me; all so pale, with a rosy tinge early in the day and a blue tinge later. The beauty of Paris is too well known to write about, although naturally now it is being forgotten. The weather that week was enchanting; the sunshine rippled over everything and at the same time the moisture in the air

veiled it. Those old-fashioned carpets of flowers were brought from the greenhouses and laid down amid the Tuileries and the rectangle of the Louvre and elsewhere—extremely neat patterns in the fragrant, soft cross-stitch of all the petals. The mild breezes in a few days wore them out, until the greenish and brownish warp appeared; then overnight those patterns would be gathered up and replaced with a fresh set.

Every evening we dined in the Bois; at that age I was not a gourmet, but I liked dining with fragrances and to music. What I liked best was the hush of the streets at twilight, when suddenly you were aware of the voices of the Parisians, light soprano and tenor voices, tired but complacent about the day's work, turning with their peculiar kind of gratitude to their sentiment, pleasure, and sleep. Parisians get sleepy somewhat as birds in dusky branches do, sociably, with murmurs welcoming it. Every midnight when Mr. Auerbach retired I ran away to Montparnasse, and I was almost in love with Mina Loy, the famous muse, famous there then.

One afternoon Mr. Auerbach and I came out of a great picture-dealer's in the Rue de la Paix, and turned into the Place Vendôme. He was very cheerful. We had gone to look at a little fifteenth-century Italian madonna which, as it was described to him, he had expected to want badly; and he had been in a mixed emotion, telling himself that he ought to resist the temptation to buy it. But just now, with his binoculars on it, he had decided that it was not all it should be. This made him glad of the long time he had spent educating himself in matters of the Italian Renaissance; it had saved him money. And as he liked to feel that I was learning from him little by little, and in this issue I decidedly agreed with him, he was well disposed toward me too.

He was smoking a cigar, wielding it in his strong small fingers, often moving it from here to there across his sensitive mouth, gesturing with it and pointing

with it, enjoying it. He would smoke only the choicest variety of Havana cigar, imported by him as his chief self-indulgence. We had brought along upon our journey a small trunkful of them, which was troublesome for me; at every boundary between the absurdly narrow countries I had to declare their number and value and pay duty and keep an account of it. I remember that we had a few left upon our return to New York, and I amused myself by estimating what they were worth at that point, with the accumulated assessments—a matter of several dollars each.

Mr. Auerbach liked to offer them to his friends, especially in Europe where during the War everyone had been deprived of such things. But I observed that he offered them only to the rich or the ex-rich. The poor, he assumed, would not have appreciated a blend so delicate. Even smoking, in the way his mind worked, was a thing to be made a study of, like art or like foreign affairs; and in all things the opinion of the professional and the expert was gospel. He himself smoked all day long, and Mrs. Auerbach was inclined to attribute the diminution of his eyesight to that; but she was far too sorry for him to discipline him. As diagnosed by famous oculists in Zurich and New York, the trouble was organic somehow; but for my part, thinking as usual on the basis of rash intuition, I decided that it might be mental or spiritual.

There we were, that April afternoon, strolling around the Place Vendôme, in no hurry, talking and smoking. I, in a spirit of economy, was trying to accustom myself to French cigarettes, and Mr. Auerbach jokingly promised to buy me something better; my rank little puffs beside him spoiled his fine smoke. We paused for a moment and gazed round at that small place which is (I think) the heart of Paris—that octagon of architecture standing with a strange lightness, apparently one-dimensional like a screen. I have always fancied that it could be overturned with a good hard push but

that, in three centuries, no one has really touched it. Middle-class Parisians in their shabby garments with their regular steps hastened past us, preoccupied, unself-conscious, with an air of artists in their own studio; and a few upper-class Parisians and very similar foreigners went slowly into the Ritz.

The sun was shining, but so diffusely that it cast only slight shadows; the form of the Colonne Vendôme lay like a mere recollection or suggestion across the pavement. Yet it was too sunny for Mr. Auerbach; he had to shade his tragic eyes with one hand. He stood a moment in that attitude of looking at Paris; he drew a deep sigh; and he said, "I tell you, my boy, Paris is the most beautiful city in the world."

It struck me as odd and sad to hear a man who was half-blind pass judgment on the appearance of a city. But, I thought—I who had never seen this city before—what a vision of it he must have in his acquisitive mind's eye, built up at intervals in perhaps fifty years. Perhaps, I reflected, the estimation of the young, bright-eyed, unbiased observer is the least authoritative of all. Certainly I could not imagine a more beautiful city.

Mr. Auerbach sighed again. "And I tell you," he added, "it would be the greatest city in the world too if the Germans had it. What a pity they lost the War!"

I could scarcely bear to hear this, just there in the sunlight, with fine-spun shadows on the pavement, and the fragrances of tobacco and petrol and women borne round us by the courteous breeze; just then, in 1923, so soon after the treaty of peace. I exclaimed, "But why, Mr. Auerbach? Why?"

You see, I was not in a position to deny what he said. I was an outsider, what you might call a virgin tourist. I was not pro-French at all, I did not know the French. On the other hand, I had spent a year in Germany and I was fond of certain Germans. There was no bias in my heart, not yet; no French fearfulness,

nor even the expectation of another Armageddon. I suppose, in fact, that hearing Mr. Auerbach make that statement was the first political or historical fright of my life.

"Why, Mr. Auerbach? Why should the Germans have it?"

"Because France," he replied, "is a sensual, effeminate, idle, decadent nation. The Germans are superior to them. The Germans are a wonderful race; they are virile, hard-working, patriotic, self-sacrificing, with the future before them."

I think we never spoke of it again; in any case I did not make a quarrelsome issue of it between us. It was a history lesson for me. The point of it was the extraordinary lack of foresight of so many well-meaning Germans and German-Jews, caring for nothing in the world so much as the recovery of that injured, invalid Reich which was to grow too strong for them, so soon. I have mentioned the important English believers in Germany; there were a good many of the same persuasion and influence in every country.

The scorn of Mr. Auerbach also first suggested to my immature, uninformed American mind another grave problem: the problem of the weakness of France. Evidently Great Britain and the United States have expected too much of that

nation which they have loved more than any other; and now many Englishmen and Americans say of it, word for word, what Mr. Auerbach said. A better understanding of its nature and limitations, a measure of exoneration in the eyes of the world, will be one of the chief difficulties and one of the noblest aims of the peacemaking after this war. I myself think that an entirely Anglo-Saxon world, with no respect for the weak Latin nations, no interest in their grandeur of art, no confidence in their antique sagacity, would scarcely be worth living in. Both the heritage and the future expectation of humankind would be cut in half; and it would be absurd, like a world of men without women.

Mr. Auerbach did go blind, a year or so after our journey abroad together. For various reasons I did not keep up our friendship, so that I never had to sympathize with him in person concerning the fate of the Jews and those superior liberal Aryans in Germany whom he so fondly admired. I do feel a peculiar pity for men of his type who go forward in their minds to meet and indeed welcome a new violence of history with no notion that it concerns themselves and those they love. As to the relative strength of Germany and France, Mr. Auerbach did not live to see how prophetic he had been; he died in 1938.



SOME GLASGOW PEOPLE

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

AN American feels more at home in Glasgow than he does south of the Tyne. Faces, store windows, signs, the style of the buildings, remind you of the Middle West or eastern Canada. There are moments when you can imagine you're in Montreal or St. Louis. There's something too that makes you think of parts of America in the attitude of people toward one another. The porter who put your bag on the sleeper in London when you left was a man with a deep-seated sense of ritual; the Scot who dourly did you the favor of taking it off had none. Now, in the third year of the war, in Scotland you notice still another difference. There's more plate glass left in shop windows; the downtown streets are busy with a more normal bustle of shoppers than in London; there's less feeling of being under siege. You can ride around town on a bus for miles without seeing a trace of bombing. This is the industrial back country that's producing the tools of war, not the front line.

What I wanted to see, as I jogged down the cobbled streets that afternoon last autumn on the glassed-in top of a bus, was what kind of people were being produced by the war factories along with the munitions. That was the question I tried to put to everybody I talked to: What kind of society is developing in Britain as you fight the war? It's a hard question to answer. One of the reasons why man has so little control over his destiny is that it is so hard for any individual to gage the underlying drift of the society he is living in. Jolting along

on a bus under the gray skies of this cast-iron town that I'd never seen before, I was well aware as I looked at the closed faces round me and watched the shabby groups slouching outside of bars or waiting for streetcars, so like the people you'd see on the streets in Toledo or in Bayonne, New Jersey, that it was not a question I could find any real answer to at all in a few days' trip. All I could hope to do was to collect a few notions, straws that might or might not give me the set of the wind.

One exhibit I'd collected that morning right after stepping off the train. It was too early to make any calls, so after breakfast I started to roam about the streets. On Glasgow Green, famous center of a century's oratory and no little slugging and swatting in behalf of the working class, I found myself admiring an edifice called the People's Palace. The back part is one of those great greenhouses with vaults and domes of glass and iron that were built in the middle of the past century to satisfy the enthusiasm for tropical plants of an eager generation of gardeners and botanists; the front part, a soot-eaten mansard structure, is a municipal museum. The elderly guardian seemed to want me to come in, so before I knew what I was doing, I found myself in a dim hall studying with some dismay case after great glass case full of silver fruit dishes and punch bowls, sculptured soup tureens, huge silver set pieces, groups of writhing figurines that the relentless silversmith had tortured into bases and handles of vast unwieldy cups.

They were Sir Thomas Lipton's yachting trophies.

The walls of the rooms were taken up with framed photographs of those endless yachts the damyankees had always been able to outsail, of Sir Thomas being piped over the side in the company of windblown dignitaries, of Sir Thomas at sea and Sir Thomas on land and Sir Thomas grinning under a yachting cap. Then there were watercolors by members of the family, embossed parchments and testimonials, a sketch of the house where he was born: all the paraphernalia of one of the success stories of the past century—the Glasgow lad who made good. From grocery boy to merchant prince. Yachtsman swept on a flood of weak tea up into the world of sport and regattas and kings. That had been Glasgow's golden legend for the nineteenth century.

As I walked away from the People's Palace across the so fresh, so often rained-on Green I came out on a great carpet factory, which some architect giddy with Ruskin had equipped with a façade in colored tiles that was a nightmare parody of the Doge's Palace in Venice. Well, that was what they wanted. What did we want? How much easier it was to plot the mind of the past than the mind of the present. Patently Lipton's life was what Glasgow had wanted in those days; what sort of thing was it wanting now?

Later in the same day I ran across another exhibit. I was taken to meet another Glasgow boy who'd made good, very much alive this one: the bristling red-headed Irishman who has made such a great name for himself as liberal Lord Provost (so they call the mayor in these parts). Instead of the older generation's thrift, and patient compounding of self-interest, and canny adjustment of balances, and the wait for the gambler's lucky option on a shipload of goods, there had been quite different rungs in this man's ladder. Somewhere at the base was the urgent need of betterment of working people's lives at a time when they were helpless in the industrial

process as sheep in the boarded-up passage that leads to the shambles. The driving force had been the reformers' hope that the golden age was at hand if only the Liptons of this world could be put down. The result is a warm-hearted, cold-hearted, explosive man, easily fired by any generous dream, a practical promoter of social justice with a cheerful knack for making a holy show of himself, for playing a somewhat comic part—a man who thoroughly knows the city politician's business. Probably he never forgets the kiddies' first names or what aches and pains the old people had last year, or how long a step the pallbearers should be taking when the grand old wardheeler is being carried to his grave, or how to look standing bareheaded in the rain while the Requiescat is being read over the victims of the industrial accident. You can see that his head is packed full of knowledge of the back alleys as well as the highways of his city, that his reflexes are quick as a cat's to respond to the slightest stumbling move of that manyfooted, manyheaded, blind, striving beast, the public. Add to that honesty of purpose. A cheerful and lively example of the type of public man who rose to power in many places in the period of humanitarian adjustments between the two wars. Sir Patrick Dollan is very much a figure for Glasgow's golden legend for the first third of this century.

II

But now what new type of leadership, you can't help asking yourself, is being developed by the tough exigencies of this time? The man beside me on the bus, who had been detailed by the local representative of the Ministry of Information to show me around, was a square, quiet young man with rather colorless face and hair. He sat beside me huddled in his raincoat, not looking to the right or the left. Not much clue there. Mr. Edwards had started in life working in a neighboring sewing-machine factory. Meanwhile he had gone to night school

and put himself through a work people's college. Now he was on the pay roll of the Ministry reporting on matters that pertained to the working class. He had just come back from the Orkneys where he had made a survey of how laborers doing war work up there lived. He was a quietspoken, inconspicuous young man with a tough knot of ideas under his skull I never quite managed to unravel during the time I spent with him. He believed, up to a certain point, in English ways of doing things, but he obviously was not shocked by the methods of his ally Stalin or his enemy Hitler. You felt that all capacity for righteous indignation had been exhausted at home long ago. To say this of a Scotchman is saying a good deal.

This afternoon, still warm from the Lord Provost's excellent conversation and from the excellent whisky and the excellent lunch he had provided for the inquiring visitor at the cosy old Hotel North Briton, I was on my way down the long clattering street that leads to the shipbuilding and factory sections that stretch to the westward along the firth. After leaving the center of town we passed through one of those no-man's-land regions of ruined real estate values that are so much part of the landscape of any industrial city, and then came out on a bright new section of model apartment houses, the sort of project into which the Lord Provost and his friends had put so much of their energy and persuasion. They were comfortable-looking buildings well adapted to city life and represented what the period between wars accomplished in real social advance. Beyond them were freight yards, railroad tracks, and then began the industrial towns proper, almost exactly like any other such towns the world over.

My guide began to point out the work of the German bombers. Though they didn't seem to have scored many hits on the shipyards, they had done an extraordinary job of slum-clearance in a band several miles long and several blocks wide stretching parallel to the river.

Mr. Edwards said that even on the worst days the number of men reporting for work in the yards never dropped below seventy-five per cent of the total employed. It was obvious from the steaming and hammering that came from these yards as the bus trundled us past their gates that they were far from idle at that moment.

We got off on the very active and comparatively undamaged main stem, and went to visit a new A.R.P. post that was being developed in the shored-up ruins of a blitzed school. The warden in charge was inordinately proud of his dressing station. It had taken him a year to get it, but now he had a dressing station that would really work next time the Jerries came. He even had a real operating table. You could see he almost wished they would come back so that he could get a chance to try out his fine equipment.

From there we went to see the public dormitory for single men and the public dining room that is so much of a necessity in the British industrial towns these days when men's families have had to move from thirty to a hundred miles away from the factory centers. In a country where even in piping times of peace only a few well-to-do people had cars, getting workmen home even once a week overtaxes the bus and train services; so many men are depending on private initiative for lodging in the form of dirty doss houses and for food in inadequate eating joints that have to close up after a bombing because they can't get supplies. To fill this need a chain of so-called British Restaurants has spread over the country (in spite of most desperate efforts on the part of the catering interests to stop them), furnishing meals at cost to all comers. It was one of these that Mr. Edwards took me to see. It was set up in what had been a theater and concert room connected with the Town Hall. A lot of stout freshfaced women were in a great bustle getting ready for the rush that would come when the shift that downed tools at five o'clock came out of the shipyards. The tables were clean,

the floor was swept, the soup smelled good. For ninepence you could get as good a meal as anywhere in Britain. It was typical that no one there could tell us what organization ran the restaurant. The freshfaced women were there to get the meals and that was all they knew. Most of them were paid but some were volunteer workers.

As we stepped out in the raw, drizzling afternoon again, Mr. Edwards suggested that since we had a little time before the five o'clock shift came off we might as well go to see his pigeons. He made the suggestion ever so shyly, but when I took him up on it, you could see that pigeons meant a great deal to him. He fancied carrier pigeons. As we walked up a back street toward the suburb where his house, so he put it, used to be, he talked with enthusiasm of the great races his pigeons had flown in, from Brussels and Montpellier and Marseilles and Belgrade and Rome. The worst blow of the war, as he felt it, had been the interruption of the pigeon tests. He thought of Europe as an indivisible map on account of all the capitals his pigeons had been shipped to in their little crates. He'd never seen the Continent but his pigeons had. I said I didn't know private individuals were allowed to handle carrier pigeons in wartime. "Registered fanciers can," he said proudly.

It was a street of small comfortable houses of the type that are described in Britain as semidetached villas. They were fenced from the street by iron railings or little stone walls or hedges and had gardens front and back. The only trouble was that they'd all been knocked down. "Fortunately I only lost one pigeon from the bomb," explained Mr. Edwards. "This used to be father's." He pointed to an irregular pit full of rubbish. "It was rather a mess before they cleaned it up."

An old man was aimlessly puttering with a spade around a little plum tree. "This is my father." He introduced him vaguely and led the way out back through deep grass to a wooden shed.

We popped cautiously one by one through the door so that the birds shouldn't get out and found ourselves in dim light reflected off whitewashed walls among the slender gray bluntbeaked birds that looked out at us from nests and perches with bright ringed startled eyes. Mr. Edwards caught each of his birds in turn and while he gently stroked its back explained its life history and exploits. Then he said with a sigh, "Now I suppose we'd better go back to the shipyard workers."

Back on the main stem we found ourselves for a while on the outskirts of a group of men who were talking about the war. The general trend of the conversation was that the toffs in charge of the government weren't getting ahead with it as fast as they might. These Glasgow shipyard workers seemed to have no illusions about the war or anything else, except possibly the dog races at the local track everybody went to as soon as he knocked off work, but you could hardly have called them downhearted. "If the English make a separate peace it'll be the devil of a long war" was a crack that caused a certain number of heads to wag in approval.

Later in the evening we went to eat haggis with the family of a shipyard worker who lived in one of the Lord Provost's model flats. The husband was a stout ash-haired silent man, the wife was an intelligent well-read woman who was steeped in the type of radical movement culture you find among Jewish families of the needle trades in New York. Her education, and it was real education, she had got from listening to lectures and reading socialist tracts. She was a great personal admirer of Emma Goldman's, though she said her ideas were too flighty. Upton Sinclair's novels she found too full of propaganda. She liked books, she said, that told her about things as they really were. Their daughters were lively, well-dressed young women who were hurrying out to meet dates for the movies.

Naturally the first thing we talked

about was the Russians. At home Mrs. Jackson thought the communists were pretty silly, but in Russia—that was different. It was only since Russia had gone in that British working people had really believed that this was their war. I brought up the question of whether working people didn't make a better living and possess more human rights right here in capitalist Glasgow than in Moscow in the socialist fatherland, but nobody was interested in it. It was the Russians who were holding out against Hitler; it was the Russians who had the working-class state. At home the Jacksons suspected the government of sabotaging the Russian effort. The official uppercrust in England had always wanted to help Hitler against Stalin. Could they be trusted to help Stalin even to save themselves? What about Churchill, I asked them, could he be trusted? As far as he went, they thought Churchill was fine, they said; but there were too many things he didn't know about. Why, in a debate in Parliament it had turned out he didn't know what a boardinghouse was. He didn't know that there were some people in this world who had to live in boardinghouses.

A few days later, in a tiny village of stone houses, looking out toward the north tip of Ireland and the Hebrides, it was the same story. I had been taken to tea at the house of a tall, black-eyed, beetlebrowed young man and his red-cheeked wife. He'd been a herring fisherman all his life. They both spoke a beautiful correct English with hardly a trace of a burr, the sort of ideally pure language I've heard occasionally among the older people in isolated places on the coast of Maine. Their cottage was a tiny clapboard shack. They had a bigger stone house of the local picturesque type but they saved that to rent to summer visitors. The floor shone, it was so clean.

We sat on scrubbed cane chairs, and drank tea and ate hot scones and talked about the state of the world. Their information came from the radio and the

occasional newspaper that drifted over from Campbelltown, but their opinions seemed to be their own. There was a good deal of talk about Scotch nationalism; about how the exploitation of Scotland by English capital had hindered the development of the country, especially of local waterpower. They were enthusiastic for co-operatives, but they were hot against the black Campbells; or that may have been a joke. The lady who had brought me to call on them announced herself a Jacobite and they seemed pleased. Bonny Prince Charlie over the water and that sort of thing. In spite of their good sense there was a trace in their talk of the sort of befoa' de woa' romantic gush that has tended to stultify the minds of generations of Americans who have happened to be born south of the Mason and Dixon line. They were a little too proud, perhaps, that they still spoke Gaelic (they pronounced it Gahlic) and that they knew the songs and dances that had been handed down by the old people: but I could see that the lady who had brought me, who was very much the folklorist, had been buttering them up about it. What I'd like to have complimented them on was the beauty of their English.

At the word Russia they really warmed up. They were not communists, not in the least, but they felt that Russia was the working-class state, that it was the Russians who were really going to destroy Hitler. As a herring fisherman, the young man was interested in Russia because in the old days when England had had good relations with Russia, St. Petersburg had been one of the great markets for salt herring. The Russians used to eat a world of herring and that helped keep the market up. I put in that in helping Stalin destroy Hitler we were helping a lesser evil against a greater, but they didn't pay much attention. They admitted that Stalin had wiped out every trace of personal liberty and that the Bolsheviks had destroyed the co-operative movement, but still they said they trusted the Russians

more than they trusted the treacherous southerners who ruled the Empire. "We fishermen," the young man said with a smile, "we fishermen can't complain of this war, we are getting a good price for fish."

III

Again in the south of England, when I had a talk with the man who, a couple of weeks later at the shop-stewards' convention at York, was to turn out to be one of the leaders of the shop-steward movement, it was the same story. I had gone out to meet him where he worked at an airplane motor plant outside of London. It was the noon hour, so he took me round to the union local. There we met two other shop-stewards who took us into one of their committee rooms and shut the door. We sat at a long table over mugs of bitter ale and they talked clearly and at length.

Like so many other metalworkers and engineers, Walter Swanson was a Scotchman. He was born in Glasgow. He was a broad-shouldered young man with light sandy hair, a dense white skin, and widely-spaced, hard, gray eyes. As he talked he emphasized points with a light tap of a chunky fist on the edge of the table, or by screwing up one eye in a confidential half-wink. Now and then he paused to let one of his friends explain something. One was a middle-aged, red-faced man, stoutish and quiet-voiced, a Scot too, who had worked as a machinist all over the States. The other was a skinny, intent-eyed Englishman with a scraggly mustache. They told me that they had been thinking out what they had to say to get ready for the convention. It was on the tip of their tongues. There was an air of well-ordered good-humored energy about them, something straightforward and up-and-coming I couldn't help liking.

They were among the very few men I met during my whole month in Britain who seemed to have real drive.

These were the men who represented the young fellows with neatly parted

hair stuck down with brilliantine, and the trim girls (for these islands well-dressed) I saw at work in the bomber-plant I was allowed to visit, which in spite of the enormous extent of the shops and worksheds, had the look of a polytechnic high school at home where metalwork and machining and lathing are taught. It's in these plants that the brightest and most energetic of the new generation of working-class Britishers are being prepared for the future. How these new people develop is of the greatest importance to self-governing institutions. It's this younger element that the shop-stewards are speaking for.

First they explained what the shop-stewards were. They were the direct representatives of the workers in the plant. They were elected by secret ballot and could be recalled by a vote of no confidence. Originally they had been merely interested in the adjustment of grievances and minor details of working conditions in the shop, but since Dunkirk, and especially since Hitler's attack on Russia had brought it home to the British workers that the Jerries were attacking them as well as the toffs who ran the Empire, their main interest had been in increasing production. To increase production the efficiency of both management and labor must be stepped up. They reeled off a string of cases in which workers in this plant alone had increased production by technical suggestions.

What had happened here, the man who'd been to America broke in to explain, was that they were getting on better with management than with the salaried officials of the trades union organization. "They're fast growing into their desks like the other deadhead bureaucrats. . . . They're part of the government now. They're too high and mighty to hear what a mere worker has to say."

The first thing though, Walter Swanson added hastily, was to win the war. The boys at the benches had plenty of confidence in the boys in the R.A.F.

They knew how to use the planes all right as fast as they were turned out. It was the men who'd grown into their desks at the War Office and the Admiralty they worried about. Why weren't they really helping the Russians? What were they up to in the East? "'Avin' a spot of whisky and soda while the natives shine their boots," broke in the redfaced man who'd been to America. They'd almost lost the war already and still they were as full of old-fashioned ideas as ever. There wasn't any great question for the present between capital and labor; the question was between efficiency and inefficiency.

The workers had all the money they could use, they weren't worried about food, one of the things that had made them sorest was Churchill's speech last summer telling them they would have more food for Christmas. They didn't need more food. They needed to feel that everything possible was being done to win the war.

"The Government means well I think, but they don't have the imagination," said Swanson. He added that living conditions, lodging particularly, had to be improved; government slowness and stupidity were really hindering the war effort there. So many workers had been blitzed out of their homes or else had had to move to new industrial sections. They couldn't bring their families. That was a constant worry to them. Nothing had been done to assure them of decent lodgings. All the government did was send out lists of lodgings available in a certain area. A man who'd been working all day had to spend half the night wandering around the streets looking for a place to sleep. There was no inspection. Most of the lodgings were filthy dirty, there were bugs in the beds. That was why so many decent women who wanted to do war work had been opposing Ernest Bevin's draft. If they had to leave their homes to go to work how could they be sure of finding a respectable house to lodge in? The lodging problem was only a detail, but it was typical. The government made no

effort to understand working people's needs, and the trades-union officials less than anybody.

"That's wot worries us 'ere," the man who'd been to America interposed soothingly. He jerked his thumb toward the young man from Glasgow. "'E's goin' to make a noise about it."

"What can you do about it? What kind of pressure can you bring to bear?"

"Not so much. . . . We can let 'em know we're alive."

Riding back on the bus through miles of industrial no man's land where you couldn't tell whether the houses had been blitzed or not, so ramshackle they were, to Shepherd's Bush, that most mournful of urban centers in peacetime or wartime, I wondered how much of my question that talk with the shop-stewards had answered. The shop-steward movement was at least a heartening effort to apply the self-governing habit to industry. These young men had an air of vitality and good sense about them. Maybe they were a sample of the new leaders. Time would tell.

In my opinion we English-speaking peoples are facing, all of us singly and collectively, the *aut Caesar aut nullus* dilemma. To survive at all we have to reconquer the world the Tories have lost. To win the war, and more especially to win the dangerous peace that will follow it, we must have, as well as supremacy in aviation and industrial brains, a fresh formula for the application of our traditional self-government and all the social habits it implies, to the modern industrial setup. We need social inventions as desperately as we need military inventions. I can't see any other way of getting the necessary drive behind the fighting forces—to say nothing of the immense organizing imagination that will be needed for the tasks of the peace—than to make the whole working population partners in industry. The shop-steward movement in England may be doomed to defeat, but it's the sort of symptom that keeps you hoping.



MEN MAKING BOMBERS

BY LEWIS MARSHALL THOMPSON

IT WAS October, 1941. A congressman had just made banner headlines in every big newspaper in the country by suggesting that during the time of national peril we should go back to a forty-eight-hour week.

I was working at one of the largest aircraft factories in the United States. My job on that particular day was to take up the men's old badges and passes and hand out new ones. "Didja read in the papers to-day," a man in the drop-hammer department was saying, "about that louseface wants we should work a forty-eight-hour week again?" He was standing in line waiting for me to take his fingerprints, fill out some identification blanks, and then give him his pass and badge. He was talking sullenly, defiantly, to the man behind.

"Yuh know wot that means?" the other man said. "That means we work Saturdays like we work Mondays, or any other day. No more time-and-a-half on Saturdays. Those jerks can't do that to us—Saturday is over our lawful forty hours."

It was ten o'clock. I had come on duty at four in the afternoon. For six hours I had been hearing similar outraged comments; so I wasn't surprised. These men weren't "reds" or "trouble-makers." They were just typical defense workers as I learned to know them during the months just preceding the attack on Pearl Harbor.

"What's the difference?" I said. "If the government needs the extra hours why not work them? You're making

more than you ever made before as it is. Hell! this is wartime, buddy."

"Howdya like that?" the first man said. He poked a gleeful finger into his friend's rib. "We got a patriot here. Somebody get a flag, quick."

The factory was one of five major airplane plants in the outskirts of Los Angeles. It was so large that company regulations forbade girls to walk from one part of the plant to another unless chaperoned by a male employee. When I first went to work the factory was hiring for steady employment about two hundred men a day, and figuring on maintaining that rate until the personnel of the plant, which then numbered about forty thousand, was almost doubled.

That is a lot of men. They poured into southern California in great droves, lured by the fine climate and the high wages. Few of them were anxious to be working in a defense plant because it *was* a defense plant; but they loved the wages, and the jobs made some of them immune to the draft.

Applying for a job was in itself a long, long task, which began and ended with wearisome standing in line. I had turned up one morning at six o'clock, which I figured would be early but which wasn't. There were at least fifty ahead of me. When my turn came it was nearing noon. I was given a simple I.Q. test, then a three-hundred-question psychological test in which the same questions were put several times in varied disguises in an effort to induce contradiction. It contained questions like:

1. Do your nerves ever get so jumpy you feel you just can't stand it any longer?
2. Have you ever worked in a place where you thought you knew more than the boss?
3. As a little child did you ever steal small things like candy and cookies and change which was lying about loose?
4. Do you think it best to be utterly frank at all times?
5. Do you ever experience difficulty adding long columns of figures?

A week later I was summoned to take typing tests and tests which consisted of checking over long figure-splotted sheets of paper while being timed relentlessly.

Men who applied, I noticed, did not wear their Sunday best. They wore overalls, open-necked shirts, and the well-worn pants that mark a mechanic. The interviews were endless. All through the several-day procedure identical tried-and-found-efficient phrases were used. This saved repetition of instructions. If you had to go from one building to another you would merely be told to "Follow the red line," and the red line would snake in and out through the maze of buildings, straight to the door through which you were expected to enter.

If you were not already insured against injury the company thought it advisable that you insure yourself. The plant's own policy took care of your hospital expenses during the time of injury or illness, partially paid the doctor's bill, and cost but a dollar a week. The small booklet which accompanied the policy specified that \$25 would be paid for any fingers which might be lost, \$50 for any arms, \$75 for legs, and \$100 for any chunks of spine removed. The final item said that \$150 would be paid to any girl who had to have her uterus and ovaries removed.

The men were not resentful of the long procedure. On relief, WPA, and kindred agencies they had been filling out similar interminable forms and submitting to interviews as searching; for a great many Americans this submission and these forms had become a way of life. Those who got jobs were ultimately

assigned to crews, each of which had a certain job to do in the gigantic assembly line.

The planes—bombers and pursuit-interceptors—which that assembly line turned out were all made of thin slices of aluminum. The thin sheets were tacked on to the framework by rivets. You could walk up to the side of the big, hostile-looking bombers and dent them in with a thumb push. Yet few accidents occurred. Occasionally a man would crash a small hand-propelled truck through a ship or inadvertently unloose a tail clasp, letting the weight of the engine smash the nose of the plane on to the floor because there was no front wheel yet to support it. "I done it again. There goes three days' pay," the man would comment sourly. He wasn't particularly sorry. He had only delayed a plane; it wouldn't take much time to repair it. Of course men at work on new planes would have to stop and repair the damaged one. But to the man whose hand had slipped the international aspects were unimportant. He had no patriotic regrets; he was merely disgusted.

The plane he damaged was tagged immediately with an insurance tag, and the man was laid off for three or four days without pay—ostensibly so that he would not have to suffer the jibes of his fellow-employees, but really so that he would move more carefully in the future.

Even though I worked in the police department, I heard of no sabotage. I do not think there was any. It would have been almost impossible to do any damage without immediate apprehension. The plant was too closely guarded. Lunch-boxes were opened for inspection as the workers passed in and out, to see that they contained no bombs and no tools. Supervision was constant. Employees were required at all times to wear their badges in plain sight. These badges contained the man's personal identification number and indicated by color the shift he worked on and which of the three plants he was stationed in.

His department was shown by the large, readable number in the middle. If a man without a "Roving Badge" were seen outside his department he would be immediately detained for questioning.

Many of the men were incessantly on edge. Fights inside and outside the plant were not infrequent. In my department for instance a cringing little chap—once a typist in Terre Haute—accidentally brushed against another typist in rising from his table. The other man, a whopping big chap, jerked the little fellow round and smashed a hamlike fist into his face that sent him reeling and rolling into the far corner. The attacker, dismissed immediately, gave the excuse that his nerves were jumpy. The next night, out on final assembly, two chaps lightly bumped each other under similar circumstances. In an instant a bloody battle was enacted in which both men were messily injured, after which both were sent home for several days of enforced vacation.

The lunch-hour did not tend to relieve tension or to increase a worker's output. Unless he brought his lunch he was not likely to find adequate bench space upon which to sit, nor would he find enough table space in the few restaurants in which he might order a decently clean meal. So he streamed out with eight thousand others who ate simultaneously, dashed recklessly across the street and pushed through the huge mob up to the hot-dog stands and beaneries. He screamed out his order, and when it was checked into his outstretched hands retreated to the nearest curbstone and settled himself with feet in the gutter.

To attract business the "eateries" played records and showed short-subject movies in an open-air theater. The records were mostly pornographic; girl employees learned the art of ignoring them.

Across from the main entrance of the plant three credit jewelry stores sprang up. Defense workers were great ones for splurging on jewelry for themselves and for their girls when they could find

any. Each week the vying gem shops offered free tickets to the football games to the men with the highest poker scores on the back of their pay checks, or a free trip round the country by train with an extra stopover at the man's home, wherever it might be, or anything to clip off that extra five or fifteen dollars the men were making compared with what they used to make back home. I do not know if anyone ever won those trips. I do know that men with confidence in the future or even with adequate entertainment facilities for their leisure time would have found better use for their dollars.

II

The four men I knew best were the ones I rode to work with each day. They were for the most part like their fellow-workers; and when I speak of them I speak pretty much of an entire aircraft plant.

The factory is situated off the street car and bus lines and, for the night shift, is inaccessible except by car. Workers with cars put their names, their addresses, and the routes over which they drive to work each day in the personnel files. If you have no car you get in touch with one of those men whose names are in the file. You pay him a dollar a week. He picks you up on the way to work and drops you home afterward.

Mac's car was a '29 Ford sedan with every possible useless accessory. Mac himself had a five-inch chrome cigarette case, a ball of chrome which had been fashioned into a lighter, a chrome flask in which he carried lukewarm Coca-Cola. But his car had no brakes. Often Mac would throttle it up to seventy on the down grades, exclaiming: "See, what'd I tell ya? Not a thing wrong with it except it won't stop." The car had no horn either. If Mac could not have a five-tone musical horn he would have none at all. He just whistled warningly.

Mac was short and stocky, with a

fuzzy homely face. He was twenty-two and came from a Texas farm. He was not a union member and didn't want to be one, but he wore a union button which he obtained from a member who had two of them. He figured that he would get less pushing round if he displayed it. Mac's folks' farm was near Abilene in North Texas, and he was forever talking about Corpus Christi on the southern coast of his State. "It is the prettiest place in the world," he would insist. "It's down in a valley; very fer-tile, very tropical." Mac spoke dreamily hour after hour of the rich oilmen who turn yachtsmen and live in Corpus Christi. One day he told me he had never been there. "Still," he said, gesturing at the California landscape, "it's prettier than anything out here."

Each Friday he would make what he called a "blanket bet" with me. He would take all the Texas football teams against whomever they might play, providing of course their opponents came from out of the State. Of course Mac usually won, and his victories only strengthened his belief that nothing short of Texas was right. The day Rice whipped undefeated Tulane, 10-9, he turned to me earnestly: "They should make with the seceding and set up their own Republic," he said.

Jim was from Ohio. When Jim spoke of Ohio he spoke proudly, like a man who owns the prettiest girl in town and is telling the boys about her. Ohio was Jim's girl. "Ohio," Jim would observe, "why Ohio has more cities with over three hundred thousand population than any State in the country. Next to New York and Pennsylvania, if you know what I mean, Ohio has more electoral votes than any other State. Columbus, where I come from, is an educational town. Eight universities, if you know what I mean." Jim had been a garage mechanic back in Columbus.

With Norman it was Iowa. "Born in the country, left the farm for the big town—Des Moines. Judas! What a

city! Nothing but insurance companies there, see? Naturally those kinda joints are filthy with girls working in them. Thousands more girls than men, that town has, see! If you want to have a good time Des Moines is the place." Norman had been a \$16-a-week stock boy in a Des Moines department store.

That was the way it was with all the men. Hardly one out of fifty came from California. They were just temporarily in California—living in the plush, getting \$35 a week, and often more. Back home \$20 a week had represented a goal to work toward. They were uprooted—willingly, yes—but uprooted nevertheless. And they didn't know what to do with themselves; there were not even a tenth enough girls in the factory to go round. The men knew no one in California. Perhaps they had lost that feeling of being in a permanent home in the United States. Perhaps that is why they didn't work harder to preserve "freedom"; perhaps that is why almost every last one of them would have gone out on strike twenty-four hours after the union promised a \$5-a-week raise. Talk about Texas, Ohio, and Iowa aroused nostalgia in Mac and Jim and Norman—that same unsettled, rather sad homesickness you got when you had left home at fifteen and couldn't find work when you reached New York or Chicago.

Harry also rode with us in Mac's car. Harry was an amateur philosopher. He had a very dull job for a long while, a job on which he did nothing but make little dents in sheet aluminum with a temperamental machine that raged and roared in his hands. Finally after three miserable months Harry was transferred. "What," I said, "do you do now, Harry?"

"I make blow-holes," Harry said unemotionally.

"What are blow-holes?" I asked.

"Well," began Harry, "you take an acetylene torch and two pieces of metal and something slips down between the pieces and eats through one of them and

the Leadman comes over and bats your ears for it—that's blow-holes."

Harry had also a small job on one of the aircrafters' newspapers, a semi-weekly, which contained news from all southern California plants. Such papers were given away at the entrance of each defense plant and had a circulation of about fifty thousand or more. The plant itself had a small paper, a weekly. In each edition you could find the re-run of an AP or UP story which described how an American-made plane either trailed a wounded submarine, shot down in spectacular combat a German bomber, or had in some other way drawn praise from its R.A.F. pilot. This was how the plant sought to inspire its men with zeal for the tremendous importance of their task. The reaction was apathetic.

Perhaps some of the men's lack of enthusiasm was the result of a false sense of security engendered by working among so many military planes. I found myself, I know, again and again forgetting about German superiority in the air. What had we to fear? Every inch of the great building was bristling with massive bombers, with wiry, dagger-nosed pursuit-interceptors, the fastest ships in the sky. What could Germany or all the world do against that long line of planes? At all events, most of the men worked no harder to turn out planes than they would have worked manufacturing ashtrays—just hard enough to satisfy the boss. Their attitude was vividly reflected in the penciled comments and pictures, startlingly like those on the walls of a public toilet, which covered many of the planes. Crudely drawn nudes with such inscriptions as Mary, Jeanie, Lorna, Bill's Girl, or Hedy Lamarr; an arrow pointing at a heavy-hipped, bulging-breasted woman with perhaps a pair of stockings on.

III

These men were not soft. Those who worked out in the open field on final assembly went right on working in severe

weather. Others worked night after night in the endless bedlam of the drop-hammer department where great weights come hammering down on sheet aluminum, smashing it into required shapes. But the war meant little to them. The year before most of them had been jobless Americans, possessed on the average of no talent except the usual American aptitude for tools and mechanics. The jobs they got in the plant gave them an existence whose entire economic outlook depended on continued war. They knew that with the end of the war they would be jobless. It wasn't a comforting outlook. There seemed little reason for working hard.

For a while the public regarded defense workers in aircraft plants as heroes of a sort, but this changed. People began to refer to them as "those defense-worker punks." Perhaps they brought it upon themselves with their wild driving, their frivolous expenditure of what was to them an incredibly large salary, and other "punkish" actions. Perhaps not. At any rate the phrase reveals how little they had to fight for.

Many of them were buying homes. They were putting themselves in hock for the price of a bungalow, a new car, furniture, clothes; all purchased on long, stringy-termed credit. In many cases it came to a total of about \$5,000. Say they made \$40 a week—it takes a long time to pay off \$5,000 at that rate. They were really in hock, and they knew it. They figured that when the war in Europe stopped they would be lost. All those endless miles of new bungalows, all those numberless marriages that they had contracted upon the happy receipt of a defense worker's salary—what would happen to them?

For instance, my friend Mac figured on marrying Janie, who worked part time at Woolworth's. He was worried though about how they could manage after the emergency spending program stopped. Mac didn't think they would want to go back to his folks' farm in Texas, but he was afraid they would

have no choice if work became scarce.

Would thousands of men have to go back home? If so would they go back brimming over with a knowledge of machinery? Perhaps they wouldn't be willing to leave the cities they had come to know. The lot and outlook of the defense worker was not conducive to ambitions of solid citizenship. He was a transient worker, a migrant in a world that was changing too fast for him, in a country of which he personally was not altogether too sure. Rents were raised on him; super-salesmen considered him fair game; he was the target of all high-jackers. He had virtually no decent source of entertainment such as a man's home town and friends provide; he badly needed a U.S.O. which no one had the slightest intention of giving him.

He wanted to give a damn but he could not find anything to give a damn for. He didn't work nearly at top production; production was being stepped up solely through increase in workers. He became suspicious when his patriotism was appealed to. He had learned in the past ten years that you cannot pay the landlord with patriotism or stifle a hungry infant's yells with patriotic speeches. He was not disloyal; he loved his country, deep down inside him, almost as much as he hated his country's enemies. But there is a vast difference between what he was willing to fight for and what he was willing to work for. And as he saw it, he was not doing permanent work for America, but purely temporary work for a plane factory.

IV

Then on December 7th the Japs raided Pearl Harbor. Some of the men in defense plants, in the first tumult of indignation, sped for the nearest recruiting station; others saw the crisis with a jaundiced eye, through a glass darkly, and simply were not anxious to serve. But the majority of the men knew that they were more important right where

they were than they would ever be toting a musket. Those who feared they could readily be replaced preferred to volunteer rather than be drafted. They concluded that volunteers would be given preferential treatment.

There was quite a change in the plant. The whole public-address system was turned over to a news broadcaster, and important bulletins blared into every department as fast as they came in from the war zone. The company, through its own teletype machine, received the news simultaneously with newspapers and radio stations throughout the country. The purpose of such a procedure was to put an end to false rumors which might circulate through the assembly lines and also to impress upon the men the importance of the crisis.

The day after New Year's work was proceeding as usual; suddenly all paging through the public address loudspeakers ceased. A new voice cried out dramatically to every corner of the plant. "We regret to inform you, Manila has fallen into Japanese hands! General MacArthur is still resisting savagely! The naval base at Cavite is undergoing occupation by the Japanese at the present time. We will relay more bulletins to you the moment they come in!"

Such excitement made some of the men nervous. "I gotta do something," Norman complained. "I'm not a factory hand; I gotta join something in this thing. Maybe I'll try for the air corps."

"They can take me up as high as they want," Mac mumbled, "as long as I've got one foot on the ground."

"Not me," said Johnny. "Boy! I was sitting in the old cockpit of one of those pursuit ships to-night. Boy! Giving it the gun! It sure feels wonderful sitting there, shaking those old machine guns: pit-pit-pit-pit-de-boom! And zooming that old stick around. And the instruments, all over the dump. You oughta see the instruments! It felt just right to me, boy, just right!"

"Maybe I'll go to Africa," Jim announced. "They're going to start a

factory down there in Africa; it'll pay \$490 a month."

"Ha!" says Mac; "he wants to go all the way to Africa to make planes. Whatsa matter, you want a sun tan? Wait'll those red ants start crawling in his pants; I'd rather have the Japs in mine."

The men all agreed that if we must fight with someone and kill someone, they were glad it was going to be the Japs. Of course there was a lot of amateur strategy lobbed about. Many argued violently from the very first that we should under no circumstances undertake to defend the Pacific outposts. Others claimed that we were not quite so unprepared as the Government would have the average layman believe—else how could our few handfuls of defenders have repelled such fierce assaults for so prolonged a period at Wake and the Philippines?

Everybody was a little hazy on his Far East geography. Suppose a few tropical isles were lost? So was the world coming to an end? They tended to regard the whole incident as a campaign similar to the one in which America sent troops to Mexico to smoke out Pancho Villa. Showing an inherent confidence in the American Navy, the men calmly awaited the day when Yokohama, Tokyo, and other Japanese centers would be literally blasted away.

But campaign or total war, the tempo of production per unit of man power increased, and very much. The men now feel that they are not working just for their employers any more. They are working for the safety of American citizens. They are the customers. Consequently they have come to treat their superiors more as equals. When the president of the company walks down the assembly line the littlest mechanic says: "Hi, Bill." And "Bill" squats down under a wing and says: "How are these landing apparatuses going on, fella?" That sort of thing is brand new.

You could not, if you were standing on the assembly line, notice the increase in

work unless you remained watching for a number of hours. But, as Mac pointed out simply the other night, "The guys used to hang around smoking in the toilets. Now they only go when they have to." In the old days when it rained the workmen sometimes complained to their union when they were compelled to work outdoors. Now they good-humoredly drape oilcloth about their shoulders and improvise rude rain hats out of the cardboard spittoons which the plant distributes.

One reason why production has increased per unit of man power is that the plant has gone through a ruthless weeding-out process. This occurred about two weeks prior to Pearl Harbor. The management won't say exactly how many men were dismissed for slack work. Probably about eight hundred. It isn't important though, because the day after the Pearl Harbor attack the plant personnel department heads decided that they might be able to salvage many of the fine mechanics they had dismissed now that America was at war, and the dismissed men more fully realized the import of their jobs as aircraftsmen. So the company recalled the men for an interview.

The majority were so earnest, so sincere in the way they spoke when they said that they wanted to be rehired so that they could help fling planes over to the war zones, that nearly three-fifths of those dismissed men were rehired and put to work at one of the company's subsidiary plants.

Of course there is still room for an increase in output. There are still a few men, glib enough to convince their immediate superiors that they are working their heads off, but who are still doing as little as possible. This thin percentage will sooner or later be fired, depending upon how soon the boss matches glibness against output. Many will be replaced by women, and when they are output will increase still more. Women have so far shown themselves infinitely more conscientious than men and able

to do a man's work faster. The men are a little dubious, though, about having more women about. "Suppose there is an air raid," Warren says. "So they black out the plant, don't they? How much work do they think is going to be done in the dark with half women and half men?"

The most telling evidence of the increase in the seriousness of the men is probably the fact that you don't see nude women drawn on the outside of the planes any more. Instead you see, written carefully where the pilot will surely see it: "Remember Pearl Harbor!"

The men who worked New Year's Eve did not look up at midnight, did not wish out the old year or wish in the new. They worked steadily, left reluctantly when the whistle blew, and went home, for the most part, to bed.

A new department has been added to the plant's personnel—a sort of Commando squad of thirty young engineers and trained employees who can do, with superb skill, every job in the plant. When any one unit of the assembly line is slowed down—which would naturally slow down the units directly ahead—this group of thirty expeditors is rushed to the scene. In a relatively short time, depending upon the seriousness of the jam, they whip things back into shape, hand the job back to its original workers

with instructions on how to keep it rolling, and head for the next lazy spot on the line.

Each man now has mentally selected his own bomb shelter into which he can scoot in case of a raid. Perhaps a metal work bench that will withstand flying splinters, or the vacant space formed and shielded by two fused motors waiting in a corner for installation.

"When the bombing starts and you beat your fanny under that turret lathe," Jim will say, "don't be alarmed if you feel something pushing against you. Just move over, it'll be me!"

Some of the men are too cocky to be worried over possible bombing, but most have a normal, healthy apprehension of it. The plant is so located that American planes frequently fly over it. When the men hear the planes going over they look up. Then they look at one another and give a little grin.

Many find the war ample material for joking. Mac, for instance, said: "Boy! they aren't going to draft me. I'm joining up!"

"What branch you joining up, Mac?" Jim asked as we drove home from work.

"I'm joining the Canadian Army," Mac decided promptly. "By the time they unfurl the red tape and figger out which army I'm supposed to be in and where I'm a citizen of the war'll be over."

Mac joined the Marine Corps.



THE FEDERAL DEBT AND THE FUTURE

AN UNFLINCHING LOOK AT THE FACTS AND PROSPECTS

BY ALVIN H. HANSEN AND GUY GREER

EVERYBODY is grimly certain that we shall win the war, no matter how long it takes or what it costs. But a recent poll of public opinion indicates that the majority of the American people are singularly pessimistic about the post-war future. They believe, apparently, that after victory we shall still have to endure, more or less indefinitely, a drastic lowering of our standard of living, and shall be afflicted with widespread unemployment.

Now everyone knows, if he stops to think about it, that we shall have after the war the most highly developed productive organization in our history. We shall be capable of turning out far greater quantities of the goods and services the people want than ever before. We know too that virtually all the people of working age will be able and eager to operate the organization to make it produce what they want. We know, finally, that *as a nation* we shall be debt free—since we shall not have borrowed abroad—and that we shall have paid the cost of our war effort while making it, simply because we can use up during the emergency only what we already have plus what we can produce. And yet many of us look forward to privation in the midst of potential plenty!

Far too many Americans seem to have sunk into a state of cynical resignation—a dubious frame of mind for waging successful war and one that might be highly receptive to the doctrines of an American counterpart of Hitler. Dis-

illusioned by the political and economic frustration of the two decades between the World Wars, an appalling number of us appear to have lost all confidence in the ability of our economic system to accomplish what in days gone by we used to expect of it. Can we not develop a new state of mind, a new spirit of optimism? Surely we can, but it must be engendered in a program of action.

Questions and doubts are tormenting us that ought to be, and can be, answered and exorcised. What about the size of the government debt? What if we are obliged to increase it, to ward off or cope with another depression? How shall we ever pay it without strangling ourselves with taxation? These doubts and fears are mostly outworn superstitions. They arise mainly out of unthinking acceptance of certain misconceptions about the nature of government credit operations and public debt. In part, to be sure, they are based on a recognition of real and difficult problems confronting us; but such problems are manageable if we approach them with intelligence and courage, free from the dead weight of traditional notions that never were valid anyway.

For example, most people take it for granted that a government debt, though internally held, is essentially like an ordinary personal or business debt and that it must in the same manner be repaid. This notion, as we shall show, is completely erroneous.

Another widely accepted misconception is the conviction that public debt *per se* is the cause of inflation. It is true that rapidly growing debt is sometimes accompanied by inflation. If both are uncontrolled they tend to react upon and aggravate each other. But inflation is caused by something quite different from internal government debt as such.

Perhaps the most terrifying belief is that the debt will surely get out of hand and destroy the credit of the government. This might indeed happen under inexcusable blundering and mismanagement. It may be said with certainty, however, that the danger is of a character quite other than what is generally assumed.

Still another common misconception is that the taxation required to service an internal debt is a drain on the total purchasing power of the national economy. This error arises from a misunderstanding of the processes involved.

Most serious of the popular feelings about public debt is the fear that when it becomes very large the taxation to service it will discourage new investment and economic progress. The danger here is real. But this too is manageable.

II

Before plunging into discussion of these questions it may be well to indicate the line of conduct which, as regards debt and taxation, the Federal Government must pursue in the post-war period. We say "must" because we assume that the American people would not for long refrain from turning out an Administration that failed to perform what was patently possible and necessary. In essence the program calls for the application of a carefully but boldly conceived fiscal policy (use of expenditure, debt, and taxation) to obtain, year after year, substantially full utilization of our material and human resources.

This means in effect the maintenance of full employment (during the hours per week deemed desirable) for all persons able and willing to work—less of course

what is usually described as frictional unemployment caused by shifts from one job to another. It means, if we would preserve the essentials of our way of life, that every possible opportunity will be left open for private enterprise to maintain such full employment. But it also means that government (principally the Federal Government) shall stand ready at all times to see to it that if slack develops such slack shall be taken up—promptly and with work of the utmost possible value to the economy as a whole. It means finally that all activities of government to obtain utilization of our resources shall be so directed as to avoid radical changes in the nature of our economic system; that, save in dire emergency, neither the Federal nor any State or local government shall become an active participant in a field of economic endeavor in which private enterprise is known to be able to do the job, from the point of view of the general welfare, equally well or better.

Plainly there are a number of things that should be done—things to stimulate rather than discourage private enterprise—just as soon as equipment, materials, and man power are available. One is the replanning and rebuilding of our towns and cities, coupled with the production of large quantities of housing of the kinds that are needed. Private enterprise should do most of the actual building and rebuilding, but it cannot properly begin until the replanning is done and it cannot be expected to proceed until the obstacle of over-valued land in the blighted areas and slums is overcome; and this will require public assistance. Another thing is the comprehensive development of the great river valleys (those for which arrangements have not already been made), to the end that all sorts of private enterprise may benefit from our water resources. Still another is a sweeping reorganization, financially and physically, of our railroad system, to improve it and coordinate it with other forms of transportation. Then there is the Public Work

Reserve, now being organized; also the large highway development and improvement program which is under consideration. There is the need for an expanded program of social services, including better nutrition, public health, education, social security in all its aspects. There is need for a large rural development program, including rural electrification, rural housing, soil conservation, reforestation, irrigation, and flood control. All of them can be so managed as either to enlarge greatly the economic opportunities of the citizens or to add immeasurably to the efficiency and well-being of the whole population.

Some of these projects, though productive many-fold from the standpoint of the economy as a whole, will not return to the Treasury one hundred cents on the dollar. Manifestly they could not be undertaken by private enterprise. But they will open up large outlets for private investment. Indirectly to the whole community they will bring two-, three-, or four-fold returns. What we must have is a program of development, progress, and expansion; a program which will raise the productivity of our material and human resources; a program that refuses to accept the false notion that we shall be compelled to endure after the war a lower standard of living.

To obtain the benefits we want, the activities of government in the post-war period must be planned beforehand. Programs flexible enough to meet any situation that might arise must be drawn up while the war is going on. And the flexibility must apply equally to methods of financing and to magnitudes; the fiscal policies envisaged must be such as to carry us safely through periods not only of boom-time prosperity and budgetary surpluses, but also, if need be, of large deficits and consequent increases instead of reductions in government debt.

III

A government debt *internally held* is so completely different from an ordinary

personal or business debt that it should hardly be called a debt at all. What it means in its most elementary form is that the nation as a whole has decided to do something (meeting an emergency such as a war or a depression) which the citizens could not accomplish individually and the cost of which it is not possible or desirable to distribute at once among them. Collectively the cost is paid, but final determination of just how it shall be divided up is postponed. To us as a nation, the material cost of our current war can be no more than the materials and equipment used while it is going on—materials and equipment which we already have on hand or which we currently produce. How the money cost is distributed among our citizens varies according to the method of financing used. If it is all paid out of taxes during the war the distribution will depend on who pays the taxes. If part of it is carried by borrowing, the distribution depends upon who buys the bonds and who pays the taxes levied in the future—taxes needed to service the interest on the bonds.

It should be clearly understood, however, that the economic community as a whole has paid for whatever it has accomplished while the job was being done. Thus repayment of the amounts specified in such bonds as are issued could not possibly mean anything more than a redistribution of the burden of payments already made.

But internal debt, coupled with expenditure and taxation, is far more important in economic affairs than the simple illustration just given. Fiscal policy, which directs the use of expenditure, debt, and taxation, is a powerful prime mover; and, like other great forces such as electricity, it must be subjected to control. It is not and should not be the main motive force of the economy, but rather a balancing factor, and sometimes it must be used as a brake rather than as a stimulant. Prudently managed, it may produce great benefits; ignorantly or recklessly employed, it may wreak great damage. If it is to perform its

functions safely and well it must be handled with the same kind of knowledge and skill that the technician applies to the use of electricity. All this has long been understood by students of finance—notably by Alexander Hamilton a hundred and fifty years ago—and we shall return to it presently. Meanwhile let us try to make a little clearer the distinctive character of an internal government debt. This can be done by contrasting it with a debt externally held.

When a nation borrows abroad there is created an honest-to-goodness debt. To pay it the economy as a whole must deprive itself of the amount involved over whatever period the principal and interest payments require. There is here no question of a mere redistribution of a burden. The whole nation has got to give up a portion of its income until such time as the obligation is discharged, or at any rate for as long as interest or principal payments are actually made. The situation is precisely the same as in the case of a person or a business concern. The debt must in one way or another be paid.

The internal debt of a government need never be paid. It need never even be reduced, except (1) to prevent inflation (through taxation that produces a budgetary surplus); (2) to correct too great inequalities in the distribution of wealth and income; or (3) when it has become so large that taxation to service it disrupts the functioning of the economy. Individual lenders to the government (bondholders) are of course repaid. They must be, whenever their bonds fall due. But always there are others ready to take their places; if not individuals, then banks. This is true in modern nations no matter what happens. It was true even in Germany and other continental countries in the years following the First World War. What did happen in Germany and certain other countries was *uncontrolled inflation*—which was disastrous but was in no wise occasioned by failure to *pay off* the governments' internal debts. The cause lay rather in a

combination of circumstances, among which was *uncontrolled increase* of internal debt coupled with overpowering external debt.

Interest on an internal debt must of course be paid. We must assume that this will always be true. For we have to assume continuity and permanency for all our basic institutions and principles. Notwithstanding historical examples to the contrary, any other assumption would make long-term credit transactions, as well as all other plans for the future, impossible. And under the same set of assumptions, we can confidently expect that there will always be in the aggregate enough bond buyers (including banks, if necessary) to maintain the total amount of our internal debt at the level required by all the attendant circumstances.

There is nothing new about this concept of public debt. It has in fact been taken for granted for centuries by the leading nations of the world. France, which for a hundred years before 1914 was considered one of the most soundly financed of countries, commonly issued bonds labeled *rentes perpétuelles*. England, throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century, and indeed to this day, has paid interest on the (for that time) huge debt left by the Napoleonic wars. The various bond issues have been from time to time consolidated and refunded by means of new issues. But there has never been any serious effort or intention actually to *pay off* the debt. After the war of 1914–18 England made a very small reduction in her internal debt, only about two and one-half per cent; but by 1933 it was again higher than at the end of the war.

To appreciate more fully why an internal debt need not be paid off we have only to consider some of its more important functions. Government bonds, representing it, are an ancient invention but in modern economic society a peculiarly useful one. Besides permitting postponement of the distribution of a cost incurred, they are the safest and most

convenient things in which savings may be invested. How important they are in this respect is evident from the fact that at the end of the fiscal year 1940-41 more than four-fifths of all the outstanding obligations issued or guaranteed by the government of the United States were held by persons or institutions that would have been hard pressed to find means otherwise to invest the funds at their disposal. Of the (in round numbers) \$54,750,000,000 outstanding (direct or guaranteed obligations of all kinds), about \$10,000,000,000 or 18.3 per cent were held by insurance companies and mutual savings banks, about \$8,500,000,000 or 15.5 per cent by government trust funds of one kind or another, about \$22,250,000,000 or 40.6 per cent by the commercial banking system, and \$4,300,000,000 or 7.9 per cent by the holders of savings bonds (including "soldiers' bonus" holders).

All the institutional bondholders named are necessary for the functioning of our economy. They require the income represented by the interest they receive: if they did not get it they would have to be supported in other ways—for example, through higher premiums from or lower dividends to policyholders, lower interest allowances or higher service charges for bank accounts, and so on. Plainly the purchasers of savings bonds, by and large, ought to have at their disposal this form of investment.

The remaining \$9,700,000,000 or 17.7 per cent of the obligations outstanding were held by others, generally by individuals, business concerns, foundations and endowments, trust estates, and the like. Presumably a good many of them are wealthy and therefore not obliged to make investments so safe as in government bonds. But even in such cases ownership of the bonds is a definite convenience, since through the market they can be turned immediately into cash.

Somebody just here may rise up and demand: "But what about the need of private business for the funds tied up in government bonds, to make new capital

investment?" The answer is that whenever private business really requires and can justify the use of investment funds, of the kind that would be invested in government bonds, it can probably get them. If the demand is sufficiently general and prolonged the result is likely to be a degree of economic activity that would warrant fiscal measures to prevent inflation. And such measures (increased taxation) would in turn actually reduce the amount of government debt outstanding by producing budgetary surpluses with which to retire part of it. As this happens those whose bonds are paid off will have funds available for private investment. Moreover, in periods of increasing business activity large savings from current income are made by individuals and business concerns. In the meanwhile the commercial banking system can supply all the additional funds, of the kind here under consideration, that are required.

This brings us to an aspect of the entire process that might if ignorantly or recklessly managed upset the apple cart very thoroughly indeed. The commercial banking system stands in a sort of key position in the whole scheme of things financial. It is potent in the same manner as fiscal policy, to which it may become an important adjunct, and in like manner it must be used with knowledge and skill. It can increase, instantly and enormously, the amount of credit outstanding in the country (which is the same thing as the amount of money) in a fashion that seems magical. It can do so by making ordinary business loans, but it can accomplish precisely the same result by buying government bonds. It does so when it pays for the bonds, not with money actually in existence, but by mere entries in its books—when it credits the government with the amounts involved, in the form of deposits against which checks can be drawn at once. And here is the point at which government debt, if uncontrolled, might become the principal cause of the sequence of events leading to inflation.

IV

Most people now understand pretty well what inflation means. After a good deal of nonsense published and talked about it in recent years, it is to-day commonly recognized as the thing that happens when there is a pronounced, general, and sustained rise in prices. As to the causes of the phenomenon, though, there is still much confusion.

In somewhat over-simplified technical terms, inflation is caused by the existence, at any given time in an economic system, of an aggregate of *effective* purchasing power greater than the aggregate of the goods and services for sale. When we add up the amounts of cash and credit of all kinds at the disposal of everybody who is ready to buy something, and find that the sum is larger than the sum of all the things to be bought at existing prices, then prices are likely to go up—not all together and at the same rate, because people want some things more than others, but to the extent that the buyers are willing or obliged to pay more for the limited amount of goods and services. If this state of affairs lasts very long, and there is not an increase in the output of goods and services, we are quite certain to see a general rise in prices, led by the things that are scarcest. The result is inflation, which may or may not be of serious proportions depending on what happens, or what is done, to check it.

Let it be noted here that for one hundred and fifty years we have never had any serious inflation in this country except under the conditions of war or its aftermath. No peacetime investment boom in our history, no matter how intense, has ever had such a result. Thus we may know that inflation is not a menace perpetually lurking round the corner. Modern productive capacity is so great that it is not easy in time of peace to reach an all-round scarcity of goods sufficient to produce serious inflation.

In time of war, however, the situation may be radically changed, through governmental action. For when a govern-

ment's expenditures become unusually large, and especially if it buys *and uses up* an enormous amount of the goods or services (or the capacity to produce them) that might otherwise have been available for the public, its action may increase the effective purchasing power in the system far beyond the total amount of goods and services left for the public to buy. Unless the correct amount of this purchasing power is taken away from the public or somehow rendered ineffective the whole amount may be offered for the reduced amount of goods and services available. And then, if output cannot be promptly increased, prices are bound to rise. The obvious method of diverting the right amount of purchasing power is through taxation. If in this way enough is taken to balance expenditures of the government, the amount remaining in the hands of the public will be (unless private credit operations interfere) equivalent to the amount of goods and services for sale at the existing price level. The same result would follow, moreover, if the government borrowed the money from current savings of the public (not the past savings held idle). But unless one or both of these methods are employed, or sizable amounts of income are hoarded, the result is likely to be inflation—caused by the government's sale of bonds to the banks.

In wartime it has often been deemed necessary, or even desirable, for governments to do just this. Perhaps it is not politically or economically feasible to levy taxes high enough. And maybe the people generally will not buy enough bonds. The only recourse then is to go to the banks—unless, as may be justifiable, compulsion is applied to the public. And the banks, as we have seen, can pay for bonds by mere book entries, creation of deposits against which the government can at once draw its checks. Theoretically the banks could put a stop to the process by refusing to buy bonds. Practically they can do no such thing. For as a last resort the government can and will govern the action in this respect

of the banks; if not directly, then through a central banking system under its control.

But as suggested, it may sometimes be deemed actually desirable to cover a part of the cost of a great national effort through controlled inflation. We have seen that, by the nation as a whole, all of it must be paid while the effort is going on. What is not covered by taxation plus bonds paid for out of current income can be covered only by inflation. Great Britain is using this method to finance a part of her war effort; and so, perhaps less deliberately, are we. But even when kept under control it has serious disadvantages. It distributes the cost of the national effort in haphazard fashion, placing almost the whole of the burden on those living on fixed incomes, whether from using up savings, from investments, annuities, pensions, salaries and wages, or whatever. Above all, in a political and economic system such as ours it is extremely difficult to control—as witness the recent adventures of the price-control bill in Congress.

Theoretically, prices can be kept down through fixing them by law or administrative regulation. Practically, without rationing of virtually everything this method is of little use except in special cases. And even with rationing (which may be necessary in an effort to obtain fair distribution of the goods and services available) it is of uncertain value, because of probable violations of the law—the development of so-called “black markets” operating like our bootleggers during Prohibition. It is somewhat analogous to using dikes to control a flood, effective only for short periods and in certain sectors of the price structure. To control a great and growing stream of purchasing power such as we are now witnessing in America resort must be had to a method confidently relied upon by the engineer. Just as he controls a flood by diverting a part of the stream, so must we, if we would avoid perilous inflation, deal with the increasing flow of purchasing power. In so far as we can

do so without damage to our productivity we should accomplish the diversion through increased taxation. But whatever amount is not so diverted should be obtained from the sale of bonds to persons and concerns other than banks—if necessary, through *requiring* them to take part of their current income in bonds instead of cash (the Keynes plan).

It is not the purpose of this article, however, to discuss current problems of price control. We have seen that inflation may result from ignorant or reckless use of fiscal policy, but that it is not caused by public debt as such. Even a rapid rise in the public debt, if properly managed, would not cause it. What is true is that a great excess of expenditures, public and private, over and above the capacity of the country to produce, will create a shortage of goods and services, and inflation will result. It is the *total* of expenditures, running ahead of total capacity to produce, that must be kept under control; and in time of war it is mainly the private expenditures that must be curtailed.

It should never be forgotten, however, that when total expenditures fall far below the capacity to produce—as was the case during the 'thirties—the result is deflation and serious unemployment. Consequently, in such conditions it is not only proper but imperative to expand bank credit to increase effective purchasing power, and thus the total of expenditures. Part of the borrowing from banks may be done by private business and part by the government, which spends the money on public works; but in any case it must be done. The process is sometimes called credit or monetary inflation, although the appellation is usually misleading. For ordinarily it does not result in price inflation because it merely calls forth more employment and production. So long as there are large unused resources which can be put to work (of the kinds required to meet the demand for goods and services), credit expansion cannot produce dangerous price inflation.

Well then, how high *can* the public debt go before it results in disaster? Unfortunately the answer cannot be simple and unequivocal; but certainly a great deal higher than most people seem to think. It all depends: principally on the level of the national income and the knowledge and skill of those who direct fiscal policy. In a system of electrical transmission very high voltages may be used if all the apparatus is correctly designed and the technicians know what they are doing. Potentials up to 110,000 volts are common. But a current of 110 volts might play havoc if used by an ignoramus in a circuit designed for something like the 6 volts of an automobile battery.

Nobody knows how great an internal public debt a nation could manage—without repudiation or uncontrolled inflation—because the test has never been made. Always, in the case of nations which have suffered one or the other of these calamities, there has been a big external debt or some other contributory cause. England during the past hundred and fifty years, however, gives us a clue. Her internal debt at the end of the Napoleonic wars was *twice her national income*. Some people wailed about it at the time and predicted the end of everything. But England enjoyed throughout most of the nineteenth century an epoch of prosperity greater than any nation had ever experienced in history. She did so because her national income was increasing in some sort of rough proportion to the advance in the technological applications of science. There were other and more complex reasons, to be sure; but this was the essential fact. And, as already mentioned, England made no significant reduction of her internal debt.

Again, after the war of 1914–18, England had a debt double her national income. And in 1927 the parliamentary Committee on Debt and Taxation (known as the Colwyn Committee) reported that, although there were a number of conditions responsible for the ex-

isting depression, the size of the debt was not a significant factor.

Now an internal debt for the United States comparable to what England has been able to manage without difficulty on at least two occasions would run to well over 200 billion dollars. Indeed, a much higher debt would be quite manageable, provided only that we succeeded in obtaining, year after year, approximately full utilization of our material and human resources. To see why, we have only to remember that the service of a 200-billion-dollar debt would not be likely to amount to more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 billion dollars a year and that this would not be an exorbitant amount to collect in taxes from a national income of more than 100 billion dollars.

With a moderate rise in prices we may expect a national income after the war of say 120 billion dollars. Already in 1942 it will exceed 100 billion dollars. If we assume a budget of 10 billions for all State and local bodies and a Federal post-war budget of 20 billions, total governmental expenditures would amount to 25 per cent of the national income. This would leave 90 billion dollars for private expenditures—more, after correcting for price level, than we have ever had in the past.

During the past hundred years we have experienced an increase in real national income at a rate of 4 per cent per annum. In view of the current and prospective lower rate of increase of population we may probably expect a somewhat smaller rate of increase in the future—say 3 per cent. But if the total national product increases at 3 per cent per annum, the national money income can rise at that rate without any increase in prices. Starting from a national income of 120 billions, this would amount to 3.6 billions increase per annum. And since we must assume a post-war debt somewhat greater than the national income, it is clear that a corresponding increase in the national debt thereafter—namely 3 to 4 billions per year—would preserve the ratio of debt to income. The rate

of increase would doubtless vary according to fluctuations in private investment. In some years it would be more, in other years less; indeed in periods of strong investment booms the debt might not rise at all, or might even be reduced. At any rate, since we have every reason to expect that scientific advances will enable us to go on increasing the national income, a public debt of the magnitude we are likely to have need cause us no anxiety. Like the capacity of a well-designed system of electrical transmission, our debt-bearing capacity, as regards size at any rate, is well beyond any strain likely to be put upon it.

V

It will not be necessary to say much about the notion that the taxation to service an internal debt is a drain on the total purchasing power of the economic community. To see that such is not the case we have only to ask where the money goes when interest or principal payments are made. Obviously it goes right back into the system, to the holders of the bonds. Some of these, in varying degree, will be the same people who have paid the taxes; but at all events no purchasing power is lost. At most, some is merely transferred, from one person or concern or institution within the system, to another. The sums collected in taxes to pay interest on the public debt are not, so to speak, thrown into the ocean; instead, they are returned at once to the community and become income receipts of those who hold the bonds. The income of the community as a whole, available for expenditure on goods and services, is neither higher nor lower than it would be if there were no public debt.

We must not conclude, however, that the public debt has no influence whatever upon the economy. In point of fact, one of the most important single effects is on the distribution of wealth and income. It makes a great deal of difference—and it will make a great deal of difference when this war is over—who

it is that holds the bonds and, on the other side, who pays the taxes which cover the interest on them. If at the end of the war it should turn out that the bulk of them are held by the great mass of citizens, that is one thing; if held by the richest two per cent of the population, that is quite another thing—and assuredly a thing to be avoided, because it would make worse an already topheavy distribution of wealth and income. Similarly, it makes a great deal of difference what sort of taxes are levied when the war is over to raise the funds necessary to pay interest on the bonds. If these consist of sales taxes on foodstuffs, clothing, and other necessities of life, that is one thing; if they are raised largely by means of a progressive income and inheritance tax, that is quite another thing. The character of the taxes, no less than the manner in which the bonds are held, will affect the distribution of wealth and income.

A good many unthinking people seem to believe that government bonds are very largely held by rich individuals. This belief is probably a hangover from the conditions of the early 19th century, notably in England. We have seen that as of June 30, 1941, however, government bonds in the United States were held largely by institutions which serve the general public in such a manner that the benefits from the interest receipts are widely diffused over the community as a whole. It is therefore not true that the wealth represented by the bonds is mainly concentrated in the hands of a relatively few of the very rich. Manifestly it is of the utmost importance that our fiscal policy be so directed now as not to change this state of affairs. And indeed there is some reason to expect that the bonds actually will be held widely in the community, by small savers or by institutions which perform services for the community.

Space at our disposal does not permit even a summary discussion of the vast subject of taxation. Some have lightly disposed of it in the following fashion:

"Why not solve the debt problem by imposing a twenty per cent retail sales tax? This would bring in enormous revenues and we could pay off the debt." Such a procedure would bankrupt us. The taxes so collected would destroy the mass purchasing upon which business prosperity rests. The fact is that in order to sustain high business activity after the war it will be necessary to reduce to the utmost all forms of consumption taxes.

But if consumption taxes are reduced to a minimum we shall have to rely largely upon progressive income taxation. Such taxes also raise problems, but of a different character. The subject is so complex that we shall have to confine ourselves to some rather dogmatic assertions about it.

To mitigate the tendency toward too great inequalities in the distribution of wealth and income, almost the whole of the Federal revenues in normal times should come from steeply graduated personal income and inheritance taxes. Only when it is necessary to control inflation should resort be had to taxes on consumption; and even then, only with particular care to avoid forcing further privation on the very poor. Only until such time as a practical solution is found of the problem of taxing undistributed earnings should taxes be levied on the profits of corporations and other business concerns as such. And finally there is urgent need for drastic overhauling, with the view to reform and co-ordination, of the entire tax structure of the nation—Federal, State, and local. So much for the dogmatic assertions.

But there is one aspect of this program which calls for especially careful management. When the bulk of the taxation is collected from the higher personal incomes and inheritances—as we have asserted it should be—a danger of a special character is encountered. This is in connection with new investment.

Everybody knows that investment in new and untried enterprises, or even the expansion of old ones, is risky. Consequently people with ready money cannot

be expected to embark upon such ventures unless they appear to offer opportunities for large profits—simply because there is also, and perhaps equally, the possibility of large losses. If the would-be venturer knows in advance that most of what he gains will be taken away from him in taxes, but that nobody will compensate him for his losses, he is likely to be rather severely discouraged if not stopped altogether. A simple illustration will suffice to show his predicament. Suppose he has \$50,000 available and a new invention comes along. If it turns out well, he might make in two or three years \$100,000 or possibly a good deal more, although of course he might lose the whole of his \$50,000. But if he should make any such sum, and has normally a fairly high income anyway, taxes in accordance with the rates in force even in 1941 would take so much of his profits that he would actually have been better off had he bought high-grade bonds and minimized the risk of loss. This would be true, moreover, if the income from all bonds were taxable. Then who in the world can fairly blame him for refusing to risk his money?

And yet our system must have just such risk-taking ventures else it will either stagnate or have its basic nature changed—from free enterprise to some sort of state capitalism or socialism, if not to totalitarianism and dictatorship.

Here is a problem that has got to be solved. We shall suggest only one line of attack—not original with us by any means—and hope that still better ones will be forthcoming. Let Congress with the help of experts first carefully define new investment, making clear that it means only that which expands our capital equipment, whether through new investment or additions to old. Then let it be provided that such portion of any income or inheritance as is so invested shall be subject to a substantially lower tax than the portion otherwise disposed of. The details of definition and of administration would no doubt be difficult and complicated, but there is no reason

to fear that they could not be worked out and the remainder of the tax structure readjusted to produce necessary revenues. And of course it will be essential to remove the current discriminatory tax burden which rests on equity capital. *Tax-exempt* government bonds attract funds away from productive investment. This must be stopped. Moreover, existing corporate taxation penalizes equity capital and favors a capital structure consisting largely of bonds. Our tax system must be revised with a view to encouraging investment in equity capital.

VI

Let us now, against the foregoing discussion as background, try to visualize something of the manner in which fiscal policy can and must be used to make sure of full utilization of our material and human resources. First and always we should bear in mind that, important as it is, it is only an instrument, a means to an end. The really essential thing is our unquestioned capacity to turn out the goods and services we want—our capacity in terms of equipment, materials, man power, and organization. Fiscal policy is the great flexible element in the system, or more accurately perhaps, the source of such variable amounts of stimulation or retardation as may be needed from time to time to keep the system in balanced and steady operation.

Fiscal policy therefore must be used primarily for the purpose of maintaining a balanced economy. This may or may not mean a balanced budget. In fact there is little likelihood of our ever again seeing the Federal Government's budget balanced for any considerable period. A realistic expectation is that at intervals we shall have surpluses, which can be used for purposes of debt retirement, while at other times we shall have deficits. Since great flexibility is possible, whether we have surpluses or deficits for any particular period will make but little difference, provided only that the public debt does not exceed a manageable ratio

to the national income. And as already sufficiently emphasized, it is chiefly for the purpose of maintaining a high national income that fiscal policy, including increases in the debt, must be used.

But public policy must be used equally boldly to prevent inflation from gobbling up an increased flow of income without the attainment of full employment. In other words, whenever for any reason the effective purchasing power in the country begins to exceed the total of goods and services which the economic system can produce, a sufficient part of such purchasing power must be diverted and used to retire public debt, thus making it possible to maintain a substantially stable price level. And if an increased flow of purchasing power is to produce larger output and not simply run off into inflation it is also necessary to maintain a balance in the cost-price structure.

There can no longer be any reasonable doubt that fiscal policy can actually bring about substantially full employment and utilization of resources. We see it happening before our very eyes. Surely, if governmental expenditure can do this for the purpose of waging war, it can do it in time of peace—and with relatively small expenditures on developmental projects, because these expenditures in turn will induce and stimulate private investment and private consumption expenditures. In wartime, to be sure, we do not encourage such stimulation. Instead we choke it off by every means at our disposal—by taxes, priorities, rationing, and other direct controls. In peacetime, however, the requirements are reversed; and we may feel confident that public development expenditures will have a magnified effect on income and employment.

It is commonly said that during the past twelve years or so business enterprise has been suffering from lack of confidence. Undoubtedly this is true, and the principal reason is that we have never had any comprehensive development program. We have gone along on a hand-to-mouth basis. But if a

long-range expansionist program extending over many years, or even over a decade, were prepared and made known to the public, business men would have a foundation upon which they could make their own investment plans. And an investment plan geared to a full employment income level is something very different from one geared to a sixty-billion-dollar income level.

The government should see to it that a high level is maintained, as we have emphasized, by directing or making investments, when necessary, only in fields where private enterprise cannot or will not pioneer or expand, and in such a manner as to stimulate rather than discourage private initiative in related fields. We have seen plenty of cases to prove that this is entirely possible: to take a recent example, the developments in the Tennessee Valley which have served to vitalize the economy of the region. There will be no lack of things for the government to do—things that will not compete with private enterprise where private enterprise is itself really competitive, and things that will stimulate private development as well as contribute to the general welfare.

Do we hear somebody complaining that to manage all this is going to be very difficult and even dangerous? Nobody can deny it. We are living in a difficult and dangerous world. These are times that call for bold and courageous action.

But we must know what we are doing. We must apply the skill and understanding necessary to make our financial mechanisms not the masters, but the servants of our society.

VII

If we have been at all successful in what we set out to do at the beginning of this article certain basic facts and principles will by now have been established:

1. That a public debt internally held is fundamentally different from a private debt and that it need not be paid off;
2. That it need not, although it might, cause inflation; that, since the use of it is a vital part of fiscal policy and thus an instrument of great potency, it must be employed and managed with the utmost care;
3. That there is no unavoidable danger in public debt so long as it is held to a reasonable ratio with the national income; that a reasonable ratio would permit a debt far larger than any we are likely to see, notwithstanding the enormous cost of the war and such additional borrowing as may be necessary afterward to make sure of full utilization of our material and human resources;
4. That debt service is not a drain on the purchasing power of the country, but that the taxation required for interest on the bonds is also an instrument of great potency; that it can and must be so devised as not to discourage new investment and economic progress;
5. That fiscal policy—public expenditure, debt, and taxation—can in fact be successfully used to achieve full utilization of resources without destroying the essentials of our system of free enterprise; but only if it is handled with the requisite degree of knowledge and skill; and finally,
6. That if a democratic society does not take bold action to achieve full employment, including use of fiscal policy to the extent necessary, our system of free enterprise is doomed.

Clearly fiscal policy is now and will continue to be a powerful factor in the functioning of the modern free enterprise economy. It must be used with a high sense of social responsibility and it must be administered by experts. At the same time the entire procedure must be kept under the control of Congress; else our democracy would go by the board. While members of the legislature, with their varied responsibilities, cannot be expected to qualify as experts in such highly technical matters, they *can* be expected to devise methods of keeping track of the experts to whom the administration is entrusted. And it is up to all of us in choosing them to make sure that they can and will.



YOUNG FIDDLER IN FRANCE

PATTI, SAINT-SAËNS, AND A FAINTING ACCOMPANIST

BY ALBERT SPALDING

THE flattering repercussions from my Paris debut—which took place in 1905, when I was seventeen years old—were hardly profitable from a financial standpoint. The road toward self-support for an aspiring virtuoso was indeed a long one. An occasional concert with a meager fee was thrown in with many propositions that were disheartening and others which offered honor and prestige as the rewards for playing without pay. Among these were charity events. One that I remember with special interest was a gala affair organized at the Châtelet Theater by the renowned actor Coquelin for the benefit of dramatic artists.

For this concert Coquelin had enlisted the services of every musical name of note in Paris at that time. To cap all, the mythical bird of song—Adelina Patti—had been lured from her retirement in the fastnesses of Wales to lend the tarnished gold of her voice. Edouard Colonne's orchestra was to officiate at this gargantuan affair. Colonne had heard me play and had liked my work enough to ask me to participate at several concerts under his direction. The length of this program did not deter him from asking me to take part in it. It was a signal kindness to me, even if less so to a patient public condemned already to some four hours' fare on behalf of aged and indigent actors. A hastily scribbled note from him scarcely needed the admonition of "*vite, une bonne réponse*"; the *réponse* tumbled from pen to paper and

thence to Colonne, for I trembled to think of how easy it might be meanwhile for him to change his mind.

It was a stimulating tonic to a young fiddler to see his name featured on a poster with so many august celebrities. As a sop to the soloists, who all contributed their services, an accompanist was to be provided. Probably here French economy in the matter of fees was a little too frugal; for the accompanist assigned to me never turned up at the concert. We had rehearsed carefully and I was comfortably ignorant of the dilemma that was going to present itself at the Châtelet Theater that long Sunday afternoon. The first piece with the orchestral accompaniment under Colonne's direction had gone well and most generous applause was showered on the almost unknown young violinist. A short group of solos with piano was to follow, but my accompanist was nowhere to be found. What was to be done? Patti surprisingly came to the rescue when she heard about it. Summoned to her private loge, I found myself face to face with the famous lady. Propped against, rather than sitting upon, a chair in a room smothered with floral pieces, she looked like an animated wax figure lent by Madame Tussaud for the afternoon. The heavily enameled face defied time. After detailed scrutiny she asked me kindly enough about my predicament and generously offered the services of her accompanist. Was I prepared to carry on without the benefit

of rehearsal? I stammered my thanks, intrepidly willing to seize any opportunity. The one thing I couldn't face was cancellation of the violin group.

Patti's interest was aroused now, for she came and stood in the wings while I performed. Curiously, luck was with me and the pieces went quite at their best. Whether word had got through to the audience of this incident I am not sure, but in any case the reaction reached exciting proportions and something approaching an ovation ensued. After numerous recalls of exaggerated acclaim Patti again addressed me, her lorgnon and her fan animatedly active. "Young man," she proclaimed, "you'll do!"

Patti's own performance was something I shall never forget. It was a masterly campaign of a general whose ragged and depleted army has to be supplemented by the genius of cunning and strategy. There she stood intrepidly, relying on that unappraisable power built up by a thousand victories. She sang first Cherubino's tender air to "Those who know what love is." This lay fortunately in the medium range of her voice, and a crack here and there was almost unnoticeable in the revelation of a tone that surely had once been precious metal and still shone with a kind of ageless luster. She sang it simply and unaffectedly and it was deeply moving. Later on she was reckless enough to include an old war horse written specially for her by Arditti, "*Il Baccio*." This was where the old campaigner had to call on all her tricks to mask a totally inadequate battle force. There were high notes that the old voice simply couldn't reach, scales and roulades that creaked at the hinges. It promised to be lamentable. Standing in the wings, I could see Colonne frowning under his shaggy eyebrows and momentarily expecting the worst. He had however reckoned without Patti. Approaching a passage where she apprehended difficulty, or perhaps disaster, she employed her fan as a brilliant diversion. She would start the scale or arpeggio with aplomb, the fan in her outstretched

arm slowly unfolding. This would continue to a point in register beyond which lay danger. Then with a sudden gesture the arm would fly up, the fan would snap shut with a click, the audience would burst into a tumult of applause drowning out orchestra and voice; and triumph would greet a *fioritura* or a high note that was never heard.

II

My father had shared in the family's rejoicing at the success of my debut but his practical judgment had not been clouded. He consistently held that until I became self-supporting in my chosen calling many people would regard me as a semi-dilettante. The popular notion that talent must be born and bred in an attic and nourished in poverty would be an obstinate superstition to live down. He argued that there was little to be gained by giving concerts at a loss in the big cities if one could play elsewhere and be paid, even if only a pittance, for one's work.

So it followed that, sandwiched in with some important appearances (usually on the debit side), I had a long apprenticeship in remote and provincial centers where one emergency after another had to be met. Many of these arose while I was touring southwestern France in a concert company haphazardly organized under somewhat doubtful auspices. The company consisted of a singer, a pianist (who from the liberality of her heart consented also to play accompaniments), and myself.

The singer, Mlle. Rozanne, was a French soprano with the proud title of the "*Théâtre de la Monnaie*" engraved on her card, and she never let you forget. She made an attractive appearance with her dark hair and her eyes that she knew how to use to advantage; but her voice was less promising. Head tones were produced in a peculiarly pinched fashion that constricted the tone and there was a tremolo. Tremolo, do I say? It was rather an attack of palsy that defied any

approach to definite pitch. However, she used nice perfume, and you can forgive a woman much for that. Madame Moreau, the pianist, was an opposite type. Small, demure, and defiantly Gallic, she held us in constant awe of her nerves. They were formidable, those nerves, and almost anything under the sun could animate them to violent action. If the program failed to recognize that she "assisted" rather than "accompanied" the singer or violinist there were palpitations. If the piano was below minimum requirements there was hysteria. And if insufficient applause prevented her responding with a carefully prepared encore she was apt, like as not, to faint dead away. She could be brought to by laying her flat on her back and administering aromatic spirits of ammonia; so I provided myself with a small bottle which I carried with me on all occasions.

Our remuneration depended on a percentage basis of net earnings which promised generously and fulfilled meagerly. When the pickings were poor this too evoked difficulties, but of a less violent nature. Madame Moreau was an artist, and, as such, above sordid preoccupations.

We set forth bravely one morning from Paris to Bordeaux where the opening concert (of a series of some twenty) was to take place. It was not easy to find room in our second-class compartment for the vast amount of hand luggage that swarmed about these ladies. Besides being the only man of the party, I was young and wholly unprepared for the helpless kind of embarrassment that assails all males under like circumstances. We filled all the available spaces and, finding them inadequate, littered the corridors with an overflow. When our fellow-passengers protested Maritza Rozanne would smile. Knowing she had pretty teeth, she would smile on the slightest provocation. She would admit her desolation, but what would you have? Well! It appeared that nobody would have anything. The protesters packed up their troubles and disarmed.

Arriving at Bordeaux we lodged at the Chapon Fin. Preceded by appropriate letters of reservation, we were generously accommodated at artists' rates totalling four francs per diem for bed and board including *vin ordinaire*. Such a plebeian title for so princely a beverage. Wine is never ordinary when drunk in Bordeaux. Introduced so modestly, it speaks to you with the voice of a nobleman.

The day before a concert imposed duties on me of seeking out prominent musicians to whom we had letters and of calling upon the Mayor and other dignitaries whose patronage it was important for us to enlist. I performed my appointed calls dutifully, but blanched at the thought of the Mayor of Bordeaux. Later on, as you shall see, I was to become more intrepid. A visit to the hall assured me that everything was in good order and the piano (actually a concert grand) of Pleyel's make would, I knew, delight Madame Moreau's heart. Tonight, at least, there would be no need for ammonia. The program went well. Even a Bach sonata that had been eyed askance as heavy fare for the provinces slid its way through unscathed, and Rozanne's tremolo was not so apparent as to mar the public's pleasure in her diction (which was excellent) and her striking appearance. Generous encores and applause for all, even including Madame Moreau, who had abandoned somber black for audacious gray. The hall was more than half filled and we had hoped for brilliant financial results. But expenses were heavy; there was the special poor tax, and the authors' and managers' fees, so that the remaining net to be divided in three parts would hardly suffice for a diamond tiara. Still it was not too bad, we reflected. It supplied the wherewithal for hotel bills, railway fares to the next town, and even something over to boot. Best of all it provided a delicious evening snack at the Chapon Fin. When relaxed from excitement one thinks the world such a happy place to be, especially where flows the liquid sunshine of Bordeaux.

Maritza Rozanne suddenly found that I was her "*chéri*" and Moreau followed suit. This new role both flattered and embarrassed me. Had the stay at the Chapon Fin continued, awkward youth might have shed some of its callousness with unpredictable results.

Too often on the tour, however, my mission was to be the bearer of unpalatable tidings to these ladies—a kind of weather-breaker, in fact, which is an unseasonable garment for Romance to wear. Our array of hand luggage seemed to grow rather than diminish with each progressive stop. My ladies had a passion for acquiring knickknacks—"souvenirs d'une tournée artistique" they would term them. The climax was reached in Carcassonne where Rozanne became the proud possessor of a bronze Napoleon. "You will carry him yourself," I warned her, thoroughly exasperated and forgoing any chance of again becoming her *chéri*. Napoleon was shipped to Paris, but only after I had been proclaimed a brute, and an executioner of all delicate feeling.

We progressed with varying ups and downs through that favored and treasured land in which one city is so miraculously unlike another. Rozanne used to keep the green-room door invitingly ajar so that prospective visitors would not be scared off from voicing their enthusiasm. "There is something about a closed door," she said, "that is definitely forbidding." I didn't press the matter although I felt that the door was almost demanding in its expectancy. Often her tactics were rewarded. Once, we remembered with satisfaction, an enthusiast pressed upon me two francs as testimony of his tribute. The top price for seats being but three francs, he had decided this was too little for the quality of the concert. I tried to demur, but without avail since he was aided and abetted by Moreau. "Money talks," she decided, "with an eloquence unrivaled by words!" She was quoting, so she said, from Montaigne, but I have always doubted it.

Moreau longed to play Debussy. Her ambition had been thwarted each time she proposed it. One evening in Toulouse, pleased by the polite reception accorded to her Chopin and Schumann, she returned to the stage armed with the secret determination that now or never was the time. As an encore she played one of the Preludes. It was the "Dance of Puck," that gossamer thread of suggestion that to-day so delights our metropolitan audiences. To the corseted prejudices of provincial France in the early years of this century it was utterly incomprehensible. The piece ended. There was a glacial silence. Moreau rose from the piano. Her pallor took on suddenly a new intensity, a new significance. She walked steadily enough to the green-room door, her retreat not covered by even the most meager patter of applause. Once inside the artists' room, we knew that the crisis was at hand. Moreau's eyes flickered. She swayed. Murmuring, "The assassins," she sank to the floor. Moreau had fainted. Maritza Rozanne took charge of the situation like a sergeant-major. "You have the ammonia?" she asked me. I had. "Good. Let me have it—now help me raise her legs over the seat of that chair—No! Don't be afraid of her legs. They won't bite you! Now, you let her sniff the ammonia while I work her arms—not too close—there—she's coming to. . . ." And from then on with extravagant terms of endearment she brought her dearest friend, her delicious cabbage, her ideal artist back to a kind of tepid consciousness.

In the meantime the intermission which had fortunately intervened to give us a breathing spell was stretching itself to dangerous limits. Moreau was not in a condition yet to reappear. I had a group of solos to play, but a pianist was indispensable. "Could you," asked Rozanne, "play some Bach or Paganini unaccompanied?" Yes, perhaps I could. "You must announce them," insisted Rozanne, "as in answer to insistent requests."

"No one will believe it," I protested; "and furthermore I wonder if they'll like Bach unaccompanied any better than they did Debussy."

"Probably not," agreed Rozanne, rather cruelly, I thought; "but there is nothing else to be done."

Well! I was right not to be too sanguine about Bach in Toulouse. But I salted and peppered the group with some Caprices of Paganini, one of which contained some rather spectacular left-hand pizzicato. I didn't play them too well but they served their purpose. They saved the day. Toulouse applauded Paganini and was polite to Bach. By the time the group was over the miraculous Rozanne had restored our indispensable Moreau to action.

Moreau was very difficult to handle in the matter of pianos; a poor one would inevitably send her off into a *crise de nerfs*. Finally I adopted the plan of writing or telegraphing ahead to ascertain the best, or worst.

On one occasion, in the delightful little town of Castres, our early morning inspection trip revealed that the Louis Seize Theater was charming and well kept, and that the piano, although an upright, was more than a respectable instrument. It was a fairly recent Pleyel with a good tone and it had been carefully tuned. Castres was obviously going to be all right, but I was apprehensive about the next town on our schedule—a small place named Mazamet. A wire was dispatched to the agent of the theater there asking return word regarding the piano. In due time the answer came. It said:

"Condition Piano Excellent—Only Lacking Ivories to Some of the Keys."

The telegram was hastily hidden away where Moreau should not see it. This would not be a mere *crise de nerfs*; it would be nothing less than apoplexy.

What was to be done? I tried to practice and couldn't concentrate. Then, remembering that my call had still to be made on the mayor of Castres, I

invented a wild scheme which I clutched as a drowning man grasps a fragment of floating wood.

Monsieur le Maire was sympathetic and, so he said, a music lover. Had he not accorded us his high patronage? Was he not to be in the official box that evening? Castres, he assured me, would show how it honored the lyric Muse. I preserved the amenities, complimenting him on the theater, the musical interest of his fine town and, above all, the piano. "But, M. le Maire," I went on, "imagine my dismay at hearing from Mazamet this morning that the piano there is in a shameful, deplorable condition. No ivories on the keys. Was it to be believed? What a reflection on Mazamet's municipal government. What a contrast to Castres!"

It was a wild arrow I had shot but it found its mark. I saw the magistrate's eyes kindle with the zest of rivalry. I expatiated on the shame, the ignominy of Mazamet. M. le Maire was a willing listener. He was desolated, he was chagrined at the shortcomings of his neighbor; but what would I?

This was just the opening I was awaiting. He was soon to learn that I "would" a good many things. The ground, however, had to be prepared very carefully. I made a trial balloon of the suggestion that now if ever was the moment to teach a lesson to that backward community which hadn't the decency to maintain a playable piano. "Imagine what an example it would be if you, M. le Maire, would in the service of Art lend your excellent piano for our concert there. A service to Art and a just rebuke to shiftlessness." I held my breath while official gravity considered the question. "But how," he asked, "could it be transported?" Vastly encouraged that there was no categorical refusal, I ventured to assume all responsibility. The distance to Mazamet was but eighteen kilometers. A cart drawn by white oxen could be secured. And if M. le Maire thought opportune, a detail of four soldiers could be begged

of the Commandant of the small army post there; ample protection as well as sturdy muscles were to be had for the asking.

Again decision trembled in the balance during the silence that followed; rivalry with his neighbor was a strong factor working for me. Little by little I could see that it was winning. Necessary orders were issued and the following morning a stately procession was in progress. The ladies and I had in the meantime taken the little branch-line train to Mazamet and there awaited the arrival of our precious cargo. Finally it came, a bright pageant in the clear wintry sunlight; the piano, swathed in gay bunting, looked like a strangely deformed sarcophagus drawn by the white oxen and flanked by the four soldiers in their flaming red trousers and blue coats. The whole town was agog and turned out first to see, then to question, then to follow. They crowded the narrow streets on the way to the theater and there was soon a healthy waiting line at the box office doing the brisk business we had yet seen. By evening the house was completely sold out. That night we had champagne for supper.

III

Back in Paris I had an opportunity to call upon Saint-Saëns, and to play for him. Standing at the threshold of an apartment near the Place Victor Hugo, I found myself faced by a valet clad in his working jacket of dull-red plaid. He eyed me with deep distrust; the query: "Monsieur?" with that upward inflection of the voice seemed to accuse me of outrageous intrusion. I looked round for my voice, finally found it, stifling the apology that appeared imperative, and asked if the Master was at home. "The Master does not receive!"

"But I have an appointment!"

"An appointment! At this hour?" It was apparent he didn't believe it.

"At this hour," I insisted, marveling at my boldness.

Reluctantly and with grave concern he at last consented to accept my card. It was a clean card, but the gingerly way he placed it on the silver tray suggested pollution. While waiting in the antechamber I had recourse to my pockets to reassure myself that the appointment was right, that the hour was right. Everything seemed properly cross-indexed but somehow unconvincing. Waiting, hat in one hand and violin case in the other, I felt completely defenseless. I could not however subdue the attractive idea of hasty retreat. How easy it would be to slip out and find myself again on the friendly streets below. Before this prudent impulse could be put into effect the lackey returned and his "*Passez, monsieur,*" ushered me into the Presence.

The living rooms conformed to the usual standards of Paris apartments. A large salon—which was not large, it only seemed so by contrast with the small salon that led to it. Both rooms were choked with gilt furniture; vitrines were crowded with bibelots; the walls were crowded with pictures of all shapes and sizes. The stiff brocaded chairs gaped indignantly at you; to sit on them would be an intolerable affront. As a protest against this assembled and forbidding array, the black piano was a sober intruder.

I had thought myself alone in the room when I was startled to hear a high-pitched voice addressing me with a pronounced lisp. Was I the violinist Spalding? Hesitantly I admitted that I was. Thereupon I was given a cordial welcome. Would I be seated? It appeared that pleasant things had been whispered in high quarters about my playing of his violin concerto. I was flattered if it was so. Would I perhaps play something? I was glad to.

The famous composer, stunted in height but impressive once you acclimated yourself to the paradox of looking down on Majesty, could be genial when he wished. This morning it was apparent that he wished. It was one of those

happy days when it seemed as if I could do nothing wrong. I had been repeatedly warned of his caustic tongue, but an early breakfast had providentially spread it thick with honey. He sat at the piano, playing accompaniments with a marvelous fleetness of fingers that belied his age. He asked me mine.

"Seventeen? Hold! That is a coincidence. One and seven. And I am just seven and one. It is an omen. We must have a concert together. Would you like it?"

Would I like it! Then we played more. His knowledge of the violin and its possibilities was prodigious.

"Sarasate," he suggested, "performs that passage with a kind of flying staccato. Try it!" I tried it. "Not bad! Not bad! But it sounds studied. It should fly out into space as a dancer defies gravity. Try it again."

This time it pleased him. His eyes sparkled.

"That is the way it should sound," he exclaimed. "Study it to be safe, but play it dangerously. It is, in effect, an audacious passage." Then again: "Why do you play this passage so expressively? It sounds tonally well, yes, but it has no meaning. Put more gray into your tone here. Save the warmer colors for a more ardent moment. Ysaÿe plays this phrase almost without vibrato. No! That is dead. I want it quiet, but at the same time alive. Once again. Better! You are approaching the suburbs of understanding. Once again. Patience! One-and-seven must have patience! Look at seven-and-one! He has a white beard and still so many things to learn."

He had an astounding parlor stunt which he delighted in like a child. This was the ability to solfege at an incredible speed. The opening sixteen scales of the closing movement of one of his violin sonatas he lisped out with breathless rapidity as unfailingly as a finished virtuoso could have delivered them. And he seemed to revel more in my astonishment over this feat than in all my homage to his musical literature.

His piano playing was remarkable: rhythmically incisive, individual, and with a patrician disdain of every obvious effect. It lacked, however, tonal beauty or tenderness. These were qualities he was quick to admire and demand in others, but incapable of realizing himself. His rather brittle touch I attributed to the considerable amount of organ playing he had done.

The invitation was repeated to participate with him in a concert. He was shortly to make a tour of Italy where in several towns festivals were being held in his honor, and he asked me to play at his concert in Florence. It seemed too good to be true. Plans for the program were outlined then and there. In addition to the concerto I was to play his sonata and several other solos as well. Mme. Lili Braggiotti was to be invited to sing songs, some of his as well as some ballads from the pen of her old father, Sebastian Schlesinger. Concerts in those days were not concerts unless the fare was spread with prodigality.

This first interview with Saint-Saëns had lasted well over two hours. I felt that, as with royalty, the signal for my departure would be given by him when he deemed it opportune. Nor was I wrong. With a twinkle in those eyes that would never grow old he said: "That . . . that is well! Now get along with you—I have writing to do, and you have work to do, and—what is beautiful—a lifetime of youth to lavish on it. Allez—Uph!" I went. My exit through the antechamber was attended almost with respect; the valet had been impressed. Two hours with the Master! It was a diploma of a kind. Decidedly Monsieur had gained some prestige.

I returned to my hotel treading on air. After such stimulus one wants to stretch the twenty-four-hour day to astronomical length in the desire for unlimited practice time, to put into effect one illuminating suggestion after another. Even if unsuccessful there is a kind of light on the horizon, beckoning, inviting. For-

mer results look cheap indeed in the light of new vision, and what one can do seems only a pale counterfeit of what must be done. One precept I treasured specially. "Never," he had said, "practice mechanically; if you do the mechanics will master you and you will become their servant. The utility of practice consists not in the length of days, but in the use thereof; a man may have practiced long and yet understood but little. That," he said, with that quizzical look that was habitual to him, "is a paraphrase of a great philosopher, but perhaps he will pardon the indiscretion!"

How strange that after many years it is that first rehearsal rather than the concert in Florence that stands out vividly in my memory. In the intensity of excitement pervading everything you do during the long-awaited evening, events travel too fast for accurate mental photography. I remember a crowded hall brilliantly lighted. Interest centered of course on the illustrious Frenchman in whose honor this festival concert was being given. However there was also a large degree of excited curiosity over the American lad who was making his first appearance in the city that had almost adopted him. I think I played well, but how is one to judge after all these years? Saint-Saëns expressed himself enthusiastically both privately and publicly. He seemed to take a generous pleasure in sharing with me the great success that was his. The last number on the program was a purely orchestral piece, the *Marche Héroïque*, and there was a remarkable ovation for the old master. To my surprised delight he insisted that I accompany him to the stage. Hats were thrown in the air—handkerchiefs were waved and people shouted themselves hoarse. It was a thrilling, an unexpected and undeserved accolade. The Count of Turin, representing the King, occupied the royal box. Resplendent in a dazzling uniform, good-

looking, vain, and somewhat uncomfortably aware that even a Royal Highness on occasion has to occupy second place in public attention, he joined politely, if stiffly, in the applause. He was careful nevertheless never to be so vigorously active as to menace the poise of his monocle. I think the concert must have bored him unutterably.

During his short stay in Florence Saint-Saëns lodged at the little Hotel Bonciani, an obscure hostelry *où on mange bien sans peur d'être embêté*. He came once to dine with us, however, on condition that it be a family affair, and would we give him chicken? (Of course we would!) He was denied meat—bladder trouble, he explained with that disarming Gallic frankness. He enchanted my mother by saying agreeable things about me, and she decided from that day on to like his music better than ever. After dinner, which he appeared to enjoy, he drifted quite naturally to the piano and to everyone's delight, started to play Bach and Chopin—and later asked me to join him in some Mozart sonatas. "No one was ever like Mozart!" he exclaimed, with childish enthusiasm. "One should really invent a new adjective when speaking of him. Transcending an artificial age, he is nature itself. Master of every form of technic, he is the soul of simplicity. What say you?" turning to me, "No! I suppose one and seven prefers Wagner—Bah! You have to be seven and one to understand and love Mozart!"

I accompanied him to the train when he left Florence. "Come and see me often," he said, "I shall watch your career with interest. Work! Work hard! Not only at your violin. Composition—above all study counterpoint! Do a lot of fugue. That won't necessarily make a composer of you, but in any event it will improve your playing, giving it more character—so! Good luck, and au revoir."

[This is the second in a series of autobiographical articles by Mr. Spalding. Another will appear in the May number.—The Editors]



AUSTRALIA: BASTION AND SPRINGBOARD

BY CHARLES J. ROLO AND ALWYN LEE

THE place of Australia in the United Nations' strategy against Japan is very similar to that of Egypt in the war against the European end of the Axis. It is both a bastion for defense and a springboard for attack.

For this reason a good many Americans are likely to see Australia this year. The rest of us are going to be following closely from day to day Australia's fortunes in the war. Yet, though of all continents its development and civilization most closely parallel those of the United States, it is of all continents the least known to Americans. What sort of place is Australia? What sort of people inhabit it? What can it contribute to the war?

Not long ago an Australian living in New York conducted a private poll among fifty of his American acquaintances to find out what was their first verbal association with the word "Australia." A number of the answers were obviously schoolbook memories—"boomerang," "kangaroo," and "that funny little bear, what do you call it . . . koala." But no less than twenty answered "Anzac," and ten of the others gave some such word as "soldier," "Libya," or "those hats like Teddy Roosevelt wore." The fact is that Australia—most isolated and most historically peaceful of all continents—has been chiefly known to Americans for the unisolationist and unpacific business of waging foreign wars.

In the course of two world conflicts we

have become aware that the Australian is a soldier with a difference. "Here come the soldiers that never salute." This was the greeting of a veteran Tommy sergeant standing on the dock in Alexandria harbor when the remnants of the Anzacs who had fought in Greece and Crete filed, tattered, begrimed, and red-eyed, from the packed decks of British warships. "They never salute, but this time I'll salute them," he said in a burst of sentiment.

The Tommy sergeant's remark is one of the latest contributions to the saga of the Anzacs. The saga is made up of odd fragments of anecdote that add up to something like a coherent picture—one of a nation with a *fighting* but not a *military* tradition, of an army with a democratic discipline that is expressed only in action and shows to bad advantage on the parade ground. A typical fragment is the story of the artillery major who, during a lull in a heavy bombardment on the Western Front in 1918, fired twenty-one rounds into the enemy trenches. Twenty-one rounds mean a royal salute, and frantic staff officers anxiously inquired what member of royalty had suddenly popped up in this hot sector. The artillery major explained that it was his twenty-first birthday and that his men had insisted on giving him appropriate greetings. Twenty-one may seem young for a major, but the Australian Imperial Force was that kind of an army.

In this war the wild men from "down under" have been known to boo their



deputy Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East, Sir Thomas Blamey, with no malice whatever but on the general principle that superior officers should not be encouraged in the notion that their rank entitles them to more than mere obedience. And on one occasion, when paraded to hear their Prime Minister speak, they gave him the Woolloomooloo Blurt (a rough equivalent of the Bronx cheer) because he was a civilian—and therefore, to them, something of a stuffed shirt.

The fighting prowess of the Anzacs has been as remarkable as their boisterous individualism. During the campaign in Syria in 1941 one Australian artillery officer trundled a twenty-five-pounder field gun down a slope into no-man's-land and aimed it at point-blank range with an instantaneous fuse, picking off

six enemy tanks. In December, 1941, he was awarded the first Victoria Cross ever given to a British artillery officer in any war. Hardly less spectacular was the exploit of the Australian infantryman who during a sortie from besieged Tobruk, single-handed and armed only with a rifle, killed or captured a dozen Italians and their commanding officer.

In this war, as in the last, every Anzac serving abroad is a volunteer. It is a constitutional privilege of the Australian Commonwealth that troops may never be conscripted for overseas service. Australia has no military caste. The top-ranking officer in the A. I. F. in the last war was a civil engineer, an amateur soldier of German-Jewish ancestry. It was this general—Sir John Monash—who first saw the possibilities of small, self-disciplined squads to harass the

enemy, and who first enlarged the scope of these tactics into the co-ordinated mechanized attack that became the model for the Nazi Blitzkrieg. Sir Iven ("The Terrible") Mackay, Wavell's most successful general in North Africa, was until September, 1939, a schoolmaster who in *Who's Who in Australia* listed soldiering as a "recreation."

The whole of the Anzac saga may be summed up in one anecdote which throws light on the way of life that produced the Digger. An Australian private walking recently down the Strand in London was stopped by a betabbed brigadier. "Why don't you salute?" stormed the brass-hat. "Aren't you a soldier?" "No," said the private. "I'm a farmer."

The average Australian is more likely to be a factory worker than a farmer, but the point remains that Australians, like Americans, regard the army not as a ritualistic institution separate from national life but as a special expression of the democracy it defends.

II

Behind the color and the drama of the Anzacs' fighting contribution to the Allied cause in this war lies the story of an industrial revolution, accomplished since September, 1939, that has transformed Australia from an agricultural into a predominantly industrial country—an arsenal of importance in the East.

Australia, a country the size of the United States with a population smaller than that of New York, has built up from scratch a \$210,000,000 arms industry and is spending \$63,000,000 a year on developing new munitions plants. The munitions industry, which at the beginning of the war employed directly or indirectly only about 2,500 persons, now employs 170,000 men and women. (In its ratio to the total population, this number would be equivalent to some 3,000,000 Americans.) In all, 800,000 Australians (equivalent to roughly 14,800,000 Americans) are directly engaged

in war activity, from actual fighting to producing the Aussies' famous felt hats.

In the First World War the original Anzacs arrived at the front with nothing but what they stood up in, and even in 1918 Britain was still supplying them with all of their heavy equipment. In this war Australia is not only arming and equipping her own army and navy but has exported a wide range of war material to British forces in Malaya, India, the Near East, and Egypt, and to the Dutch East Indies.

The pivot of Australia's war effort is the steel industry of New South Wales where, on the long, sweeping beaches of Newcastle and Wollangong, the Broken Hill Proprietary Company operates the biggest single steel plant in the British Empire, rolling out a larger variety of steels than any similar plant in the world.

At the beginning of 1942 Australian war production stood twenty times higher than at the outbreak of war in 1939, and plans call for tripling the new figure by the end of the year. The pressure has been strongest in the munitions industry where, in the first twelve months of the war, shell production increased fifteen times; bombs, twenty-five times; depth charges, twenty times; cartridge cases, four times; fuses and primers, seven times; rifles, fifteen times. The mass production of the Bren Gun—which has 313 separate parts and needs 50,000 tools, gages, and fixtures for its manufacture—is typical of the strides made in Australian technology. These mobile machine guns, equipped with armor made of a secret type of bullet-proof steel and with offensive armament that makes them the equivalent of fast light tanks, have made a brilliant showing in Syria and Libya. Other elements of Australia's mechanized contribution to the war effort are field guns, anti-aircraft units, anti-tank guns, and howitzers; the Kirby compressed-air mortar, which has no barrel flash; the Owen sub-machine gun, said to have a higher rate of fire than any similar weapon; gas masks, parachutes, and precision instruments.

The Commonwealth's naval building program comprises more than fifty destroyers, corvettes, and patrol boats totaling fifty thousand tons. With Singapore unavailable, Sydney has become the best-equipped capital-ship base between Pearl Harbor and Alexandria. The war has also stimulated a feverish rebirth of the merchant shipbuilding industry, and the Cabinet has allocated some \$24,000,000 to construct fifty pre-fabricated ten-thousand-ton freighters.

The greatest difficulty in Australia's war production has been with aircraft. At the outbreak there existed no automobile engine plants which might have been turned over to making plane engines. Plane production started from the ground floor. But now a big new factory in Sydney is rolling out engines for one of Britain's new bombers. In a plant on the sand flats near Melbourne another new factory is working full speed ahead on the production of Wirraway trainers for the Royal Australian Air Force; it has already turned out its first thousand planes, and experts are hopeful that before long production will exceed 300 a month.

When the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, ex-Prime Minister Arthur Fadden summed up the issue to a group of newspapermen with the phrase: "It's a question now of whether we pull rickshaws!" That day 600,000 Australians, including 50,000 veterans from the last war—in all the equivalent of 11,000,000 Americans—found themselves under arms for the duration. Vehicles disappeared from the streets as the drivers were drafted for the home-defense army. The first thousand women were conscripted, and plans were announced to replace 30 per cent of all factory workers with women and some farm laborers with refugees from Europe in order to get as many men as possible behind the guns. Car owners who drove unnecessary miles faced a jail sentence. Streets were half lighted to save power. Prime Minister John Curtin announced that every non-essential industry would be closed down

for the duration, and factory workers pledged "every waking hour" to production. The battle foreseen for two generations was on, and Australia, while looking hopefully to its allies for support, settled down to making the most of its own defensive position.

III

The natural characteristics that made Australia the last continent to be civilized are its first assets in this war. The sea is Australia's front line of defense, but the land itself is Australia's ally. The north and west coasts have never yet been settled on any large scale. In the interior there are thousands of miles of flat, arid land and wind-eroded escarpments. Sub-sea-level dry lakes lie at the center of the continent. Australia might be compared to a United States without a Mississippi Valley. One of the most learned Australian geographers, Griffith Taylor, has estimated that even in the year 2000 A.D. the continent will be able to support only a population of 20,000,000.

Americans should think of Australia as a seaboard country. Except for small settlements in the southwest round Perth (the capital of Western Australia) the continent as a going concern consists of the southeast and east-central coastal belts. Here, in a region with a climate rather like that of California, live nine-tenths of the population. In this temperate zone the thin mulga and scrub of the hinterland give way to rich eucalypt parklands that support most of Australia's 130,000,000 sheep. The typical landscape in this part of Australia is a rolling expanse of yellow-brown grass and gray-green gum trees under high clear-blue skies. In the southern part of this fertile seaboard are the wheatlands, the orchards, and the vineyards from which come Australia's light sweet wines. In its northern tropical fringe pineapple and sugar-cane farms (*not* plantations) flourish.

To the statistician the Australian is a

person with half a square mile of land and eighteen sheep all to himself. Paradoxically, the chances are as high as one in three that he will live in either of two cities—Melbourne or Sydney, which between them have a population of 2,400,000. This is what sensitive Australians mean when they complain that they inhabit "the outer suburbs of the world."

Now that Australia is threatened with invasion this situation has its advantages. The defense industries are concentrated in or near the six state capitals; all of these are on the coast and all, except for Perth, are situated in the southeast and east. To protect them nature has erected a magnificent natural barricade—the Great Barrier Reef, a coral formation of rock and sand that stretches 1,250 miles from the Australian island territory of Papua, New Guinea, almost to Brisbane. The channels through this reef into the coastal waters have been mined. For defense against an attacking navy it is the perfect situation for the torpedo bomber, on the production of which Australia has been concentrating.

Between this whole southern and eastern area and the north—the logical place for an invasion—lie vast stretches of land almost bare of population, land that has obstinately defied settlement by the hardiest pioneers and offers scant hospitality to an invader.

If the Japanese gain a beach-head in the north they will find that the vast area still separating them from their objective is in effect a beach 1,000 miles wide. In the great hinterland a natural defense-in-depth zone offers some of the world's worst going, including the biggest stretch of land on earth without permanent surface water. This defense flange, which covers most of the Northern Territory (an area twice as big as Texas with less than 5,000 white civilian inhabitants), parts of Queensland, and Western Australia, is a formidable obstacle to an enemy forced to haul not only all of his food, supplies, gasoline, and camping equipment, but even his water.

Over most of this area the only water comes from far below the earth's surface. The huge cattle ranches that sometimes graze as few as one steer to five square miles get hot, mineralized water from artesian wells as deep as 6,000 feet. A retreating army would destroy existing bores and it would take weeks to drill new ones. Water is the key to an advance on Australia from the north or from the west. One town in Western Australia, Kalgoorlie, gets its water supply by pipeline from 400 miles away.

At the gateway to the north stands Darwin on the Timor Sea. Until January, 1941, this was an isolated polyglot pearling port with a population of about 700 Whites and three times that number of aborigines, half-castes, Malaysians, Filipino fishermen, Japanese pearl divers, Chinese merchants, and Afghan camel drivers—an exotic outpost of Asia on the farthest fringe of the White Australian Continent. Its only link with the rest of Australia was by air, overland telegraph, or the long sea route to Brisbane.

Since then Darwin has become vitally important as the nerve center of an Australian defense system covering thousands of square miles of uninhabited territory, and as a base from which the British and American Pacific fleets may some day launch their all-out attack on Japan. Its significance was seen one hundred and seventeen years ago by Sir Stamford Raffles, the visionary of Empire who founded Singapore. In 1825 he planned the first White settlement on the north coast of Australia, near where the present port of Darwin stands.

Behind Darwin, in the monsoon belt, lies a strip of jungle that abruptly dries out into the desert. From Darwin a railroad traverses the jungle and peters off into the sand at a place called Birdum. Six hundred miles farther south begins the Alice Springs-Adelaide railroad. Across the intervening wasteland there now runs a splendid all-weather highway pushed through in ninety-three days as the Japanese menace increased with

every German victory in Europe. "All weather" is no empty description. During the tropical "wet" between September and May great stretches of the plain are inundated. During the "dry" from May to September the floods have vanished thousands of feet below the earth's surface and the sand flies in storms worse than the worst Libyan "khamseen."

After this desert road was completed Darwin began to show teeth. Somewhere there was laid out a big bomber field; new naval wharves and sunken fuel tanks were built. In the jungle behind, mechanized units carved out defense positions and a spider web of communication lines. Long convoys of trucks have been rolling northward with soldiers, munitions, and guns. Tanks and those light-armored vehicles called "universal carriers" have been heading for the tropics from the factories and proving grounds of Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia. Figures are of course secret, but it is not merely guesswork to say that the population of the Northern Territory multiplied about twenty times during the past year.

Australia has been preparing to fight a war on its own soil. The Commander-in-Chief of Australia's 400,000-man home defense army is the successful desert general Sir Iven Mackay, whom we have already mentioned; and with him are eight young brigadiers with brilliant records in Libya, recently recalled to apply the lessons of desert warfare in Africa to the defense of Australia.

On the home front too Australia is in good shape for an all-out effort. The Australian Government is a government of Labor—the oldest party in Australian politics and the one identified with the growth of the country's national tradition. The Commonwealth's present Prime Minister, John Curtin, is a staunch believer in air power, and began campaigning for a strong Australian Air Force as early as 1936. In fact, Curtin's advanced views on air power have not been confined to Australia. His outspoken criticism of the inadequate air

defenses of Malaya made it apparent months ago that Australia did not intend to be a silent partner to the grand strategy of the United Nations.

Curtin has been in office only since October, 1941. Not long before that he was given full responsibility for aircraft production and placed Australia's most brilliant industrialist, Essington Lewis, in charge of all aircraft and production priorities. Lewis was head of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company, parent of a great industrial hierarchy that embraces coal, iron, steel, zinc, lead, silver, aluminum, shipbuilding, armaments, and aircraft. Though his position combines those of Henry Ford and Donald Nelson in this country, his name is known to few Australians. A quiet, retiring man, always on the job, he has never given an interview to an Australian journalist and has probably established a world record for shunning publicity of any kind.

The Australian labor movement, long accustomed to power, is perhaps the maturest national group of its kind. Not only the leaders but the rank and file of even the most militant unions, such as the Miners' Federation, have sworn off strikes for the duration. No small factor in Australian labor's undivided support of the war effort has been the Industrial Arbitration Court System—in operation before the present Labor Government took over—which automatically adjusts wages to the cost of living. At the same time the cost of living has been held down to a lower figure than that of any other belligerent by drastic price control.

Thus, though Australia looks hopefully to Britain and the United States for support, it is grimly prepared to meet—and fight back—the Japanese on its own soil. Whatever happens in the Pacific, Americans can view Australia not as a fatted beneficiary of American strength, a helpless plum of Empire, but as a lean, muscular partner in arms against the Japanese, a partner who has played his best hand for two years against the Axis and now stands to win or lose everything.



PORTRAIT OF A MURDERER

A STORY

BY Q. PATRICK

THIS is the story of a murder. It was a murder committed so subtly, so smoothly that I, who was an unwitting accessory both before and after the fact, had no idea at the time that any crime had been committed.

Only gradually, with the years, did that series of incidents, so innocuous-seeming at the time, fall into a pattern in my mind and give me a clear picture of exactly what happened during my stay at Olinscourt with Martin Slater.

Martin and I were at an English school together during the latter half of the First World War. In his fourteenth year Martin was a nondescript boy with light, untidy hair, quick brown eyes, and that generic schoolboy odor of rubber and chalk. There was little to distinguish him from the rest of us except his father, Sir Olin Slater.

Sir Olin, however, was more than enough to make Martin painfully notorious. Whereas self-respecting parents embarrassed their children by appearing at the school only on state occasions such as Sports Day or Prize-giving, Sir Olin haunted his son like a passion. Almost every week this evangelical baronet could be seen, a pink, plump hippopotamus, walking about the school grounds, his arm entwined indecently round Martin. In his free hand he would carry a large bag of chocolates which he offered to all the boys he met with pious adjurations to lead nobler, sweeter lives.

Martin squirmed under these paraded

embraces. It was all the worse for him in that his father suffered from a terrible disease of the throat which made every syllable he uttered a pathetic mockery of the English language. This disease (which was probably throat cancer) had no reality for Sir Olin. He did not believe that other people were even conscious of his mispronunciations. At least once every term, to our irreverent delight and to Martin's excruciating discomfort, he was invited to deliver before the whole school an informal address of a religious nature—or a pi-jaw as we called it. When I sat next to Martin in Big School, suppressing a disloyal desire to giggle, I used to watch my friend's knuckles go white as his father, from the dais, urged us "laddies" to keep ourselves strong and pure and trust in the Mercy of God, or, as he pronounced it, the "Murky of Klock."

Sir Olin's pious solicitude for his own beloved "laddie" expressed itself also in the written word. Every morning, more regular than the rising of the English sun, there lay on Martin's breakfast plate the blue envelope with the Slater coat-of-arms. Martin was a silent boy. He never spoke a word to hint that Sir Olin's effusiveness was a torment to him, even when the derisive titter parodied down the table: "Another lecker for the lickle lackie." But I noticed that he left these letters unopened unless his sensitive fingers, palpating the envelopes, could detect banknotes in them.

Most of the other boys tended to despise Martin for the solecism of such a parent. My own intimacy with him might well have been tainted with condescension had it not been for the hamper of "tuck" which Lady Slater sent from Olinscourt. Such tuck it was, too—coming at a period when German submarines were tightening all English belts. Being a scrawny and perpetually hungry boy, I was never more prepared to be chummy with Martin Slater than when my roommate and I sneaked off alone together to tackle those succulent tongues, those jellied chickens, those firm, luscious peaches, and those chocolate cakes stiffened with mouth-melting icing.

Martin shared my enthusiasm for these secret feasts, but he had another all-absorbing enthusiasm which I did not share. He was an inventor. He invented elaborate mechanical devices, usually from alarm clocks of which there were always five or six in his possession in different stages of disembowelment. He specialized at that period in burglar alarms. I can see now those seven or eight urchins that he used to lure into our room at night with sausage rolls and plum cake; I can almost hear my own heart beating as we waited in the darkness to witness in action Martin's latest contrivance for foiling housebreakers.

These thrilling episodes ended summarily, however, when an unfeeling master caught us at it, confiscated all Martin's clocks, and gave him a hundred lines for disturbing the peace.

Without these forbidden delights, the long, blacked-out nights of wartime seemed even darker and colder. It was Martin who evolved a system whereby we could dispel the dreary chill which settled every evening on the institution like a miasma, and warm up our cold beds and our undernourished bodies. He invented wrestling—or rather, he adapted and simplified the canons of the art to suit the existing contingency. His rules were simple almost to the point of being non-existent. One took every

possible advantage; one inflicted as much pain as one reasonably dared; one was utterly unscrupulous toward the single end of making one's opponent admit defeat with the phrase: "I give in, man. You win."

It didn't seem to do us much harm thus to work out on one another the sadism that is inherent in all children. It warmed and toughened us; perhaps in some subtle way it established in us an intimacy, a mutual respect.

Though Martin had the advantage of me in age and weight, I was, luckily, more wiry and possibly craftier. As I gradually got on to Martin's technic I began to develop successful counter measures. So successful were they, in fact, that I started to win almost nightly, ending up on top with monotonous regularity.

And that was the first, the greatest mistake I ever made in my dealings with Martin Slater. I should have known that it is unwise to win too often at any game. It is especially unwise when one is playing it with a potential murderer, who, I suspect, had already conceived for any subjugation, moral or physical, a hatred that was almost psychopathological and growing in violence.

I experienced its violence one night when, less scrupulous than Hamlet toward Claudius, he attacked me as I knelt shivering at my bedside going through the ritual of "saying my prayers." The assault was decidedly unfair. It occurred before the specified safety hour and while the matron was still prowling. Also, though props and weapons were strictly inadmissible, he elected on this occasion to initiate his attack by throwing a wet towel over my head, twisting it round my neck as he pulled me backward. It was a very wet towel too, so wet that breathing through it was quite out of the question.

With his initial, almost strangling jerk backward, my legs had shot forward, underneath the bed, where they could only kick feebly at the mattress springs, useless as leverage to shake off Martin,

who had seated his full weight on my face, having pinioned my arms beneath his knees. I was a helpless prisoner with a wet towel and some hundred pounds of boy between me and any chance of respiration.

Frantically I gurgled my complete submission. I beat my hands on the floor in token of surrender. But Martin sat relentlessly on. For a moment I knew the panic of near suffocation. I clawed, I scratched, I bit; but I might have been buried a hundred feet under the earth. Then everything began to go black, including as I afterward learned, my own face.

I was saved mercifully by the approach of the peripatetic matron who bustled in a few moments later and blew out the candle without being aware that one of her charges had almost become Martin Slater's first victim in homicide.

Martin apologized to me next morning but there was a strange expression on his face as he added: "You were getting too cocky, man, licking me every night."

His more practical appeasement took the form of inviting me to Olinscourt for the holidays. I weighed the disadvantages of four weeks under Sir Olin's pious tutelage against the prospect of tapping the source of those ambrosial hampers. Inevitably, my schoolboy stomach decided for me. I went.

To our delight, when we first arrived at Olinscourt we found Sir Olin away on an uplift tour of the reformatories and prisons of western England. He might not have existed for us at all had it not been for the daily blue envelope on Martin's breakfast plate.

Lady Slater made an admirably unobtrusive hostess—a meek figure who trailed vaguely round in low-heeled shoes and snuff-colored garments which associate themselves in my mind with the word "gabardine." Apart from ordering substantial meals for us "growing boys" and dampening them slightly by an aroma of piety, she kept herself discreetly out of our way in some meditative boudoir of her own.

Left to our devices, Martin spent long days of feverish activity in his beautifully equipped workshop, releasing all the inventive impulses which had been frustrated at school and which, as he hinted apologetically, would be thwarted again on the return of Sir Olin. Being London bred, there was nothing I enjoyed more than wandering alone round the extensive grounds and farm lands of Olinscourt, ploddingly followed by a dour Scotch terrier called Roddy.

The old rambling house was equally exciting, particularly since on the second day of my visit I discovered a chamber of mystery, a large locked room on the ground floor which turned out to be Sir Olin's study. Martin was as intrigued as I by the closure of this room which was normally much used. Inquiries from the servants elicited only the fact that there had been alterations of an unknown nature and that the room had been ordered shut until Sir Olin's return.

This romantic mystery, which only Sir Olin could solve, made us almost look forward to the baronet's return. He arrived unexpectedly some nights later and appeared in our room, oozing plump affection, while we were having our supper—Martin's favorite meal and one he loved to spin out as long as possible. That evening, however, we were never to finish our luscious salmon mayonnaise. Ardent to resume his spiritual wrestling match with his beloved laddie, Sir Olin summarily dismissed our dishes and settled us down to a session known as "The Quiet Quarter," which was to prove one of the most mortifying of our daily ordeals at Olinscourt.

It started with a reading by Sir Olin from a book written and privately published by himself, entitled: *Five Minute Chats with a Growing Lad*. When this one-sided "chat" was over Sir Olin sat back, hands folded over his ample stomach, and invited us with an intimate smile to tell him of our problems, our recent sins and temptations. We wriggled and squirmed a while trying to think up some suitable sin or temptation; then the baro-

net relieved the situation by a long impromptu prayer, interrupted at last, thank heavens, by the downstairs booming of the dinner gong. Then, having laid benedictory hands on our heads, Sir Olin kissed us both—me on the forehead and Martin full on the mouth—and dismissed us to our beds.

There, for the first time since my arrival at Olinscourt, Martin leaped on me with a sudden savagery far surpassing anything he had shown at school. With his fingers pressed against my windpipe, I was helpless almost immediately and more than ready to surrender.

"Swear you won't tell the chaps at school about him kissing us good-night," he demanded thickly.

"I swear, man," I stuttered.

"Nor about those pi-jaws he's going to give us every evening."

It was not until I had given my solemn oath that he released me.

Next morning it became immediately apparent that with Sir Olin's return the golden days were over. With his return too Lady Slater had departed on some missionary journeyings of her own, a fact which suggested that she enjoyed her husband's presence no more than we did. In the place of her short but fervent grace, Sir Olin treated us and the entire staff of servants to ten minutes of family prayers—all within sight and scent of the lemon glory of scrambled eggs, the glistening mahogany of sausage and kippers, which sizzled temptingly on the side table.

But at least the baronet solved the mystery of the locked study, solved it quite dramatically too. Immediately after breakfast on his first day at home, he summoned us into the long, book-lined room and announced with a chuckle: "Lickle surprise for you, Martin, laddie. Just you both watch that center bookcase."

We watched breathless as Sir Olin touched an invisible switch and smoothly, soundlessly, the bookcase swung out into the room, revealing behind it the dull metal of a heavy door. And in the cen-

ter of this heavy door was a gleaming brass combination switch.

"Oh, Father, it's a secret safe!" Martin's face lighted up with enthusiasm.

Sir Olin chuckled again and took out a heavy gold hunter watch. Opening the back of it as if to consult some combination number, he started to turn the brass knob to and fro. At length, as on oiled wheels, the heavy door rolled back, disclosing not a mere safe, but a square, vaultlike chamber with a small desk and innumerable drawers of different sizes, suggesting the more modern bank-deposit strong rooms. He invited us to enter and we obeyed, trembling with excitement. Sir Olin showed us some of the wonders, explaining as he did so that his object in withdrawing his more liquid assets from his London bank had been to protect his beloved laddie's financial future from the destructive menace of German zeppelins. He twisted a knob and drew out a drawer glittering with golden sovereigns. He showed us other mysterious drawers containing all that was negotiable of the Slaters' earthly treasure, labeled with such titles as "Mortgages," "Insurance," "Stocks and Shares," "Treasury Notes," etc., etc. It suggested the romances of William LeQueux and the fantasies of H. G. Wells.

Confronted by this elaborate manifestation of parental solicitude, Martin asked the question I had expected: "Has it got a burglar alarm, Father?"

"No. No." Sir Olin's plump fingers caressed his son's hair indulgently. "Why don't you try your hand at making one, laddie, in your spare time?"

I was soon to learn, however, that spare time was a very rare commodity with Sir Olin about. The baronet, a passionate English country gentleman himself, was determined to instill a similar enthusiasm in his only son and heir. Every morning after breakfast Martin, yearning for his workshop, was obliged to make the rounds of the estate with his father, following through barn and stable, over pasture and plowland, listening to an interminable monologue on

how Sir Olin, the eleventh baronet, with the aid of God, was disposing everything perfectly for the twelfth baronet, the future Sir Martin Slater. I usually tagged along behind them with Sir Olin's only admirer, the dour Roddy, staring entrancedly at the sleek flanks of cows whose cream would enrich next term's tuck hampers; at pigs whose very shape suggested sausage rolls of the future; at poultry whose plumpness I translated dreamily into terms of drumsticks, second joints, and slices of firm white breast.

Every day Sir Olin brought us back from our cross-country tramps at exactly five minutes to one, which left us barely time to wash our hands for lunch. And after lunch until tea, the baronet, eager to share Martin's playful as well as his weighty moments, took us riding or bowled googly lobbs to us at the cricket nets, in a vain attempt to improve our batting style in a game that we both detested.

Tea at four-thirty was followed by our only real period of respite. For at five o'clock, punctual as Sir Olin's gold hunter, his estate agent arrived from Bridgewater, and the two of them were closeted together in the library until seven o'clock when the dressing gong sounded and Sir Olin put documents and ledgers into his strong room and the agent took his leave.

Needless to say, Martin and I daily blessed the estate agent's name, though it was, infelicitously enough, Ramsbotham. And, needless to say, his arrival was the signal for us to scoot off, me to my wanderings, Martin to his workshop, until suppertime.

Suppertime itself, once the most blissful moment of the day, lost its glory; for Sir Olin, unlike his wife, was quite indifferent to food. Eager for his "quiet quarter," he allowed us a scant twelve minutes to feed the inner boy. His appearance, dressed in a claret-colored dinner jacket, meant the instant removal of our plates, and many a succulent morsel did I see snatched from me. Martin loved good food as much as I did, but

being a truer epicure than I, was incapable of gobbling. He frequently had to endure the "quiet quarter" and his father's good-night kiss on an almost empty stomach.

A few days later Sir Olin introduced yet another torture for Martin. The baronet decided that his son was now old enough to learn something about the business side of an estate that would one day be his. Three times a week, therefore, Martin was required to be present from five to seven o'clock in the library with his father and Ramsbotham. This left him only two hours on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays for tinkering in his beloved workshop. It meant also that, at least three times a week, his supper period was even further curtailed.

I think it was about this time I began to notice a change in Martin. He became even more silent and his face was pale and set with dark lines under his eyes. These, I suspect, were caused partly by the fact that he made up for the lost time in his workshop by sneaking out to it in the middle of the night. I say I suspect this, for he never took me into his confidence; but on two occasions when I happened to wake after midnight his bed was empty and through the open window I could see a flickering light in the workshop.

My guess is that the final stage really started on Saturday night at the end of my third week at Olinscourt. The dressing gong had just sounded and, as I happened to pass the library, I heard the tinkle of a bell. I was surprised, since the telephone there rang very seldom and usually only for something important. Martin, who had joined me on the stairs, voiced my unspoken hope.

"Say, man, d'you think perhaps that's someone calling Father away or something jolly like that?"

And later, as I was hurrying through my bath, there was the sound of a car starting, and from the window Martin announced excitedly:

"There's old Ramsbum's car, and I do

believe I see Father in it with him. He hasn't come up to dress yet. Wait while I go down to the library to see."

He returned in a few minutes with the good news that his father, not being there, had presumably left with Mr. Ramsbotham, which meant we could linger pleasantly over supper. It was a delicious supper too—fresh trout followed by raspberries and cream, and was brought up by no less a person than Pringle, the head butler. "Excuse me, Master Martin," he said with an apologetic cough, "but do you happen to know if Sir Olin will be down to dinner?"

"I think he went to Bridgewater with Mr. Ramsbotham." Martin's mouth was full of green peas. "I know he was asked to give a talk at the boys' reformatory there some Saturday. And someone rang him up on the telephone."

"I see, sir, but he didn't mention it to me, sir." Pringle withdrew in starchy disapproval and left us the pleasant realization that there would be no "quiet quarter" and no good-night kiss.

And there were no family prayers next morning, since Sir Olin had not returned. It was to be presumed that he had been exhausted by reforming reformatory boys and had consequently spent the night in Bridgewater with Mr. Ramsbotham. And, as it was a Sunday, no question was raised as to his absence.

Martin, bright-eyed, rushed off to his workshop immediately after breakfast and I decided on a stroll. It was then that happened one of those tiny incidents that seemed trivial at the time, but seen in later perspective, appear most significant.

I had whistled for Roddy, usually so anxious to share my walks abroad, but no scampering feet answered my summons. I whistled again. Then I started to look for him, calling:

"Hey, Roddy . . . rats . . . !"

The sound of whining from the study at last solved the problem. Roddy had apparently found a rat of his own, for he was scratching at the central bookcase with a strange crooning sound.

I induced him to follow me, but later when I turned to look back, he had vanished. And that, in itself, was quite unprecedented.

Another seemingly unimportant incident occurred later that morning when I arrived home from my walk. The day was hot and I had taken off my school blazer before going out, hanging it on a peg in the hall, near the front door. When I got back a blazer was there, but it was hanging upside down. As I unhooked it a number of letters dropped from the pockets. They were from Sir Olin to his son and I realized at once that Martin had gone in to lunch ahead of me, taking my blazer by mistake. I picked up the letters—all of them as I thought—shoved them back into the pockets and promptly forgot the whole thing. I doubt even if we bothered to effect an exchange of coats.

Next morning Martin did a rare thing. He got up before me and was at his place at the breakfast table when I came down. In front of him was an unopened letter and I immediately recognized the writing on the envelope as his father's.

As Pringle brought the coffee he said with his usual apologetic cough: "When I picked up the letters from the front hall, Master Martin, I took the liberty of observing there was one for you from Sir Olin. I was wondering if he mentions the date of his return."

"Just give me a sec, Pringle." Martin heaped his plate with kedgerree. "I'll read it and tell you."

After the dignified withdrawal of Pringle, Martin tore open the envelope and pulled out two pages of the familiar crabbed scrawl. He scanned the first page quickly, muttering: "Just the usual pi stuff."

"Does he say when he's coming back?" I asked.

"Wait, here's something at the end." As Pringle's footsteps sounded in the passage outside he handed me the first page and the envelope, saying urgently: "Here, shove those into the fire, man."

I'd die rather than have Pringle see all that religious slosh."

As I speedily thrust the first page of slosh, together with the envelope, into the fire, I heard Martin's voice, studiedly casual for Pringle's benefit: "Here, Pat, read this. You're better at making out Father's writing."

He passed me the second sheet and I read:

And so, beloved lad, I shall be back with you in three or four days. In the meantime I pray that His Guidance . . . etc. . . . etc. . . .

The letter contained no hint as to his actual whereabouts.

We imparted the gist of this to Pringle and he seemed satisfied enough, though somewhat resentful that he had not been informed personally of his master's absence. Still more resentful and far less satisfied was Mr. Ramsbotham when he arrived at the usual hour that afternoon. No, he had not driven Sir Olin to Bridge-water or anywhere else. The talk at the reformatory had been definitely arranged for next Saturday. He had of course to accept the evidence of the letter which Martin duly presented but it was all very vexing . . . all very odd. It was more vexing and more odd when it came out that no one had driven Sir Olin to the station.

I don't know exactly when anyone became really alarmed at Sir Olin's continued absence, but at some stage Mr. Ramsbotham must have telephoned Lady Slater to come home. Even before her return, however, I had put the missing baronet temporarily out of my mind and given myself up to thorough enjoyment of life without him.

To the adult it may seem odd that, in view of the circumstances narrated, I myself felt no uneasiness as to Sir Olin's safety. I can only say that a child's mind is not a logical one; that the events preceding the baronet's disappearance had no sinister shape for me then; and it is only as I look back now and place each occurrence in its proper context that I can see the terrifying inevitability of the pattern that was forming.

The next piece of news I heard was exciting. The need to pay the staff and the monthly bills had made it essential that the vault, containing among its other riches all the Slater ready cash, be opened. Since Sir Olin alone knew its combination, arrangements were finally made to bring from London the workmen who had built it and who were to blast through the complicated lock.

We were warned to keep away during the period of the actual dynamite blast, but nothing could have kept me from the scene of operations. I lured a curiously reluctant Martin to join me, and we had hidden behind a couch in the dust-sheeted study by the time the men came in to set the fuse.

Even now I am able to recapture those tense moments of waiting behind the couch. I can smell the musty smell of the heavy brocade; I can hear Martin's breath coming faster and faster as we waited; I can see his face pale and set; I can hear the whispered words of the men as they set about their dangerous job.

And then, sooner than I had expected, came the blast. It was terrific, rocking the study and, so it seemed, rocking the very foundations of Olinscourt. Martin and I bumped heads painfully as we jumped up, but I did not notice the pain. I was watching the stream of black smoke which poured from the door of the vault. Through it we heard: "That ought to have done the trick. Here, lend a hand."

Martin and I watched as the men started to swing back the heavy door of the vault. Pringle was hovering fussily behind them. I could see him through the clearing smoke. I was conscious again of Martin's heavy breathing, of the inscrutable brown eyes staring fixedly at the door of the vault as it gradually opened.

Then I heard a smothered exclamation from one of the men, followed by the barking of Roddy who had somehow got into the room. Above it came Pringle's voice: "Good God in Heaven, it's Sir Olin!"

I saw it then—saw the body of a stout man slumped over the tiny desk inside the vault. I saw the dull gleam of a revolver in his hand, the purplish bloodstain above the right temple. I saw the men moving hesitatingly toward it to lift it up and then Pringle's voice again, warningly: "Leave him for the police. He's dead. Shot 'isself."

For a moment I stared at that slumped body with the fascination of a child who is seeing death for the first time. A vague odor invaded my nostrils. It was probably the odor of gunpowder, but to my childish mind it became the smell of death. I knew sudden, blinding terror. I pushed past Martin, running upstairs to the lavatory on the fourth floor. I was very sick.

I don't know how long I stayed there locked in the lavatory. I don't remember what my thoughts were except that I had a wild desire to get home—to walk if necessary back to zeppelin-raided London—away from the horror of the thing that I had seen in the vault.

I must have been there for hours.

Someone was calling my name. I emerged from the lavatory rather sheepishly to see Pringle on the landing below. He said: "Master Pat, you are wanted in Lady Slater's dressing room. You and Master Martin."

I found Martin hovering outside his mother's door. He looked as if he had been sick too. Lady Slater was sitting by the window in her boudoir. The snuff-colored gabardines had given place to funereal black, but there was no sign of grief or tears on her face. Even at that cruel moment it seemed beyond her scope to become human. Through a haze of pious phraseology she told us what I already knew—that Sir Olin had taken his own life.

"The terrible disease in his throat . . . we do not know how much he suffered . . . he explained it all in a letter to me . . . we must not judge him . . ."

And then she was holding out a thick envelope to Martin. "He left a letter for you too, my son."

Martin took the envelope, and I could not help noticing that his fingers instinctively palpated it to discover the lurking presence of banknotes, just as he had always done at school.

"And he left a parcel for you also." Lady Slater handed Martin a square carefully wrapped package. Then she continued: "The inscription on it is the same as on the letter. They are for you alone, Martin, to open and do with as you think fit."

After this Lady Slater took us downstairs to the great living room. The village constable was standing by the door. A gentleman of military deportment was talking with Pringle, the butler, and Mr. Ramsbotham. A dim, drooping figure hovered at their side—the local doctor.

From behind a bristling mustache, the military gentleman questioned Martin and myself about the day of Sir Olin's disappearance. Martin, surprisingly steady now, told our simple story. We had both thought we heard the telephone ringing in the library. Martin believed he had caught a glimpse of Sir Olin driving off with Mr. Ramsbotham. He assumed that his father had gone to give his lecture at the reformatory. Monday morning there had been a letter from Sir Olin on Martin's plate telling him that he would not return for several days.

The problem of that letter which had lulled everyone into a false sense of security was next considered. The mustache pointed out that it must have been one which Sir Olin had written to his son at some earlier date and which, by accident, had become confused with the morning post on the front-door mat. It was at this moment that I remembered how, in my hurry for lunch on the day after Sir Olin's disappearance, I had snatched at the blazer which had been hanging in the hall. I remembered how the unopened letters from Sir Olin to Martin had fallen from the pocket. With the conviction of sin known only to children, I saw the whole tragedy as my own fault.

And, with more confusion than courage, I was stammering out my guilty secret.

Martin, watching me steadily, was able to corroborate my story, admitting with an awkward flush that he had not always opened his father's letters the moment they arrived. The military eyebrows were raised a trifle and there the matter of the letter stood. "Martin's little friend" had spilled some old unopened letters from Sir Olin out of Martin's blazer; he had failed to pick one of them up; next morning the butler had found it on the door mat and supposed it to be part of the regular morning post. . . . A most unfortunate accident.

The military gentleman then turned to Lady Slater: "There is one thing, Lady Slater. Sir Olin went into the vault on Saturday evening and he was never seen again. It is to be presumed that he did not come out. Indeed, he could not have opened that heavy door from the inside even if he had wished to."

Martin was watching the brisk mustache now, his eyes very bright.

"And yet, Lady Slater, Doctor Webb here tells me that your husband has actually been dead for less than twenty-four hours. To-day is Thursday. This means that Sir Olin shot himself through the temple sometime yesterday. In other words he must have spent the three previous days alive in the vault."

He cleared his throat. "From this letter to you there is no question but that your husband took his own life, but I am wondering if you could—er—offer an explanation as to why he should have delayed so long—why he should have spent that uncomfortably long period in the vault. Why he should have waited until the oxygen must have been almost exhausted, why he should . . ."

"He had letters to write. Last bequests to make." Lady Slater's eyes blinked. She seemed determined to reduce the unpleasantness of her husband's death to its lowest possible terms.

"He wanted to make the final arrangements just right." Her voice sank to a whisper. "Such things take time."

"Time. Yes." The military gentleman gave almost an invisible shrug. "But not the better part of three days, Lady Slater."

"I think," replied Lady Slater, and with these words she seemed to lift the whole proceedings to a higher plane, "I think that Sir Olin probably spent the greater part of his last three days in—in prayer."

And indeed there was no answer to that.

We were dismissed almost immediately. In his mother's dressing room Martin carefully picked up the letter and the package which had been left for him by Sir Olin. He moved ahead of me toward the door.

Now that the ordeal was over I felt the need of human companionship, but Martin seemed eager to get away from everyone. Keeping a discreet distance, I followed him out into the sunlit afternoon. He made straight for his workshop, shutting the door behind him and leaving me with my face pressed dolefully against the window.

I don't think he was conscious of me, but I had no intention of spying on him. The loneliness of death was still with me and contact, however remote, with Martin was a comfort. As I watched, he put the letter down on his work bench. Then, casually, he started to unpack the parcel.

I was surprised to see that it was nothing more than an alarm clock, an ordinary alarm clock similar to the dozen or so that already stood on the workshop shelf, except for the fact that it seemed to have attached to it some sort of wire contrivance. I have a dim memory of thinking it odd that his father's last tangible bequest should be anything so meager, so commonplace as an alarm clock.

Martin hardly looked at the clock. He merely put it on the shelf with the others. Then he lighted one of the Bunsen burners with which his well-stocked workshop was provided. He picked up the letter his father had written him, the

last of those many letters which he had received and which he had neglected to read. He did not even glance at the envelope. He thrust it quickly into the jet from the Bunsen burner and held it there until the flames must almost have scorched his fingers.

Then, very carefully, Sir Martin Slater, twelfth baronet, collected the ashes and threw them into the wastepaper basket.

I remained at Olinscourt for the funeral. Of the service itself I have only the shadowiest and most childish memories. Not so dim, however, are my recollections of the funeral baked meats. I am ashamed to say that I gorged myself. I have no doubt that Martin did so too.

The next day it was decided by my family that I should leave the Slaters alone to their grief. My reluctant departure was sweetened by a walnut cake left over from the funeral which I packed tenderly and stickily at the bottom of my portmanteau.

I never saw Martin Slater again. For some reason it was decided that he should leave the school where we had shivered and wrestled together and go straight to Harrow. For a while I missed the hampers from Olinscourt, but soon the War was over and my family moved to America. I forgot all about my old chum.

Not long ago a mood of nostalgia brought me to thinking of my childhood and Martin Slater again. Slowly, uncovering a fragment here, a fragment there, I found that I was able to restore this long-obliterated picture of my visit at Olinscourt.

The facts of course had been in my mind all the time. All they had lacked was interpretation. Now, thanks to a more adult and detached eye, I can see as a whole something which, to my childish view, was nothing more than a disconnected sequence of happenings.

Perhaps I am doing an old school friend an atrocious wrong; perhaps I am cynically forcing a pattern on to what

was, in fact, nothing more than a complex of unfortunate accidents and fantastic coincidences. But I am inclined to think otherwise. For I can grasp Martin Slater's character so much more clearly now than when we were children together. I see a boy, teetering on the unstable brink of puberty, who revolted passionately from any physical or spiritual intrusion into his privacy; a boy of intense pride and fastidiousness who was mature enough to know he must fight to maintain his personal independence, yet not mature enough to have learned that in the wrestling match of life certain holds are barred—the death-lock, for example.

I see that boy stifled by the sincere but nauseating affection of a father who bombarded him with assiduous pieties that made him the laughingstock of his schoolfellows; of a father who, with his "quiet quarters," his sermonizings, his full-mouthed good-night kisses, turned Martin's home life into an incessant siege upon the sacred citadel of his privacy. I am sure that Martin's hatred of his father was something deeply ingrained in him which grew as he grew toward adolescence. That hatred was kept in check perhaps so long as the undeclared war of love was waged unknown to the outside world. It was different when I came to Olinscourt. For I represented the outside world, and in front of me Sir Olin stripped his son naked of all the decent reserves. Those kisses on the mouth were, I believe, to Martin the kisses of Judas. Sir Olin had betrayed him forever.

And Martin Slater was too young to know any other punishment for betrayal than—death.

The details of that crime speak, I think, plainly enough for themselves. During one of his nightly absences from our bedroom Martin could easily have stolen into his sleeping father's room and studied the combination of the safe in the back of the gold hunter. He could easily have slipped into the vault on the night before the crime and installed there

some ingenious product of his workshop, some device, manufactured from an alarm clock and set for the hour at which Sir Olin invariably entered the vault, which would either automatically have shut the heavy steel door behind the baronet or have distracted his attention long enough for Martin to close the door upon him himself. Martin's inventive powers were more than adequate to have created that last and most successful "burglar alarm," just as his conversation with his father about installing the alarm, as witnessed by myself, would have provided an innocent explanation for the contrivance if it had been discovered later in the vault with Sir Olin.

From then on, with me as an unconscious and carefully exploited accessory, the rest must have been simple too—an invented glimpse of Sir Olin driving off in Mr. Ramsbotham's car, the clever trick of the old letter, steamed open probably and checked for content, planted among the morning post to put Pringle's mind at rest about his master's absence and to make certain that Sir Olin would not be searched for until it was too late.

There was genuine artistry in Martin's use of me to cover his tracks. For it was I who innocently burned the first page and the envelope of that fatal letter whose date and postmark would otherwise have proved it to have been of earlier origin. It was I too, with my clumsy grab at the blazer, who was held responsible for that letter's having dropped "inadvertently" into the morning mail.

Yes, Martin Slater, at fourteen, showed a shrewd and native talent for murder. And, as a murderer, he must be considered an unqualified success. For he never even came under suspicion.

There was one person, however, who must have been only too conscious of Martin Slater's dreadful deed. And in that, to me, lies the real horror of the

story. I try to keep myself from thinking of Sir Olin bustling into his safe to put away his papers as usual; Sir Olin hearing a little ting-a-ling like the whirling bell of an alarm clock; Sir Olin spinning round to see the great door of the safe closing behind him, shutting him into that sound-proof vault; and somewhere, probably above the door, a curious amateur device composed of a clock and some lengths of wire.

I try not to think of the nightmare days that must have followed for him—days spent staring at that alarm-clock contrivance which he must have recognized as the lethal invention of his own son; days spent hoping against hope that Martin would relent and release him from that chamber where the oxygen was growing suffocatingly scarcer; days spent contemplating the terrible culmination of his "perfect" relationship with his beloved laddie.

I wonder if, during those hours of horror, Sir Olin Slater's evangelical faith in the intrinsic goodness of human nature ever faltered. Somehow I doubt it. His heroic manner of death gives me the clue. For Sir Olin, however frightfully he had mismanaged his life, made a triumphant success of death. I can see him, weakened with hunger and thirst, scarcely able to breathe; I can see him neatly, almost meticulously, wrapping up the telltale alarm clock which, if left to be discovered, might have pointed to Martin's complicity. I can see him writing a pious "suicide" note to his wife, and that other probably forgiving note, which was never to be read, to his son. I can see him producing a revolver from one of those brass-handled drawers in the wall of the vault—and gallantly taking his own life in order to shield his son's immense crime from detection.

Indeed, it may well be said of Sir Olin that nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.



A FOCUS FOR OUR SCHOOLS

BY JAMES L. MURSELL

How to educate for democracy is fortunately not a question about which Americans are merely talking. In various parts of the country groups of teachers have recently been demonstrating in action that the answer lies in focussing the work of the school neither on an arbitrary course of study nor on social propaganda, but on direct, tangible community service.

The movement toward such a community focus has been widespread and many-sided. But three schools, working in diverse regions, are worth particular attention because they reveal its implications so vividly. They are typical of what is unique in American educational progress.

We may begin with Wells High School, a workaday school in an underprivileged Chicago neighborhood, with about ninety teachers and over twenty-five hundred pupils. Five years ago the staff, feeling that the conventional service of the secondary school was gravely defective, undertook a reorganization. They thought that the source of the trouble could be put in one word—isolation. They resolved to tie the work of the school closely to community needs and backgrounds.

The first step had to be a local survey which would make clear the fundamental needs and basic social structure of the neighborhood. Health standards were found to be poor, and most of the residents manifestly lacked the knowledge, skill, and attitudes of mind necessary to improve them. Many of the children

had dismal home surroundings, and most of the neighborhood people had little idea of what a good home might be or how to create one. In a majority of these homes a foreign language was used—a great handicap for the children. The pupils' average intelligence was normal, but reading ability rated very low, and many of them never read a book except those prescribed by a teacher. Many, but not all, civic influences were undesirable, and the outlook of eighty per cent of the children was limited by the fact that they had never been outside Chicago. Nearly all the children had a meager round of recreations, much of their spare time being occupied with family chores. All this of course was carried down to particulars, often very intimate ones; and it was decided to make the survey continuous and keep an up-to-date file of information.

Having their problem thus envisaged the teachers worked on three broad lines. First they overhauled the curriculum. It should be founded, they thought, on topics closely related to local needs, such as The School, Home Living, The Local Community, and The Metropolitan Community. They did not of course believe that education should deal only with knowledge of this year's happenings in the ten-mile radius. In fact, much of what the standardized curriculum calls science, mathematics, English, and history was included by the Wells teachers under pertinent and timely topics like those mentioned, and was thus brought into tangible relation

with the pupils' experience; whatever had no such bearing was dropped. Thus English teaching became the promotion of recreational reading and of the use of English at home. Mathematics was studied in its applications to the domestic budget, the control of community activities, and the like. On the other hand, such a topic as Home Living was not limited to immediate current problems, though it centered upon them, but was extended to include historical and scientific backgrounds which threw light on what the children were actually facing.

Second, the staff transformed their classrooms into workshops, and substituted individual and group study for the conventional recitation. In spite of the large numbers of students, the teachers found that co-operative control of the classrooms made such a plan quite workable. Each room had a permanent stock of books; but even more important were accumulations of cheap or free pamphlets and booklets put out by reliable commercial and civic agencies, clipped magazine articles and newspaper stories, and other data on community affairs collected by the pupils. Current and firsthand materials seemed very desirable for boys and girls decidedly not on friendly terms with books, and they were also appropriate to the general plan.

Third, a drive was made for direct co-ordination with the community. Thus the teachers prepared a folder entitled "What Your Neighborhood Offers," dealing with athletics, sports, dramatics, special-interest activities, and health, which was widely used in teaching. They made organized efforts to induce pupils to take advantage of desirable community agencies during both the school year and the summer vacations. Opportunities were opened up for them to share actively in community doings through musical, dramatic, artistic, and athletic activities, through the School Civic Association which sponsored participation in clean-up campaigns, provision of Christmas baskets for indigent

families and presents for disabled soldiers, and through co-operation with the Junior Red Cross. All these three strands of effort were of course woven together. A sketch so brief cannot be adequate but it may suggest a picture of a community school in action.

A striking contrast and comparison is furnished by the schools in the wealthy residential suburb of Glencoe, Illinois. This is a very different neighborhood, but it exemplifies the same controlling idea of a community focus for education. The chief influence has been the very active Parent-Teachers Association, but it has secured active co-operation from the Library Board, the Park Board, the service clubs, the D. A. R., and other agencies, and from many individual citizens as well.

At Glencoe we find the same three major strands of effort. The curriculum centers on the needs and backgrounds of the pupils, which of course are very different from those at Wells. Its topics still retain the community reference, but they are somewhat more abstract, such as Nurture, Production, Consumption, Transportation, Government, and Recreation. As at Wells, materials ordinarily labeled history, science, mathematics, are re-oriented so that pupils study them in their community applications. The curriculum is projected as a series of widening concentric circles, beginning with very simple and obvious aspects of community life for the young children, and passing on at the senior high-school level to such far-reaching matters as the impact of technology and the ramifications of governmental action. In the classroom the same general idea prevails here as at Wells.

The prospectus of activities designed to co-ordinate school and community is interesting and varied. For younger children it includes excursions, in which both children and adults take part, to farms, dairies, post offices, railroad stations, and other centers of community activity. Groups of children and grown-ups jointly plan and carry out projects for com-

munity parties, for the maintenance of bird sanctuaries, for all sorts of local improvements. For those of maturer years there are studies of community origins made jointly with the public library and other interested agencies, direct surveys of community problems and activities, and other contributions to the general neighborhood life. There is particular emphasis upon activity and planning by joint groups of children and adults, because it is felt that the best way of preparing children to take an interest in the community later on is to show them that they have a share in it now. I should perhaps add that the whole development is tending toward the setting up of a Community Educational Center which will pull the various local agencies and as many individual citizens as possible into active co-operation with the educational enterprise.

The Louisiana Negro Normal and Industrial Institute at Grambling, Louisiana, is the third school to be considered here. As a teacher-training institution its problems differ from those of Wells and Glencoe, but its point of view is exactly the same. A remarkable feature of its work is its "Field Service Unit," consisting of a member of its faculty and representatives of the state departments of public health, agricultural extension, home economics, and trades and industrial education—a co-ordination as unique as it is sensible and constructive. The unit spends twelve weeks each school year visiting the six field centers which have been set up in the State, using a specially equipped bus, carrying on demonstrations, conferring with the people, and keeping the school very close to its constituency. Its activities typify and color the point of view of the institution. Although they do not yet consider their program satisfactory, the twenty or so members of the faculty know exactly what they are trying to do—a realistic job of rural service—and they are committed to the belief that education must be determined by the realities of the scene where it takes place.

They rightly regard it as absurd that rural education should follow urban models and consider a white-collar teaching job in an overalls economy as a travesty. Yet such an absurdity is the inevitable result if education is regarded as a prescribed program, everywhere the same irrespective of human circumstances. The business of the rural school, as understood at Grambling, is to promote a rich, satisfying, intelligent agrarianism. Its concern is not so much with the three R's as with the four H's—health, handicrafts, homemaking, husbandry. Yet this need not involve a narrow curriculum. A vast store of wisdom, skill, insight, and appreciation is concentrated on these functions. The essential point is that culture should be a direct, tangible, obviously relevant influence for better living. Language should be learned in connection with health, recreation, home-farm interests; number-work should be mastered in and through its applications in the home, on the farm, in the community; science should be studied in relation to sanitation, transportation, economic relationships. The teacher must regard himself as one who carries on a community service through the dissemination of enlightenment. And the central function of the normal school must be "to fit teachers to assist in the growth and development of the community."

Many more examples could be cited, but these three—in the underprivileged urban community, in the highly privileged suburban community, and in the rural region—tell the gist of the story.

II

Back of these undertakings is a very definite idea of what education means. The assumptions underlying it are not newly plucked from an educator-magician's hat; some of them have long been a part of educational projects quite different in scope or in aim. But as a basis for action they are a realistic response to the problems of American democracy.

In the first place it is assumed that *school work must serve as an active apprenticeship to life rather than as an abstract preparation for it.* In a little rural community cursed with a one-crop system and an impoverished soil the children need the basic skills of number and language; they need some scientific insights, some understanding of the social processes about them. Otherwise they are hopelessly bound to the wheel, and the limitations of their parents will be theirs also. They need these things in order that they may keep domestic accounts, or respond wisely to the blandishments of installment salesmen, or co-operate in plans for agricultural improvement, or look after their health. If the school serves up such material in the conventional form of a series of denatured and isolated disciplines to be mastered for future use, the needed skills and insights will never be genuinely mastered, and the little that does soak in will evaporate long before the chance to use it comes. But if we treat children as junior members of the community who already share its concerns and still have time to learn, and teach them what they must know if they are to participate effectively, then everything is changed. For then these things are learned under the influence of a dynamic which is worth all the pedagogical methods ever hatched—a sense that what is being learned really matters.

In the second place, *every valid curriculum is a tailor-made article.* It must always be made for a particular group in a particular situation. What is right in one place may be wrong in another. The doctrine that certain subjects are intrinsically sacrosanct and essential keeps cropping up in innumerable forms; but what we are up against is not eternal truth, but only an educational vested interest. Teachers who are able to handle certain subjects in a certain way and who tremble at the thought of something new, have the strongest motive to believe that the thing they can do with the least trouble is the right thing. The traditional curriculum is not the product of

some supernal rational insight into human nature and its needs. It is the product of timidity, mental laziness, and reluctance to face the drastic challenge of reality. The only test of any subject is its effect in producing more enlightened behavior; and that test must be applied to the behavior of a specific group of people, right here, right now. If a subject or a curriculum cannot meet that test it is an educational fake.

The results of education must be so tangible and obvious to all concerned that no one can question their reality. Otherwise they are probably fictitious. Many educational pundits have a suspicious love for results which are hidden, mysterious, and invisible to the naked eye. Keeness of observation, power of concentration, accuracy of expression, and refinement of discrimination are the mirages which intrigue them. The trouble is that no one can be sure that such outcomes are being achieved. Indeed, if careful investigation means anything—and more than a hundred and fifty separate studies have dealt with this very point—they probably are not. Over and over again it has been proved that general mental training—which prescribes grammar for accuracy, geometry for reasoning, poetry for refinement, and laboratory science for observation—is a sheer delusion. Without a psychological X-ray you cannot be sure that such virtues are being instilled in the pupil's mind. Only by disregarding the overwhelming evidence of psychological research can education continue on the path of futility without a qualm. But if you believe that the job of the school is to get boys to farm more intelligently than their fathers and to find better pastimes than pool, or to cause young women to tend their babies, cook their meals, and keep their houses better than their mothers did, then you are talking realities. Either such things are accomplished or they are not, and success and failure are obvious. But the doctrine of mental discipline is an anæsthetic which renders many an educator unconscious of his own self-stultification.

Further, *the only realistic educational standards are standards of community living.* How much mathematics, science, history, literature should a person know at the end of the sixth grade, at the end of the twelfth grade, at college graduation? No one can say. No one will ever be able to say. Put the question in that form, and it can be answered only in terms of prejudice. The mathematics teacher, the English teacher, the science teacher, the history teacher each will have a reply, and a unanimous one: "Lots more than the kids do know!" But this is a *reductio ad absurdum*. We must look outside the classroom, outside the school, to discover what should be accomplished. Are children learning to behave with intelligence and enlightenment in the practical relationships of their daily lives? If so, education is succeeding, and it is enough.

Allied with these assumptions is the belief that *the public school should be concerned chiefly with general education.* The developments in community education do not ignore the vocational problem, but they assume that it must be solved, in so far as the school can solve it, in the context of an enlightened social life. Neither do they identify general with purely academic education. This latter has no kind of special claim to superiority. In certain situations and for certain people it may be the right thing. But out of its proper setting it becomes merely a boresome intellectual pastime for which the most that can be said is that it is probably better than playing the ponies or habitually getting drunk. General education cannot be defined in terms of the subjects to be studied but only in terms of the results to be achieved. It has to do with the varied and interlocking activities which make up the sum total of individual and community living. It is precisely an apprenticeship for life in general, rather than for a vocation in particular.

Finally, the whole program of community education springs from the belief that *the relationship of the school to democracy*

is one of social service rather than of propaganda. It is being suggested to-day that the school ought to develop a vision of a new and superior social order, and proceed to teach it in and out of season. That social order seems to be one in which private property rights would take a beating and various unpleasant things would happen to large accumulations of capital. Whether it really would be much better than the one with which we are at present blessed may be a question. But anyhow the idea that the schools can best serve democracy by turning apocalyptic, and instructing all and sundry in the geography and mores of the city four-square, let down from Heaven, is surely the ultimate in unrealism. At the same time it is undeniable that they have a social responsibility, and equally undeniable that they have been shirking it. But that responsibility is located not in the never-never land at the rainbow's end, but right in their own front yards. The community school serves democracy by tackling an immediate local job of human betterment and tends strongly to leave social theory to the social theorists. This is a solid, satisfactory, convincing program, with plenty of inspiration thrown in. The schools of fascism and communism are said to do their job disastrously well because they know just what they want and go after it full steam ahead. The schools of democracy have been comparatively ineffective because they have not been geared to any such driving, single-hearted purpose. But they can set up just as definite and compelling a goal by focussing on the job of bettering the conditions of life of the people they serve.

III

In Wells, Glencoe, Grambling, and other community school enterprises inspired with this controlling aim, we have a well-defined contribution to the problem of how to educate people for democracy. How important is the contribution? Does it attack the problem in a promising way?

As to its importance, undertakings such as those described cannot be shrugged off as isolated phenomena. They are high points in what may be considered the most influential general movement in American education to-day—a movement to center upon the community as the basis of policy. A whole series of recent surveys of some of our largest school systems, which are sure to have a major effect on practice, open with a careful study of community problems, and appraise the work of the schools in the light of community implications. There is a strong trend to expand public school administration from a job solely of internal management into one of community leadership. What is called “school publicity” (in the past simply advertising) is growing into an organized reciprocity between the schools and the public and an important source of educational policy. Our most influential teacher-training institutions are more and more insisting that the points of view and technics of community service are at least as important professionally as scholarship or skill in classroom method. These are pretty strong indications of the way things are likely to go in the next ten years. The choice of the community focus is no mere fad.

Moreover, it has a certain inevitability, for it clearly expresses the essential and unique American educational idea. The visible alternative would be to center upon a selected “orthodox” curriculum, as has been the European practice for centuries. In certain quarters this solution is strongly urged, but for us it does not seem feasible. In every European country the “orthodox” curriculum is supported by something far tougher than theory; for the schools are under a central agent which defines the syllabus of studies by administrative order and enforces it by examinations. But our schools always have been and still are the creatures of popular impulse. For instance, the American high school is what it is not because someone planned it so, but because the public enrolled in num-

bers which amounted to a pedagogue’s nightmare. We have no organized body which would not be laughed out of court if it assumed to tell the schools what to teach or tried to set up a national system of examinations. This of course explains our overwhelming curricular inflation; and when a thousand tenth grade students follow over seven hundred different programs to the same diploma, and a leading university president says that the job of his institution is to teach anybody anything he wants to learn, the idea of centering on an orthodox curriculum recedes into the realm of dreams. We badly need a principle of organization and order; but this is not the same thing as a prescribed curriculum. You cannot have an orthodoxy, curricular or otherwise, without an institution to define and maintain it, and all American history argues against the possibility of such institutional prescription. It is significant that even proponents of a standard curriculum are far from agreeing on what it should be.

Furthermore, our schools are already community enterprises deeply conditioned by their setting. Their extraordinary diversity is one of the salient features of the American educational scene. Our credit system erects a façade of uniformity, but does not enforce its reality. Two schools of equal official standing may really differ so much that the best student of one, measured by standard tests, is weaker than the worst of the other. Yet both continue in business, and nothing is done about it. Recently one of our great accrediting agencies threw up its collective hands and declared that there are no universal realistic college standards in this country. In Europe a school with a given label used to teach a legally designated curriculum to a given level. But here the label can mean almost anything; for no one can say what a college, a high school, or an elementary school really is. All he can say is what he thinks it should be. The reason is that every school in America is rooted in a constituency, usually a local

one, which retains its characteristics with remarkable permanence. So long as it gives that constituency educational service satisfactory within wide limits, it will continue to live and its diplomas will have value. So the movement toward a community focus simply makes explicit and orderly the basic control which has been operating for seventy years and more.

Now let us face the second question: is this a good way of educating young people for democracy? Could anything be more sensible than for the school to use the community in which it is rooted both as a treasury of curricular material and as a laboratory? The community is the very thing with which we hope youngsters will deal somewhat better than we have done. Why not use it?

Has the plan any fatal defects? Let us see. It does not imply a vicious localism or the tying of children so tightly to one community that they are disoriented to all others; after all, one has to start somewhere or one does not start at all. This is just what usually happens; for the average high school or college graduate is a mere infant in social awareness. Genuine understanding of a local setting is bound to carry one beyond its confines. Is there any better training for intelligent citizenship in any community than intelligent orientation to one?

Nor does such a program involve a disastrous slighting of those fundamental skills of language and number which are so disastrously slighted under the conventional scheme. In the community school interest is focussed on the job for which such tools have been created instead of being smothered by aimless drill-work with the tools alone. One thing is certain: these skills are acquired in terms of practical use and application or they are never acquired, and no methodology can put them across.

Again the community focus does not mean impoverished contact with great art, great literature, great music, great scientific and intellectual triumphs. Here the experience of the most successful

of all community schools, the Danish folk high schools, is decisive. They have shown how inspiring, how truly educative and nourishing great masterpieces can be when studied in the atmosphere and setting of real life. Our own schools have shown how futile and deadly they can be when studied in classrooms isolated like windowless monads. One of our most brilliant jobs of teaching has been to convince succeeding generations that Shakespeare is a bore.

Many more problems could be mentioned. What happens, for instance, when a child transfers to a new community or when a genius is teamed with dullards? Neat and ready solutions are not always forthcoming. But be it noted that our conventional schools are already facing every one of these problems—and fumbling them. The community school has a better chance of getting somewhere with them for one excellent reason—it *knows what it is trying to do*. The only promising attack upon any educational problem is to decide on a sane focus, a sane ultimate objective and policy. When that is done answers may not descend like manna, but there is hope.

If all this is so, then we have here a much needed rallying point. Too long we have endured a situation in which public school people wrestle as best they may with the problem of educating thirty million children while an intellectual *ci-devant* aristocracy sulks in ivy-clad tents, emerging ever and anon to run out its tongue and proclaim that if it can't be king it won't play. The schools need wiser leadership; the creative and scholarly mind needs more effective contact with American life; and the breach can be healed by a common recognition of the historic bearings and inevitable conditions of the momentous enterprise on which we are engaged. We have broken with the educational tradition of Europe but we are creating one of our own which is neither perverse nor silly. Can we not, by perceiving where the true center of effort lies, learn to work together to fulfill its destiny?



SEEING THE NORTHWEST

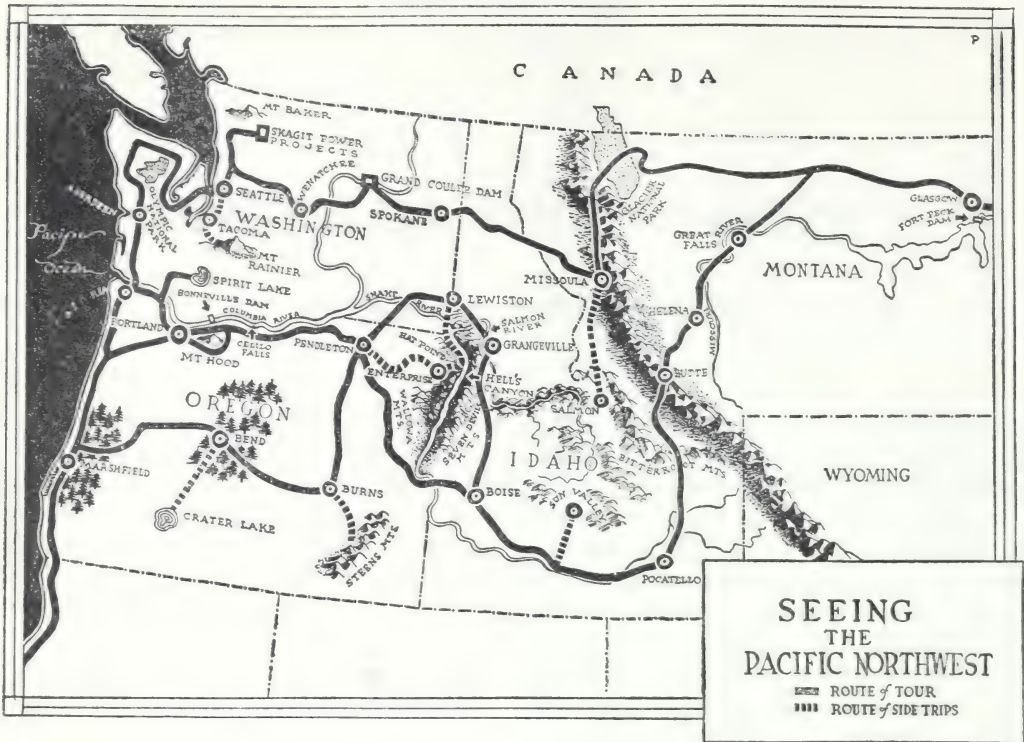
BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE dominant fact about the Pacific Northwest is the immense wilderness it still contains. Nearly half the region is covered with fir and pine trees that represent more than half the standing timber in the United States. National Forests alone mantle an expanse as large as the British Isles. These wooded reserves stretch to a thousand horizons. They are dotted with peaks and serried by deep canyons. White summits rise like domes above needled green foothills. Entire New England States could be lost in the portions of this realm that have been set aside as permanent primitive areas in which cabins, roads, and all other manifestations of man's intrusion, however crude, are taboo. More than forty per cent of the Northwest remains what it was when we took it away from the Indians—Public Domain. This is because it is chiefly valuable as the source of swift rivers, a habitat for wild animals and spawning salmon, and as a monumental chunk of the United States in original, untrammelled form for Americans of the twentieth century to look at and marvel.

Even if you spend all your time in the Northwest within Seattle's city limits, in a Pullman compartment, or on the awninged afterdeck of a yacht cruising across Puget Sound, the wilderness will dominate your vacation. It is omnipresent. It lies just back of the big cities and flanks the main railways for hundreds of miles. Its products and bounty maintain the region's pioneer economy. The cities of the Northwest are modern and fresh, yet

they are distinctive principally because of the wilderness which frames them. Portland and Seattle have never been offended by the story of the exuberant tourist who said it was mighty convenient to have two such nice big settlements so close to the best fishing and camping he ever did see. Both these cities take greater pride in the back country to which they give access than in their own essential worth. For example: amidst the groves of Volunteer Park, where the early settlers assembled to stand off Suquamish hostiles, the new Seattle Art Museum houses a magnificent collection of Oriental jade and pottery; from the terrace of the Museum the Olympic Range hangs against the skyline, a faint, challenging battlement of glaciers and crags. The Museum's descriptive literature puts first things first and boasts of the view of the mountains before telling about the art masterpieces. Move southward down the coast and you will find that the quality of Portland's Rose Festival is judged not by the floats and flowers, but by whether the snowy ramparts of Mount Hood, towering two miles above the city, are visible or shrouded in clouds and mist.

The Northwest's supreme attraction is its outdoors. Charley "Silvertip" Sieber once said he reckoned he had as good a chance to meet important folks at his trapping camp below Eagle Cap as in downtown Portland. There is an element of truth in this. Herbert Hoover, Ernest Hemingway, and Justice William O. Douglas spend weeks and months in



the Northwest and rarely show their faces in any of the cities. The region's urban pleasures are by no means inferior; they simply are overshadowed. This has been so for a long time. Rudyard Kipling's most unforgettable memory of the Northwest was the mountain-locked stream near Portland where on a soul-stirring afternoon he caught sixteen Chinook salmon in six hours.

The Northwest cherishes many minor epics and one great one, that of Lewis and Clark who brought the American flag across the Rockies and down the Columbia River in 1805. Monuments and statues and museum collections honor their feat. But you can miss all of these and still understand what that journey really meant; for many of the sights that met those great frontiersmen's eyes endure to-day unchanged. Up out of the little town of Salmon, Idaho, twists a narrow wooded road. At its crest, in the Beaverhead National Forest, you can stand on the summit of Lemhi Pass, where Captain Lewis tottered into the camp of the Shoshone Indians and

bartered for the food that saved his company from starvation. The steep hills and torn summits of the Bitterroot Range look now as they appeared then, when the Stars and Stripes flew for the first time on the Pacific slope. If this is too far off your course, three highways converge on Astoria, Oregon. There you can gaze out from the high headlands that reach like paws into the ocean. Back of you the Columbia River, five miles wide, pushes inexorably out of a corridor lined with timber and ribbed with tributary streams. Lectures, memorials, and tablets fail hopelessly by comparison to tell what must have been in the minds of those ragged adventurers when, after eighteen hungry, trackless months, the fog lifted on a cold November afternoon and they saw the gray seas breaking beyond the bar.

A thousand miles by road separate Salmon and Astoria. Other distances in the Northwest are comparable. And this vast domain is a land of contrasts. Streamlined trains clatter past trappers' bivouacs. The forty-two-storey Smith

Tower in Seattle can be seen from Olympic escarpments barricaded by miles of dense "rain forests." Valleys west of the Cascades are checkered with leafy vines and tight little truck gardens famous for celery and onions and fringed by tulips; but peer over the backbone of these mountains and you see dull brown range staked off into enormous cattle ranches. The hired man is "help" on one side of the ridge, a "wrangler" on the other. When the generators of the mightiest power project in the world began to turn, the first delivery of Grand Coulee electricity was made not to the huge new aluminum plants downstream but to Ernestine Nanamkin, a squaw at the Nspelam Indian Agency who had purchased a washing machine for the occasion.

II

Montana rises up out of the prairie in a long, gentle incline. On your way westward you will hear at filling stations about Fort Peck. This is an abandoned fur trading post where Army Engineers have reared an earthen barrier four miles long to insure a deep-water channel on the Missouri River. The dam itself is not spectacular, but the empty shack towns that squat on the flats reveal what happens when one hundred million dollars are spent in a wasteland. Already these places have had their boom and waned, as employment reached its peak and then tapered off. Two of them are named "Wheeler" and "Delano," squalid reminders of the time when the men who were bitter opponents during 1941's foreign policy debate were Montana's mutual benefactors. The handful of surviving merchants, having tasted of prosperity in stores knocked together from laths and two-by-fours, talk now of resuscitation by the great industries which navigation and cheap power may miraculously make possible.

Eat at least one meal with the men who soon will be on the job installing turbines and transformers. This is recommended at all the big projects still under con-

struction. The workers' mess halls are generally open to visitors and the food, served on an "all you can eat" basis, is wholesome and reasonable. "For every fifty miles in the woods," said an old logging camp straw boss, "you got to add another course to dinner." Most important, with your meal you can pick up a quick compendium of colorful if not essential data on the entire region. Jackhammer men and structural-iron workers are a nomadic tribe. They drift from job to job. The same crews have erected Bonneville, Fort Peck, and the lacy PWA bridges spanning the inlets on the seacoast. Over veal steaks, cole slaw, and hashed-browns you can learn the relative quality of grub, politicians, working conditions, faro games, and women all the way from Cape Disappointment to the Corn Belt.

At Great Falls the line of demarcation between plains and mountains is marked by the stairway-like reefs over which the Missouri crashes. Ninety miles up the dwindling river, Helena stands at the gateway to the Northern Rockies. From here to the Pacific a series of mammoth wrinkles corrugates the earth. The Missouri's low banks stiffen into bluffs to characterize the passage, but Helena is hint enough of the proximity of the frontier. Within the corporate limits of this capital of our third largest State clanking dredges still scoop gold-flecked gravel out of Last Chance Gulch. If you happen to be in town the day when a heavy rain blows off Thunderbolt Mountain you may see the Chinese population sifting the silt for nuggets washed down the gully. The minerals stored in Montana's lumpy sod once gave Helena the dubious distinction of having more millionaires *per capita* than any other American community, and the Montana Club is a faded relic of this opulence. The excellence of the kitchen has endured, although, incongruously, the special dish is neither bear meat nor salmon trout but rum chiffon pie. The first-class Chinese restaurants which seem so out of place eight hundred miles from a harbor in-

dicate that white men alone did not lay the railroads or dig the mines.

For all its vast dimensions, which triple Pennsylvania's size, Montana has only half a dozen places with populations that run into even five figures. The largest of these is Butte, where 36,964 people live on a hill shot through with shafts and tunnels. Some communities are a discreet distance from the industrial process which maintains them, but Butte encircles the copper mines like a stockade. Dunes of slag frown down on the office buildings and encroach menacingly on the miners' shabby frame houses. Technically, however, the mines are not in the city at all, for Montana law conveniently requires that the real-estate owners in any area must consent to municipal annexation. Extra taxes have never appealed to the Anaconda Copper Company, so Butte's boundaries are twisted into a labyrinth to exclude property right at the heart of town. But this gerrymandering applies only to the assessor's rolls, and the frames above the mine shafts stick up out of Skeleton Hill like gallows, reminding natives and visitors that pine timbers in the tunnels below support Butte physically as surely as the ore hauled out of the tunnels by Butte's grimy men maintains it economically.

One of the shafts is open to tourists. The miners call it a "show mine" and its whitewashed walls will show you what a copper mine is *not* like. You should ride the cage down into the Leonard Mine though because it is your only approach to the city that lies under Butte, a city of 2,700 miles of rocky corridors. Yet above the ground you will find Butte's story told. In the cigar stores the hum of roulette wheels and the bony clatter of dice boxes start as daylight ebbs out behind the Continental Divide. Steaks an inch thick sizzle on the squat iron stoves in the nearby suburb of Meaderville. The Rocky Mountain Café boasts that it gets first pick of the best beef from the Montana range. In from Anaconda, where the copper is smelted, come laborers to spend a dollar on din-

ner, try their luck at the tables, and look at the girls on the line in Venus Alley. Eight decades have passed since a prospector named Bill Fairweather discovered this inexhaustible hump of copper, but Butte is a mining camp still, the biggest mining camp in America. "Thousands of men," said a sheriff of Silver Bow County, "will live like gophers so they can raise hell in Butte after dark."

Only a collapse in the price of copper silences this revelry. In six months WPA lists have been known to quadruple. Sociologists find Butte a fertile field. A standard joke in the lobby of the Finlen Hotel concerns the idle miner who told a nonplussed case worker that not only was he hungry and facing eviction, but he could not see for the life of him how to get his fishing tackle out of hock. Whipping a line through white-crested riffles is the poor man's sport in the Pacific Northwest. Montana alone has 32,000 miles of trout streams, and both the Butte Chamber of Commerce and the Butte Miners' Union contribute members to the Izaak Walton League. You had better drive a few miles up toward the rim of the divide on U. S. 91 to take a crack at the Big Hole River yourself, for if you cannot fill a creel from Montana's torrents then you would fail in an aquarium. A special visitor's fishing license is only a dollar and a half for ten days and a rod and line rent cheaply.

Yet for the inquisitive there are sights and scenes in Montana beyond the elemental experience of hooking a dozen trout. This backwoods State has been roughly used and has dealt hard knocks in return. It was more difficult to push the railroads through here than any other part of the nation. "The trouble with Montana," said a deputy, "is that the graveyards ain't big enough." In some of the hinterland communities to-day the first real effort is taking place to soften the grapple between Montana and its people. At Choteau below Bear Top Mountain big, mustached Dick Fabrick toils over the charts and reports which are the key to the future. Fabrick, who

is Montana's representative on the National Resources Planning Board, will point to the rugged panorama outside his window and tell you, "At last we know which of those raw materials we can develop now and which we must leave for later on." And in another settlement, Hamilton, an immense Public Health Service laboratory has finally perfected a vaccine for the Rocky Mountain spotted fever that has claimed more lives in the outdoors than forest fires, avalanches, and blizzards combined. As fifty-three-year-old Dr. Ralph Parker talks quietly about the nine men who have died there on the Bitterroot River experimenting with the sheepticks which infest range and woodland, one realizes that not all the frontiers in the Northwest are represented by uninhabited vistas of land alone.

There are plenty of physical frontiers though and in every direction except east Butte confronts the wilderness. To the south the Bitterroots jut into Montana from Idaho. The towering west is barred by the Anaconda Primitive Area to which horseback and foot offer the sole admission. And off in the north, 275 miles away, lies the loveliest of our National Parks—Glacier. On the route to the park the Federal Bison Range points a warning to hunters and fishermen of what happens when the slaughter of wild life goes unchecked. Survivors of a bloody butchery, the thin remnant of the herds that once mantled Montana, watch disinterestedly from their grazing as the cars hum past. Two museums decorate the tiny winterlocked hamlet of St. Mary on the edge of Glacier Park. One is filled with the customary souvenirs and trinkets of the pioneer whites. The other commemorates the Blackfoot Tribe, which once owned Montana in fee simple. There also is a splendid Indian museum built by the Government twenty miles southeast at Fort Browning, where you can buy genuine beaded and woven material at low prices. The contrast between the dignity of the Blackfoot collections and such pioneer keepsakes as the

rope used by the vigilantes to hang their victims is slightly embarrassing.

Preferences are invidious, yet if I could visit only one of our National Parks I would choose Glacier. It has none of the aching dryness of the parks at the southern end of the Rockies, nor are its beauties sombered by a constant overcast as in the Olympic National Park farther west. Paved highways and the main line of the Great Northern lead to its portals. The mountains of Glacier Park loom up as mountains should. It may be heresy to say so, but I believe they are the only American peaks that match Banff and Jasper Park on the other side of the Canadian border. Surrounding plateaus do not reach to their shoulders and subordinate their crowns. They rise above the fringe of timberline in the shape of rocky towers, and their stratified ramparts are seamed and colored like the walls of Angkor Wat. Bighorn sheep and white-bearded goats leaping from ledge to ledge make the traveler grateful that these creatures began to be stalked in the days of cameras rather than in the days of rifles. Going-to-the-Sun Highway threads through the park over the hummock of Logan Pass and few roads equal its view of lakes, full-throated streams, forests, and mountains.

If you have come equipped you will find the auto camps less expensive than the hotels. No National Park is reasonable of course. Summer business on a summer basis never offers bargains. Gasoline prices are higher than in the rest of the State, although the rich oil fields at Cut Bank are only thirty-one miles away. But you can concede to Glacier that the scenery is worth the toll and, whether you leave the park by car or the Empire Builder, your last glimpse will be of what you paid to see—the soaring summits of the Northern Rockies hard and sharp against the Montana sky.

III

The story you hear most often in the dark mass of crags that form a bastion

between Idaho and Montana is that of the ascetic college professor from Pennsylvania who tramped through there a generation ago, living on the same fare as Lewis and Clark. He had become convinced that actual rather than vicarious suffering was essential to an appreciation of the difficulties which confronted America's pioneers. At last, however, he could stand his scant diet of pemmican and cornmeal no longer. He knocked on the door of a lonely Ranger station in the Salmon National Forest and asked for some milk and a loaf of white bread.

The Ranger stared at the gaunt apparition before him. "What's the trouble, stranger?" he inquired. "Lost?"

"I'm following Lewis and Clark," gasped the exhausted pedagogue.

The Ranger thought a minute. "Stranger," he said, "you're late. They were through here about one hundred and fifteen years back."

It has been nearly a century and a half now, yet a lesson in our history is the drive on U. S. 91 from Butte southward into Idaho. The Union Pacific takes this route too. From either sedan or Pullman you can look out on the torn and twisted terrain which those first frontiersmen penetrated without chart or guide. Rocks and hills bar every point of the compass, yet up Red Rock Creek and the Beaverhead River Lewis and Clark found a course still in use. By the time you reach Pocatello you will be convinced this country was explored by a hardy breed.

West of Pocatello the Snake River twists toward Oregon across a wide alluvial plain. Dams store the river's flow and generate power to pump the water on to thousands of acres. The secret of agriculture in most of the Northwest is combining the soil of the arid plateaus with the accumulation of snow and ice in the mountains. Irrigation canals are siphoned over canyons and cut through tunnels for miles, and Bitterroot blizzards in January presage bumper Boise Valley potato and alfalfa crops in September. "No snow: another mortgage," is a ranch

axiom. I have seen visitors watch in fascination all afternoon while a farmer near Twin Falls diverted water on to his land from the main canal and then saturated each row via a maze of pipes and furrows. Avery Anderson, a Dust Bowl migrant, who had almost paid up his debt to the Farm Security Administration after four years near Boise, said to me, "I guess only somebody from where I come from can look at these irrigation ditches with just the right feeling."

But snow in Idaho means more than next fall's harvest. It means also skiing at Sun Valley, which—now that Senator Borah is dead—unquestionably typifies Idaho to the nation, especially since Sonja Henie has made a movie there. Unlike some celebrated resorts, Sun Valley does not fall short of expectations. It lives up to all the Union Pacific's fanfare. The ski slopes, great folds of powdery white, are the best in America, and for those whose bones are too brittle or blood too thin there are gentler sports—golf, archery, hiking, swimming, tennis, and horseback riding. By both highway and branch line, Sun Valley is only sixty-five miles off the main east-and-west transcontinental routes across the hammerhead of southern Idaho. And while it is definitely not for those traveling on skimpy budgets, four people can bunk in a ski chalet overnight for \$1.25 each, and a pot roast dinner at the Challenger Inn sells for 85 cents, provided you are satisfied with Jello for dessert.

Yet Sun Valley is not Idaho. Idaho sod provides its ski runs and toboggan chutes, and Idaho mountains are its backdrop. But it is foreign ground in Idaho none the less. The natives of Ketchum, the resort railroad station, eye the Tyrolean-clad strangers frolicking among Sun Valley's pleasures with the same lack of affinity that the dark tribes of the Congo must feel toward a redoubt full of big-game hunters. There is scant common interest here, and the distance between Ketchum and the long rambling lodge with its modernistic furniture and Hollywood and Park Avenue guests

must be gaged by more than ordinary measurements to be understood. The people at Sun Valley polka to concertina music and wear feathered hats, plaid shirts splotted with colors, and playsuits which leave abdomens bare; and when did Blaine or Custer County folks ever behave that way? In Ketchum at night the Sun Valley visitors, in blazers and Stetsons and Levis, stroll past ranchers in from the range in store clothes with neat white shirts and somber ties.

Mental reservations widen the gap. Most of the skiers, either unconsciously or with deliberation, are oblivious to Idaho until Sun Valley's dazzling ski runs are in sight. Bridge games have been known to last from Chicago or Los Angeles to the junction at Shoshone. A Boise school teacher once remarked that the winter-sports crowd regarded Sun Valley as our forty-ninth State. "Them skiin' strangers 'pear to have a darn good time up beyond Ketchum," a stockman near Shoshone volunteered. I asked him if Idaho people didn't stay at Sun Valley too. "Some of 'em works there," he said.

For the location of this most sumptuous of the country's snow resorts Averell Harriman picked out the edge of the greatest frontier left in the United States. Many places claim to be the last frontier. Even points in Tennessee and North Carolina advertise the description. But this *is* the last frontier. If Miss Claudette Colbert had the matter-piercing vision of Superman she could look up from her omelet *aux confitures* in the dining room of Sun Valley Lodge and gaze northward for almost four hundred miles without seeing pavement or telephone poles. From Sun Valley to U. S. 10, which crosses Idaho's narrow handle, the Salmon River wilderness stretches off toward Canada in a succession of mile-deep chasms, dense forests, and piled mountains. Few civilized lands contain fastnesses comparable to this. So many deer, elk, and antelope roam its windfalls that the weakest among them die competing for winter forage. Argonauts

who brave the Salmon's corridor of angry rapids, the only access to the heart of the area, break the barbs off their fishhooks and throw back dozens of trout and salmon alive.

Yet formidable though all this sounds, the average traveler can push into at least some of the vast solitude. Pack trips are readily organized at Sun Valley, or you can trek in from Salmon on the eastern threshold or from Grangeville across the State. At Lewiston an adventurous Irishman named Kyle McGrady will take you on his mailboat *Idaho* up into Hell's Canyon, where the Snake River has trenched a chasm 7,900 feet deep. The trip lasts two days, costs \$5, and you can rent blankets from the Lewis and Clark Hotel before setting out. Transition between civilization and frontier is still easy in Idaho, for not so long ago McGrady was a mechanic in a garage. If he makes a success of the wildest mail route in the United States, the garage may be his. Along the gravelly bars of the Snake he will show you prospectors who pan for gold and bring their dust down to Lewiston on the *Idaho* in chamois-skin pokes, which they weigh on the counter of Mrs. Sapp's grocery and trade for \$35 worth of merchandise for each ounce.

Should you undertake a pack trip you can estimate that each day on the trail will cost you \$12.50. This includes horses, bedding, wranglers, and food—the last epitomized by breakfasts of biscuits, steelheads fried with bacon, potatoes, and coffee. All you need bring are yourself and your clothing. And remember if you leave the train at Enterprise or some other jumping-off point accoutered like Errol Flynn pursuing six bandits, your guides will surely put you down as a tenderfoot and your lot will be a hard one. After taking a galaxy of movie people into the Mount Baker country Jack Horton, assistant regional forester, said he guessed a fellow's woodcraft was in inverse proportion to the amount of fancy equipment he lugged along. Just pack a mackinaw, a plain

flannel shirt, some old slacks, and a pair of logger's boots; spend most of your money on the boots. This outfit will do in the roughest territory, and it will be passable if you decide to stick to the highways and small-town hotels.

IV

Oregon has been a magic name ever since Francis Parkman wrote *The Oregon Trail* and from whatever approach the first glimpse is had, it is never disappointing. The irregular fields of volunteer wheat on the slopes merge with the meadowy green valleys and tell why the pioneers thought they had reached the Promised Land when they saw these wide watered swales in the sagebrush. On U. S. 30 to Pendleton, family hotels have beds heaped with homemade quilts and the meals are dished up right at the table. How universal are our ways and customs after all! Good roads connect Pendleton with Enterprise, and Enterprise is the portal to the Wallowas, which are replicas of the Alps and even include a towering Matterhorn. Imnaha, on the CCC road to Hell's Canyon, seems at the end of the world; yet from Boston to Imnaha the things we do, whether good or bad, are of a piece. In the Imnaha Garage on a frosty morning Al Duckett is assuring Jack Hogan, U. S. Forest Service, that he will be in Enterprise for the Armistice Day parade, and up the rutted road a notice on the post office door announces that School District No. 16 has renewed the contract of an overworked teacher at \$701.25 a year.

In September Pendleton holds its annual round-up. This is the top rodeo staged in the West. The trick riders generally belong to troupes of traveling performers and do not exactly fit a school-boy's image of Kit Carson; but the Indians from the nearby Umatilla Reservation are bona fide and colorful. Two routes lead from Pendleton to the Coast. You can swing through the stock country of central Oregon and then westward, or you can drive down the Columbia River

Highway. The Steens Mountains are a tempting reason for the first course. Stop at ranches on this lonely route. The Basque farmhouses are famous for hospitality, for Oregon's only coffee *au lait*, and for Spanish meatballs with hot sauce. Horses thrive here and at least once a year Burns cowhands must herd in the wild mustangs which graze the range bare and lure their domesticated brethren off into the wilderness. The Army Remount Service scours this area for cavalry replacements.

Bend lies at the hub of Oregon, at the hub of more mountains, and at the hub of Oregon's dominant economic problem. Knock on the door of the Bend clinic and Dr. J. F. Hosch, who represents Bend in the State Legislature and buys every conservation book in any language, will take you up into logging camps as big as military posts. There is something terrifying about the sight of axe and bulldozer turning forests of Ponderosa pine into desolate miles of stumps. The figures Dr. Hosch pulls from his pocket on a little card are terrifying too. Bend's mills are cutting 350,000,000 board feet of lumber annually and at that rate they will start shutting down in ten years. The trees will be gone and the spree ended. Bend, with boulevards now and parks and fat payrolls, will become what the Forest Service calls a "ghost town." But all through the timber belt—the greatest timber belt on earth—you will meet men like Dr. Hosch and Lyle Watts, the regional forester, and E. B. MacNaughton, the State's leading banker, who are thinking in terms of sustained yield, of cutting less and planting more so that the woods may endure permanently. Sheldon Sackett talks about this in his *Coos Bay Times* at Marshfield, where the rains from the ocean have forced the dry pine groves to give way to fir forests matted with ferns.

Up the Oregon seacoast zigzags an excursionist's road. This is U. S. 101, hugging the headlands all the way to Astoria, then crossing the mouth of the

Columbia by ferry, and following the Washington shore to the tip of the nation. If the interior wilderness is too strenuous, this Pacific Ocean highway is your thoroughfare through the Northwest. On arching viaducts it spans rivers jammed with fish, especially the Rogue and the Umpqua. Beaches and golf courses line the bays and harbors. There are easy walks back into the Coast Mountains, the lowest range in the region (4,097 feet). The inn accommodations are neat and inexpensive, and for sea-food epicures the trip is bliss. Barbecued crabs, Olympia oyster pan roasts, breaded salmon cheeks, thick chowders, fried crab legs, fresh halibut and shrimps, razor clams, Chinook salmon steaks—these are celebrated dishes from California to British Columbia. A Federal judge at Tacoma once observed that a man's stomach here rose and fell with the tides.

More myths than fact have been circulated about Portland, located one hundred miles up the Columbia River. It has been romanticized as a Boston of the West and as a conservative citadel in a territory held by congenital Populists. Actually it is neither. It is no Boston, although its aristocrats live in exclusive old suburbs (where John Reed was born) and name the streets after the early merchant princes. It is not conservative, for the aristocrats are outvoted now by the shop girls and sawmill hands, and Portland has given F. D. R. heavier proportionate majorities than have San Francisco or Seattle. Perhaps Portland appears staid and imperturbable because it is predominantly a city of trees and gardens, and insurgency is seldom associated with camellias and rose bushes. Everyone in Portland grows flowers. The land is unlimited, the soil deep, and the spring seasons long and wet and cool. Thick forests stand right at the city line. The shabbiest houses nestle beneath Douglas firs and are surrounded by flower beds. You may hear about the appraiser who said some of the trees merit higher assessed valuations than the dwellings they

shade. Portland has the largest men's garden club in America, and bus drivers and longshoremen win prizes for their holly, roses, and blue spruce.

Beyond the Reed College campus, in the direction of Mount Hood, you can see some of the beginnings of wise use of the soil. In the shadow of the 11,225-foot glacier cone, endless fields of daffodils color land once cut over for logs. Immigrants from Holland have discovered that this margin of the Mount Hood National Forest duplicates the growing conditions of their native land. "It is better even," says young Jan De Graaff, "and soon we shall commence with tulips too." Since the Nazi conquest of the Low Countries the Northwest has become the bulb center of the world.

The bulb farms owned by Jan and his father flank the one drive near Portland that all tourists take. This is the Mount Hood loop, which runs like a hatband round the bottom of the great peak. Timberline Lodge, built by WPA workers, is fitted with the finest wood carvings, hand-woven draperies, and wrought-iron craftsmanship in the region. It has started the Cascadian type of architecture that in time may be accepted all over the nation as indigenous to the Northwest. The skiing is excellent, the food good, and the rates fairly moderate, although the *Oregon Labor Press* objects to the twenty-five cents which the private operating company charges visitors for the privilege of going through this building owned by their Government. The loop twists down through the blossomed Hood River Valley, where the CIO has organized the lumberjacks on the hill-sides and the anti-union Associated Farmers hold meetings in the orchards below. Then it joins the Columbia River Highway near Bonneville Dam and three miles above the Columbia Gorge Hotel, which features thick salmon steaks planked and garnished with mashed potatoes.

At Bonneville high-voltage lines fan out over the uplands like the rays from

an electric planet. These wires symbolize the new industrial era which may end what Dr. Paul Raver, the administrator of the dam, terms the "Northwest's status as an American Colonial Empire." But it is not the power phase of the project that stirs wayfarers. They are most interested in the fish ladders. These \$7,000,000 concrete stairways get the ascending Chinook salmon past the dam, to their spawning grounds in the Columbia's headwaters. More than 33,000 fish have been counted thrashing through the artificial passages in a single day. They run in greatest numbers in September and May. The Chinooks, often weighing 60 or 70 pounds, turn the steps into a purée of heaving backs and fins as they struggle to satisfy the inscrutable urge to reach the river's source. It takes a blasé visitor indeed to watch this spectacle and not come away limp from excitement. I have seen tourists hover over the ladders from morning until dusk.

Not far above Bonneville the Columbia pours over Celilo Falls, and here the Indians catch salmon with long-handled nets and spears. By treaty in 1855 the United States gave the original owners of Oregon the right to fish at Celilo forever in return for renouncement of their territorial claims. Salmon is the principal food of these Indians and permission to fish on the brink of the falls about their only possession of value. One afternoon in the spray I met Abe Showaway. When Abe's grandmother, Wolwaypoo, was a little girl she had seen Lewis and Clark come ashore from their canoes above the falls. I looked at Abe. He did not appear very old—fifty-five possibly. Yet his grandmother, at whose knee he had been brought up, went back to the first arrival of white men in the Northwest. No wonder, I mused, that the frontier still seems close to-day.

V

I have often speculated on what Abe Showaway thinks of the dumpy stone

building that perches on a basalt cliff across the Columbia from the Indian village at Celilo. It looks like a fort but is a museum. It was built by Sam Hill, son-in-law of the Great Northern's founder. He selected this desolate bluff because he decided that the air was more healthful than in the cities. Most of the floor space is devoted not to Abe Showaway's ancestors, who lived near the site of the museum, but to a replica of the Rumanian throne room and to the gowns, robes, and other personal effects of Queen Marie, who dedicated the grim little structure on her American tour in 1926. It is called Maryhill, a combination of the names of sponsor and donor. To come upon these tokens of the wretched Balkan kingdom in that gaunt lava solitude, one hundred and thirteen miles from a trolley line, must have a garish irony even for Abe Showaway with his reservation schooling.

Maryhill is in Washington, smallest of the four States of the Northwest, but with by far the biggest population. Yet there is plenty of room for wilderness. Spirit Lake at the foot of Mount St. Helens, which looks like a dish of vanilla ice cream two miles high, is an easy automobile trip. This and Mount Rainier afford convenient access to the most picturesque part of the Cascades. Trails, paths, and ice climbs offer various degrees of outdoor activity. A broad highway, U. S. 101 continued, swings up Washington's ocean front and round the Olympic Peninsula, where a new National Park barricades off cavernous forests hung with moss. Across Puget Sound from the Peninsula is Seattle. The lofty Olympics in the west and the dome of Rainier to the southeast dominate the prospect from the region's principal city.

In Seattle you can travel a wide arc on the range of human experience—from hooking a fifty-pound salmon right downtown in Elliott Bay to seeing the latest New York stage success at the Penthouse Theatre. The city has twenty-three golf courses and a whole covey of amateur showhouses. During these days of

conflict the expanding Boeing plant where the big bombing planes are made, and the huge naval base at Bremerton, are starred but inaccessible attractions. A trip on one of the boats that ply among the timbered islands of Puget Sound is a restful interlude, which you can climax with a day at Victoria, the British Columbia capital, where there are high hedges, Bobbies, and long rows of English antique shops. If you stay in Seattle and prefer solid ground to a promenade deck for your strolls, the arboretum bordering the University of Washington presents a dozen gentle walks beneath majestic trees. The eating in Seattle is good but not distinctive. For general quality the Olympic Hotel is about the best. At Crawford's you can eat sea food on the waterfront while you watch fishing dories out on the Sound hauling in halibut, salmon, and shrimps for the next day's menu. Swedes came to Seattle to cut lumber and there are many tasty smörgasbords.

These are the conventional things which you will be expected to do in Seattle. Let me propose a couple of items neither so obvious nor so widely advertised. Go through the public market above the docks and fill your hotel room with plums, celery, apples, and anything else you want to buy. Fruits and vegetables in rich profusion are cheap here, for the Puget Sound lowlands bloom like the Garden of the Lord. In *Collier's* Jim Marshall once wrote that this was "poor man's paradise." Drive out through the suburbs and you will see demonstrated that 47 per cent of Seattle's people own their own homes and 93 per cent of the residences are single-family units. Maybe a manifestation of this standard of living for the wage earner is the boast of the local labor boss, Dave Beck, that his paneled office on Alaskan Way is every bit as elegant as that occupied by the president of the Northern Pacific.

Seattle has the largest municipal water-power system in America. As a propaganda device, tours to the plant's

projects on the Skagit River are sponsored every summer from June 1st until September 15th. These cover two days, cost only \$4.05 a person, and extend deep into the Mount Baker National Forest, 109 miles from Seattle. The tours, although primarily to induce residents to switch their patronage from the local power company to City Light, are open also to visitors. Three trips are made a week, with about 500 people on each. Electric cars bought from a defunct interurban line clatter up the Skagit River Gorge over high trestles and along narrow ledges. The crowd eats in big mess halls, and women occupy one dormitory and men another. There are two persons to a room with separate cots, and your roommate may be a college professor or one of Dave Beck's teamsters. City Light provides towels, clean bedding, generous meals, and even afternoon snacks. Professor Harold J. Laski described the tour as not only a visit to the Cascades for \$4.05, but also "a rare opportunity for investigation into what makes Seattle tick."

Eastward, across the range from Seattle, Wenatchee straddles the upper Columbia in a valley full of apple orchards. Nineteen miles away at Leavenworth is the largest fish hatchery in the world, where you can see spawning Chinooks chauffeured up Icicle Canyon in a fleet of silvery tank trucks. The Forest Service in Wenatchee or ebullient Rufus Woods of the *World* will outline all sorts of pack trips into the Glacier Peak country. But now pack trips are secondary. Drive northeast on U. S. 10 or Washington 7. Transmission towers appear overhead, carrying 220,000 volts past ruined, tumbledown farmhouses. At Ephrata men with maps, transits, and cameras come and go in innumerable station wagons. Up through an immense declivity, 1,000 feet deep and 51 miles long, the road leads. The ground drops away at the head of this rocky trough and far below the Columbia River surges through a granite chasm.

A dam spans the river here that dwarfs

VI

every other dam ever built. Almost a mile across and 550 feet high, it is three times the bulk of Boulder Dam for example. This fabulous edifice is Grand Coulee. Although stuck off in the hinterland where the pavement ends, it is the principal single tourist attraction in a region full of many attractions. It may be more of an attraction by spring when, with the melting snows, over the spillway will thunder a cataract wider than the American Falls at Niagara, twice as high, and pouring a greater volume of water. Often it is no kindness to recommend the trite and obvious, but at Grand Coulee the story of the region is summarized. Through the dry wilderness the dam pushes enough power for a thousand factories. Soon water will follow, to reclaim the 1,200,000 acres of sagebrush where now the crumbling farmhouses shudder in the wind. Here is repeated the old dream of a new Canaan, a place to go and settle. Three hundred and fifty thousand Americans will find fertile farms when Coulee's monstrous pumps go to work.

Allocate at least an entire day to Grand Coulee. Buses connect with the railroads at both Spokane and Wenatchee. If you stay overnight pick the Mason City Hotel, which has plywood walls but soft, clean beds. Major S. E. Hutton of the Bureau of Reclamation will prove your best guide. Goated and philosophical, he has seen 1,650,000 people—from Mr. Roosevelt to carloads of Okies in search of land to till—drive that way since the first granite core was drilled in 1933. Then only Sam Seaton, who ran a sheep ferry, and Charlie Osborne, a rancher, lived in the vicinity. Now you can buy gas at Sam's service station and Charlie is janitor of the airy, white high school. As you leave Grand Coulee late in the afternoon, with dusk beginning to shroud the crags, peer back down once again at the unbelievable dam with its twenty-storey powerhouse, and it will look in the dull light like some crouching engine of to-morrow, ready for the next chapter in the Northwest.

So there it is—the Columbia River Basin, four States with 13 per cent of the country's land and only 3 per cent of the people. It is old yet new, the last part of the nation to be explored but inhabited by whites for nearly a century and a half, nevertheless. It is predominantly outdoors, although the cities can keep a traveler occupied for as long as he desires. It offers wild and untamed fastnesses, and also Sir Thomas Beecham leading a brilliant symphony orchestra, as well as moving and realistic paintings of all these scenes by Kenneth Callahan, the young director of the Seattle Art Museum. It is a region of mild climate, with May, June, and September the best months for the visitor. Snow seldom falls in Portland or Seattle, although in the mountains forty miles away it frequently stacks up to the treetops.

The Davenport Hotel in Spokane is as good a place as any to sum up your journey and prepare to depart. Spokane is a third the size of Seattle and approximately half that of Portland, but the builders of the Davenport evidently knew it would be the trading center of the Inland Empire and that the greatest water-power site in the United States was a mere 88 miles distant. Many tired pilgrims with Coulee dust on their hides have eaten roast beef dinner at the Davenport, tucked under their arms the local *Spokesman-Review*, the *Portland Oregonian*, or the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, the region's leading papers, and gone upstairs and slept the clock round in the Davenport's wide beds.

You can go east from Spokane through the Coeur d'Alene and back across Montana into the sunrise; you can drive north toward Revelstoke and Lake Louise in Canada, or you can swing down in the direction of California and the Southwest. Excellent roads stretch out to all these points. By whatever route you depart you can always get a final, beckoning glimpse of the timbered wilderness with its crown of eternal snowcaps.



AMERICAN NEGROES AND THE WAR

BY EARL BROWN

As we go to press, few white citizens of the United States are aware of the extent to which their Negro fellow-countrymen are—in the words of this article—"angry, resentful, and utterly apathetic about the war." In order to focus public attention upon a critical problem we have asked Mr. Brown, one of the ablest Negro journalists, to state frankly what and why the feeling is.—The Editors

WHEN the first load of bombs exploded on the deck of an American man-of-war lying in Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7th a black boy raced up from the galley and on to the deck of his ship. Although forbidden by the rules of the United States Navy to touch one of its guns, he unhesitatingly manned a machine gun and fired it at the enemy until his ammunition was spent. And when the fighting had stopped and the smoke had cleared away from the harbor, he returned to his galley quarters, where, because he is a black American, he must remain—in spite of heroism, ability, or the need of the Navy for first-class fighting men.

Following the fall of Manila to the Japanese on December 28th, Secretary of State Cordell Hull was asked in a press conference to comment upon the assertion that the Japanese were discriminating against white people in the conquered city. The Secretary of State said that it was monstrous.

A few days after Mr. Hull had denounced the Japanese for discriminating against white people in our embattled Pacific possession, George Derrick, who looks like an Oriental and who lives in Washington, visited the War Department in answer to a request to be interviewed for a position of radio engineer in the signal corps. Because of his training and unusual ability in the field of radio,

the officials of the Department were so impressed with him that they offered him a better position with higher pay than the original one.

At the conclusion of his interview, however, a personnel officer of the Department asked, "By the way, what nationality are you?"

"I am an American Negro," Derrick replied. "I was born in Alabama and was graduated from the Howard University School of Engineering."

Within a week he received a letter from the War Department informing him that he had neither sufficient training nor experience to qualify for the position.

"... Negroes will be considered only as janitors and in other similar capacities. . . . It is the company policy not to employ them as mechanics and aircraft workers," the *Kansas City Star* of January 17, 1941, quoted J. H. Kindelberger, president and general manager of North American Aviation, Inc., a subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, as saying in an interview prior to the company's opening a new plant employing ten thousand workers near Kansas City. "The President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice charged yesterday that two local unions of the International Association of Machinists, AFL, had 'barred qualified and needed workers' from defense jobs at Seattle and San Francisco because

they were Negroes," the newspaper *PM* stated on January 20th.

In the armed forces, government civil service, private industry, and trade unions—no matter where—the story is the same old one: discrimination against the Negro. Because he must fight discrimination to fight for his country and to earn a living, the Negro to-day is angry, resentful, and utterly apathetic about the war. "Fight for what?" he is asking. "This war doesn't mean a thing to me. If we win I lose, so what?" Presumably aware of the colored man's attitude in the current crisis, Mrs. Roosevelt said in an address before the Rector's Aid Society of St. Thomas' Episcopal Church in Washington on January 8th: "The nation cannot expect colored people to feel that the United States is worth defending if the Negro continues to be treated as he is now."

Yet up to the present the Negro's loyalty has never been questioned, in spite of his status of being a citizen without the rights and privileges of one. He has fought valiantly in every conflict in which this country has been engaged since the Revolutionary War, and to-day Negroes comprise approximately one-tenth of the Army. In the Civil War one hundred and sixty-one regiments fought in the Union Army for their race's freedom and the preservation of the Union. At the battle of Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, on June 7, 1863, the first one in which Negro troops participated in the War Between the States, a Confederate force of one thousand surprised five hundred black and two hundred white Union soldiers. The first intimation the commanding officer had of the presence of the rebels was when one of his Negro troopers went into his tent and said: "Massa, de secesh are in camp." When ordered to have the men load their guns the black soldier replied: "We done that now, Massa."

In the ensuing battle black and white, Northern and Southern soldiers rammed bayonets through one another and died pinned to the ground.

The Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth Infantry, a New York National Guard regiment composed of Negro volunteers recruited from Harlem, was the first unit of all Allied armies to reach the Rhine in the World War. Called "*Les Enfants Perdus*" by their French brothers in arms because they fought with the French instead of their own army, the regiment never lost a foot of ground or had a man taken prisoner. The only volunteer regiment raised for the war that got to France, the Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth served one hundred and ninety-one days under fire, more than any other unit of the A.E.F.

The famous "Battle of Henry Johnson," who was a private in the Three Hundred and Sixty-ninth, took place on the western front at about two-thirty in the morning of May 11, 1918. Single-handed, Private Johnson, who weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, and who in civilian life was a red-cap porter in the New York Central Railroad station at Albany, killed, wounded, or completely put to rout an attacking party of twenty-four German soldiers and one officer. As the relief party entered the enclosure of Combat Group Number 29, where Private Johnson had waged his private war against the Germans, he fainted. As he was losing consciousness he mumbled, "Corporal of the guard . . ."

Although the fighting ability and courage of the Negro soldier as demonstrated by Private Johnson and others would seem to justify the use of large numbers of Negroes as combat troops, only forty-two thousand Negro troops out of 200,000 who went to France as part of the A.E.F. saw action at the front. The rest of them were used entirely in labor battalions. At the conclusion of the war to "save the world for democracy" the four Regular Army Negro regiments, the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry, were demobilized as fighting units and many of their members were assigned to serve as servants to white officers in vari-

ous Army forts and other locations throughout the country. With no chance of promotion in the Navy above mess attendant, excluded entirely from the Marine and Aviation Corps, and turned into chambermaids, cooks, and valets in the Army, the Negroes had reached their nadir as a part of the nation's fighting force when the present war began.

Although there has recently been a recurrence of the kind of violence that took place during the World War between colored soldiers on the one hand and white citizens, policemen, and State troopers on the other, the War Department has done little to protect the soldiers. In all instances, especially the outbreaks that occurred at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Gurdon, Arkansas, last August, and Alexandria, Louisiana, last January, in which Negro soldiers were beaten up and shot by white military and civilian police and State troopers, the War Department has failed to do much more than to hold its traditional, routine investigations.

On Christmas Day a Negro army officer, home on furlough from a Southern camp, visited some friends in Harlem. Ordinarily a pleasant, easy-going man, he sat by the radio brooding, while his friends made merry with cocktails. Finally their conversation turned to the war and the Negro.

"Stop talking about it!" the officer screamed. "I came here to get as far away from the Army as I can. Sure I'm in it. But I hate it! I hate it because, above everything else in this country, the Army treats the Negro worst. I hate it because my own government won't protect me against any white man, in or out of the Army. I hate it because every day since I've been in the Army some white person has reminded me through some word or act that, although I wear the uniform of an officer of the United States Army, I'm still nothing but a 'nigger.' I've been in hundreds of bull sessions with other colored fellows and I have until yet to hear a single man

express any loyalty for his own country. What the hell do we want to fight the Japs for anyhow? They couldn't possibly treat us any worse than these 'crackers' right here at home."

Nobody was drunk; everybody agreed with him.

Out in Chicago last December the secretary of Local Number 10, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America (AFL), gave Quincy Jones, a union member for twenty-one years, a card to go to Joliet where carpenters were being hired on a defense job. After paying his fare to Joliet and two-fifty to the Joliet local for a work permit in that district, Jones was sent out on a construction job near Wilmington, Ill.

"When I checked out Tuesday," Jones says, "the timekeeper told me that the personnel man for the contractors for the job wanted to see me at headquarters.

"The personnel man called me into his office and told me that he would not tolerate a colored man working with white carpenters and that I had to go. . . . He then called Mr. Rogers of the Illinois State Employment Service and told him that he had given him an order for carpenters and he had sent him a Negro and not to send him another one because he wouldn't tolerate such a thing. Then he called the carpenters' district council in Joliet, asked for Mr. Oberon, the business agent, and told him the same thing. He told me to go to the office and get my money.

"I did and went back to Chicago and reported what had happened to Local Number 10 and also the carpenters' district council. I thought that they were going to take it up until an official told me that the contractor had a right to hire whom he wanted. So I knew then that with this attitude they were through with it and my move was for myself. . . ."

In reply to a complaint made to him by Jones, William L. Hutcheson, general president of the Brotherhood, wrote:

"Dear Sir and Brother: . . . and while we do know that such things happen oc-

asionally, however, there is not a whole lot this office can do, except to endeavor to induce the contractors to employ members of our organization. . . . We will have a representative contact the officials in the district and see what, if anything, can be done in the matter."

Nothing was ever done.

II

Although the American race problem was born when a score of black slaves were landed from a Dutch man-of-war at Jamestown, Va., in 1619, some of the currently acute phases of it, like many other evils, grew out of the World War. During that other great American crusade a generation ago, labor agents scoured the South for Negro workers to keep the wheels of industry turning in the North; and instead of stopping when democracy had been saved and the War had come to a victorious conclusion, Dixie Negroes continued to migrate to the "land of hope and freedom" by the hundreds of thousands. A great majority of these black farmers settled in the large Northern cities, where in some instances the colored population increased tenfold in less than a generation. The Negro population of Detroit increased from ten thousand in 1910 to about one hundred and thirty thousand by 1940; in New York City, which has a larger Negro population than any other city in the world, the colored population increased from 91,000 to about a half million in the same period.

When the Negroes migrated to Northern cities in the past quarter century, they were of course in most instances segregated in the least desirable sections and given the dirtiest and lowest-paid jobs, whatever their qualifications. Approximately ninety per cent of them were employed as unskilled laborers and in domestic and other service positions. When the depression came in 1929 they were naturally the first to be fired. At the height of the depression as many as from sixty to seventy per cent of the

entire Negro populations in Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago were on relief; and in the South as well as in the North white persons were given jobs hitherto held traditionally by Negroes.

Two things happened during the depression, however, that tended to unite the Negroes for their fight to survive and to become an integral part of the body politic. In the first place, segregation into small, compact residential areas in Northern cities enabled them to achieve political solidarity. In the second place, they demonstrated their appreciation for New Deal relief and the New Deal's promise of economic security for all by enthusiastically supporting Mr. Roosevelt at the polls in 1936 and again in 1940. Now that the New Deal has failed to pave the way for them to become secure economically or otherwise, the Negroes are indeed disillusioned and bitter.

During the depression Negroes north of the Mason and Dixon Line were often united by the New Dealers and also by the Communists into pressure groups to assist them in putting over some New Deal or Communist program, such as beating the bushes for votes for Mr. Roosevelt or picketing relief agencies for more food, shelter, and clothing. When in 1937 the Supreme Court decided in the case of the New Negro Alliance against the Sanitary Grocery Company of Washington, D. C., that Negroes had a right to picket for jobs wherever they were denied them because of color, and that it was worse for employers to discriminate against them on such grounds than to discriminate against labor unions, a tremendous impetus was given to picketing for jobs by Negroes in practically every large city in the North and even in a few cities in the South. Since the depression still continued, however, the Negroes gained nothing more than a few "token" white-collar clerical and sales jobs in the colored sections of some of the cities where they pursued their picketing with industry.

Because they now fully understood the

power of the picket line, they were ready and anxious to march on Washington when A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, advanced the idea in January, 1941, of organizing a Negro protest march on Washington, because government officials, from the President down to minor bureau chiefs, had persistently evaded the issue of combating discrimination in defense industries as well as the government itself. As the time for the event drew nearer some of the heads of the government became alarmed; Randolph reported that a ranking New Dealer had told him many government officials were asking, "What will they think in Berlin?"

Receiving a telephone call from his good friend Mayor LaGuardia of New York one day last June, about three weeks before the march was scheduled to take place, Randolph, who had assumed the position of chairman of the March on Washington Committee, went to the Mayor's office in City Hall and there discovered, in addition to Mr. LaGuardia, Mrs. Roosevelt, Aubrey Williams, administrator of the National Youth Administration, and Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Getting to the point, Mrs. Roosevelt said to Randolph: "I am opposed to the march on Washington because I fear the consequences to Negroes if thousands of them march there in protest against job discrimination in national defense industries."

Declaring that Southern congressmen and others antagonistic toward the colored race might unite and become even more antagonistic if the march were held, the First Lady strongly urged Randolph to call it off. "I will ask the President to call a conference to discuss this matter thoroughly," she promised Randolph. The Mayor and Mr. Williams also tried to persuade the labor leader, the latter, according to Randolph, saying, "Never before has the Administration been so concerned over Negroes. Everybody down there is talking about it."

Nothing the group said, however, had any effect on Randolph. "The march must go on," he said. "I'm certain it will do some good. In fact, it has already done some good; for if you were not concerned about it you wouldn't be here now discussing the question of racial discrimination."

Summoned to the White House by President Roosevelt the week after the meeting in City Hall, Randolph found himself at a curious meeting at which were present the following: Mr. Roosevelt and two of his Cabinet members, Secretary of War Stimson and Secretary of the Navy Knox; William Knudsen and Sidney Hillman, co-administrators of the late Office of Production Management; Mr. Williams, Mayor LaGuardia, and Mr. White. Confronted with what to them was an uncomfortable and embarrassing situation, the high government officials hunted round for some kind of formula that would prevent the march.

Although the President informed Randolph that he was opposed to the march, the latter repeated what he had said in the Mayor's office in New York, but added, however, that he would call off the march if the President issued an executive order "with teeth in it" prohibiting discrimination in employment in defense industries and the government itself. Emphasizing to Randolph that he would not issue an executive order until the problem of discrimination in defense industries had been thoroughly studied and a recommendation made to him to that effect, Mr. Roosevelt requested the conferees to adjourn to the Cabinet room, form a committee, go out and study the problem, and then report their findings to him.

When the statesmen and the Negroes convened in the Cabinet room the Secretary of War was chosen as chairman of the meeting. Urging that the march not be held, Mr. Stimson declared that although it "takes time" to cope "satisfactorily" with the race problem in the Army, some progress had been made and

even more would be made in the future. The Secretary of War cited the promotion of former Col. Benjamin O. Davis, Sr., to brigadier general in the fall of 1940 (just before the elections) as an example of the colored man's progress in the United States Army.

With the date for the march only a few days away, Randolph was summoned to Washington for a third conference. This time, however, he met only Mayor LaGuardia and Aubrey Williams in the Mayor's Office of Civilian Defense headquarters.

"I must tell you, Phil, it looks bad about that executive order," the Mayor opened up. "Those Southern congressmen are sore about this thing already and the Negroes will certainly lose many of their 'good white friends' if you go through with the march."

When Randolph indicated no signs of weakening, the Mayor produced a tentative draft of an executive order. However it failed to include a clause that government departments as well as defense industries should not discriminate against persons because of race, religion, or national origin, and the march leader refused to accept it. A pretty good horse trader himself, Randolph informed the Mayor when they convened again after lunch that he had just talked to some Negro leaders and they had demanded that a clause prohibiting discrimination in government departments be included in the proposed executive order. After some more debate and a telephone call to the White House, the President agreed to issue an executive order intended to abolish all discrimination in employment in defense industries and the government too. Randolph of course called off the march.

III

Soon after he had issued the executive order (the second one to be issued by a President directly concerning Negroes; the first one was the Emancipation Proclamation), Mr. Roosevelt appointed

a committee to see that it was carried out. Named the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice, it consists of the following persons: Malcolm S. MacLean, President of Hampton Institute, chairman; David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America; Philip Murray and William Green, presidents respectively of the CIO and AFL; Alderman Earle B. Dickerson of Chicago and Milton P. Webster, vice president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. The last two members are Negroes. Mark Ethridge, publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the first chairman of the committee, resigned last February. Because they are often too busy to attend the committee's meetings, Mr. Murray and Mr. Green have two other officials of their respective unions sit in for them.

Lawrence W. Cramer, former Governor of the Virgin Islands, was named executive secretary of the committee, and assisting him is a field staff of white and colored workers. The committee is directly responsible to the President, who may revoke a defense contract or discharge a government official if the committee certifies to him that a defense firm or a government official has discriminated against a person because of race, religion, or national origin. Although the committee has held public hearings in Los Angeles (last October), in Chicago (last January), and in New York City (last February), and has unearthed many cases of discrimination that would seem to justify its recommending to the President that he order the offending firms' defense contracts revoked, at this writing it hasn't yet done so. Neither has it certified to Mr. Roosevelt any case of job discrimination in the government, although, according to a staff member of the committee, it has discovered more instances of such discrimination in federal departments than in defense plants.

The hearings held by the committee have produced three things: 1) "token" employment of Negroes in compara-

tively a few defense plants in order that their owners may appear to be conforming to the executive order; 2) opportunities for employers and their representatives who have testified at the hearings to misrepresent their actual employment practices; 3) an opportunity for some of the members of the committee to use the hearings as personal political sounding boards.

Testifying before the committee at its Los Angeles hearings as to the employment policy of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company at its San Pedro, Cal., shipyard, Rodney E. Van DeVander, a representative of the company, said: "It is not our desire and we do not intend to practice discrimination against any race, creed, or color." Of the twenty-eight-odd hundred employees of the company at its San Pedro yard, according to recent information, only two are Negroes, who, although skilled workmen, were employed as common laborers.

Although Mr. Nardon of the Paulsen and Nardon Company, Los Angeles, was quoted as saying to George M. Johnson, assistant executive secretary of the committee, a few days before its hearings in Los Angeles, that he would not hire Negroes if he could help it and that he didn't see any need to employ them when he could get sufficient white help, Richard Coleman, industrial relations counsellor for the company, testified that he had recently been retained by Paulsen and Nardon to establish a "definite personnel program." "Under the present policy, applicants are required to state their nationality but not their race or religion and they will be hired on the basis of skill, regardless of race, creed, or color," he stated. The industrial relations counsellor further said that he wished to retract statements made by Mr. Nardon and gave the committee assurance that if members of minority groups applied for work, either skilled or unskilled, his company would give them the same consideration that anybody else is given.

One of the big aircraft companies in

California employs about six thousand workers but no Negroes. Last August 2nd, the company's director of industrial relations wrote to the National Negro Congress and stated that it was not the policy of the company to employ other than members of the Caucasian race. At the Los Angeles hearings, however, he said that the policy of the company as of the date of the hearing (October 21, 1941) "is definitely to hire on the basis of the applicant's qualifications for the job for which he is to be employed, regardless of race, creed, et cetera." From June up to the time of the hearings, between ten and fifteen Negroes had applied at the company for work; all had been rejected. Referring to the letter he wrote to the National Negro Congress, the director of industrial relations stated that it was written in error, that in 1938 the company changed management and that the policy stated in the letter was the company's policy prior to the change.

William V. Kelley, secretary of the Milwaukee Urban League, a Negro social organization, is reported to have testified at the Chicago hearings in January that Lawrence J. Parrish, personnel director of the A. O. Smith Company of Milwaukee, manufacturer of war material, told him when he visited his office on August 7th that "Negroes here should be in the South. They should never have come to Milwaukee, for by so doing they have created a social problem for the city." Mr. Kelley stated that Mr. Parrish told him he had not seen fit to employ Negroes.

In his testimony at the hearings Mr. Parrish said when asked if he would accept workers regardless of race, etc.: "Yes."

David F. Scurlock and Fletcher Johnson of Chicago stated on the witness stand that they had applied at the Harnischfeger Company of that city, which employs two thousand two hundred and fifty-two workers, for positions as welders. They testified that they had been denied work and that they had been told that the company did not hire

Negroes and married women. In his testimony for the company Arthur W. Coppin, secretary and counsellor, said that since the company had had only a few applications from Negroes in the past few years "we saw no point in hiring the two complainants." "Is that your policy now?" he was asked by Alderman Dickerson of the committee. "No, our policy now is to hire all people, regardless of race, creed, and color."

IV

In 1930 there were 5,503,000 colored workers in the United States in all occupations, according to the federal census of that year. One million nine hundred and eighty thousand of them were engaged in agricultural pursuits, mainly as tenants and sharecroppers, in the South; 1,025,000 were engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries, and 1,570,000 were employed in domestic and personal service. A large majority—about ninety per cent—of those engaged in industry were employed as unskilled laborers, although about one-fifth of the entire colored population was qualified at that time for skilled and white collar jobs. Yet according to a statement by the Social Security Board: "In spite of the increasing difficulty of finding experienced skilled and semi-skilled workers, many employers continue to refuse to hire available Negroes for production work.

"In many of the most important industries associated with national defense, particularly aircraft, tank and armament manufacturing, powder manufacturing, shell loading, machine tools and shop, in which acute shortages of skilled and semi-skilled labor have developed, there is little evidence that employers are hiring Negroes," the board states further. Of 8,769 skilled and semi-skilled jobs in aircraft from January to March, 1941, only thirteen went to non-white workers; of nearly 60,000 placements during the same period in metal trades occupations, fewer than five hundred went to non-

whites, a pamphlet issued by the board on September 16, 1941, says. It may be assumed that a preponderant number of the non-white jobs were given to Negroes.

In spite of the ever-increasing demand for labor, the proportion of Negroes to white persons on relief has risen steadily, since the national defense program was started, in practically every large city in the North where Negroes are to be found in large numbers. In April, 1940, approximately 24.8 per cent of the registered unemployed in Philadelphia were colored workers; but by April, 1941, during the first year of the defense program, the proportion of Negroes in the registered unemployed labor reserve had increased to 29.8 per cent of the whole. While 32 per cent of the unemployed job-seekers in Baltimore in April, 1940, were colored, a year later that number had risen to 34.3 per cent of the registered unemployed in that city.

Discrimination against Negro labor has of course affected the vocational training program. In their desire to co-ordinate training with employers' demands, local authorities have been accessories before the crime of job discrimination by refusing to use their facilities to train Negroes where employers would not hire them. In March of last year only 4,600 of 175,000 trainees in the country were colored. Fewer than three hundred of ten thousand trainees placed in defense jobs in New York from June, 1941, to January 1, 1942, were Negroes.

Even if it were possible to ignore the moral significance of denying one-tenth of the nation—the Negroes—a right to make an honest living on a basis of merit, America certainly cannot at this time afford to continue to keep fifteen million of its citizens in economic bondage solely because of color. Morally speaking, nothing that is being done in the United States to-day gives the Axis Powers a better opportunity to condemn democracy than the treatment of our colored citizens.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



A MARRIED man can get into almost as much trouble falling in love with his country as with a night-club singer. Plenty of men have been giving their country the eye in the past few months—fellows who somehow hadn't noticed how pretty she was, till all of a sudden there was just something about the way she walked and the way she smiled, and the first thing you know they had forgotten home and family and business and everything and away they went, torch and all. Of course I am not speaking of the young men who have no other attachments, so to speak, and who express their infatuation by going into the Army and Navy and performing in the sky like so many cock pigeons. They are all right; but it's the settled old men in their forties who have to hang on to their hats.

Look at Donald Duck. He was fixed in his ways. But when this thing hit him he gave up his regular line of work to make a propaganda film. Before he knew it he found himself out on a limb, charged with obstructing the smooth passage of an appropriations bill. And there are dozens like him (although nobody is *quite* like Donald) who have pulled up their roots, mad with love for the beautiful United States, only to find that she is a difficult lady to squire. Washington is full of these nervous and thwarted lovers. Many of them are on the point of a breakdown because of the strange passion which has come into their lives and because of the difficulties it brings with it.

Love of country is an amazing business when it strikes in the middle years. This ravishing America, with the red, red rose in her hair—almost everybody I meet is trying to date her. And I have seen some of her admirers walking

the drizzling streets and haunting doorways, just as they might have in the days of their youthful ardor. I feel a good deal of sympathy for Donald and the others who are in his predicament. After all, they are the kind of people who have made America what she is, and now, even though she may not want to live with them and be their love, still she ought not to be too unfeeling. But like all enchantresses, she is merciless.

* * *

Sometimes the human race seems discouraging beyond all words, and you decide there isn't any use fighting and winning the war because even if you do fight and win the war the same old troubles will be there waiting—the same old dislocations and inhumanities and the same intolerance and selfishness, the same frauds and shams and pomposities. But then you go into the men's washroom of a Pullman car and observe how a man, after he has used the wash basin, swabs it out with a towel so that it will be clean and shiny for the next fellow. This is an ancient ritual among men travelers: it does not surprise you but it impresses you. Your confidence is restored. You feel that this is quite a world. You see man as a noble animal, robed in light, and supplied with clean towels. Tidiness may not be a major virtue, nevertheless there is something encouraging about the sight you have just witnessed. Man, you decide, has good intentions in spite of a rather dreadful character.

I don't know of course what conditions obtain in women's washrooms, and will not weaken my position by guessing.

* * *

Civilian defense will improve rapidly after the first bomb falls, if it ever does

fall. Until then it will probably be concerned with the æsthetic and nutritive side of life. You could almost have gambled on civilian defense turning into the sort of field day it has become, during the early stages. I think far too much fuss and noise has been made over it. When America finally has this job to do—if she ever does—she will do it well, after a slight preliminary shakedown which will be quite excusable under the circumstances.

* * *

In these days of unrestricted submarine warfare one of the things you can't help noticing is how badly stocked are the larders of lifeboats, those small craft in which shipwrecked people spend the frightful days and nights on a lonely and tempestuous sea. No fate is more grueling than theirs, none more fearful. Such people deserve every consideration, every attention. Yet almost without exception, when the news comes through, you find that on top of all their other troubles they have actually been without sufficient food and water. I think I have never read of a single case in which the provender was either in sufficient quantity or appetizing. This is amazing. All lifeboats should be stocked with an abundance of water and a large quantity of appetizing food—I am absolutely convinced of that from the evidence. Even if the extra food and drink take up valuable space, still I say they should be there. The food should not only be in greater quantity than has ever been apportioned to a lifeboat, but it should be of the finest quality and with some variety too. Imagine the lift to the spirits of a person who has spent an almost unendurable day in a crowded boat, pounded by the sea, tortured by the sun and salt, to have the steward come round at twilight with a bit of goose liver, a spot of rum, and a cold wing. It would be the difference between life and death. Nobody wants to eat hardtack under any circumstances, let alone at sea in an open boat. Yet I understand the larders of lifeboats are

provisioned mainly with this unpalatable biscuit and with a rather small quantity of water. How stupid! I would like to see some rich person, dying, leave his fortune to be used in fitting out lifeboats with the finest food and liquors that money can buy. The boats should be serviced daily, as you would tend any larder, so that when the moment arrived all would be in readiness. And there should be a portable phonograph, set in gimbals, with some good records.

This has been on my mind for years. It is just one of those simple problems which people have approached conventionally instead of imaginatively.

* * *

It seems to me that since the entrance of the United States into the war the newspapers have ceased to present the news unemotionally. They have given the news, all right, but they have sprinkled it with Vitalis. Before Pearl Harbor the American press was doing the finest job imaginable. Since Pearl Harbor it has been a touch on the wishful side.

As I write this, in February, it seems to me that if anyone had followed the events of the past two months solely by reading the headlines across the top of Page One he would now be fairly convinced that the Japanese attempt in the Far East was a failure. Somehow or other, the headline writers have managed to give that impression. MacArthur's fox holes have taken on the aspect of a full military victory, and the Japanese fleet is at the bottom.

In last night's paper, from the UP's Far Eastern man, I read the following dispatch: "Allied warcraft operating in the Netherlands East Indies have sunk a Japanese cruiser and a large transport and have damaged and possibly sunk a second cruiser and a submarine, the Netherlands East Indies high command said in a communiqué to-day. It was admitted that the greater part of Amboina Island . . . was now practically in Japanese hands and that Pontianak, capital of Dutch West Borneo, had now

been completely occupied by the enemy."

The headline which this story carried (a very big one) was: "ALLIES SINK JAP CRUISER." You certainly wouldn't know, from looking over your neighbor's shoulder in the subway, that the second largest naval and air force base in the Indies had been taken by Japan. You would simply know that everything was going fine for our side and that the Japanese navy was a goner.

Next morning I read the same story in the *New York Times*. The *Times* too ignored the very grave defeat for the Allies in its headline, and merely said: "DUTCH SINK CRUISER AND TRANSPORT," adding, as though in afterthought, in a subhead, "But Foe Controls Island."

Now obviously the sinking of a Japanese cruiser is news. It is big news and it is good news. In the long run it may even be as valuable to our side as is Japan's occupation of the naval base to Japan. But when, day after day, you are shaken by the detonations of American success and hear only small puffballs of the enemy's fire, a very definite feeling grows in you that Japan has really accomplished very little. The facts show that the Empire of the Rising Sun is doing very well indeed.

Good news probably sells more papers than bad news, but I doubt if the art of headlining is governed by wholly mercenary principles. I think it is natural for reporters and headline writers to cry out the glad tidings first and let the headaches alone until maybe the second or third paragraph. Certainly the fall of the Netherlands' Number Two Base rated more prominence than it got.

A day or two before Amboina, the *New York Telegram* carried a streamer: "U. S. BAGS SEVEN JAP PLANES, RANGOON RAID SMASHED." Here was good news for fair. The reader could throw his paper in the air and pour himself a drink. But if he hung on to his paper and went doggedly ahead he came to this bit of information: "Military and naval experts asserted to-day that the situation of Allied forces in the western Pacific at

the end of the second month was very serious and that still further reverses could be expected."

The *Telegram* even has a standing box head called GOOD NEWS, under which it collects each afternoon a few nosegays, favorable to us, ruinous to the enemy.

The President was forthright about the Pacific when the war began; he told everyone there would be bad news before there was good. This sort of realism should be observed by the newspapers in their own field, but I think if a man were to paper his den with headlines he would find himself living in a hall of triumph.

Quite apart from the emphasis, the newspaper reader finds it very difficult to get at the truth of any situation, through the great mass of conjecture and rumor and conflicting statements. Often he feels completely baffled and defeated. This is not the fault of the press—it is just that the war is too big and moves too fast and the facts are not always available. The news is the privilege which the customer enjoys, but it is also the crossword puzzle which he alone must solve. One moment he experiences the full flush of victory, the next moment the chill of defeat. From two stories on the same page, sometimes from two paragraphs in the same story, he runs the whole gamut.

In the afternoon papers of Wednesday, February 4th, the biggest news of the day was Wavell's announcement that reinforcements were on the way to Singapore. "GREAT AID ON WAY," sang the jubilant headline. Two days later, the Associated Press consulted "military and naval experts" and reported: "While fully recognizing the heroic achievements of defenders in the Philippines, Singapore, and the Dutch Indies and allowing for Japanese losses of more than 100 ships and thousands of men, these authorities declared that only the delivery of huge reinforcements—difficult if not impossible at this time—would turn the tide of battle against the enemy."

There you are: Wavell said they were

coming, experts in Washington said it was doubtful if they ever would make it. The customer rested—until the next edition.

* * *

M. G. Kains, the author of *Five Acres and Independence*, in a short introductory note, says that his book aims to be a road map "which traces some of the best routes along which you and your family may travel to happy, prosperous, and interesting lives." He then turns to Figure 1, the root system of the sweet potato. The map is a detailed one, and all the familiar spots are there—a typical layout of a porous-hose irrigation system, the ins and outs of sewage disposal, a diagram of bastard trenching, a field-mice poison station made from old boards. But I found nothing to indicate that your lives will be happy or prosperous—only interesting. Interesting they will certainly be.

Mr. Kains' formula for wresting security and happiness from the land is this: run your place as you would run a business, and be sure to make a profit. This is quite the opposite of the advice given by Mr. Highstone in his *Practical Farming*. Highstone said the way to achieve the good life was to raise what you need yourself and then you won't have to worry about profit and loss. Highstone was very positive about it, and Kains is just as positive about his plan. Their only common ground is their authorship—obviously both men agree that the safest bet for the agricultural man is to write a book.

Five Acres and Independence is a rather technical and formidable book and, I fear, will disappoint or discourage the person who is looking for a chart to the country. This is no map, guiding you toward your destination; it is an instruction book telling you how to operate the car. After you have read it you will know, in a general way, what's likely to happen to you when you get there, but you won't know where to go.

In large part the book is a summary or condensation of the information which

is available to all farmers in agricultural bulletins and in textbooks. But Mr. Kains does indulge in a few remarks of a general nature on the subject of life in the country. He believes that one of the most profitable habits you can form is the habit of going over your premises every day "in a leisurely way." But from that point on the book is a living proof that, having espoused the rural life, you will never see leisure again.

The scene really opens on page 75 with the author and his son setting off a charge of dynamite. They are about to build a septic tank. Neither has ever worked with concrete or dynamite before, but they plunge ahead, digging the pit, building the tank, and laying the drains. Although the tank was located right in the vegetable garden, and had to be roofed over with scrap iron so that heavy work horses could plow above it, success attended the venture. "The installation," writes the author, "is in its twentieth year and has always worked perfectly." My hat is off to Mr. Kains. For some years I have pitted my puny strength against a faulty cesspool, and I have only respect for a farmer whose disposal is flawless. Maybe the vegetable garden is the answer, but I must say I've been awfully glad, on some occasions, that mine wasn't there.

Mr. Kains argues for a little land, well tilled. He feels this is a safer proposition than a lot of acreage which is always out of control. In one sense, he and I are miles apart; he leans toward berries and fruit, and rather disparages livestock, although he recommends a cat with a bell. His heroine, it seems to me, is the lady on page 267 who has built up a million-dollar jelly and jam factory, buys her fruit by the carload lot, and makes things hum. I too admire this lady, but I don't know that the title *Five Acres and Independence* quite fits her. She's probably got about four acres more than she needs, and no more independence than anybody else who is at the beck and call of a private secretary and a desk 'phone.



The Easy Chair



TOWARD CHANCELLORSVILLE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

AS THIS is written, at the end of the first week of February, by far the biggest war news has been the prompt release of the Roberts Committee's report on Pearl Harbor. Not the report itself but its prompt release. It is the most statesmanlike act we have seen for a long while. In the earliest phase of the war, while the all-important conference of foreign ministers was meeting in Rio de Janeiro, the President released the humiliating story of over-confidence, inefficiency, lax discipline, and fatal blundering. He left the enemy to make whatever use they could of it—and in the eyes of the entire world he vindicated the democratic assumptions. Nothing remotely comparable could take place in a totalitarian country, and not even the British government, which has been quick to share bad news with its people, has publicly explored the causes and agencies that made the news bad. The enemy has exhausted the resources of propaganda showing how the report proves that democracies are ineffective and that an Axis victory is inevitable. But the people, conquered and neutral, at whom that propaganda is directed are certain to draw a different conclusion, and the report has already scored a victory against the Axis whose importance will increase. It has made a monumental assertion against which propaganda is unavailing. It says and will go on saying: the United States dares to tell the truth. The democratic faith has been buttressed overseas, and at home

the public has gained greater confidence in a government which has thus exhibited its confidence in the public.

With this dramatic illustration of how public morale thrives on truth-telling, it is odd that the War and Navy Departments have not acted on the example set by the Commander-in-Chief. No one doubts the fearful difficulty of their problems in providing information for the public, the unavoidable dissatisfaction with any solution, or the danger of telling too much. But few can doubt either that the handling of those problems so far could not easily have been worse. The public has no desire to be given information which would be, in the official phrase, of comfort to the enemy. It is, however, increasingly exasperated by being denied information which, if it contains any comfort for the enemy, comforted him to the full long ago. Thus if there are expeditionary forces en route to the Far East at this moment the public has no desire to be told about them. In spite of an acute interest in the submarines operating off both coasts, the public is willing to forgo information about the extent of their activity and the success of operations against them if publicity about such matters would convey information useful to the enemy. But there is an expeditionary force in Ireland, and the public is galled to the quick by a censorship which operates effectively against the United States but, to the common knowledge, does not operate against the enemy. We have

been told that the expeditionary force arrived, we have been told the name of the first soldier who set foot on Irish soil, and beyond that we have been told nothing whatever except some guide-book facts—facts about Irish food, prices, music, customs, and costumes—that anyone could get for himself from any library or Sunday supplement. All Americans know that Germany maintains in Dublin an enormous embassy staff. Few doubt that informers, professional, amateur, and inadvertent, have enabled that staff to communicate to Berlin whatever information Berlin wants about our forces in Ulster. It is hard to believe that anything told to us now would provide additional comfort to Germany; we are clearly entitled to know some of the things which Germany cannot possibly be ignorant of.

Similarly, a nation eager to pay the fullest possible tribute to the heroism of General MacArthur's forces in the Philippines has been permitted to know appallingly little about it. The size and constitution of his forces, the details of the terrain they are fighting over, the incidents of battles already old cannot possibly be hidden from the Japanese. Such information and the personal details associated with it would hearten the public and could not possibly give the enemy any comfort he has not got. We have little satisfactory information about any other of the expeditionary forces casually alluded to at press conferences, and in fact little satisfactory information about any part of our military activities. We are told that everything is proceeding satisfactorily and everything will be all right. But the Army and Navy of the United States after all belong to the people of the United States. They have been raised democratically and, it must not be forgotten, they are supported democratically. The utmost information about them that is consonant with their safety is the least that can satisfy the needs of democracy. The Departments cannot be permitted their present timidity in determining where the re-

quirement of protection begins. It will do them no good if the public derives its principal information from enemy propaganda. And certain highly dangerous aspects of the national state of mind are in part their fault.

Military men admonish us not to circulate or believe rumors. But the human mind abhors a vacuum and rumors are what it fills with when facts are not provided. War rumors are, as the generals and admirals assure us, exceedingly dangerous. They will in general follow one of two paths: they will be rumors of wishfulness or they will be rumors of fear. Denied the fullest possible information about the course of the war, we are certain to imagine a course that falsifies the reality in one way or the other. We are going to invent imaginary victories or we are going to invent imaginary defeats. Imaginary defeats help to induce a state of mind exceedingly helpful to the enemy, the conviction of hopelessness, fatalism, and defeat which it is his first interest to produce. But imaginary victories are even more dangerous because more immediately effective. They reduce vigilance, beget over-confidence, retard the will, and insure a disastrous reaction when unpleasant facts break through. Such phantasies are the product of rumor. There is one certain antidote to rumor. It is the democratic antidote. The Administration has shown that it means what it says about democracy. It is time that the military began to prove that they do too.

At this writing the phantasy of victory is dominant, dangerously so. Pearl Harbor has been our Bull Run. It has, that is, shocked the nation into an awareness of war; it has not shocked it into a realization of the intensity, duration, and currently disastrous outlook of the war. There is too much talk, in the newspapers, on the radio, in private, and by officials about the statistical war. We are anesthetized by figures about the potential productive capacity of the United States, the overwhelming weight of metal

we are going to throw into the war eventually, the victories we are certain to win provided only the enemy will wait for us to begin. The most minor local success is magnified as a great victory and accepted as an earnest of things to come. The most alarming enemy success is shrugged off as something to be paid back later when our graphs get going properly. Presumably the military know that wars are won by battles, not figures, and that a battle lost in the field cannot be made good on paper. But that the United States stands defeated in the Pacific to-day, that our allies are likewise in both oceans, that the only offensive success won against the Axis has been won on the conquered soil of Russia—those facts have little public recognition. They may be perceived, they are not appreciated. The Japanese go on winning the islands but we seem to be winning the statistics, so we maintain a high-hearted belief in victory and so far have shown little will. It looks as though we are going to need a Second Bull Run to arouse it, perhaps a Fredericksburg and a Chancellorsville as well.

We find defeat, as an experience, unimaginable. Few of us are old enough to remember what it is like when the national existence is threatened by the defeat of American armies. Such eye-opening experiences as the South's loss of Vicksburg and Gettysburg and the North's loss of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville go back eighty-one years. None of us can remember an earlier time when foreign military power was a menace to our immediate existence. Actually, the threat that is now renewed was a determining condition of our national life from the beginning of the republic down to the middle of the 1840's. Actually, we have resumed the strongest fear our ancestors knew and the effort that had to be instinctive with them. But there has been too long a period when even a slight disturbance of our security was inconceivable. The inertia of an impregnability, now ended, still restrains the public from appreciating that

we are perilously close to being licked before we get fairly started. We are all in the mood of the coastal cities preparing for air raids. Nothing can reasonably be expected to happen to us but we might as well go through the motions—at a walk.

All this was probably inevitable, but there is no point in letting it get as far as Chancellorsville if it can be stopped short of there. We need an increased dosage of reports like the one on Pearl Harbor. Specifically, we need instruction—with the authority of the President behind it—in the military realities. We can dispense with glory-stories from the Office of Facts and Figures which read like the prospectus of a wildcat mining company and prove that by October, 1943, we shall be producing so many bombers that the Axis might as well submit to-day to the equations of eventual manufacture. We can dispense with Mr. Churchill's predictions of what we are going to do in 1943. It would be a good idea to dispense with 1943 entirely and produce some present public understanding of the beatings we are taking in 1942 and the calculated chances of surviving them. Someone in authority should induce us to understand that the Axis is going to have something to say about what we do in 1943—and is saying it. We need education, we need it from the horse's mouth, and we need it now. The public mood is utopian. Official instruction in the realities is the only force that can work on it from without in time to prevent the reaction of despair when the catastrophes break over us.

There is, however, an interior force already at work transforming that mood. The agencies imperfectly grouped under the Office of Civilian Defense, not yet co-ordinated, imperfectly supported by the government, too widely ignored by the public, are nevertheless a powerful agency in the revaluation of values that is required to put us on a war footing. In early February they present a spectacle at once appalling and inspiring. Work of incalculable value which they

have done is unappreciated. Much of their work has been wasted or heart-breakingly misconceived. Much of it is futile, much has been hampered and frustrated. Nevertheless this work goes on widening and accelerating as a common effort. No one can take even a perfunctory part in it without moving a long way down the road we must all travel. It is here that war as emotional realization makes its strongest, and usually its first, impact on the civilian mind. The intellectual who finds himself handicapped by lack of skills which every scoutmaster takes for granted, the housewife who seeks instruction from her colored maid in the technic of wrapping bandages, the broker who discovers that his chauffeur is the better man at every activity useful for defense, the generality of amiable people who learn that they are less valuable than people they have condescended to, disliked, or never heard of—all these are taking a course in realism. Leadership, effectiveness, and public worth are where you find them, and people are healthfully finding them in the most unexpected places. The recognition that a man who can do welding on a bomber is worth more to the country these days than a trial lawyer or a man who can collate the texts of poets is after all an impersonal, theoretical recognition. Even the recognition that soldiers count for more than civilians is made more by assumption than by conviction. But the man who starts to train as an auxiliary policeman, an airplane spotter, or a co-ordinator of emergency traffic, and then finds himself outclassed at the job by his newsboy, his janitor, or the loud-mouthed vulgarian in the next apartment—that man has had a useful lesson in the facts of war.

Such lessons are even more valuable than the work which the defense organizations have done. In the long view, moreover, those organizations have a still greater value. In them several million Americans are performing acts of

public service literally for the first time. They have voted, paid their taxes, contributed to the community fund, supported the responsible candidates, made the right speeches, held the very best beliefs—but never before have they actually done work for the commonwealth in co-operation with their fellow-citizens. Their goodwill has been great but it was as if they were waiting for a formal introduction to democracy before getting on speaking terms with it. They have now been introduced. In thousands of little groups they are learning to smother incendiary bombs with sand or make provision for milk trucks on blocked roads—and learning what it is like to work with others in a common purpose. These voluntary organizations for the public service are essential democracy. A current howl, as this issue goes to press, about whether a movie actor shall have a job in OCD does not impress anyone who has worked in it—he knows that the movie actor may easily be by far the best man available. Another howl about the size of the appropriation asked for the OCD is just silly. You cannot pay too much for making people members one of another. The work done by the OCD is already invaluable, but if it were quite worthless it would still be beyond price, for it has provided what is to date the greatest stability against the shocks ahead of us.

There is no way of forestalling those shocks, there are only ways of limiting them. We are on our way to Chancellorsville. Whether we shall have to travel every bitter step of it depends on how realistically the authorities are willing to confide in us and how rapidly the leaven can work within. The statistics that promise us eventual victory are conclusive but they have the troublesome defect of being open at one end. They will win the war for us all right but, unless they are assisted by an aroused common will, it will take them something like twenty-five years.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE TRUTH IS GOOD NEWS

BY HERBERT AGAR

"**I**F A man is to strive with all his heart the significance of his striving must be unmistakable. The significance of the ashes of the village must be as telling as the significance of the village itself. But the ashes of our villages are meaningless. Our dead die in a charade."

These words on the agony of France may apply one day to the agony of America if we do not make "the significance of our striving unmistakable." To-day our war lacks grandeur because it lacks meaning. We have not seen the reason for the catastrophe. Until we do we shall not "strive with all our hearts."

Even if our enemies were to grow tired and to lay down their arms we should win only a brief respite. For the war must begin again—must always begin again until our world is dead—unless we define the causes of our failure and insist that the causes be abolished.

If we pretend that we are at war merely because the Japanese attacked us at Pearl Harbor we are depriving the greatest of human tragedies of all its meaning. Pearl Harbor is the last of a

series of events which prove that life still makes sense. If we deny the sense we turn our Shakespearean tragedy into a comedy of errors.

We are not at war because of Manchuria in 1931. Or because of Ethiopia in 1935. Or because of Austria and Czechoslovakia. Or because of Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Greece, Russia, Pearl Harbor, or the Philippines.

We are at war primarily because of the sickness of our civilization that made all these events necessary.

We are not at war because of John Simon or Laval or Chamberlain or our own State Department. To blame the war on Chamberlain is as trivial as to blame it on his umbrella.

We are not at war because of Hitler. To blame the war on Hitler is to turn our tragedy into a Broadway farce. It is to rewrite the last act of "Hamlet" and to make the Prince die by slipping on a banana peel.

Hamlet died—as Macbeth and Lear and Antony died—because the seeds of

death were in his character. Our world is in danger of dying for the same reason. Civilization has not taken a fall because it stepped on something slimy. But something slimy was present because civilization had begun to rot.

In one sense of course we are at war because Japan attacked us at Pearl Harbor. But if we think that this immediate defense of our immediate interests is the real meaning of the war we shall not understand our world profoundly enough to make the effort that will be needed to beat our enemies or to ensure that victory is worth the price.

The war is the military phase of a world-wide revolt against civilization. The revolt was possible because of a world-wide disintegration of civilization. The revolt and the disintegration long preceded the war, and will continue long after it unless we renew the roots of our life while beating the men who have taken up arms against us. The two jobs are in fact one job, and neither can be accomplished alone.

What is civilization? It is a set of rules by which most men abide, of promises to which most men adhere. It is a set of institutions, of homely customs, which express the experience of centuries. It has its roots in cultural disciplines, religious and humanistic, which give life its meaning. Man creates these disciplines and supports them, to foster what is good in his nature and control what is bad. When he begins to break his own rules and ignore his customs (instead of making them ever more subtle and humane with the passing decades) civilization sickens at the roots.

What is barbarism? Its results are always the same though its nature is dual. It always ends in a belief in power for power's sake. It always, therefore, derides rules and promises—for if power is the end, and if power can be won by breaking rules and promises, why not break them? For the same reason it always destroys institutions. The church or the family, for instance, cannot exist unless each has its own area of authority.

But the barbarian, seeking power unlimited, can admit no authority but his own. This means that he must rule by terror. To the rule of law, customs, promises, and self-discipline there is no alternative but terror.

There are two forms of barbarism, both deadly. One is the passive barbarism, the negative corruption which arises within a civilization that is growing soft. The other is the active barbarism that menaces a civilization with violence. This active barbarism may be a positive form of corruption, a dynamic vice—as it is with the Axis to-day. Or it may be the barbarism of the youth of a world—as in the case of the fall of Rome.

Whether active or passive, whether the accompaniment of old age or of childhood, barbarism is the eternal enemy of civilization. The minute the forces of a civilization begin to relax, the barbarian again enters the pages of history. And whatever the trappings of the story, he is always the same barbarian. In one form or another he lives forever in the heart of every man, ready to help demolish a world that has lost faith in itself.

One of the fruits of civilization is technology; but the health of a civilization cannot be measured merely by its technology. The achievements of our modern world in this field are impressive. They can become instruments for promoting civilization; they can also become instruments for destroying it.

A technology may flourish after the moral stability of a society has begun to break, after the civilization has begun to sicken. But not for long—only until the barbarian misappropriates the tools and kills the world which invented them. Thereafter, under the rule of power for power's sake, under the terror and the secret police, man starts once more down the long hill toward the technics of an Indian village. For under such a rule science becomes sterile, technology decays. Man endures, but does not accept, the lot imposed upon him. Only the use of his free will can make man's mind creative. In a time of barbarism

man breeds and suffers and waits—until a new civilization rises from the rubble to which the barbarian has reduced the old.

The barbarian in our hearts is Hitler's secret weapon. It is all he understands about the mystery of man. But it is enough, so long as we refuse to understand it.

II

Because our world was rich and proud, and felt strong, we thought it was healthy. Yet the signs of ill-health were all about us—the same warning signs that had appeared many times before when other civilizations were at the height of their physical powers. During the blatant twenties the Western world was growing increasingly cynical and nihilistic. More and more millions of people were coming to feel that the promises on which society rests were not binding promises. It was felt that "practical self-interest" was the only interest that a reasonable man would admit. But "practical self-interest" is perilously close to the concept of power for power's sake. It is already a half-barbarous idea. In popular language the idea was expressed in the phrase "anything goes." And it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in a world in which "anything goes" everything will soon be gone.

In such a world it is natural to find Nazi imperialism arrayed against a softer form of national egotism—the irresponsible nationalism which refuses to do its duty by the community of nations.

In the course of the League of Nations debates Woodrow Wilson said that if the American nation went back on its pledged word, betraying its honor, the United States would help to break the heart of mankind. At the time these words were taken to be the sentimental language of an ex-professor who had never learned the facts of life. Yet it was not the ex-professor who was sentimental; it was, as usual, the cynics. Wilson's dark prophecy has since been proved a simple statement of fact. And the men of "practical self-interest" are to-day over most of

the world either dead or in jail or they have been blackmailed into becoming Quislings.

The thought that the human race may have a heart which can be broken, may have hopes which if too long deferred will fester and turn into despair, seemed a bizarre thought to the post-war world. (It was a thought which could scarcely be entertained without imposing upon that world the need for self-discipline and reformation.) Yet it is a thought familiar to any student of history. The post-war world disposed of the verdict of history by rewriting history in terms of economic determinism and of debunking—a form of intellectual backwardness which again was unhealthy.

It is not a far cry from the revolt against Wilsonism to the slack world of press agents and advertising men who set the moral standards for an increasing number of people during the twenties and thirties. In the press agent's world it is literally true that "anything goes"—even the midget on Mr. Morgan's knee. Our world laughed at that midget and thought the press agent was clever. But our world was wrong. When nothing is permitted to retain dignity, nothing retains for long the allegiance of man. This is another simple lesson of the past which the "era of wonderful nonsense" evaded by falsifying the past.

"The web of history is woven without a void." What a civilization can do to-morrow depends on what it is doing to-day and what its ancestors did yesterday. If a large part of the world is content to be silly to-day, and to justify its folly by denying the greatness of yesterday, the web of history is wearing dangerously thin. If the web breaks, civilization breaks. To whatever extent life loses its continuity, and thus its meaning, the barbarian is strengthened within the spirit of every man. In terms of politics this means that it becomes possible once more for a pure barbarian leader to rise and to seek power for power's sake. The same proposition can be stated in moral terms: a people who disregard the con-

tinuity of history, who dishonor their ancestors and boast of living trivially, are doomed to become cynical. And the wages of cynicism is death.

Here again we find the contrast between the dynamic barbarism of the Axis, seeking to slaughter the world in head-on combat, and the softer barbarism which had begun to overspread our own negligent minds. The Nazis achieved a coerced unity of purpose within the nation, which they used as an instrument of anarchy between the nations. We, meanwhile, allowed our democratic liberties to decline toward an anarchy of private and class interests. Hitler exploited this inner weakness of the democracies as shrewdly as he made use of the indifference of each nation for the welfare of all. He knew that we were permitting our boasted freedom to degenerate, not only into moral anarchy, but into physical injustice as well.

While advertising men were boasting over the number of our bathtubs and our automobiles, millions of Americans were experiencing insecurity and fear, and hence a mounting discontent. The factory workers of New England, for example, were entering on a long night of growing unemployment. The economists might call it "transitional unemployment" and might prove that it was necessary and that it should not be criticized. Yet the men who were unemployed continued to criticize.

The nomadic sharecroppers of the South and the too-nomadic tenant farmers were made more bitter, more nihilistic, by the rising tide of self-congratulation with which the advertising world flooded our country. Again we suffered from the evil that follows too much boasting, too little performance. Actually the nation was growing more prosperous. Actually we were approaching the time when there could be a modest sufficiency to go round. But instead of seeing to it that the modest sufficiency came closer and closer to going round, we salved our easy consciences by boasting that everyone was wealthy, or was about

to become wealthy. Thus it came to pass that a world of increasing wealth bred an increasing bitterness in its areas of poverty.

Our treatment of the Negro problem in America is another example of our world's failure to maintain its faith in itself. This is a grievous problem, admitting of no quick solution. But we owe it to our moral dignity to face the situation with steady seriousness and to do each day what is possible on that day. (And every step forward brings another step forward within the realm of possibility.)

Our Christian tradition demands that we move steadily toward a solution of the Negro problem in terms of human dignity and justice. Our American tradition reinforces that demand. Yet for the most part in the post-war world we were content to make big promises in regard to the Negro and to do nothing effective. The combination of promising the moon and doing little is again a combination which tends to make man nihilistic. It is almost as harmful to the men who make the idle promises as to the men who grieve because the promises are not fulfilled.

Behind the Negro problem, as anyone with a sense of history will know, there looms the vast problem of the colored races throughout the world—a problem which contains within itself the question of the survival of our democratic faith. If we consider this race problem as a symbol of man's self-betrayal everywhere it will help us to understand the world revolt of to-day. It will also help us to understand the heights to which we must lift ourselves if we are to save ourselves. For we have had two recent warnings of the larger, darker background to this Negro problem.

Pearl Buck, who is aware of Asia, has warned us that we cannot win this war unless we convince our colored allies—our most numerous allies—that the white man is at last ready to lay down his "burden" and to think in terms of a single human race, working together to

make a fit habitation out of this tragic globe. Lin Yutang brings similar news from China. "If we plan to win in Asia," he writes, "we must make the war in Asia a popular war for the Asiatics." And both writers point out that the Japanese are making great and successful use of every sign of racial prejudice in America. Unhappily, they do not have to invent such signs. Again we see the barbarian within us serving as the secret weapon of the barbarian without. Again the prerequisite to victory is not only military defense but moral reform.

III

If it is true that to-day's war is a military phase of a world-revolt against civilization, the question arises, Why did the revolt head up in Germany? Some of the answers to the question are obvious.

In the first place, the Germans have been from the beginning outside one of the main streams of Western civilization—the influence of the Mediterranean world which has done so much to help the rest of us suppress the inner barbarian. It is no wartime exaggeration to say with Hamilton Fish Armstrong that "Nazi behavior is not a flash in the German pan but the reflex of an old strain of endemic barbarism, methodically kept alive and developed. . . . There is a strange German world of mystification where, if we are able to enter at all, we find ourselves groping and bemused. . . . Since things have no clear intellectual basis they can have no issue except reckless and violent action or dreams of action that result from frustration and end in perversion and self-abasement. . . . So goes the hateful ring, from the Nibelungen world of mists and scaly dragons and horns of mead to the beer halls of Munich and the bloody mud of the Ukraine, and back again."

And this Germany, where the barbarian is closer to the surface than in the rest of our Western world, lies at one of the centers of the world's economic and racial tensions—in the heart of Europe.

Perhaps this is why German politics have been dominated since the Reformation by conceptions of government which reveal an almost morbid fear of anarchy, and which consequently demand uncritical obedience to authority. For centuries Germany has lived on the edge of tyranny. It never had a bourgeois revolution. The middle classes remained accomplices of the feudal-military caste. Not even the Weimar Republic broke the power of this caste; and the Nazi revolution made an alliance between the military aristocracy and the confused and resentful lower middle classes.

Whatever the explanation for these German traits, the traits remain. Anyone who had observed them would have been able to predict that if our world grew sick and distrustful the revolt against civilization would be led by Germany.

Almost every man has some part of his body which is especially weak. When one man is under the weather he has throat trouble. When another man is under the weather he has stomach trouble. When our civilization is under the weather it has German trouble. This explanation does not excuse Germany; neither does it seek to blame a world-malaise upon the neurosis or the brutality of a single people. The barbarian revolt would be less deadly, less rapid, perhaps less cruel, if there were no Germany—but the revolt would be taking place in any event. Let us not forget Huey Long, who proved that the rise of a man who sought power for power's sake was possible during the 1920's in our own country.

Against this background we can explain our war. We can explain it nobly, as one of the tragic challenging moments when man can save his world only by exerting both body and imagination to the utmost. The American people would fight such a war magnificently, every family in the nation co-operating. But they must be told about such a war. They must realize that the war is not a



painful series of irrelevant accidents, and that it cannot be fought only with our armed forces and with our factories. We must also turn within, suppressing in our minds and spirits the barbarian who has taken half the world and will take the rest unless we reassert the vigor of our civilization.

And when the barbarian wins he must make the globe one graveyard for the hopes of man.

Can we tell this truth, cogently and fast, to the millions of our brothers all across the earth? We dare not answer "No." We must learn to do the job, since the alternative is death.

In telling the story, and in asking for the effort which the story implies, we have two advantages. The first is that the story makes sense. No one wants to die, or to live, in a war of meaningless accidents—in a war which, people imagine, might never have come if John Simon had made a different speech some ten years ago. No one wants to die in a comedy.

But men will die—they will even live nobly—for a war which proves that life has meaning, that if we betray ourselves and our faiths we must be overtaken by the results of that betrayal. There is dignity to such a struggle. Men will give their best for a chance to redeem their past follies, for a second chance to serve their civilization. And those who do not die will make an immense effort to become worthy of the second chance which the dead have bequeathed them.

Our other advantage in telling the story is that fate has forced our world into such a corner that we must gamble for "double or quits." If we refuse to play we shall be murdered in our silly seats. If we play at all we play for neck or nothing.

In such a world, all but the most frivolous are willing to think in large terms. In such a world, reforms that might take generations in times of peace may come to pass overnight. Man can accomplish prodigies if he suspects that failure means the grave.

The real meaning of the war, if we dare to face it, makes all things clear. We see why the war happened. We see what we must do to make the winning of it possible, or even worth while. Seeing these things, we can lift ourselves to say, as Saint-Exupéry said after the fall of France, "I shall fight for Man. Against Man's enemies—but against myself as well." There is no other way to win a revolt against a civilization. For the revolt does not happen until the civilization has deserved it.

There are Americans who would say, if the price of beating Hitler is to treat men of other races as if they were our equals, they would rather be on the side of Hitler. But they would not say this if they knew what it meant to be on the side of Hitler, if they knew that when a barbarian kills a world he can put nothing but chaos in its place. They do not want America to go back to the bare beginnings of life. The truth would put them on our side.

All our weaknesses, all our division, can be made manageable for the time being if we explain this war to the people in its majesty and dignity. The problem of Roosevelt-hating, the problem of labor versus capital, the eternal problem of every man's selfishness—each will fall into its proper proportion if the war is seen straight.

We cannot win the war at all without rising above the national irresponsibility which has given Hitler his advantage over us. The forms of mutual accord and accommodation, without which victory is impossible, must become the groundwork for a community of nations, without which the technical interdependence of our age has become insufferable.

We cannot win the war at all without promoting justice within our nation and giving freedom new meaning by relating it to community responsibility.

To win the war, therefore, means not only to overcome the virulent corruption which has assailed us from without, but to be healed of the weakness and folly

which have betrayed us from within. It means also to lay the foundations for a fairer world, to bring a technical civilization under the domination of brotherhood, thus harnessing our resources for creative tasks.

For once the truth is good news. An understanding of the meaning of the war

reminds us that in the midst of confusion and defeat life still makes sense. If we understand in time we can save our world. There is reason to history, and hence there is hope. Our men are dying in a great inevitable tragedy that can be turned into a victory. They are not dying in an accident. They are not dying in a charade.

ARMAGEDDON

BY ROBERT NATHAN

YOU multitudinous Angels, great Cherubs, broadwinged Seraphs,
 Raphael, dark Azrael, Michael of the sword, Gabriel,
*Speak with the hollow trumpet, cry from the storm clouds, tell us
 How goes the battle now?*

*It is an old war,
 Gods against giants, Gog and Magog, the Titans,
 Lucifer, falling, falling, burning across the heavens,
 Searching the dark with doubt. The angels hunted him down.
 Now evil itself is ranged and marshaled against us.
 How quickly mortals forget.*

*In their peaceful valleys,
 In the fresh spring of the year, with the air like honey around them,
 See how slowly they move, drowsy, clinging to summer,
 Under the orchard spell. Or huddled to fires in winter,
 Fearful, with backward glances, questioning and uncertain,
 Heaven is peace, they say.*

*But this is the war against evil,
 Man's enemy too and God's, the soul's implacable foe.
 Not for oceans alone, not for harbors and rivers,
 Not for the use of mines, not for valleys of wheat.
 What will the valleys be like if the light goes down on the hills?
 If the cold comes down forever? If the spirit of man is slain?
 But men are quick to forget.*

*They forget the fury,
 The son set against father, the children killed at their prayers,
 The used and stolen women, the poison set in the heart,
 The ramparts stormed with lies.
 They cry for peace in the night, for truce in the midst of battle.
 There is no peace in heaven, the Seraphim make no truce.
 This is the Armageddon, there is a sword in the sky.
 Oh take it and hold it.
 Harden the heart against evil forever and ever. Harden the mind
 Against the corruptible soft. Never say peace.
 Never forget the fury, the dark, incredible malice.
 Never forgive the evil. Never forget and forgive it.*



THE TYRANNY OF INCOMPETENCE

THE PROFIT DRIVE SLACKENS, BUSINESS GOES SOFT, AND THEN WHAT?

BY JOSEPH H. SPIGELMAN

WE STILL take it for granted that the lust for profits rules every action of business men. When Congressional committees find evidence of wrongdoing, obstruction, or waste it is greed for profits with which our industrialists are charged; and out of unreflecting habit it is in terms of profits that the accused offer their feeble extenuations and their feebler promises of reform.

Nevertheless the profit drive is rapidly diminishing. It is being displaced as the prime mover of our industrial system. Of course business men still want profits; and government is actually more concerned than ever about assuring "fair" returns. But the unrelenting drive for better than "fair" profits, for the last bit of revenue a man thinks he can make, no longer seems worth while; not merely because profits are heavily taxed, but also for a number of more fundamental reasons. The consequences may well be disastrous.

No producer, no matter how inefficient, who can make any contribution to the war effort need worry about covering his costs and making a "reasonable" profit. "To hell with this business of waiting to see how much it will cost," stormed Donald Nelson on January 30th. If costs are high the government will meet them. If they rise so will prices. For example, the government buys copper from high-cost Michigan and Arizona mines at prices as much as 50 per cent

above the official ceiling of 12 cents a pound; and it permitted the price of mercury to advance from \$40 to \$199 a flask to encourage its production. So too with industrial production. To speed production for war, to save "small business" from the ruin that threatens it from priorities and allocations, above all, to still the clamor for more subcontracting, the Army and Navy are now ready to pay whatever price may be necessary to draw submarginal capacity into production. As Walter H. Wheeler, Jr., who took over Floyd Odlum's old job of contract distribution, insisted on December 23rd, moderate-sized plants must be used even though "the cost of war production in moderate-sized plants sometimes runs 30 to 40 per cent more than in larger mass-production plants." The ending of competitive bidding early in March removed the last obstacle to the granting of "reasonably" profitable war orders to even the least competent of producers.

Necessary though it undoubtedly is to get and keep this submarginal capacity in operation, the fact remains that it is rather pointless for the operators of a submarginal mine or factory or farm to reduce their costs and increase their efficiency. All they need do is prove that they must be paid a higher price. As the Truman Committee pointed out in its January 15th report, copper, lead, and zinc companies assumed "that if production continues to be unsatisfac-

tory, the government ultimately will increase the base price." They were not mistaken. Production continued unsatisfactory and they got their raise. What a business man has to fear to-day is not that his costs may rise and his operations become unprofitable; but that he may be unable to fit into one of the preferred categories and fail, therefore, to get the materials, the labor, the government co-operation he must have. Once he establishes his right to his means of production he need worry no more about cost or profit.

But while the OPA and the WPB (and through the latter, the business ends of the Army and Navy) raise prices in one way or another to assure high-cost producers a "reasonable" profit, the low-cost producer finds that he has little to gain from profits that appear more than reasonable. It is to-day the clear—though still not plainly expressed—purpose of the Administration to equalize the rate of return of all enterprises, no matter what their relative accomplishments in production. This, obviously, is the object of excess-profit taxation, which is specifically designed to weigh most heavily on those who, for whatever reason, make large profits. It is still more plainly the inspiration of all the variants of Henry Morgenthau's original proposal that a 100 per cent tax be levied on all profits above a 6 per cent return on invested capital. It is the basis of OPA's differential pricing and WPB's contract negotiations. It is the reason for the growing popularity of provisions for re-negotiation of contracts, whenever profits appear "excessive." The net result is that virtually all producers, whatever their level of competence, will be producing for about the same rate of "reasonable profit."

Under such a policy low-cost producers tend to find themselves in the position of piece-workers, whose earnings are likewise generally determined by the principle of "reasonable" income and who find that, since increase of output leads to reductions in piece-work rates,

their harder work nets them little if any more pay than they made when they were taking it easy. Management too will doubtless learn the urbane wisdom of the smart piece-worker and take its ease with the incompetents.

II

Not only has the efficient producer little to gain from large profits; he has everything to lose. A business man may take great risks in hope of a big profit; but he will not venture if this profit itself will involve him in a formidable risk. For then he would lose either way—whether he failed in his venture or succeeded in it. In trying to make a large profit the business man to-day defies an ill-defined though immensely powerful popular feeling that it is unpatriotic to expect or to earn large profits in time of national peril. And what is more to the point, he runs right smack against government policy, perhaps most clearly expressed last January by Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, and one of the most sober and independent of high government officials: "I hope that the business men of America will set an example to the farmers and to the laborers and will no longer talk of the need of the profit motive, the profit incentive, to get them to put forth their best effort and to do their part; because if that is going to be the guiding influence, if that is going to be the basis for the determination of what we are going to produce, then I say we have already lost the battle."

This is the attitude that guides the work of the Truman, the Vinson, the Walsh, the Tolan, and the other Congressional committees who are now playing the overture to the grand concert of post-war investigations. *The excess-profits tax is wrongly blamed for weakening the profit drive.* Were there no tax, no control of profits of any kind, business men—if they were not suicidally blind—would shrink in dismay before the flood of profits and the thought of the "awful

day of reckoning" that Senator Walsh, among others, has told them to expect. Nothing serves better to deter profit-making, and therefore economic competence, than the almost certain knowledge that those guilty of the heinous crime of "profiteering" will be found out and this time, unlike the last, harshly dealt with. How great the dread of retribution already is, is nowhere better indicated than by prices on the Stock Exchange, which have recently been at their lowest levels since the 1938 depression, even though 1941, in spite of taxes, was the second best year for profits ever.

But what about those dollar-a-year-lings in Washington who have persisted in placing private interest above the public good? Don't they demonstrate the enduring vigor of the profit urge? Not at all. The dominant pressure on these much maligned men has been, not greed for larger profits, but simply an enervating fear of the future which has led them to burrow into the lap of government for safe positions for themselves, their companies, and their industries. Oppressed as they are by their sense of having somehow bungled the defense program (in the period before Nelson, when it was so largely in their hands) and by their uneasy memory of the public disgrace into which they fell as a result of their irresponsibility during the twenties and their impotence during the thirties, they can think of nothing beyond safety. Whatever remains of the élan of the old capitalism is not to be found in its bureaucratized big-business center, nor in its managers and representatives; but only in some of its yet unnormalized fringes.

This failure of nerve, though still uneven, is everywhere in evidence. Alcoa, for instance, is so eager to curry public favor and to steal the government's thunder that against a general price rise it thrice reduced the price of aluminum within the past three years, and in addition signed a contract on December 12, 1941, to correct to its own

disadvantage the wonderful one it had negotiated with Jesse Jones the previous August. Similarly, OPA had remarkable success in enforcing price ceilings and in persuading ceiling violators to refund ill-gotten gains even during the period when it operated without express legal sanctions. More is involved here than a reluctance to break the law; business men are denying themselves even those prices which the law allows and the government itself awards. For example, the Truman Committee's investigation of the shipbuilding industry revealed a number of companies which "voluntarily" requested the Navy to reduce the payment to be made to them. One of these concerns, the Todd Shipyard Company, not only "resisted the government's efforts to give it more and more profits" (as Senator Walsh put it) but actually pleaded with Congress to raise excess profits taxation. This is not an isolated case. Management's fear of extra profits is so great that it welcomes the taxes that take them away. "Few business men complain at the amount of the taxes," reports *Fortune's* Management Survey for March. And even the National Association of Manufacturers recently urged upon Congress corporation taxes that would bear down more heavily upon *extra* profits than those the Treasury itself proposes. This kind of behavior is bound to spread as suspicion grows that present law is far more lenient than future law is likely to be, infinitely milder than a vindictive people and its eager inquisitors. The only hope for safety may lie in a dead uniformity.

Surrender has its compensations—the joys of secure incompetence. In place of the chance for large profits which used to balance the risk of great loss, business will be able to shift the alarming risks of a bewildering present and an unimaginable future to the government which, in its strength and benevolence, will ever widen and deepen its controls to protect all its people. For it is characteristic of Americans as a people, and of their government, that while they

are strong against evil-doers they are weak with loving-kindness toward humble righteousness. And as more and more business men make it their main concern to merit this loving-kindness the quest for safety will more and more supplant the drive for profits as the prime mover of the economic system.

Hence the frantic efforts, not to make larger profits, but to devise convenient fictions (for instance, the Last In, First Out method of Inventory Accounting) for concealing profits that can be made without really trying. Hence the withholding of revenues in all sorts of special reserves (eleven *new* types have recently been urged upon business by the Committee on Accounting Procedure of the American Institute of Accountants). These may not escape the tax collector but they are relatively free of the taint of clear profits. Once these potentialities are exhausted the business man seeks refuge from high profits in high costs. And the more determined and effective price and profit control become the more abandoned the consequent flight to costs will be.

It is to-day—as it was during the last war—good policy for a business man to spend as much as he can get away with. As Paul D. Segher, tax consultant and accountant, earnestly advised those assembled at the 1941 convention of the National Association of Cost Accountants: “In the matter of advertising, business promotion, experimental and developmental work, repairs and similar expenses which are currently deductible for income tax purposes, but which are expected to result in increased profits in the future, management is fully aware of the fact that the net cost to the business of funds so invested may be only thirty cents to the dollar, since corporate income in the top brackets may be taxed as much as 70 per cent.”

But it is also to management's manifest advantage to invest its funds in ways which have very little to do with the chance for “increased profits in the future.” In higher salaries, for example,

which the officers of a corporation grant themselves, and in the generous pensions and bonuses they give their employees for the sake of their good will and loyalty. Best of all: here's a fine opportunity to spend liberally for the sake of the grand manner, the spit and polish that add so much to a firm's splendor and to the prestige and power of those who manage and control it. The passion for dignity and magnificence is quite different from the passion for profits. The latter is the peculiar interest of ownership. But to the extent that ownership and control are divorced (a very great extent, as liberals have not wearied in telling us) and management is freed of responsibility to the “owners,” management tends to prefer ease and scope and prestige, and therefore production at high cost—so long as these costs can gain protection. If one can get security in spite of high costs, and cannot escape a leveling equality in spite of low costs; and if, in addition, production at high cost is exceedingly attractive, economizing is not only pointless but silly.

But, it will be objected, the government has its ways of controlling the cost of work done for it, its rewards for efficiency and economy. The Navy, for example, has its “E” for speed, its one per cent bonus for savings in costs, its technical and cost inspectors. The Army has analogous incentives and controls. Donald Nelson has instituted his own special system of awards and distinctions, official plan books and monthly reports. Besides, all government contracts are ruled by Treasury Decision 5,000, which is very strict about allowable costs, and especially intolerant of excessive overhead charges. The OPA too is suspicious of alleged cost increases. Even the genial Jesse Jones has, since Pearl Harbor, become less compliant in his dealings with business interests, and economy hounds and scandal hunters in and out of Congress are on the alert for fair game.

But an attempt at thoroughgoing government cost control “would require an establishment of cost accountants and

statisticians as large as the armed forces of the nation," as V. H. Stempf, a leading authority, pointed out. Besides, no government cost accountant or factory inspector can possibly tell whether the management of an enterprise has taken advantage of all possible economies and improvements, or whether in its day-by-day supervision of operations it is actuated by a lively concern for top efficiency and productivity. Even with the most effective cost control that is realistically conceivable, even with management's most religious clinging to the rules, costs will not hug the floor as in the old days but will continue to press hard against whatever ceiling the government decrees.

More than controls are needed. Management must have special incentives for its best labors. And for reasons that should be sufficiently evident to all but public speakers, patriotism is not enough. A sense of national peril can shock a business out of its lethargy only for brief periods of the most heroic tension, not for the whole prosaic course of a long war. Even in England, where the danger has been and will continue to be incomparably more acute than it is likely to become in this country, "the extra that is needed of speed, efficiency, and toil is lacking," according to the London *Economist*. This, in spite of a system of cost control far more thoroughgoing and judicious than anything we have attempted here. Since it is easy to make whatever profit it is safe to make or to win whatever rewards the government makes available, the business man is tempted to ask: "Why knock myself out to do any better?" And as for the material incentives now offered in America, why should a shipbuilder, for example, reduce his costs drastically to earn a fixed bonus of a mere one per cent, when that would involve stinting on salaries and on business magnificence, and hazarding the good-will of labor? And if he can earn his fixed bonus or mark of distinction for *whatever* cost reduction he may achieve, why should he save two per cent, let us say, when one per cent is

enough? Nobody is fully incited to efficiency and economy by such meager hopes of gain. The man who is neither hero nor saint can be prodded to his last bit of effort only by hopes of substantial material reward.

Only the drive for profits can give power to the unending endeavor to refine the technics of production, to explore its possibilities, to clear its channels, to cut its costs, to become ever more competent in its service. Only this drive can distinguish the most advantageous, the most dynamic use of our resources from mere full employment (which any slave state can manage much better than we). Only this can put spirit into war production.

How far we have fallen short of potential output as a result of the weakening of the profit drive it is impossible to say, though startling statements about industrial waste under obstructive and indifferent management have been publicized by spokesmen for the CIO and other labor and radical groups; and even a less impassioned expert, Albert Ramond of the Bedaux Company, famous firm of industrial engineers, has recently estimated that in many instances as much as fifty per cent of potential war output is now being lost because industrial facilities are not being put to optimum use. Because we are fortunate in our allies, in our resources, and in our "margin of waste," it is not likely that this will lose the war for us. But it will make it longer and bloodier than it need otherwise be; and what is more important, it will have a most unhappy effect upon the peace that will follow.

III

Whatever the OPA, the WPB, and the rest may accomplish during wartime to check the inflation of prices and profits will, as we have seen, simultaneously result in the piling up of costs—and not merely the bubbly costs of inflation and the impermanent costs of wartime dislocation, but basic structural costs which

will remain when prices and profits subside, to weigh heavily on the economy.

To be sure there are a number of hopeful features in the present situation. Many of the big corporations are using war profits to wipe out considerable portions of their corporate indebtedness; many of them are acquiring vast new productive facilities as virtual gifts from the government; great sums of money are being spent for experimentation which will almost certainly bear fruit in improved methods of production and in new products, some cheaper and better than the old; and finally there are the new possibilities of competition in fields formerly closed.

All these point to what is potentially the most abundant and the lowest cost production of all time, but *only for those enterprises which the turns and chances of war and the shock of peace will have peculiarly favored*. For the rest, private attempts to overcome a cumulative maladjustment will appear hopeless. When the war is over these other businesses will press for government help, and to get it they will tend to band together in a mighty alliance of all the incompetents:

Enterprises called into being by the war, or converted to war uses, and rendered unfit for peacetime business.

Enterprises shut down during the war, which will demand to be restored to life even though conditions under which they could exist unassisted may be no more.

Firms which will have capitalized their rights to allocations, their licenses to trade, their positions in a pool.

Other overcapitalized corporations (railroads, for instance), saved from reorganization and encouraged by the war to dream again of "restoration of values."

Firms which cannot or (as in the building industry) will not take advantage of technological progress.

Firms which have got the high-cost habit embedded in their balance sheets and in their organization of production.

Companies situated in "distressed" areas, which though weak in economy are strong in politics.

Manufacturers of uneconomic substitutes.

Operators of low-grade deposits of war minerals.

Cultivators of a dozen over-expanded crops.

Labor unions which have become stodgy and reactionary under protection.

A host of others whose interests have somehow got involved with those of the incompetents, together with those who have been led to think as they do.

Together these groups will constitute a majority of our people—a combination too formidable to be thwarted. Besides, the state will be under weighty moral obligations to them. It can let the profiteer go under, but it can hardly be indifferent to the thousands of small enterprises—the "backbone of democracy"—which did not profiteer, which co-operated loyally with the government, but which are threatened with ruin because they are maladjusted and because their just costs happen to be high. This time we shall not have to contend with big business profiteers, speculators, evil men with wide and wicked profit margins, but with small humble people with right on their side.

Government will simply not permit large-scale demobilization after the war, nor the loosening of rigidities, nor the freeing of trade. Not only will it do its utmost to cushion the shock of peace and to prevent the frightful depression that most people—so unnecessarily—expect; but in any subsequent clash of interests between competence and justice, opportunity and security, progress and stability, production and employment, it will have to take the side of justice, security, stability, employment. Its intervention will have to be continuous and resolute. For government must either banish personal insecurity and social "irrationality," at whatever cost, or risk horrible consequences.

To-day government can plead the overwhelming national peril for the hurt that certain interests are suffering. But even now thousands of firms which are not engaged in war or essential civilian production are still sitting tight, holding on to their workers (in many cases skilled labor urgently needed in the war industries), waiting for the seemingly inevitable "saves small business" bill. Govern-

ment dare not entirely reject their claims and petitions lest it play into the hands of defeatists.

Will it be able to do half as much when the external threat is removed, when presumably we shall again be masters of our own destiny? Already the liberal weeklies are decrying the fact that "big business" is preparing to produce after the war at lower cost than its weaker competitors. This is symptomatic of the horror of demobilization that grips the nation. After the war a sore distressed and frightened people will insist on "social justice"; that is, on the all-out politicalization of economic life. It will refuse to let the forces of orthodox economic determinism bedevil it again. Government must—and will—appease this demand.

There are plenty of ways to beat cost-deflation and to keep the submarginal and maladjusted producer in business: "ever-normal warehouses," "industrial councils," "shelves of public projects," schemes for differential- instead of market-pricing, programs for guaranteeing buying power and for maintaining war plants as standbys until the next war, plans to make unilateral gifts to foreign countries take the place of bilateral trade. All these schemes lead in the same direction, toward dependence on the state; for only the state can assure general security.

But this will mean that we shall become ever more deeply involved in a *political* economy in which economic competence will become ever less relevant and in which political criteria—the "social performance of business" as one TNEC monograph phrased it—will tend more and more to outweigh the economic. Already those who serve the needs of war, those who lend themselves most readily to the Administration's social aims, those who best succeed in exciting government's compassion, are discovering that they have no need of competence; they prosper without it. On the other hand, even the most efficient firms in non-essential fields are

threatened with ruin unless government intervenes. But government never intervenes in the interest of competence, but only in response to clamorous need and the power of entrenched distress. Indeed it is the peculiar function of popular government to act as the champion of the incompetent many against the competent few.

Plainly, then, it is less advantageous for a company management to devote its energies to improving methods of production than to establish its right to government contracts, to allocations of materials, to special treatment, to better bargaining positions in its dealings with labor and with the agencies of the state. Of course any business which enjoys, or aspires to, public protection is maladjusted and high-cost; that is why it needs protection. And it will remain that way as long as it can get protection. So has it been with all our protected and favored industries: with rails, coal, utilities, cotton, and all the rest. Since failure is easier than achievement, inefficiency than efficiency, high costs than low costs, any system which tolerates incompetence, for whatever reason, will inevitably breed it in abundance. Because our government is just and merciful it not only tolerates but actually favors incompetence.

Under such circumstances, innovation and initiative lose their value for an enterprise. Those firms which make more than a "reasonable" profit by virtue of their efficiency, economy, and initiative will have to pay it away in taxes to help government meet all the costs of "stabilizing" industry, of financing "trade," of bolstering buying power, and of reducing the public debt. And because taxes will be decided upon by the representatives of all-powerful incompetence, they will be levied against the "profiteers" and "chiselers" who threaten their security by doing better than they.

So shall we move through a security system into one of the most rigid and closed of socialisms, a socialism which

must either isolate itself from the world or conquer it. So shall we give protection to all the seekers after justice, but find no room for reorganization-compelling leadership. So will America fall victim to a tyranny of collective incompetence at least as disastrous as the nineteenth-century tyranny of unbridled competence.

IV

To steer our way between these hazards we shall have to understand first that differentiation and mobility—or to name them more harshly, inequality and insecurity—are as necessary as equality and security. This does not mean that government should, in time of emergency, permit mere economics to dictate the course of production, nor that it should “go easy” on profit taxation. That would only make matters worse for business after the war. Least of all does it mean that reckless competition should be let loose on the post-war world. We cannot afford another old-fashioned depression with its curtailment of production, its misery and havoc, its indiscriminating destructiveness—ruining venturesome enterprise from which economic progress stems but leaving well-cushioned incompetence secure.

Nor is compromise the answer. To attempt to buffer the corrosive process of readjustment, to regulate it into moderation and mildness, would be again to blunt its fine edge, again to deny our economy an effective purge and an adequate prime-mover. There is no middle ground. A submarginal or mal-adjusted enterprise must either be re-organized into full and unmistakable competence or get out of business. Once we admit the principle that incompetence in production deserves the least measure of protection we shall have to go all the way.

The dilemma appears irresolvable because we approach it improperly. We have confused the needs of distribution with the needs of production; or rather, except hesitantly in periods of war, we

have concerned ourselves exclusively with distribution. We have assumed that if the national product is satisfactorily distributed, production will take care of itself. That is like assuming that once the members of a family come to terms about sharing the use of the family automobile the engine will run efficiently. Even in wartime no agency has yet been left free to deal with the job of production alone. It was the ruin of OPM that it got itself entangled in a web of pressures and interests, all of which it had to conciliate. It is too early yet to say whether Donald Nelson will keep his WPB clear of this tangle; but he certainly will not unless he remembers that, as he himself said, he is not conducting a WPA for industry and that his job is production, not equitable distribution.

The way to resolve the dilemma is not to attempt to lessen or soften the conflict between the need for equality, security, and justice on the one hand, and for differential returns, mobility, and competence on the other; rather we must enhance it. We must insist that the problem of getting efficient production is quite separate and distinct from the problem of getting just distribution, and that each of these problems must be solved in its own special way.

To go the limit in production, we must incite an unrelenting profit drive without regard, for the moment, to the question of how—in the interest of justice and equality—these profits may be taxed and distributed.

Ways by which government can stimulate the lagging profit drive suggest themselves:

(1) Favor low-cost and therefore high-profit enterprise by allocating scarce materials and (later) scarce labor and capital in direct proportion to a company's profits before taxation, even where these profits are in part the result of the company's strategic position. (If the means of production become scarce, they must be apportioned to those who can put them to the most economic use)

(2) Encourage low costs and therefore high profits by abandoning the provision for the re-negotiation of contracts. Let the contractor make

whatever profit he can at a fixed price. (Better the most generous fixed-price contract than the strictest cost-plusing. Inflated profits can always be taxed away or deflated. Inflated costs tend to stick.)

(3) Reward the management of high-profit firms by tying managerial salaries and bonuses tightly to the rise or decline of production and of profits *before taxation*. (This is of crucial importance. Government must assure management its nicely graded reward for competence, no matter what may happen to the profits which reflect that competence.)

There are of course still other possibilities. But any or all of these expedients will prove relatively ineffectual unless there is a change of heart in and out of Congress. It must be recognized that not those who make the largest profits, but those who incur the biggest costs, deserve to be censured and harassed.

This recognition will be the easier to achieve the more "just" the taxation of profits appears to be. This article is not concerned with the problem of "just" taxation. But this much may be said: as long as it is made certain that management will always unquestionably prefer a larger profit to a smaller one, profits, both now and after the war, may be taxed as severely as the people and its representatives may desire. What is necessary is not that the level of profits after taxation be high, but that whatever profits there are go mainly to those who actually organize and direct production, and who can be stimulated by hopes of greater reward to a more intense and more ingenious effort. We may do what we wish with the investor, who, after all, has nothing to do with accomplishments in production; but the interest of the firm's managers and directors in increasing profits and in expanding production must be made more plain and more compelling than ever.

As for the investor: if heavy profit taxation should weaken his propensity to invest, a tax on withheld savings could force them into production. But this would work only if profits before taxation remained high. A generally low level of profits reveals a state of economic unhealth that mere incentive taxation

will not remedy, in spite of the theorists. Moreover, unless there are profit differentials to guide the investor, taxation to stimulate investment will not achieve the most economical and socially advantageous allocation of savings.

So much for the conflict between equality and differentiation. There remains another conflict: between security and mobility (insecurity). Yet here too the principle, at least, is simple. While *individuals*, no matter how incompetent, should be entitled to the fullest and most self-respecting security, *enterprises* should not. Our repudiation of the vulgar inhumanity of "rugged individualism" should not have led us into the absurdity of believing that a *firm* which is small, and virtuous, and distressed should therefore be proof against the necessity of reorganizing into competence. Those firms which fail to meet a minimum standard of competence, no matter how unlucky or well-deserving they may be, must be made to reorganize or get out. There must be no escape and no exceptions. The more impersonal and mechanical is the application of the standard the more effective it will be.

The present policy of letting costs govern prices must be reversed. *Prices must govern costs*. Official price ceilings and contract prices must be so adjusted that in every industry and in all standard types of war work there will be a number of firms whose costs are *not* covered by those ceilings and contracts. These submarginal firms will be found to be classifiable in two main groups:

(1) *Those which can economize, or reorganize, or even get out of business without interfering with war or essential civilian production.* Such firms should be allowed to shift for themselves. (The trouble to-day is that the overwhelming majority of submarginal and maladjusted producers are convinced that it isn't really necessary to trim their costs and their pattern of production to a measure; they are persuaded instead that the measure will be adjusted to their incompetence. And government has done hardly anything to disillusion them. But once it is made perfectly plain that they must either prove their fitness or get out of business, results can be remarkable.)

(2) *Those which cannot be reorganized without disturbing essential production, and those which are inescapably submarginal* (the high-cost copper mines of Michigan and Arizona, for example). The owners of such enterprises should be "persuaded" by government to hire a management qualified to keep plant or mine in full operation *with the least help from the government*. In other words, such enterprises should be put in charge of the lowest qualified bidders. Such direct subsidy makes for greater economy and responsibility and is easier to administer than the present system of differential pricing. (The Army has already "persuaded" Air Associates of Bendix, N. J., and an undetermined number of other companies to replace managements responsible for what it considered improper handling of labor relations, finance, and operations. But the Army is hardly the right agency to systematize and develop this work. This should either be the province of the WPB or of some new agency specifically charged with this responsibility. Of course a government agency can be mistaken about who is qualified, but so also can private persons. The point is that only government can place the nation's interest in maximum production above private interests in security; only government can institute an "as if" competition that will promote the kind of mobility in business that was automatic in the old days. Government must not evade this responsibility even though it will quite properly be held accountable for the way in which the responsibility is discharged.) *

Such enforced mobility will be the more acceptable the more generously it is matched, on the other side, by consideration and justice. The appropriate agencies should accordingly arrange for loans and grants not only for conversion to war production now, but for reconversion to peacetime production after the war and for the modernization and mechaniza-

tion of facilities. The help already given to new enterprise in aluminum, in prefabricated housing (in spite of the Currier case), and in other fields is good. This and other kinds of help to *new*, rather than merely small, business should be systematized and expanded in the post-war period.

It should go without saying, however, that help must never be extended to an enterprise to enable it to evade the necessity of readjustment; nor should help ever be put on a permanent basis. Help should be just another chance to make good, not an assumption by government of responsibility for the survival of confirmed incompetence.

People must be made to understand that they are entitled to security in their persons but to eternal insecurity in their businesses; to uninterrupted employment, but not to security in any particular job. If a person's skill or a firm's method of production becomes obsolete they can fairly demand all the assistance they may need for retraining and readjustment, but they may not demand that old methods and old skills be frozen.

If action is to be taken it must be taken now, when we have the chance for decisive action. The time to deflate is during inflation. The time to arrange for demobilization (demobilization, not the prevention of demobilization) is when we are mobilizing. The time to act for competence is when the nation has the most manifest and desperate need of competent service, not when that need becomes less obviously urgent and the incompetents have multiplied and ganged up on the nation.

Unless we do these things, though we may succeed in beating the Axis, we shall fail to escape totalitarianism—or worse.

* Differential pricing should be retained only for a special class of enterprises: those which can produce the bulk of their output below ceiling prices, but which need higher prices for extra output. To such firms, and only to such, should be applied the January 13th decision of OPM and OPA to have the Metal Reserves Company (an RFC subsidiary) pay prices substantially higher than the ceiling for any output of copper, lead, and zinc greater than the output of 1941.



MY LAST MEETING WITH HITLER

BY ERNST RÜDIGER PRINCE STARHEMBERG

During the nineteen-twenties Prince Starhemberg, a young Austrian aristocrat, had been associated with Hitler's gang in Germany. Later he broke with Hitler, and during the early and middle nineteen-thirties he was prominent in Austria as the romantic and unpredictable head of the Heimwehr, or Heimatschutz, a fascist corps that was given financial aid by Mussolini as an offset to Hitler's growing power. He was Vice-Chancellor in the Dollfuss and Schuschnigg Governments. When Hitler marched into Austria Starhemberg was outlawed by the Nazis and all his estates were confiscated. At the outbreak of the war he offered his services to France and joined the French Air Force. At present he is a flyer with the Free French forces in Africa; but before his recent departure from London for Africa on this mission he prepared an autobiographical manuscript from which we have taken this article, his version of his last talk with Hitler in 1932.—The Editors

IN April, 1932, an invitation reached me in the Tyrol to go to Berlin, as Roehm, organizing chief of the Nazi party, wished urgently to see me. I traveled to Berlin in the latter half of April. A conversation with Roehm was arranged in the Hotel Kaiserhof, through Major Pabst. I was very much astonished to find Himmler present. What it was that Roehm desired of me so urgently was never made clear.

He opened the conversation by saying that as Leader of the S. A. he wished to get into touch with me as head of a militant movement, since the politicians would never reach agreement. He considered collaboration with the Austrian Heimatschutz of the utmost importance to Germany from a military point of view. The Heimatschutz was in his opinion an extremely valuable defense corps, owing particularly to its strong peasant element. This was about the most interesting thing he had to tell me. He also asked if I had relations with national circles in Hungary and whether I was in a position to win over Gömbös, at that time still Hungarian Minister of War, for military collaboration.

Not until much later did I discover

that Roehm was at this time planning a joint front composed of all Free Corps and voluntary defense units in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, and that he had in mind a kind of dictatorship of the Free Corps. Perhaps Himmler's presence prevented him from speaking frankly. I too was cautious and gave only evasive answers. Himmler hardly spoke at all, only putting a few questions on various occurrences in Austria, from which I gathered that he was not only interested in every detail but also very well informed.

When Major Pabst (who was also present) and I had taken our leave and were going toward the stairs we met Adolf Hitler. Hitler recognized me:

"Good day, so you are here in Berlin? Are you staying long?"

"No," I said, "only for a short while."

Hitler replied: "Didn't Count Helldorf say something to me about our meeting?" (Helldorf was at that time Hitler's adjutant.) "I have an idea that a meeting has been arranged."

"I know nothing about it," I said. "I had a talk with Roehm this morning; beyond that I know nothing."

At this moment a group of young men

passed by, Bulgarian students I think they were. Hitler turned to exchange a few words with them. Major Pabst whispered to me: "Don't you understand, he wants to talk to you, but does not want to say so."

Hitler turned to us and added: "Well, perhaps I am mistaken, but I felt sure that Helldorf said something about your wanting to talk to me."

I answered: "It's a mistake; I haven't spoken to Count Helldorf."

Hitler then shook hands, said good-by, and I left the hotel. Hardly was I back in my quarters when I was rung up by Prince Josias Waldeck-Pyrmont, another of Hitler's adjutants, who asked if he could have a word with me. Waldeck came and said:

"The Manitu [a name frequently given to Hitler at that period by his entourage] wants to talk to you. But it must be kept strictly secret as he doesn't wish his Austrian party members to hear about it on account of the bother you have had there. The Chief knows what idiots the Nazi leaders in Austria are. He would like to talk to you frankly on the question. He thinks highly of you; after all, we look upon you as an old comrade of the 1923 putsch and as one of ourselves. I think it might be to your interest to talk with the Chief."

"Very well," I said, "when shall it be?"

"To-morrow morning at 9:30, at the Kaiserhof."

Next day I entered the adjutants' room a few minutes before half past nine. They excused themselves politely, saying that Hitler was engaged at the moment—would I wait a few minutes?

"Go next door, you will find an old friend there," one of the young S. S. officers on duty said to me.

I went. It was one of the reception rooms of the Hotel Kaiserhof—tapestried walls, the floor completely carpeted, and everything fitted up in the manner of a luxury hotel. A glaring contrast was provided by a tubby little fellow dressed in a brown shirt, riding breeches, and

black-top boots, who lay on the silk coverlet of the double bed, gobbling food. By the side of the bed was a table with a large platter of cold meat, buttered bread, a bottle of wine in an ice pail, and grapefruit. Without bothering about knife or fork he was stuffing bits of meat into his mouth and drinking large gulps of wine from the bottle.

At my entrance he burst into loud laughter and said with an unmistakable Bavarian accent: "Well, I never; where does Starhemberg come from? It's good to see you again." I recognized him at once; he was Sepp Dietrich, and we had met in the Free Corps. On returning from the Upper Silesian campaign to his home in Munich, he became a newspaper packer in the publishing firm of Eher where later the *Völkischer Beobachter* was published.

He was the typical jolly Bavarian primitive, sometimes rather coarse. He had been a non-commissioned officer in the Great War, and in the Free Corps he had, as far as I could remember, commanded a company and several times distinguished himself by his dash and recklessness. I was rather surprised to meet him again in these surroundings.

"Grüss Gott, Sepp. Things seem to be going well with you."

"Rather. Do you know, I'm now a Reichstag deputy and one of Hitler's suite. We don't have a bad time, only a bit too much riding in trains; everlasting traveling between Berlin and Munich is a bit tiresome at times."

"Here you seem to live very comfortably."

"Yes, there's nothing wrong with this. We have a whole floor to ourselves and they've even built on for us. We're getting a large house in Berlin. Believe me, that all costs a mint of money, for we live here free of cost and don't have to pay anything."

"Tell me, who pays for it all? It must cost a lot?"

"Who pays, I dunno; Hitler does the paying, but he must get the money somewhere. Anyhow that's not my busi-



ness." We chatted together about Free Corps days. We touched only lightly on Austria; Sepp had heard something about our troubles with the Nazis there, but he took my part.

"Do you know, these political leaders, lawyers and teachers, they're all miserable creatures," he said. "But it's all quite different in the S. A."

I was much amused by this meeting. But I could not get over my astonishment at a party which called itself a Socialist workers' party allowing its leaders such luxury. In Austria it would have been impossible. Although financially I was completely independent, even well-to-do, I never dared stay in one of the large luxury hotels in Vienna for fear of arousing resentment among the rank and file.

"But what do your people say about your living like millionaires?" I asked.

He was quite angry. "What we do is no concern of theirs; we have to work hard enough for them creating a new Germany. For that, surely, we have a right to a little comfort."

But by this time Hitler's visitor had gone and an adjutant accompanied me to Hitler's drawing-room. I entered a corner apartment with a large red-plush carpet which covered the whole floor. The room was not very big; in the corner opposite the entrance was a writing table with chairs grouped round it. Some sofas and chairs upholstered in red stood scattered about the room. Over the writing table hung a large picture of Frederick the Second. Beneath it sat Adolf Hitler, who rose at my entrance and advanced to meet me. As was his custom, he looked me straight in the face and, once again, I felt the extraordinary magnetism of his eyes. I fought against it. We had gone too far apart for me to feel any great sympathy with him. I tried to count up the repellent details of Hitler's person. In a badly fitting blue suit he sat facing me in a huddled position. How repulsive his face really was, how ugly his hands, and how common the German dialect he spoke! A Prussianized South German dialect it was,

which gave the impression that he was trying feverishly to speak cultivated German. And yet I could not be blind to something I could only call attractive and compelling.

Hitler opened the conversation: "I am glad of the opportunity for this talk. I feel we ought to discuss many things frankly. What do you say to our great success in Vienna?"

He was referring to the municipal elections which had taken place a few days previously and, as the Heimatschutz had not entered the lists, the National Socialists had captured fifteen mandates.

I replied that the success should not be overestimated. "Austria is not Germany. The invasion of the National Socialists may lead to trouble in Austria. There we have a well-disciplined, well-armed Socialist force in fighting trim. The Socialist leaders in Austria will not look on while National Socialism comes to power through the ballot box. There we have the starting point for civil war. Everyone who is working for Austria's recovery must act in close alliance with the Christian Social Party."

To this Hitler replied: "What you say would be true if the decision depended upon Austria. For me Austria is a secondary theater of war. And I need success in Austria for the sake of its propaganda value to my struggle for power in Germany."

"Do you expect to seize power in Germany within the near future?"

"It won't be within the next few months, but developments must necessarily lead to power being delegated to National Socialists as the strongest party in Germany. And we shall be the strongest party some day even if we have to force new elections ten times over."

"Are you sure that your democratic foundation will not one day disappear? Your coalition partners, the Hugenberg party and the Stahlhelm, are they really on your side? Might they not in agreement with the President of the Reich carry out a *coup d'état* over your head?"

"No, there's no great danger of that.

Even if these gentlemen entertained the idea they are far too antiquated and stupid to risk positive action. Besides, both Stahlhelm and Reichswehr have too much sympathy for the Nazi cause."

I answered: "That may be true in Germany, but it is not the case in Austria. With us the growth of National Socialism means civil war. I therefore tell you quite frankly that I shall vigorously oppose all the efforts of the Austrian Nazis. If you mean to engage in politics in Austria you have to take Austrian conditions into consideration. I cannot of course agree that Austrian interests are secondary. Leave Austria to the Austrians. I told you years ago and I tell you again to-day, leave it to the Heimwehr to create a new and patriotic Austria, an Austria that is national in the best sense. Austria will always maintain the closest relations with a national government in Germany."

Hitler did not answer. With a fixed expression on his face, he stared straight in front of him. For some seconds there was silence in the room. Then suddenly Hitler began to speak in an unnecessarily loud voice:

"It is utterly wrong to say that a man can be a good interior decorator if he is a bad architect. It is also completely wrong to assert conversely that a good architect understands nothing of interior decoration. Both these branches of architecture are inseparable and interwoven."

Hitler grew excited: "It is one of the idiocies of our time to attempt to separate exterior from interior architecture."

Then the flood burst. Citing examples from the history of architecture extending from pre-Babylonian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman days up to the Gothic period, Hitler argued furiously in support of his theory of the inseparability of exterior and interior architecture. He finally grew so excited that he jumped up from his chair, which fell over with a

crash, and walked up and down the room, at moments of his lecture literally screaming.

"No one," he shouted, "would have dared suggest to one of the great masters who built our Gothic cathedrals that he should devote himself only to the exterior and leave the interior to another."

I had the impression that he thought he was addressing a large audience. I said nothing, feeling extremely uncomfortable at this exhibition. I must confess that his form of words and his assembly of evidence were extremely effective and convincing, although the topic had no interest for me.

I kept count of the time by my wrist watch. For forty minutes Hitler spoke or shouted on the history of architecture. Then he suddenly broke off and sank exhausted into an armchair. I rose and picked up the fallen chair. Hitler stood up and returned to his place at the writing table. Neither of us said a word. I wondered how I could take my leave, having no wish to resume our talk. Hitler sat huddled up, leaning over his writing table and staring straight in front of him. Suddenly, he sat up with a jerk and hitting the table with his fist three times, but quite gently, he said:

"And it is so and every other opinion is wrong."

I said: "I must go now as I have an appointment at my hotel," and I rose to leave.

Hitler stood up and we moved to the door. He was breathing heavily as though exhausted by violent physical exertion. At the door, he held out his hand and said in a friendly tone: "Good-by, I wish you much luck," and he emphasized the word "much." I said: "*Auf Wiedersehen*, I wish you all the best."

I never saw him again. I could not shake off the impression of this conversation. I spoke to only one person in Berlin about it, as Waldeck had told me that the talk must remain a secret.

[*Prince Starhemberg's account of a series of conversations with Mussolini, when Mussolini was sharply opposed to Hitler, will appear next month.*—The Editors]



THE WIDE NET

A STORY

BY EUDORA WELTY

WILLIAM WALLACE JAMIESON'S wife Hazel was going to have a baby. But this was October, and it was six months away, and she acted exactly as though it would be to-morrow. When he came in the room she would not speak to him but would look as straight at nothing as she could, with her eyes glowing. If he only touched her she stuck out her tongue or ran round the table. So one night he went out with two of the boys down the road and stayed out all night. But that was the worst thing yet, because when he came home in the early morning Hazel had vanished. He went through the house not believing his eyes, balancing with both hands out, his yellow cowlick rising on end, and then he turned the kitchen inside out looking for her, but it did no good. Then when he got back to the front room he saw she had left him a little letter in an envelope. That was doing something behind someone's back. He took out the letter, pushed it open, held it out at a distance from his eyes. . . . After one look he was scared to read the exact words, and he crushed the whole thing in his hand instantly, but what it had said was that she could not put up with him after that and was going to the river to drown herself.

"Drown herself . . . but she's in mortal fear of the water!"

He ran out front, his face red like the red of the picked cotton field he ran over, and down in the road he gave a loud shout for Virgil Thomas, who was just

going in his own house, to come out again. He had almost got in, he had one foot inside the door.

They met half-way between the farms, under the shade tree.

"Haven't you had enough of the night?" asked Virgil. There they were, their pants all covered with the dust and dew, and they had had to carry the third man home flat between them.

"I've lost Hazel, she's vanished, she went to drown herself."

"Why, that ain't like Hazel," said Virgil.

William Wallace reached out and shook him. "You heard me. Don't you know we have to drag the river?"

"Right this minute?"

"You ain't got nothing to do till spring."

"Let me go set foot inside the house and speak to my mother and tell her a story and I'll come back."

"This will take the wide net," said William Wallace. His eyebrows gathered, and he was talking to himself.

"How come Hazel to go and do that way?" asked Virgil as they started out.

William Wallace said, "I reckon she got lonesome."

"That don't argue—drown herself for getting lonesome. My mother gets lonesome."

"Well," said William Wallace. "It argues for Hazel."

"How long is it now since you and her was married?"

"Why, it's been a year."

"It don't seem that long to me. A year!"

"It was this time last year. It seems longer," said William Wallace, breaking a stick off a tree in surprise. They walked along, kicking at the flowers on the road's edge. "I remember the day I seen her first and that seems a long time ago. She was coming along the road holding a little frying-size chicken from her grandma under her arm, and she had it real quiet. I spoke to her with nice manners. We knowed each other's names, being bound to, just didn't know each other to speak to."

"I says, 'Where are you taking the fryer?' and she says, 'Mind your manners,' and I kept on till after while she says, 'If you want to walk me home take littler steps.' So I didn't lose time. It was just four miles across the field and full of blackberries, and from the top of the hill there was Dover below, looking sizeable-like and clean, spread out between the two churches like that. When we got down, I says to her, 'What kind of water's in this well?' and she says, 'The best water in the world.' So I drew a bucket and took out a dipper and she drank and I drank. I didn't think it was that remarkable, but I didn't tell her."

"What happened that night?" asked Virgil.

"We ate the chicken," said William Wallace, "and it was tender. Of course that wasn't all they had. The night I was trying their table out, it sure had good things to eat from one end to the other. Her mama and papa sat at the head and foot and we was face to face with each other across it with, I remember, a pat of butter between. They had real sweet butter with a tree drawn down it, elegant-like. Her mama eats like a man. I had brought her a whole hatful of berries and she didn't even pass them to her husband. Hazel, she would leap up and take a pitcher of new milk and fill up the glasses. I had heard how they couldn't have a singing at the church without a fight over her."

"Oh, she's a pretty girl, all right," said Virgil. "It's a pity for the ones like her to grow old, and get like their mothers."

"Another thing will be that her mother will get wind of this and come after me," said William Wallace.

"Her mother will eat you alive," said Virgil.

"She's just been watching her chance," said William Wallace. "Why did I think I could stay out all night?"

"Just something come over you."

"First it was just a carnival at Carthage, and I had to let them guess my weight . . . and after that . . ."

"It was nice to be sitting on your neck in a ditch singing," prompted Virgil, "there in the moonlight. And playing on the harmonica like you can play."

"Even if Hazel did sit home knowing I was drunk that wouldn't kill her," said William Wallace. "What she knows ain't ever killed her yet. . . . She's smart too for a girl," he said.

"She's a lot smarter than her cousins in Beula," said Virgil. "And especially Edna Earle, that never did get to be what you'd call a heavy thinker. Edna Earle could sit and ponder all day on how the little tail of the 'C' got through the 'L' in a Coca-Cola sign."

"Hazel is smart," said William Wallace. They walked on. "You ought to see her pantry shelf—it looks like a hundred jars when you open the door. I don't see how she could turn around and jump in the river."

"It's a woman's trick."

"I always behaved before. Till the one night—last night."

"Yes, but the one night," said Virgil. "And she was waiting to take advantage."

"She jumped in the river because she was scared to death of the water and that was to make it worse," he said. "She remembered how I used to have to pick her up and carry her over the oak-log bridge, how she'd shut her eyes and make a dead-weight and hold me round the neck, just for a little creek. I don't see how she brought herself to jump."

"Jumped backward," said Virgil. "Didn't look."

When they turned off it was still early in the pink and green fields. The fumes of morning, sweet and bitter, sprang up where they walked. The insects ticked softly, their strength in reserve; butterflies chopped the air, going to the east, and the birds flew carelessly and sang by fits and starts, not the way they did in the evening, in sustained and drowsy songs.

"It is a pretty *day* for sure," said William Wallace. "It's a pretty *day* for it."

"I don't see a sign of her ever going along here," said Virgil.

"Well," said William Wallace, "she wouldn't have dropped anything. I never saw a girl to leave less signs of where she's been."

"Not even a plum seed," said Virgil, kicking the grass.

In the grove it was so quiet that once William Wallace gave a jump, as if he could almost hear a sound of himself wondering where she had gone. A descent of energy came down on him in the thick of the woods and he ran at a rabbit and caught it in his hands.

"Rabbit . . . rabbit . . ." He acted as if he wanted to take it off to himself and hold it up and talk to it. He laid a palm against its pushing heart. "Now . . . there now . . ."

"Let her go, William Wallace, let her go." Virgil, chewing on an elderberry whistle he had just made, stood at his shoulder. "What do you want with a live rabbit?"

William Wallace squatted down and set the rabbit on the ground but held it under his hand. It was a little, old, brown rabbit. It did not try to move. "See there?"

"Let her go."

"She can go if she wants to, but she don't want to."

Gently he lifted his hand. The round eye was shining at him sideways in the green gloom.

"Anybody can freeze a rabbit that wants to," said Virgil. Suddenly he gave a far-reaching blast on the whistle,

and the rabbit went in a streak. "Was you out catching cottontails or was you out catching your wife?" he said, taking the turn to the open fields. "I come along to keep you on the track."

"Who'll we get now?" They stood on top of a hill and William Wallace looked critically over the countryside. "Any of the Malones?"

"I was always scared of the Malones," said Virgil. "Too many *of* them."

"This is my day with the net, and they would have to watch out," said William Wallace. "I reckon some Malones and the Doyles will be enough. The six Doyles and their dogs, and you and me, and two little nigger boys is enough, with just a few Malones."

"That ought to be enough," said Virgil, "no matter what."

"I'll bring the Malones and you bring the Doyles," said William Wallace, and they separated at the spring.

When William Wallace came back, with a string of Malones just showing behind him on the hilltop, he found Virgil with the two little Rippen boys waiting behind him, solemn little towheads. As soon as he walked up, Grady, the one in front, lifted his hand, as if to signal silence and caution to his brother Brucie, panting merrily and untrustworthily behind him.

Brucie bent readily under William Wallace's hand-pat and gave him a dreamy look out of the tops of his round eyes, which were pure green-and-white, like clover tops. William Wallace gave him a nickel. Grady hung his head; his white hair lay in a little tail in the nape of his neck.

"Let's let them come," said Virgil.

"Well, they can come then, but if we keep letting everybody come it is going to be too many," said William Wallace.

"They'll appreciate it, those little old boys," said Virgil. Brucie held up at arm's length a long red thread with a bent pin tied on the end; and a look of helpless and intense interest gathered Grady's face like a drawstring; his eyes, one bright with a sty, shone pleadingly

under his white bangs, and he snapped his jaw and tried to speak. . . . "Their papa was drowned in the Pearl River," said Virgil.

There was a shout from the gully.

"Here come all the Malones," cried William Wallace. "I asked four of them would they come, but the rest of the family invited themselves."

"Did you ever see a time when they didn't?" said Virgil. "And yonder from the other direction comes the Doyles, still with biscuit crumbs on their cheeks, I bet, now it's nothing to do but eat, as their mother said."

"If two little niggers would come along now, or one big nigger," said William Wallace. And the words were hardly out of his mouth when two little Negro boys came along, going somewhere, one behind the other, stepping high and gay in their overalls, as though they waded through honeydew to the waist.

"Come here, boys. What's your names?"

"Sam and Robbie Bell."

"Come along with us, we're going to drag the river."

"You hear that, Robbie Bell?" said Sam.

They smiled.

The Doyles came noiselessly, their dogs made all the fuss. The Malones, eight giants with great long black eyelashes, were already stamping the ground and pawing one another, ready to go. Everybody went up together to see Doc.

Old Doc owned the wide net. He had a house on top of the hill and he sat and looked out from a rocker on the front porch.

"Climb the hill and come in!" he began to intone across the valley. "Harvest's over . . . slipped up on everybody . . . cotton's picked, gone to the gin . . . hay cut . . . molasses made around here. . . . Big explosion's over, supervisors elected, some pleased, some not. . . . We're hearing talk of war!"

When they got closer he was saying, "Many's been saved at revival, twenty-

two last Sunday, including a Doyle, ought to counted two. Hope they'll be a blessing to Dover community besides a shining star in Heaven. Now what?" he asked, for they had arrived and stood gathered in front of the steps.

"If nobody else is using your wide net could we use it?" asked William Wallace.

"You just used it a month ago," said Doc. "It ain't your turn."

Virgil jogged William Wallace's arm and cleared his throat. "This time is kind of special," he said. "We got reason to think William Wallace's wife Hazel is in the river, drowned."

"What reason have you got to think she's in the river drowned?" asked Doc. He took out his old pipe. "I'm asking the husband."

"Because she's not in the house," said William Wallace.

"Vanished?" and he knocked out the pipe.

"Plum vanished."

"Of course a thousand things could have happened to her," said Doc and he lighted the pipe.

"Hand him up the letter, William Wallace," said Virgil. "We can't wait around till Doomsday for the net while Doc sits back thinkin'."

"I tore it up, right at the first," said William Wallace. "But I know it by heart. It said she was going to jump straight in the Pearl River and that I'd be sorry."

"Where do you come in, Virgil?" asked Doc.

"I was in the same place William Wallace sat on his neck in, all night, and done as much as he done, and come home the same time."

"You-all were out cuttin' up, so Lady Hazel has to jump in the river, is that it? Cause and effect. Anybody want to argue with me? Where do these others come in, Doyles, Malones, and what not?"

"Doc is the smartest man around," said William Wallace, turning to the stolidly waiting Doyles, "but it sure takes time."

"These are the ones that's collected to drag the river for her," said Virgil.

"Of course I am not going on record to say so soon that *I* think she's drowned," Doc said, blowing out blue smoke.

"Do you think . . ." William Wallace went up a step, and his hands both went into fists. "Do you think she was *carried off*?"

"Now that's the way to argue, see it from all sides," said Doc promptly. "But who by?"

Some Malone whistled, but not so you could tell which one.

"There's no booger around the Dover section that goes around carrying off young girls that's married," stated Doc.

"She was always scared of the gypsies." William Wallace turned scarlet. "She'd sure turn her ring around on her finger if she passed one, and look in the other direction so they couldn't see she was pretty and carry her off. They come in the end of summer."

"Yes, there are the gypsies, kidnappers since the world began. But was it to be you that would pay the grand ransom?" asked Doc. He pointed his finger. They all laughed then at how clever old Doc was and clapped William Wallace on the back. But that turned into a scuffle and they fell to the ground.

"Stop it, or you can't have the net," said Doc. "You're scaring my wife's chickens."

"It's time we was gone," said William Wallace.

The big barking dogs jumped to lean their front paws on the men's chests.

"My advice remains, Let well enough alone," said Doc. "Whatever this mysterious event will turn out to be, it has kept one woman from talking a while. However, Lady Hazel is the prettiest girl in Mississippi, a golden-haired girl; you've never seen a prettier one and you never will." He got to his feet with the nimbleness that was always his surprise, and said, "I'll come along with you."

The path they always followed was the Old Natchez Trace. It took them through the deep woods and led them out down

below on the Pearl River, where they could begin dragging it upstream to a point near Dover. They walked in silence round William Wallace, not letting him carry anything, but the net dragged heavily and the buckets were full of clatter in a place so dim and still.

Once they went through a forest of cucumber trees and came up on a high ridge. Grady and Brucie who were running ahead all the way stopped in their tracks; a whistle had blown, and far down and far away a long freight train was passing. It seemed like a little festival procession, moving with the slowness of ignorance or a dream, from distance to distance, the tiny pink and gray cars like secret boxes. Grady was counting the cars to himself, as if he could certainly see each one clearly, and Brucie watched his lips, hushed and cautious, the way he would watch a bird drinking. Tears suddenly came to Grady's eyes, but it could only be because a tiny man walked along the top of the train, walking and moving on top of the moving train.

They went down again and soon the smell of the river spread over the woods, cool and secret. Every step they took among the great walls of vines and among the passionflowers started up a little life, a little flight.

"We're walking along in the changing-time," said Doc. "Any day now the change will come. It's going to turn from hot to cold, and we can kill the hog that's ripe and have fresh meat to eat. Come one of these nights and we can wander down here and tree a nice possum. Old Jack Frost will be pinching things up. Old Mr. Winter will be standing in the door. Hickory tree there will be yellow. Sweet-gum red, hickory yellow, dogwood red, sycamore yellow." He went along rapping the tree trunks with his knuckle. "Magnolia and live oak never die. Remember that. Per-simmons will all get fit to eat, and the nuts will be dropping like rain all through the woods here. And run, little quail, run, for we'll be after you too."

They went on and suddenly the woods opened upon light, and they had reached the river. Everyone stopped, but Doc talked on ahead as though nothing had happened. "Only to-day," he said, "to-day, in October sun, it's all gold—sky and tree and water. Everything just before it changes looks to be made of gold."

William Wallace looked down as though he thought of Hazel with the shining eyes, sitting at home and looking straight before her, like a piece of pure gold, too precious to touch.

Below them the river was glimmering, narrow, soft and skin-colored, and slowed nearly to stillness. The shining willow trees hung round them. The net that was being drawn out, so old and so long-used, it too looked golden, strung and tied with golden threads.

Standing still on the bank, all of a sudden William Wallace, on whose word they were waiting, spoke up in a voice of surprise. "What is the name of this river?"

They looked at him as if he were crazy not to know the name of the river he had fished in all his life. But a deep frown was on his forehead, as if he were compelled to wonder what people had come to call this river, or to think there was a mystery in the name of a river they all knew so well, the same as if it were some great far torrent of waves that dashed through the mountains somewhere, and almost as if it were a river in some dream, for they could not give him the name of that.

"Everybody knows Pearl River is named the Pearl River," said Doc.

A bird note suddenly bold was like a stone thrown into the water to sound it.

"It's deep here," said Virgil, and jogged William Wallace. "Remember?"

William Wallace stood looking down at the river as if it were still a mystery to him. There under his foot which hung over the bank it was transparent and yellow like an old bottle lying in the sun, filling with light.

Doc clattered all his paraphernalia.

Then all of a sudden all the Malones scattered jumping and tumbling down the bank. They gave their loud shout. Little Brucie started after them, and looked back.

"Do you think she jumped?" Virgil asked William Wallace.

Since the net was so wide when it was all stretched, it reached from bank to bank of the Pearl River, and the weights would hold it all the way to the bottom. Juglike sounds filled the air, splashes lifted in the sun, and the party began to move upstream. The Malones with great groans swam and pulled near the shore, the Doyles swam and pushed from behind with Virgil to tell them how to do it best; Grady and Brucie with his thread and pin trotted along the sandbars hauling buckets and lines. Sam and Robbie Bell, naked and bright, guided the old oarless rowboat that always drifted at the shore, and in it, sitting up tall with his hat on, was Doc—he went along without ever touching water and without ever taking his eye off the net. William Wallace himself did everything but most of the time he was out of sight, swimming about under water or diving, and he had nothing to say any more.

The dogs chased up and down, in and out of the water and in and out of the woods.

"Don't let her get too heavy, boys," Doc intoned regularly every few minutes, "and she won't let nothing through."

"She won't let nothing through, she won't let nothing through," chanted Sam and Robbie Bell, one at his front and one at his back.

The sandbars were pink or violet drifts ahead. Where the light fell on the river, in a wandering from shore to shore, it was leaf-shaped spangles that trembled softly, while the dark of the river was calm. The willow trees leaned overhead and their trailing leaves hung like waterfalls in the morning air. The thing that seemed like silence must have been the endless cry of all the crickets and



locusts in the world, rising and falling.

Every time William Wallace took hold of a big eel that slipped the net, the Malones all yelled, "Rassle with him, son!"

"Don't let her get too heavy, boys," said Doc.

"This is hard on catfish," William Wallace said once.

There were big and little fishes, dark and light, that they caught, good ones and bad ones, the same old fish.

"This is more shoes than I ever saw got together in any store," said Virgil when they emptied the net to the bottom. "Get going!" he shouted in the next breath.

The little Rippens who had stayed ahead in the woods stayed ahead on the river. Brucie, leading them all, made small jumps and hops as he went, sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other.

The winding river looked old sometimes, when it ran wrinkled and deep under high banks where the roots of trees hung down, and sometimes it seemed to be only a young creek, shining with the colors of wildflowers. Sometimes sandbars in the shapes of fishes lay nose to nose, without the track of even a bird.

"Here comes some alligators," said Virgil. "Let's let them by."

They drew out on the shady side of the water, and three big alligators and four middle-sized ones went by, taking their own time.

"Look at their great big old teeth!" called a shrill voice. It was Grady making his only outcry, and the alligators were not showing their teeth at all.

"The better to eat folks with," said Doc from his boat, looking at him severely.

"Doc, you are bound to declare all you know," said Virgil. "Get going!"

When they started off again the first thing they caught in the net was the baby alligator.

"That's just what we wanted!" cried the Malones.

They set the little alligator down on a sandbar and he squatted perfectly still;

they could hardly tell when it was he started to move. They watched with set faces his incredible mechanics, while the dogs after one bark stood off in inquisitive humility, until he winked.

"He's ours!" shouted all the Malones. "We're taking him home with us!"

"He ain't nothing but a little old baby," said William Wallace.

The Malones only scoffed, as if he might be only a baby but he looked like the oldest and worst lizard.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Virgil.

"Keep him."

"I'd be more careful what I took out of this net," said Doc.

"Tie him up and throw him in the bucket," the Malones were saying to one another, while Doc was saying, "Don't come running to me and ask me what to do when he gets big."

They kept catching more and more fish, as if there was no end in sight.

"Look, a string of lady's beads," said Virgil. "Here, Sam and Robbie Bell."

Sam wore them round his head, with a knot over his forehead and loops round his ears, and Robbie Bell walked behind and stared at them.

In a shadowy place something white flew up. It was a heron and it went away over the dark treetops. William Wallace followed it with his eyes and Brucie clapped his hands, but Virgil gave a sigh, as if he knew that when you go looking for what is lost everything is a sign.

An eel slid out of the net.

"Rassle with him, son!" yelled the Malones. They swam like fiends.

"The Malones are in it for the fish," said Virgil.

It was about noon that there was a little rustle on the bank.

"Who is that yonder?" asked Virgil, and he pointed to a little undersized man with short legs and a little straw hat, who was following along on the other side of the river.

"Never saw him and don't know his brother," said Doc.

Nobody had ever seen him before.

"Who invited you?" cried Virgil hotly. "Hi . . . !" and he made signs for the little undersized man to look at him, but he would not.

"Looks like a crazy man from here," said the Malones.

"Just don't pay any attention to him and maybe he'll go away," advised Doc.

But Virgil had already swum across and was up on the other bank. He and the stranger could be seen exchanging a word apiece and then Virgil put out his hand the way he would pat a child and patted the man to the ground. The little man got up again just as quickly, lifted his shoulders, turned round, and walked away with his hat tilted over his eyes.

When Virgil came back he said, "Little old man claimed he was harmless as a baby. I told him to just try horning in on this river and anything in it."

"What did he look like up close?" asked Doc.

"I didn't study how he looked," said Virgil. "But I don't like anybody to come looking at me that I am not familiar with." And he shouted, "Get going!"

"Things are moving in too great a rush," said Doc.

Brucie darted ahead and ran looking into all the bushes, lifting up the branches and peeping underneath.

"Not one of the Doyles has spoke a word," said Virgil.

"That's because they're not talkers," said Doc.

All day William Wallace kept diving to the bottom. Once he dived down and down into the dark water, where it was so still that nothing stirred, not even a fish, and so dark that it was no longer the muddy world of the upper river but the dark clear world of deepness, and he must have believed this was the deepest place in the whole Pearl River, and if she was not here she would not be anywhere. He was gone such a long time that the others stared hard at the surface of the water, through which the bubbles came from below. So far down and all alone, had he found Hazel? Had he suspected

down there, like some secret, the real, the true trouble that Hazel had fallen into, about which words in a letter could not speak . . . how (who knew?) she had been filled to the brim with that elation that they all remembered, like their own secret, the elation that comes of great hopes and changes, sometimes simply of the harvest time, that comes with a little course of its own like a tune to run in the head, and there was nothing she could do about it—they knew—and so it had turned into despair? It could be nothing but the old trouble that William Wallace was finding out, reaching and turning in the gloom of such depths.

"Look down yonder," said Grady softly to Brucie.

He pointed to the surface, where their reflections lay colorless and still side by side. He touched his brother gently as though to impress him.

"That's you and me," he said.

Brucie swayed precariously over the edge, and Grady caught him by the seat of his overalls. Brucie looked, but showed no recognition. Instead, he backed away, and seemed all at once unconcerned and spiritless and pressed the nickel William Wallace had given him into his palm, rubbing it into his skin. Grady's inflamed eyes rested on the brown water. Without warning he saw something . . . perhaps the image in the river seemed to be his father, the drowned man—with arms open, eyes open, mouth open . . . Grady stared and blinked, again something wrinkled up his face.

And when William Wallace came up it was in an agony from submersion, which seemed an agony of the blood and of the very heart, so woeful he looked. He was staring round in astonishment, as if a long time had gone by, away from the pale world where the brown light of the sun and the river and the little party watching him trembled before the eyes.

"What did you bring up?" somebody called—was it Virgil?

One of his hands was holding fast to a

little green ribbon of plant, root and all. He was surprised and let it go.

It was afternoon. The trees spread softly, the clouds hung wet and tinted. A buzzard turned a few slow wheels in the sky, and drifted upward. The dogs promenaded the banks.

"It's time we ate fish," said Virgil.

On a wide sandbar on which seashells lay they dragged up the haul and built a fire.

Then for a long time among clouds of odors and smoke, all half-naked except Doc, they cooked and ate catfish. They ate until the Malones groaned and all the Doyles stretched out on their faces, though for long after Sam and Robbie Bell sat up to their own little table on a cypress stump and ate on and on. Then they all were silent and still and one by one fell asleep.

"There ain't a thing better than fish," muttered William Wallace. He lay stretched on his back in the glimmer and shade of trampled sand. His sunburned forehead and cheeks seemed to glow with fire. His eyelids fell. The shadow of a willow branch dipped and moved over him. "There is nothing in the world as good as . . . fish. The fish of Pearl River." Then slowly he smiled. He was asleep.

But it seemed almost at once that he was leaping up, and one by one up sat the others in their ring and looked at him, for it was impossible to stop and sleep by the river.

"You're feeling as good as you felt last night," said Virgil, setting his head on one side.

"The excursion is the same when you go looking for your sorrow as when you go looking for your joy," said Doc.

But William Wallace answered none of them anything, for he was leaping all over the place and all over them and the feast and the bones of the feast, trampling the sand, up and down, and doing a dance so crazy that he would die next. He took a big catfish and hooked it to his belt-buckle and went up and down, so that they all hollered, and the tears of

laughter streaming down his cheeks made him put his hand up, and the two days' growth of beard began to jump out, bright red.

But all of a sudden there was an even louder cry, something almost like a cheer, from everybody at once, and all pointed fingers moved from William Wallace to the river. In the center of three light-gold rings across the water was lifted first an old hoary head ("It has whiskers!" a voice cried) and then in an undulation loop after loop and hump after hump of a long dark body, until there were a dozen rings of ripples, one behind the other, stretching all across the river, like a necklace.

"The King of the Snakes!" cried all the Malones at once, in high tenor voices and leaning together.

"The King of the Snakes," intoned old Doc, alone in his profound bass.

"He looked you in the eye."

William Wallace stared back at the King of the Snakes with all his might.

It was Brucie that darted forward, dangling his little thread with the pin tied to it, going toward the water.

"That's the King of the Snakes!" cried Grady, who always looked after him.

Then the snake went down.

The little boy stopped with one leg in the air, spun around on the other, and sank to the ground.

"Git up," Grady whispered. "It was just the King of the Snakes. He went off whistling. Git up. It wasn't a thing but the King of the Snakes."

Brucie's green eyes opened, his tongue darted out, and he sprang up; his feet were heavy, his head light, and he rose like a bubble coming to the surface.

The thunder like a stone loosened and rolled down the bank.

They all stood unwilling on the sandbar, holding the net. In the eastern sky were the familiar castles and the round towers to which they were used, gray, pink, and blue, growing darker and filling with thunder. Lightning flickered in the sun along their thick walls. But in the west the sun shone with such a

violence that in an illumination like a long-prolonged glare of lightning the heavens looked black and white; all color left the world, the goldenness of everything was like a memory, and only heat, a kind of glamour and oppression, lay on their heads. The thick heavy trees on the other side of the river were brushed with mile-long streaks of silver, and a wind touched each man on the forehead. At the same time there was a very long roll of thunder that began behind them, came up and down mountains and valleys of air, passed over their heads, and left them listening still. With a small, near noise a mockingbird followed it, the little white bars of its body flashing over the willow trees.

"We are here for a storm now," Virgil said. "We will have to stay until it's over."

They retreated a little, and hard drops fell in the leathery leaves at their shoulders and about their heads.

"Magnolia's the loudest tree there is in a storm," said Doc.

Then the light changed the water, until all about them the woods in the rising wind seemed to grow taller and blow inward together and suddenly turn dark. The rain struck heavily. A huge tail seemed to lash through the air and the river broke in a wound of silver. In silence the party crouched and stooped beside the trunk of the great tree, which in the push of the storm rose full of a fragrant and unyielding weight. Where they all stared, past their tree was another tree, and beyond that another and another, all the way down the bank of the river, all towering and darkened in the storm.

"The outside world is full of endurance," said Doc. "Full of endurance."

Robbie Bell and Sam squatted down low and embraced each other from the start.

"Runs in our family to get struck by lightnin'," said Robbie Bell. "Lightnin' drawed a pitchfork right on our grandpappy's cheek, stayed till he died. Pappy got struck by some bolts of light-

nin' and was dead three days, dead as that-there axe."

There was a succession of glares and crashes.

"This'n's goin' to be either me or you," said Sam. "Here come a little bug. If he go to the left, it's me, and to the right, it's you."

But at the next flare a big tree on the hill seemed to turn into fire before their eyes, every branch, twig, and leaf, and a purple cloud hung over it.

"Did you hear that crack?" asked Robbie Bell. "That were its bones."

"Why do you little niggers talk so much!" said Doc. "Nobody's profiting by this information."

"We always talks this much," said Sam, "but now everybody so quiet, they hears us."

The great tree, split and on fire, fell roaring to earth. Just at its moment of falling, a tree like it on the opposite bank split wide open and fell in two parts.

"Hope they ain't goin' to be no balls of fire come rollin' over the water and fry all the fishes with they scales on," said Robbie Bell.

The water in the river had turned purple and was filled with sudden currents and whirlpools. The little willow trees bent almost to its surface, bowing one after another down the bank and breaking under the storm. A great curtain of wet leaves was borne along before a blast of wind, and every human being was covered.

"Now us got scales," wailed Sam. "Us is the fishes."

"Shut up, little old colored children," said Virgil. "This isn't the way to act when somebody takes you out to drag a river."

"Poor lady's ghost, I bet it is scareder than us," said Sam.

"All I hoping is, us don't find her!" screamed Robbie Bell.

William Wallace bent down and knocked their heads together. After that they clung silently in each other's arms, the two black heads resting with

wind-filled cheeks and tight-closed eyes one upon the other, until the storm was over.

"Right over yonder is Dover," said Virgil. "We've come all the way. William Wallace, you have walked on a sharp rock and cut your foot open."

In Dover it had rained and the town looked somehow like new. The wavy heat of late afternoon came down from the water tank and fell over everything like shiny mosquito-netting. At the wide place where the road was paved and patched with tar it seemed newly embedded with Coca-Cola tops. A few wet wagons and cars stood like a sparkling puzzle down the middle of the street. The old circus posters on the store were nearly gone, only bits, the snowflakes of white horses, clinging to its side. Morning-glory vines started almost visibly to grow over the roofs and cling round the ties of the railroad track, where bluejays lighted on the rails, and umbrella chinaberry trees hung heavily over the whole town dropping their first fall berries on to the tin roofs.

Each with his counted fish on a string, the members of the river-dragging party walked through the town. They went toward the town well, and there was Hazel's mother's house, but no sign of her yet, coming out. They all drank a dipper of the water, and still there was not a soul on the street. Even the bench in front of the store was empty.

But something told them somebody had come, for after one moment people began to look out of the store and out of the post office. All the bird dogs woke up to see such a large number of men and boys materialize suddenly with such a big catch of fish, and they ran out barking. The bluejays flashed up from the track and screeched above the town, whipping through their tunnels in the chinaberry trees. In the café a nickel clattered inside a music-box and a love song began to play. The whole town of Dover began to throb in its wood and tin, like an old tired heart, when the men

walked through once more, coming around again and going down the street carrying the fish, so drenched, exhausted, and muddy that no one could help but admire them.

William Wallace walked through the town as though he did not see anybody or hear anything. Yet he carried his great string of fish held high where it could be seen by all. Virgil came next, imitating William Wallace exactly, then the modest Doyles crowded by the Malones, who were holding up their alligator, tossing it in the air, even, like a father tossing his child. Following behind and pointing authoritatively at the ones in front strolled Doc, with Sam and Robbie Bell still chanting in his wake. In and out of the whole little line Grady and Brucie jerked about. Grady, with his head ducked, and stiff as a rod, walked with a springy limp; it made him look forever angry and unapproachable. Under his breath he was whispering, "Sty, sty, git out of my eye, and git on somebody passing by." He traveled on with narrowed shoulders, and kept his eye unerringly upon his little brother, wary and at the same time proud, as though he held a flying June bug on a string. Brucie, making a twanging noise with his lips, had shot forth again, and he was darting rapidly everywhere at once, delighted and tantalized, running in circles round William Wallace pointing to his fish. A frown of pleasure like the print of a bird's foot was stamped between his faint brows, and he trotted in some unknown realm of delight.

"Did you ever see so many fish?" said the people in Dover.

"How much are your fish, mister?"

"Would you sell your fish?"

"Is that all the fish in Pearl River?"

"How much you sell them all for? Everybody's?"

"Three dollars," said William Wallace suddenly.

The Malones were upon him and shouting, but it was too late.

And just as William Wallace was taking the money in his hand, Hazel's

mother walked solidly out of her front door and saw it.

"You can't head her mother off," said Virgil. "Here she comes in full bloom."

But William Wallace turned his back on her, and on them all, for that matter, and that was the breaking-up of the party.

Just as the sun went down, Doc climbed his back steps, sat in his chair on the back porch where he sat in the evenings, and lighted his pipe. William Wallace hung out the net and came back and Virgil was waiting for him, so they could say good-evening to Doc.

"All in all," said Doc, when they came up, "I've never been on a better river-dragging, or seen better behavior. If it took catching catfish to move the Rock of Gibraltar, I believe this outfit could move it."

"We didn't catch Hazel Jamieson," said Virgil.

"What did you say?" asked Doc.

"He don't really pay attention," said Virgil. "I said, 'We didn't catch Hazel.'"

"Who says she was to be caught?" asked Doc. "She wasn't in there. Girls don't like the water—remember that. Girls don't just haul off and go jumping in rivers to get back at their husbands. They got other ways."

"Didn't you ever think she was in there?" asked William Wallace.

"Not once," said Doc.

"He's just smart," said Virgil, putting his hand on William Wallace's arm. "It's only because we didn't find her that he wasn't looking for her."

"I'm beholden to you for the net, anyway," said William Wallace.

"You're welcome to borry it again," said Doc.

On the way home Virgil kept saying, "Calm down, calm down, William Wallace."

"If he wasn't such an old skinny man I'd have wrung his neck for him," said William Wallace. "He had no business coming."

"He's too big for his britches," said Virgil. "Don't nobody know everything. And just because it's his net. Why does it have to be his net?"

"If it wasn't for being polite to old men, I'd have skinned him alive," said William Wallace.

"I guess he don't really know nothing about wives at all; his wife's so deaf," said Virgil.

"He don't know Hazel," said William Wallace. "I'm the only man alive knows Hazel: would she jump in the river or not, and I say she would. She jumped in because I was sitting on the back of my neck in a ditch singing, and that's just what she ought to done. Doc ain't got no right to say one word about it."

"Calm down, calm down, William Wallace," said Virgil.

"If it had been you that talked like that I'd have broke every bone in your body," said William Wallace. "Just let you talk like that. You're my age and size."

"But I ain't going to talk like that," said Virgil. "What have I done the whole time but keep this river-dragging going straight and running even, without no hitches? You couldn't have drug the river a foot without me."

"What are you talking about!" cried William Wallace. "This wasn't your river-dragging! It wasn't your wife!" He jumped on Virgil and they began to fight.

"Let me up." Virgil was breathing heavily.

"Say it was my wife. Say it was my river-dragging."

"Yours!" Virgil was on the ground with William Wallace's hand putting dirt in his mouth.

"Say it was my net."

"Your net!"

"Get up then."

They walked along getting their breath. On a hill William Wallace looked down, and at the same time there went drifting by the sweet sounds of music outdoors. They were having the Sacred Harp Sing on the grounds of an

old white church glimmering there at the crossroads, far below. He stared away as if he saw it minutely, as if he could see a lady in white take the flowered cover off the organ, which was set on a little slant in the shade, dust the keys, and start to pump and play. . . . He smiled faintly, as he would at his mother, and at Hazel, and at the singing women in his life, now all one young girl standing up to sing under the trees the oldest and longest ballads there were.

Virgil told him good-night and went into his own house and the door shut on him.

When he got to his own house, William Wallace saw to his surprise that it had not rained at all. But there, curved over the roof, was something he had never seen before as long as he could remember, a rainbow at night. In the light of the moon, which had risen again, it looked small and of gauzy material, like a lady's summer dress, a faint veil through which the stars showed.

He went up on the porch and in at the door, and all exhausted he had walked through the front room and through the kitchen when he heard his name called. After a moment he smiled, as if no matter what he might have hoped for in his wildest heart, it was better than that to hear his name called out in the house. The voice came out of the bedroom.

"What do you want?" he yelled, standing stock-still.

Then she opened the bedroom door with the old complaining creak and there she stood. She was not changed a bit.

"How do you feel?" he said.

"I feel pretty good. Not too good," Hazel said, looking mysterious.

"I cut my foot," said William Wallace, taking his shoe off to show the blood.

"How in the world did you do that?" she cried, with a step back.

"Dragging the river. But it don't hurt any longer."

"You ought to have been more careful," she said. "Supper's ready and I wondered if you would ever come home, or if it would be last night all over again. Go and make yourself fit to be seen," she said and ran away from him.

After supper they sat on the front steps a while.

"Where were you this morning when I came in?" asked William Wallace when they were ready to go in the house.

"I was hiding," she said. "I was still writing on the letter. And then you tore it up."

"Did you watch me when I was reading it?"

"Yes, and you could have put out your hand and touched me, I was so close."

But he bit his lip and gave her a little tap and slap and then turned her up and spanked her.

"Do you think you will do it again?" he asked.

"I'll tell my mother on you for this!"

"Will you do it again?"

"No!" she cried.

"Then pick yourself up off my knee."

It was just as if he had chased her and captured her again. She lay smiling in the crook of his arm. It was the same as any other chase at the end.

"I will do it again if I get ready," she said. "Next time will be different too."

Then she was ready to go in and rose up and looked out from the top step, out across the yard where the chinaberry tree was and beyond, into the dark fields where the lightning-bugs flickered away. He climbed to his feet too and stood beside her, with the frown on his face, trying to look where she looked. And after a few minutes she took him by the hand and led him into the house, smiling as if she were smiling down on him.



TWO DEBUTS AND A DROWSY KING

PART III OF A MUSICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY ALBERT SPALDING

JUST before I left France to try my luck across the Channel in London, an old French musician gave me some chilling advice. "Don't be misled by the success young Mischa Elman had there. He was a 'prodigy'; but you wear long pants. London takes quickly to the very young or to the very old. You are neither; you are merely a callow youth whose talent will be scrutinized with a kind of refrigerating tolerance."

His prediction was painfully true. At my first English concert, in November, 1906, there was applause and there were encores, and in the crowded greenroom afterward there were even some extravagant compliments. But somehow I knew it had not quite clicked. Nor was I consoled the following morning by what my manager assured me was a "brilliant" press. There were plenty of usable lines—excellent quotations for the box office, my manager said; but even here there was a reticence, a qualification. The French musician had been irritatingly right: London was certainly not a citadel to be carried by assault—at least not by me.

Nevertheless there were many side doors to success, modest but satisfying, which were generously opened to me, so I did not lack opportunities to be heard. Sometimes with fees, more often without, I played in the provinces and in drawing-rooms, slowly making progress in the campaign.

My most important engagement was

with the London Symphony Orchestra for their regular series. The conductor was to be that renowned and almost legendary figure, Hans Richter. Hans Richter! What a name to conjure with! I felt myself suddenly linked with the illustrious past. Had he not been the friend of Brahms, the friend and apostle of Wagner? Had not "Die Meistersinger" had its first hearing under his baton?

Richter asked me to play the Saint-Saëns concerto, which was, I thought, a very French work for so German a musician to choose. Later I was to discover that the choice of both violinist and concerto had been inspired by a brief note to Richter from Saint-Saëns. The old French master, with whom I had played in Florence, had been as good as his word. "Rest assured," he had told me, "that I shall not forget to spread good reports of your playing."

Though the concerto was of course well in my fingers, I nevertheless spent many hours recleaning, repolishing the work. Yesterday's "good enough" would never do for to-morrow's ordeal. That is always the way with a fresh test, a new challenge to endeavor. And as the morning of rehearsal approaches you are much more easily assailed by doubt than you are fortified by conviction. Conviction often returns by the evening concert but is invariably a truant at rehearsal.

Richter was formidable-looking. He growled rather than spoke his "Good

morning" in reply to my timid salutation. He had a head, I thought, somewhat like Socrates'. But he couldn't have had a Xanthippe for a wife else he'd have had gentle manners. His reddish-brown hair and beard, shot with gray, surrounded a face that somehow seemed to have been shoved into slovenly shape by very blunt instruments. It had the effect of unfinished masonry. It did not invite assurance.

The opening of the concerto is dangerous: bold strokes of the bow—a vigorous theme proclaimed dangerously in the high register of the G string. My bow arm felt shaky and my left hand seemed to have mislaid its security. I felt miserably and woefully inadequate. I fully expected Richter to condemn me harshly to oblivion. However, I kept on and after a few unsteady and unpromising phrases things were going better. By the time I had reached the sub-theme the violin was singing reassuringly, and as I successfully negotiated the flight to a high harmonic, there was an unmistakable grunt of approval to the left of me. From then on it was smooth sailing and at the end of the rehearsal Richter was actually jovial.

The concert went excellently and the well-filled Queen's Hall audience was prodigal with its applause. The press too was quite extravagant with its praise and, best of all, Richter thereupon engaged me to play with him in Manchester. He was at that time conducting the old orchestral society so long associated with Sir Charles Hallé. But the Manchester concert was a frosty disappointment. The concerto went less brilliantly than in London, yet it had, I thought, its respectable points and was hardly deserving of the blast of condemnation that greeted it. The shades of Sarasate and Lady Hallé (Norma Neruda) were apparently at the elbows of all the scribes reporting the concert, reminding them just how I had failed in this or that phrase to approach their own unforgettable performances in this same concerto.

Richter found me the following morn-

ing half hiding myself in a dark corner of the hotel lobby miserably reading and re-reading the uncomfortable news. It was a gloomy morning. Richter lost his temper with me. "So!" he exclaimed, "so I find you wasting your time. The papers they are bad—so you are unhappy. Another time they are good—so you are happy. That is no way for an artist. I thought you were an artist. Perhaps you think newspaper print more important than my opinion!"

Somehow I found his irritation more stimulating than a tonic and managed to say so.

He went on in a kindlier tone. "Don't read notices! Let your manager do that. That is part of his business. It is not part of the artist's business."

I murmured something of my realization that I had played less well than in London.

"Yes," Richter agreed, "it was better in London. It is good that you know it. But it was not bad last night. A musician is not a machine, *Gott sei Dank*. If one were always sure of the same thing performance would lose life, lose interest. Those fools"—pointing disdainfully to the mass of strewn papers—"see only the things on the surface. They are superficial. Don't read them."

"But," I dared to point out, "you, Master, you yourself have read them this morning."

He gave me a quick sidelong glance and I wondered if an explosion were coming. Then, with as near an approach to a smile as the old round head could make: "Yes, *Esel* that I am, I did read them. They spoiled my breakfast. Na! Let us have a cup of coffee and forget it. It will be bad English coffee, but perhaps it will be hot."

Yes, decidedly old Richter was a comfort that morning. The coffee they brought us looked like treacle, thick and syrupy, and tasted worse. Richter philosophized on the unmusicality of those countries that hadn't the proper appreciation of the coffee bean. Germany, Austria, Holland, the Scandinavian coun-

tries, Finland, even Russia—all excellent lands for excellent coffee. Music flourishes. England, France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, miserable coffee. Music languishes. I longed to point out some notable exceptions, but forbore.

We journeyed back together to London. He told me many anecdotes of Olympian figures, Brahms, Wagner, Joachim, Von Bülow. With a kind of Homeric simplicity he brought these Gods to earth, humanizing them. Little personal details, weaknesses even, rubbing shoulders with unapproachable exploits. "Do you play the Brahms concerto?" he asked. I had studied it but never yet tried it publicly. "Don't play it too soon," he advised. "Above all when you do play it don't be too impressed by its reputation of having been written *gegen die Geige*. It is written *for*, not against, the violin and one day—perhaps I shall not live to see it—will be as popular as the Mendelssohn." I could hardly believe it, but was not disposed to question his prophecy.

The next evening he invited me to Covent Garden to hear his performance of "Meistersinger." Compared to today's smoother, more manicured exposition of this mighty score, there were many rough and uncouth deliveries. It certainly had not been sufficiently rehearsed to have elegance or perfection of detail. Much of it also moved at a considerably slower tempo than was to prevail later. I was, however, profoundly moved by this great tapestry of sound. It still remains for me Wagner's uniquely successful opera wherein the imperative and compelling action depicted in the music is not in almost constant conflict with the inertia of a paralytic stage—that conflict between eye and ear that all but ruins my enjoyment of his other music dramas.

I went backstage to see and thank Richter for the beautiful evening he had given me. "Na," he said, and he was in a very bad humor, "it was not a good performance. The overture, yes! The quintet, yes! The rest, it was bad—

very bad. Yet," he added with a kind of sardonic humor, "see the critiques in the morning. They will be very fine. That is because I am old and have a beard." He stroked my chin. "Grow a beard! You will see what an easy way it is to eminence."

He was right. The press was rapturous, raving honeyed phrases over what it found to be flawless perfection!

II

The Gordons, whom I often visited during my stay in England, had for years made their home a rendezvous for musicians, writers, and painters. Henry Evans Gordon was about my father's age, a blond, ruddy-skinned Englishman with a genuine enthusiasm for music. When very young he had married May Sartoris. Her mother was the lovely Adelaide Kemble whose fame on the operatic stage had threatened to rival and even outdistance her sister Fanny's acclaim as an actress.

The Gordons passed half their time in London, the other half in a lovely old country house hidden away in Kent. There I used often to be invited for a week-end. I was thoroughly unprepared for the rituals and protocols of my first visit to an English country house, unprepared to run the gauntlet of appraisal to which that highly evolved and snobbish élite, British servants, subject one. It proved a sore test to my morale and confidence.

There were ten or twelve of us gathered round the tea table, feeling an intimacy that is absent from every other English meal. How had it gone with Richter? I must tell them everything. I emphasized London (of which they had heard) and minimized Manchester (those ghosts of northern disapproval seemed so out of key with this pleasant interior). Besides Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, three of their daughters, and myself, there were several young men, perhaps prospective suitors, and Vivien Scovel, a pretty cousin on the American

side of the Sartoris family (her mother had been Nellie Grant).

Their conversation reflected a rich life—literary, musical, political. Musically, the Gordons were pro-German; politically, pro-French. The recent Entente initiated and promoted by the King had their enthusiastic sanction. Many in England disapproved of this reversal of time-honored traditions and shook their heads as if to say, "This could not have happened under the Queen!" But such doubts had no place in the Gordon house. I was constantly to be reminded of their American connections. It seemed very un-British for them to speak so proudly of them. Did I know their cousin Owen Wister? I didn't, but was glad to say that I had read and liked his book *The Virginian*. Lloyd George was a junior politician one was then beginning to hear about. Once his name was introduced in conversation it was never uttered again; subsequently he was referred to only as "that man." He had, it seemed, been proposing unspeakable things, unheard-of changes, in the House of Commons; he was not to be tolerated. I thought it all sounded very definite and convincing.

Dinner transformed the household. The sober tweeds of the afternoon had been replaced by the resplendent satins and velvets of the opulent Edwardian age. Ostrich feathers abounded. They were worn round the neck; they bordered the wide flounces of a skirt; they towered in stately dignity above the already lofty pompadours then in vogue. The dining room was gay, decorative, cordial. But somehow the intimacy of the tea table had departed. We were still the same people we had been two hours earlier, yet I felt we should all have to get acquainted again.

"'Ock hor claret, sir?" asked an unfamiliar voice behind my shoulder. Not knowing for a moment what "'ock" was, I asked for claret. It was clearly the wrong thing to do, for we hadn't yet finished with fish. Mr. Gordon re-

paired the trouble. "Wouldn't you rather, Albert," he said kindly, "have a bit of white wine first with your fish?" I would, of course I would. But why offer a choice? It seemed one of those unanswerable riddles that social usage is always presenting. After dinner, taking my courage in hand, I asked Mr. Gordon this very question. The tiny lines at the corner of his eyes contracted quizzically. "That," he said, "is a mystery—one of those mysteries no one must attempt to pierce. It is part of a game between masters and servants. The rules are all made by the servants. They enjoy the game. They cannot lose. We cannot win. It is hallowed by tradition. And it is such a consolation to them. Doubtless the next time you are asked you will not fall into the trap. Never mind. The butler will be intent on his next victim." It was, I thought, not unlike a certain system of hazing.

At breakfast the next morning Mr. Gordon had a pleasant surprise for me. He had just recently heard from Joachim. The venerable master was, it appeared, to be in Berlin during the time of my forthcoming visit there.

"I had thought," said Mr. Gordon, "to give you a letter of introduction to him. But I am tempted to go along with you for your concert in Berlin. Perhaps a personal introduction would be better. Should you like that?" No need to answer. My delight was evident. "Very well then. It is settled."

III

Joachim did not attend my Berlin concert, but he arranged an appointment at his house. I was to play for him. It was an exciting moment.

Mr. Gordon and I arrived punctually at the appointed hour. Joachim received us with great kindness. It was evident that he had a deep and devoted affection for Mr. Gordon. Joachim's command of English was perfect, which was fortunate for me, as my German was lame and halting.

"And what," he asked, "will you play?" I had a number of pieces for him to choose from—the Bruch G minor concerto, the Bach Chaconne, the Devil's Trill by Tartini. "In fact, an entire recital," said Joachim, smiling. "Play them well and we shall listen to a recital." Having previously seen him only on the stage, I was surprised to find how short he was. The stage has a deceptive way of adding stature to those who tread its boards. Joachim was short and stocky. A leonine head and shoulders seemed to have mislaid their proper body and to have appropriated for the time being a totally inadequate one. It was, I thought, utterly wrong to be looking down, rather than up, to so much greatness.

"You have just recently played with Richter," he remarked; "how did it go?" I was happy to give him a glowing account of the London concert. "Did the old bear growl at you? He generally does!" "Only with the greatest kindness," I hastened to reply. "That means he liked it," pronounced Joachim. "Richter is not famed for kindness. Nor does he put any brakes on his displeasure. He lets it run down hill. Now play me some of the Bruch concerto."

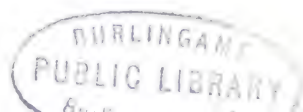
I did. I played all of it. Joachim listened intently. He was pleased, but he was critical too. "The opening martial passage of the Finale! It is too tame. There must be a quick full sweep of the bow arm for that tonic chord. The whole arm. From hilt to tip the bow must fly with an irresistible rush. Here—give me your violin!" Impetuously he attacked the passage. The result was not impeccable. Tired old limbs racked with rheumatism were rebels to his intention. The bow rushed in a bold sweep, but it slipped, and my Montagnana violin snarled in return. Joachim immediately repeated the same phrase, this time—I noted—with a little more deliberation and with thrilling effect.

"Now," he said, "you do it." I did. I was never thereafter to do it otherwise.

He had me play on and on, many other things—in fact it was a full recital. He would not listen, however, to the Bach air which Wilhelmj had transcribed for the G string. Wilhelmj was, it was only too evident, one of his pet dislikes. "He has an immense tone," said Joachim, "which he misuses with a disgusting effect. His violin playing amazes but tires me. It is never natural. It is like listening to some orators who know only how to shout or to sob. One can bear to hear them only in a place as large as the Colosseum."

Joachim sent us on our way rejoicing with high praise. He was, however, deaf to my plea that I should study with him. "No," he said, "the only way you could do that would be to enter the Hochschule in the regular way. I no longer give private instruction. If you entered the Hochschule I should of course have you in my class. But I do not advise it. Your course is already charted. Your career has begun. Stick to it. Above all, you have character in your playing. Your playing sounds like *you*—and that is rare. I do not mean that you have not much to learn. But from this time on it is what you develop in yourself that will be of value. Please, please always keep that simplicity of approach. It is really the shortest cut from mind to mind, from heart to heart. I like it."

It was time for us to be going. Joachim bowed us out. He was standing close to the admirable portrait that Sargent had recently painted of him. The room was furnished with unbelievably garish French furniture, of the type that must have been dear to the heart of Frederick the Great. An incredible profusion of the most useless kind of bibelots littered every table and crowded every cabinet that flanked the walls—such artificial surroundings for so direct and simple a soul. Only the realistic and lifelike portrait seemed to bear a relationship to the man standing beneath it. It was the last time I was to see Joachim, and the only time I was to



meet him. His death was announced a few months later.

Shortly after our return to London I was invited to appear as instrumental soloist at a concert to be given by the Royal Amateur Orchestra. This organization had been formed by one of Queen Victoria's numerous sons, the Duke of Edinburgh, who was himself a violinist of sorts and who had until recently played at all the orchestra's concerts. It was customary for the King to attend one of these concerts (called smokers) each year, and this year he was to attend the concert at which I was to play.

The evening came. I was repeatedly and carefully coached as to how I was to bow, first to Royalty and then to the general audience. The Queen's Hall had been quite transformed. The first few rows of orchestra stalls had been removed to allow a semi-circular line of gilt fauteuils to be installed. In the very center sat Edward VII. On one side of him sat the Prince of Wales, who was later to have the unique distinction of being the first monarch to make the name of George palatable to the British. (It had been until then too gloomily associated with Hanoverian heaviness or a Regent's profligacy.) It was an impressive sight. The dazzling costumes of members of the diplomatic corps mingled with bright uniforms. To be in a plain dress suit, unadorned by decorations, seemed downright nudity. I played part of the Bruch concerto; the whole of it would have tried royal patience too far. It was not an impressive performance. The orchestral background was ragged and rough and many were the times when I speculated whether to press on with the strings or lag back with the wood-winds. Often there was a discrepancy of a beat or more between these two unneighborly groups which I tried unsuccessfully to bridge. The Adagio seemed to me of an interminable length. I was playing, I thought, not too badly, but the ensemble was lamentable.

The King, sitting not ten paces away,

bore up right regally. He was a sovereign figure. Resplendent in knee breeches of black satin, the bright ribbon of the Order of the Garter all but hiding his shirt front, he composedly endured such boredom as kings are heir to. Once or twice the heavy eyelids would raise themselves with an expectant hope. Did that last cadence promise the end? It didn't, and the eyelids would settle again. It was a consolation to note the long cigar with which the monarch sought relief from ennui. Next to him the Prince of Wales likewise fortified himself with a cigar—less long, less regally handled. The sailor prince seemed to be a long way away from the style of kingship patterned by his father.

The concerto finally ended. The last movement had gone with a considerable amount of zest and ragged *brio* and the applause was generous, the King and the Prince politely joining in. It must have been such a comfort to have it over. The group of violin solos with piano that was to come in the second half of the program promised by their titles to be engagingly brief. There was Schumann's *Melody in the Garden* and a whimsical trifle by François (not to be confused with Franz) Schubert, called *The Bee*. This fleeting bit of fingerwork, which lasted but a minute, I had heard Fritz Kreisler recently play as encore with his customary bewitching effect. I used it on all dangerous occasions. It was never, however, to enjoy its real fame until some thirty years later when it was to be hallowed and canonized by recognition from the unique Jack Benny. I speak only of those more modest days when it was played by violinists.

Anyway the two small pieces did their work with gratifying results, and the evening was finally over. It had, I reflected, been a very dull one, but it was recorded in the morning papers in detail, and at a length denied to many better events. It even commanded the cables of the Associated Press. Clearly in the Edwardian age it was important to pass a dull evening in the company of a King.

IV

During these years my family spent the summers as usual at Monmouth Beach on the Jersey coast, and the end of June, 1908, found us there again. The original little frame house of 1890, two storeys high, had swelled to twice or three times its initial size. An extra floor, a tower here, an ell there, an extension on all sides had made of it an unrecognizable but still lovable monstrosity. The rooms inside were spacious and cool even on a blindingly hot summer's day. We were never anything less than a crowded household, yet there appeared to be no congestion. Mental and physical ventilation abounded.

My brother Boardman had just graduated from Yale and was to enter the Harvard Law School in the autumn. He had fallen in love with a young lady, pretty as a spring flower. They were not engaged officially, but there was a subtle current of post-adolescent romanticism flowing fluidly between them.

In August I had an invitation to visit Walter Damrosch in York Harbor. I had never met him, but my American debut the following November was to be with the New York Symphony Orchestra, of which he was the permanent conductor.

Damrosch himself met me at the station. It was early morning and I was yet groggy with sleep, having allowed but a bare quarter of an hour for transition from sleeping berth to station platform. But the welcome was cordial, and soon I was happily at home with all the Damrosches—Walter, Margaret, and four daughters—round the breakfast table. Walter, at that time in his mellow forties, was remarkably handsome. He had the vigor and flexibility of youth coupled with an irresistible geniality of manner. Mrs. Damrosch, not less cordial, was, however, somewhat reserved at first. Not for nothing was she James G. Blaine's daughter. She had a genius for hospitality, but close intimacy was a jealously guarded treasure not easily or immediately to be gained.

We talked of my debut numbers. At the first concert I was to play the Saint-Saëns B minor concerto, and two days later the Tschaiowsky. Damrosch had heard directly from Saint-Saëns concerning me. "A wonderful old man," he commented, "a great wit, a caustic critic, an astute politician (without portfolio, it's true), an admirable organist, and an amazing pianist. His main job—composing—would almost be forgotten amid this catholic array of talents were it not that he is so good at it. He has admirers and acquaintances all over the world, but very few real friends. He apparently liked your playing—Saint-Saëns doesn't write enthusiastically unless he means it."

This was all very cheering, but I can remember glancing somewhat apprehensively out of the window at the grim Maine fog that was rising from the sea. That stealthy enemy to fiddle strings is as menacing to the violinist as an attack of laryngitis to the singer. It's no use, I thought somewhat desperately; he's sure to ask me to play as soon as breakfast is over. Why did I come to-day? Why did I come at all? And—above all—why *a fog*?

Damrosch, however, had heart and understanding. He did not propose music—bless him! Instead, we all went for a drive in the newly acquired family car. The younger girls, Gretchen, Polly, and Anita (then little more than a baby), crowed with delight. We were seven or eight in the car, but cars were built in those days for capacity. There were several miles of firmly packed sand on the level beaches on which you could speed at the incredible rate of forty miles an hour. It was breathlessly exhilarating. The car was an open one, built long before the effeminate days of windshields, so that you met honestly, face on, the rush of wind seasoned with an occasional spray of sand and salt water.

Back home again, Damrosch went to the piano. It was an upright and not too good a one at that, but the amazing man contrived to make it sound well.

He had some scores in manuscript which had recently been sent him. I have always had an admiration mixed with awe for the musician who can read with facility from an orchestral score. With Damrosch it seemed to be second nature. I have rarely seen his power in this field duplicated.

The fog lifted after an hour or so, and then he suggested that we play together. Apparently he was delighted with the way the Saint-Saëns went, in spite of the fact that I had to use my fifty-dollar practice fiddle whose clear but rather blatant tone stood up better in the seashore dampness than the mellow and seasoned voice of my Montagnana.

During the next few days we played often. Sometimes a few friends came in to listen. It was a happy visit and was the beginning of a fast and faithful friendship.

Damrosch did everything he could to set the stage for a triumphal New York debut. Although I did not know it until later, he busied himself writing letters for publication which contained the warmest praise of my playing. I was, he wrote, "the first great instrumentalist this country has produced," and he was willing to stake his reputation on my fulfilling every high expectation.

There was, however, to ensue a long period before there should be any general acceptance of this heart-warming accolade. Public favor, I was to find, does not in one's homeland come running at the first bid for it.

November 8th came. It was a Sunday afternoon. Carnegie Hall was filled. There was excitement mixed with skepticism running like a kind of electrical current throughout the audience. It can be felt much easier than described. I was nervous; more nervous perhaps than I had ever been previously or was again to be in the future. Under such circumstances no artist can be a correct judge of what his performance has been, but I shall venture the judgment that it had quality, marred here and there by outward blemishes. It

was neither my best nor my worst performance. The dangerous opening of the concerto, punctuated by daring shifts of position on the G string, suffered from over-attack and doubtful intonation. After the first page or so things went better. My confidence returned. Results were no longer halting. The hazardous harmonics at the close of the second movement were successfully negotiated, and the finale went brilliantly. The main part of the audience, after preliminary hesitation, took heart at these latter proceedings and the spontaneous burst of applause that continued through a number of recalls would have satisfied any performer. My friends and well-wishers were elated. It was, they pronounced, a highly successful debut. Damrosch said: "You are now a ship in full sail. You will travel far and wide!"

But he and the others had reckoned without considering what a damaging morning press could do. Few debuts evoking such enthusiastic applause can have elicited such withering blasts of scornful demolition as came from the pen of the dean of New York critics. His name was Krehbiel and he wrote for the *Tribune*. He had a powerful pen and he used it pungently on this occasion. Of all "rasping, raucous, snarling, unmusical sounds" which he had ever been subjected to, mine were apparently the worst. He recalled that another American violinist preceding me had recently sought to promote publicity by insinuating that he had been lost in the Alps—only to be miraculously rescued shortly afterward. What connection this item had with me I am not sure, but I gathered that the authoritative arbiter of musical opinion was suggesting that my future be consigned to oblivion—a permanent, not temporary, disappearance in the Alps. I still have Krehbiel's initial estimate of me. It is a unique document.

The rest of the critics agreed in acclaiming what they felt to be genuine talent. And if some of them tempered admiration with qualifying criticism, all of

them reflected, in some measure at least, the excited enthusiasm that had pervaded Carnegie Hall the day before.

It became evident, however, that Krehbiel's notice constituted news—whereas the others didn't. His vituperations seemed to spread like poison gas, but with the speed of electricity. Indeed, one of my agent's rivals made it his business to circulate throughout the country numerous copies of that particular issue of the *New York Tribune*, November 9, 1908. What he expected to gain by this questionable procedure I am to this day not sure. Perhaps he figured that if every contract under negotiation for Spalding were abandoned there would be chances for more dates for his own particular candidate. At all events the paradoxical result of the wide broadcasting of Krehbiel's condemnation was to project me into the full glare of public notice. It gained me as many friends as it did opponents and my name became widely familiar. My adherents became as violently and exaggeratedly enthusiastic as my detractors were damning; I found myself noted, perhaps in advance of being noteworthy.

Damrosch called me on the telephone that depressing Monday morning. He wished to console me. Had I read Krehbiel's notice? I hadn't, though I knew about it.

"I am glad to hear it," said Damrosch. "Don't read it—it's vindictive, it's vicious, and it's untrue. I meant what I said yesterday. You are a ship in full sail! Krehbiel," he went on, "is an old friend of mine. He is an ardent lover and student of music. He writes well. And he is uncompromisingly sincere. But as far as you are concerned he is prejudiced, mistaken, and all-fired wrong. Keep on playing and you will prove him so."

My manager in those days was R. E. Johnston, a unique figure. Minus one

leg, bereft of teeth, and with a high cracked voice that made you doubt his sex, he was scarcely an attractive personality to meet. Moreover, his reputation was not altogether enviable. Irresponsibility, unreliability, unsound business practices—all these things were charged against him. It was said, in fact shouted from the housetops, that he had only taken on my management because of immense sums of money paid him by my father. In justice to Johnston's memory and, incidentally, to my father's good sense, let me state that this was absolutely untrue. Johnston took me under his management on a regular commission basis. He undertook to get me profitable concerts, his share to be fifteen per cent of the gross fee of each concert—no more, no less. Whether the more fantastic and doubtful procedure took place with other artists under his management I do not know. Johnston sincerely believed in my musical talent. He was a genuine music lover and many is the time, I believe, that he risked his shirt in a musical venture that had caught his fancy. His particular star in the instrumental field was Ysaÿe, and whenever he spoke of him there was such warmth in his cracked voice and such kindling enthusiasm in his tired eyes that he at once became lovable.

Johnston had counted much on my first New York appearance. Perhaps he had overshot the mark in his preliminary advertising campaign of me. He was chagrined, disappointed, and bitterly resentful at the attack from Krehbiel. It had, you could see, shaken him, but he refused to be disheartened. He redoubled his efforts on my behalf, stoutly maintaining to those who contended that I had "not arrived" that I was on my way.

"Not arrived," he would croak, "of course he hasn't arrived! But that's only because he's going so far that none of you'll be able to see him. Pull up your jeans and wait and see!"

[This is the third of a series of autobiographical articles by Mr. Spalding. The fourth will appear in the June number.—The Editors.]



WHY MILK COSTS SO MUCH

BY WESLEY McCUNE

ONCE again the morning's milk left on the doorstep is causing trouble, and the complaints of both farmer and housewife are loud and bitter throughout the land. Aggravated by pressing war needs, milk prices are higher than they have been in twenty-one years. In the year before Pearl Harbor prices were boosted five times in Los Angeles and twice in New York; at this writing another New York raise is under consideration; milk has risen from 11 to 14 cents in Portland, Oregon; and it's 17 cents a quart in Tampa. While the consumer protests these super-prices farmers insist that they are not getting enough for their milk.

Wedge between these two ends—between the cow and you—is a huge and complicated distribution system, a system riddled—in peace or war—with price-fixing agreements, wasteful practices, overlapping delivery routes, extravagant promotion, and a system of Federal and State regulation so complex that regulation often defeats itself. The tangle involves also a number of labor unions who act in collusion with distributors and, finally, some of the farmers themselves who, to protect a favored territory, bar the milk of outside dairymen. And until the outbreak of war there existed the paradox of an unmarketable abundance of milk and an underconsumption of milk so shocking that the Federal government began subsidizing milk for school children.

These are a few characteristics of the dairy industry, the industry that spends

big money to advertise Borden's "Elsie" and assure you that Carnation milk comes from contented cows, the industry which presents Rudy Vallee and John Barrymore every week from coast to coast to tell the wonders of "Sealtest," the industry that pays a king's ransom to Bing Crosby to croon Kraft Cheese into the secret places of your heart.

The business is not only big but highly concentrated. The Temporary National Economic Committee found that more than a third of all business in the dairy industry is done by four companies—National Dairy Products Corporation, the Borden Company, Beatrice Creamery Company, and Fairmont Creamery Company. Moreover, the trend of these four is important; their sales more than doubled during a five-year period in which sales of all dairy products were increasing only 12 per cent. The largest of the four, National Dairy Products, absorbed the gigantic Sheffield Farms dairies and Kraft-Phenix Cheese, the latter of which had just acquired fifty companies including the extensive Southern Dairies. National Dairy Products handles about 10 per cent of all fluid milk, 21 per cent of all ice cream, and one-third of all cheese. Borden, the next largest corporation, handles about 7 per cent of all fluid milk. In other words, a sixth of the nation's fluid milk is handled by these two giant corporations.

Half of the condensed milk is manufactured by three companies: Carnation, Pet, and White House. A fifth of the

butter business is done by Swift, Armour, and Beatrice Creamery. Two-thirds of the nation's cheese is handled by National Dairy Products, Swift, and Armour.

Chiefly from these great combines come the expensive promotion and magic words that dazzle and bewilder the housewife. Will she have Sealtest, Creamcrest, or Darigold milk? She must decide on homogenization, pasteurization, condensation, evaporation, or irradiation. As listed on a Sheffield paper carton in New York, she must choose between Sealect [*sic*] Homogenized Vitamin D milk, Approved Vitamin D milk, Vitamin D Certified milk, Certified milk, Jersey Guernsey milk, Sealect [also *sic*] milk, Approved milk, Special Buttermilk, Regular Buttermilk, Chocolate Drink, and Modified milk. What she wants of course is a quart of uncontaminated milk at a reasonable price, but it is a struggle to get it.

II

Many of the woes of the industry can be traced to the workings of the "classified use" price system of paying farmers for their milk. Under it all milk is shipped from the farm as if it were to be bottled, although much is intended for the manufacture of butter, evaporated milk, and cheese. Milk used for these latter purposes is called "surplus" milk and brings the farmer a considerably lower price than does bottled milk. The handlers figure out how much of the supply is used for each of the various purposes, at what price, and then they remit checks for the average or "blend" price for the number of gallons shipped. In practically all of the nation's big milk areas the Federal or State government fixes the minimum price to be paid farmers for each different use under this system.

The term "surplus" milk is derived from the fact that consumption of retail milk is fairly constant, whereas the manufactured milk products can be made and

stored as their milk supply comes in—chiefly during summer months when feed for cows is comparatively plentiful.

The criticisms of this basic system are surrounded with controversy, but certainly consumers do not gain through its use. To send all milk to town under A-1 standards when only a part will be sold as bottled milk means excessive sanitation expense. Sanitary regulations in many localities have been embroidered and blown up until they represent a vested interest in inspection jobs and dairy equipment. In fact, this perversion of health standards has gone so far that a Federal official recently said, "There are now two cows in every stall: the cow that gives the milk and a sacred cow which represents health regulations that one dare not criticize."

The New York Mayor's Milk Committee investigated this matter of excessive supervision for health, among other things, and recommended a stabilized production that would sever the fluid-milk market from the manufactured-products market. This would "make unnecessary the uneconomic practice of producing milk for products under conditions to meet the cost of sanitary care for fluid production and the arrangements of joint marketing," the Committee stated, after estimating that, on an average, one and a third cents a quart, or over \$15,000,000 a year, is paid by New York City consumers to "support the surplus."

Falsely high standards of sanitation have even conflicted recently with the Army's rigid standards. For example, officials trying to get daily milk for a new camp found local authorities blocking the program by requiring the use of hoods over the perfectly adequate cardboard caps. The Army finally got round this prohibitive additional cost, but many civilians are still paying for archaic regulations imposed in the name of health.

Restrictions of this character are made even more costly by local or regional levies, barricades, and exactions. The

classic instance of these is the one in which Rhode Island authorities added red coloring matter to 5,000 quarts of milk from neighboring Vermont milk-sheds for failure to comply with a pseudo-sanitary regulation concerning the routing of milk from farms. The Vermonters indignantly protested, even though some years before Vermont itself had sought to protect its own butter market by requiring all oleomargarine sold in the State to be colored pink.

Another cause of trouble occurs when farmers abuse what is known as "the base surplus system" which determines the amount of milk each producer in an area shall sell. Because favorable prices induce extra quantities of milk, and because during several months each year there is a relative abundance of feed and milk, farmers in larger markets have for many years agreed among themselves on a base quota to be followed in future sales. If Farmer Jones produced 500 gallons of Class I milk for bottling during the base period selected then he will be allowed to market a fixed percentage of that volume in subsequent months. In lean months he may market all of his milk; in abundant months he may market only, say, 65 per cent of it—thus stabilizing the flow of Class I milk. All above the quota will be sold as "surplus" milk for manufactured products. The abuse comes when farmers, finding things going well, start to build regulatory fences to prevent farmers of neighboring areas from entering the field. This may be done through excessive sanitary inspection charges levied on the outside farmer or through other devices. In Washington, D. C., a combination of the base surplus system and unreasonable "health" standards has kept milk prices on stilts. Recently there has been much consumer indignation, but so far little relief has been given to the milk customers who live within a few miles of the Department of Agriculture itself. Current hearings may stave off a further price increase but little more than a scratch will be made in the costly system.

Even where milk gets to town efficiently, it is distributed by dairies whose business practices are based on the extremes of not enough or of too much competition. An example of the former is New York, where Borden sells both Borden and Reid milk, and Sheffield sells both Sheffield and Breakstone milk. Until very recently the brands named after their distributors sold for a higher price. This was troublesome for the stores which had to stock four brands; the two name brands for those who were attracted by advertising; the two "fighting" brands which sold for a cent a quart less for those who wanted milk as cheaply as they could get it. Yet numerous surveys showed that in quality the milk in all four brands was substantially the same! A few weeks ago—perhaps in anticipation of restricted delivery service because of war conditions—prices on these brands were levelled, but the practice illustrates the complications confronting the consumer who, after all, wants to buy—milk.

On the other hand, competition to the point of duplicating functions can be seen in any city which has more than one dairy. The drunk who, returning home about four A.M., sees so many milk trucks pass that he fears delirium tremens, is actually only an eye witness to the costliness of having from two to twenty or more partly filled trucks (one for each dairy) cover territory which a smaller number of full ones could handle adequately.

Too often savings effected in one step of distribution stimulate increased costs in another. Compare, for example, the facts of store milk sales in New York and Chicago. In New York 60 per cent of all milk is sold in stores, at several cents less per quart than the price for delivered milk; but in Chicago the milk drivers' union blocked increased store sales for five months, knowing—as Theodore Montague, President of the Borden Company, has testified—that store sale saves labor costs of two cents a quart. In order to keep artificial jobs for its

members the union refused to accede to a price differential for store deliveries.

And, finally, although one might expect that a simple thing like the container for his morning's milk could easily be standardized efficiently, no community is without its fight over glass bottles, waxed paper cartons, one-quart or two-quart size, and whether consumers should pay a deposit if glass is used. The whole situation is confused by the lack of desire on the industry's part to simplify it.

III

The question of what is to be done about it has so far been answered by local consumers' organizations who have agitated for, and occasionally obtained, reforms; by investigating bodies, of which the Mayor's Committee of New York is a notable example; and by the activity of Thurman Arnold's Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice.

Arnold has never attempted to indict the whole industry; his practice has been to seek out and prosecute local and regional price-fixing and other restraints of trade. The reasoning behind this strategy is that a huge pile of local convictions will provide a pattern of abuses characteristic of the industry in general and lead to more vociferous outcries from the public. Recent cases of importance will illustrate both Arnold's methods and some results to date.

In Dubuque, Iowa, the Sanitary Milk Company decided to sell milk at the prevailing retail price of 11 cents for the first quart delivered at each doorstep, but charged only 8 cents for each additional quart — a saving which would amount to \$10 a year to a family which customarily bought two quarts daily. Within the first two weeks regular customers of the dairy increased their purchases of milk by 11 per cent. New customers multiplied. These two trends, however, violated a cardinal principle of the industry: Keep the margin rigid and keep all present customers somehow. In Dubuque the latter principle was en-

forced by an agreement between most of the dairies and the Truck Drivers' Local No. 421 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (AFL) which provided a fine of \$100 for any driver soliciting customers who had not been his before a specified date. What is more important, however, the distributor-union agreement required the union to enforce the retail price of 11 cents which had been fixed in Room 207 of the Hotel Julien-Dubuque. Consequently a Union committee formally warned the Sanitary Milk Company that a strike would be called at its plant unless prices were raised to 11 cents straight. Arnold's prosecution of this case ended in criminal conviction of the union and six of the principal dairies who handle about 70 per cent of Dubuque's milk, smashing this boldest of gouging practices.

In New York City, according to the indictment there, defendant dairies sold their so-called Grade A milk for two cents more per quart than their also so-called Grade B product. This might have been all right if the two grades had not been found to be substantially the same milk and if the dairies, according to the indictment, had not fixed these arbitrary prices. In brief, the charge was that they fixed prices on grades which were phony to begin with.

In Chicago the indictment resulted in a consent decree in which the organized dairies, producers, and truck drivers agreed to desist from (1) fixing prices on milk coming into Chicago, (2) obstructing the flow of such milk, and (3) fixing retail milk prices in Chicago. Also indicted were three of the city's top health officials, an inspector, and officials of the Milk Dealers' Bottle Exchange, which was said to exceed its nominal function of seeing to it that each member dairy got its bottles back. Actually, according to the indictment, the organization was an agent for enforcing the industry's restrictive practices; the health officials, acting in concert with the industry, gave preferential treatment to producers selling milk at the fixed prices by impos-

ing heavy burdens on producers who refused to sell their milk in accordance with the agreement, and refused to inspect farms of those producers who failed to play ball—even though some of these farms were near dairy farms which were approved.

Arnold has just been asked to act in Cincinnati, where producers and distributors work under a Federal Marketing Agreement under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture. Starting at 11 cents in September, 1940, prices climbed a cent at a time until they reached 15 cents in January of this year. The last three jumps were made under the theory that Federal Agreements provide for only a *minimum* price—that it is all right to go above the minimum. But if producers and distributors get together to raise the specified minimum, all theory aside, the effect is a plain conspiracy to raise prices. Double suspicion was aroused in Cincinnati by the fact that the farmer's return during this period jumped only 2.3 cents per quart (from 5.3 to 7.6), while distributors picked up four cents. The government became interested in knowing what happened to the other 1.7 cents when the Cincinnati *Post* reported on January 24th of this year that a local grocer who had refused to fall in line with the last price increase, and thus had increased his sales 35 per cent almost overnight, was finally forced to conform to the agreed price. The distributor from whom he buys milk warned that no more supplies would be forthcoming—unless!

With this evidence on his desk, Secretary Claude Wickard could do little but suspend the Cincinnati Agreement, announcing on February 6th that "the order as now in force no longer carries out the purposes of the . . . Act of 1937 under which it was issued." The Secretary's masterpiece of understatement prefaced what has since become an official re-examination of the entire regulatory system. By getting together under color of a Congressional Act, producers and distributors appear to think themselves

immune from anti-trust prosecution; but it has been known for some time that Arnold has been waiting for just such interests to hang themselves with rope furnished, perhaps unwittingly, by the Department of Agriculture. By suspending the Cincinnati Agreement Wickard is serving much-needed notice that he may not protect such abuses much longer.

Indictments against the big cheese makers have already been handed up, and perhaps the butter producers will feel Arnold's sting soon. But one of the most striking acts to date of Arnold's economist, Corwin Edwards, who heads the food drive, is an indictment against the Evaporated Milk Association, whose members produce over 85 per cent of the country's evaporated milk.

This industry, which distributes over 7 million cans of milk daily to American homes, operates under a Federal Marketing Agreement—a legalized price-fixing arrangement which dates from the fabulous NRA code days. One of those named in the indictment is Dan F. Stillings, the Managing Agent of the Marketing Agreement, whose appointment was approved by Henry A. Wallace while Secretary of Agriculture. The chief objection is to price fixing, but some housewives would regard as more reprehensible the paragraph which sets the size of a can of evaporated milk for popular use at 14½ ounces instead of some sensible size.

IV

If the milk industry is to survive as a strictly private enterprise it must take many constructive steps. To reduce costs of distributing the present volume we need only an attack on familiar problems and the extension of proved experiments—such as waxed paper cartons. Discrimination of any kind on paper cartons must be slapped down as it appears, though of course paper should replace glass only where it proves to be cheaper. There is no excuse for opposing paper containers with a sanitation argument as long as they are manufactured under

sanitary conditions. In New York the introducers of paper containers were ordered by State authorities to charge one cent more for their milk than for that in glass bottles. The reason claimed for this was a wish to maintain stability in the market. Obviously, the sponsors of paper wanted no such concession as a higher price—they wanted only to beat glass in open competition. After court proceedings, paper cartons won and they are now doing very well. New York is only one of the jurisdictions which at first fought paper but now enjoys the savings which it brings.

Regardless of what the container is made of, consumers have a right to demand either extra-sized bottles (half-gallon or gallon) at a saving per quart, or a reduced price for each quart delivered after the first.

A third saving on containers is possible if every customer has to pay a deposit on his bottles. The average milk bottle costs five cents and lasts for only 35 trips to your door. However, studies show that the number of trips may vary from 6 to 91, depending largely on whether drivers and customers are held accountable.

Another economy will come from the abolition of hoods over cardboard caps. How many areas have authorities who sincerely require such frills or dealers who find their customers attracted by the elegance is not known, but dairymen in Charleston, West Virginia, recently estimated that hoods would cost them \$75,000 a year. The hood is not a sanitary essential and the simplest ones cost a fourth of a cent apiece. Fortunately the War Production Board will probably order the discontinuance of the gadgets—or at least of those which use wire—as a conservation measure.

Perhaps the most substantial savings can be wrung out of the rambling delivery route system—both from farm to dealer and from dealer to consumer. If the shortage of tires causes WPB to order milk deliveries to be made no more often than every other day, as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$

cents a quart might be saved. Also an exhaustive study of the Milwaukee milk market, made more than four years ago by the Department of Agriculture, shows the way to economy through rationalization of routes. It was found that if all of the 25 distributors' 831 trucks could have been used at 100 per cent capacity, instead of the customary 60 per cent, only 494 trucks would have been necessary—a saving of 337. On the multiplicity of routes the study showed that there were, on an average, 5.8 duplications of trucks in each city block. By use of a unified delivery system, operated as a single franchise or by the municipality, it was estimated that almost 10,000 miles daily—72 per cent of the competitors' total route mileage—could be saved. In New Zealand excessive duplication of routes has been eliminated by zoning the market area, but private competition was retained. Thus no dairy sends its trucks all over the city partly full; each dairy confines its route to a zone in which its trucks are full most of the time and compete with only part of those in the city.

Daily dating of milk is another unnecessary service. Started merely to attract customers to snappier service, this practice became frivolously entrenched in the distributive systems of some areas—notably New York City. The folly of adding cost to a quart of milk just for the sake of dating it may be illustrated by the fact that fresh milk shipped regularly from New York City is still sweet when it arrives in the Canal Zone *five days later*—and no consumers there look for the date!

A price differential between truck deliveries and store purchases is the sign of a freely competitive market. Government officials know that any city in which store milk is not cheaper than delivered milk is being gouged, yet even now in Chicago the union has set its wage scale for delivering milk to retail stores so much higher than the scale for delivering to homes that the price of store milk is nearly prohibitive.

Equally indefensible is the practice

of keeping would-be producers out of a given market by means of jacked-up health standards. For more than eighteen years the U. S. Public Health Service has been urging the universal adoption of uniform, sensible milk-sanitation standards, but less than one-third of the nation's milk areas have thus far fallen in line.

In the Washington, D. C., market the Federal Marketing Order allows dealers to charge one cent per quart more because Washington's standards are so much higher than those of adjoining areas. Last year, when Washington consumers argued that prices could be reduced by allowing neighboring farmers to enter the market, producers viciously defended their outmoded, costly ritual. A Public Health Service expert, testifying officially, pointed out that District of Columbia inspectors deduct two points if farmers fail to wipe the udders of each cow with individual towels, 12 points unless live steam is used for sterilizing equipment, and one point if a horse stable abuts the cow barn in any way. These 15 points, not required by strict Federal authorities, have helped to keep excellent milk out of Washington for years.

The way to real savings in milk distribution cost has been pointed by buying co-operatives. In the District of Columbia a loosely organized group of this kind arranges with one of the dairies to deliver milk to its members at a reduced price in return for a guaranteed number of customers. In nearby Greenbelt, Maryland, housewives have been more militant, with even more success. There they sit down periodically with the competing dairies, tell the distributors what price they'll pay for milk during the next contract period, and get the milk at that price.

If the above-outlined steps prove impossible or ineffective, the industry will find remaining alternatives less kindly. There are a number of authorities in high positions who think that the industry *could* logically be socialized—that milk is a natural monopoly like water, elec-

tricity, telephone, and mail. And there are some who think the industry *should* be socialized. The predominant opinion is that there is a great frontier to explore somewhere between the present \$3,000,000,000 confusion and government ownership. Even the more conservative authorities don't mind saying—usually off the record—that it's a good idea to hold over the industry the threat of municipal ownership. One such expert said: "I dislike the thought of socialization, but I know very well that all of the milk in this city could be processed in one plant—saving the expense of maintaining all the others." Another, who dislikes socialism even more, admits that milk is as much a public utility and necessity as electricity, for which he favors public ownership.

In any event many distribution economies will be forced into practice by the rigors of a wartime economy. Now is the time, the more farsighted authorities say, to plan for making those economies permanent.

By way of chopping the price of milk down enough to bring it within reach of persons not now able to afford it, the government has shown in a dozen cities that low-income families will come after milk if the fineries of individual service are laid aside. In Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the District of Columbia about 200,000 quarts of milk a day are sold to more than 450,000 needy persons through special depots set up by welfare authorities. The Department of Agriculture pays producers a subsidy of about two and two-thirds cents a quart on this milk. As a rule, farmers agree to take one cent a quart less for the milk, and dairies bid competitively for the concession; but the amount of subsidy is not of paramount importance. What is important is the fact that the total subsidy plus the nickel a quart which customers pay on an average is less than the prevailing price of milk in most of those areas.

In Boston, where the program was

initiated (in August, 1939), relief clients pay 6 cents a quart, the distributor gets 2.11 cents from the Department of Agriculture, and the farmer takes one cent less for his milk—making a total of 9.11 cents which it costs to distribute the 54,000 quarts daily through 100 welfare depots scattered around the city. In the same city the prevailing wholesale price, comparable to the 9.11 figure, is 12.5 cents, while the retail price is 14 cents in stores. True, WPA personnel is used in clerical capacities and the depots are furnished by the city; but it should also be noted that out of his 2.11 cents the distributor pays the salary of one employee stationed in each depot. Thus, while no phenomenal savings have been demonstrated, it has been shown that the market is there and can be reached.

The other Federal program brings milk in a similar way to school children only, at a cost to them of one cent a glass. Now operating in a dozen cities, this program has proved so beneficial that it is being expanded even during the war period. Whether such programs will bring about a change in the industry's price policy remains a question, but the many small economies should be the very first order of business.

As one harried housewife expressed it: "If the dairies would worry less about their contented cows and give more thought to having contented customers, they'd get along better." Members of the industry have a choice: They can clean up the mess themselves or let the government do it. Milk is too important to be fumbled forever.





THE GREAT FOG

A STORY

BY GERALD HEARD

THE first symptom was a mildew. Very few people have ever looked carefully at such "molds"; indeed only a specialized branch of botanists knows about them. Nor is this knowledge—except rarely—of much use. Every now and then a low growth of this sort may attack a big cash crop. Then the mycologists, whose lifework is to study these spore growths, are called in by the growers. These botanists can sometimes find another mold which will eat its fellow. That closes the matter. The balance of life, which had been slightly upset, has been righted. It is not a matter of any general interest.

This particular mildew did not seem to have even that special importance. It did not apparently do any damage to the trees on which it grew. Indeed, most fruit growers never noticed it. The botanists found it themselves; no one called their attention to it. It was simply a form of spore growth different in its growth rate from any previously recorded. It did not seem to do any harm to any other form of life. But it did do amazingly well for itself. It was not a new plant but a plant with quite a new power of growth.

It was this fact which puzzled the botanists, or rather that special branch of the botanists, the mycologists. That was why they finally called in the meteorologists. They asked for "another opinion," as baffled doctors say. What made the mycologists choose the meteorologists

for consultation was this: Here was a mildew which spread faster than any other mold had ever been known to grow. It flourished in places where such mildews had been thought incapable of growing. But there seemed to be no botanical change either in the mold or in the plants it grew on. Therefore the cause must be climatic; only a weather change could account for the unprecedented growth.

The meteorologists saw the force of this argument. They became interested at once. The first thing to do, they said, was to study the mildew not as a plant but as a machine, an indicator. "You know," said Sersen the weather-man to Charles the botanist (they had been made colleagues for the duration of the study), "the astronomers have a thing called a thermocouple that will tell the heat of a summer day on the equator of Mars. Well, here is a little gadget I've made. It's almost as sensitive to damp as the thermocouple is to heat."

Sersen spent some time rigging it up and then "balancing" it, as he called it. "Find the normal humidity and then see how much the damp at a particular spot exceeds that." But he went on fiddling about far longer than Charles thought an expert who was handling his own gadget should. He was evidently puzzled. And after a while he confessed that he was.

"Queer, very queer," said Sersen. "Of course I expected to get a good

record of humidity round the mold itself. As you say, it can't grow without that: it wouldn't be here unless the extra damp was here too. But look here," he said, pointing to a needle that quivered near a high number on a scale. "That is the humidity actually round the mold itself—what we might expect, if a trifle high. That's not the surprise. It's *this*." He had swung the whole instrument on its tripod until it pointed a foot or more from the mold; for the tree they were studying was a newly attacked one and, as far as Charles had been able to discover, had on it only this single specimen of the mildew.

Charles looked at the needle. It remained hovering about the high figure it had first chosen. "Well?" he queried.

"Don't you see?" urged Sersen. "This odd high humidity is present not only round the mold itself but for more than a foot beyond."

"I don't see much to that."

"I see two things," snapped Sersen; "one's odd; the other's damned odd. The odd one anyone not blind would see. The other one is perhaps too big to be seen till one can stand well back."

"Sorry to be stupid," said Charles, a gentle-spoken but close-minded little fellow; "we botanists are small-scale men."

"Sorry to be a snapper," apologized Sersen. "But, as I suppose you've guessed, I'm startled. I've got a queer feeling that we're on the track of something big, yes, and something maybe moving pretty fast. The first odd thing isn't a complete surprise: it's that you botanists have shown us what could turn out to be a meteorological instrument more delicate and more accurate than any we have been able to make. Perhaps we ought to have been on the outlook for some such find. After all, living things are always the most sensitive detectors—can always beat mechanical instruments when they want to. You know about the mitogenetic rays given out by breeding seeds. Those rays can be recorded only by yeast-cells—which multiply rapidly when exposed to the

rays, thus giving an indication of their range and strength."

"Umph," said Charles. Sersen's illustration had been unfortunate, for Charles belonged to that majority of conservative botanists to whom the mitogenetic radiation was mere moonshine.

Sersen, again vexed, went on: "Well, whether you accept them or not, I still maintain that here we have a super-detector. This mildew can notice an increase in humidity long before any of our instruments. There's proof that something has changed in the climate. This mold is the first to know about it—and to profit by it. I prophesy it will soon be over the whole world."

"But your second discovery, or supposition?" Charles had no use for prophecy. These weather-men, he thought; well, after all, they aren't quite scientists so one mustn't blame them, one supposes, for liking forecasts—forecasting is quite unscientific.

Charles was a courteous man but Sersen was sensitive. "Well," he said defensively, "that's nothing but supposition." And yet, he thought to himself as he packed up his instrument, if it is true it may mean such a change that botany will be blasted and meteorology completely mistified. His small private joke relieved his temper. By the time they returned to headquarters he and Charles were friendly enough. They agreed to make a joint report which stuck severely to the facts.

Meanwhile botanists everywhere were observing and recording the spreading of the mildew. Before long they began to get its drift. It was spreading from a center, spreading like a huge ripple from where a stone has been flung into a lake. The center, there could be no doubt, was eastern Europe. Spain, Britain, North Africa showed the same "high incidence." France showed an even higher one. The spread of the mold could be watched just as well in North or South America. Such and such a percentage of shrubs and trees was attacked on the Atlantic coasts; a proportionately lower

percentage on the Pacific coasts; but everywhere the incidence was rising. On every sector of the vast and widening circle, America, Africa, India, the mildew was advancing rapidly.

Sersen continued his own research on the mold itself, on the "field of humidity" round each plant. He next made a number of calculations correlating the rapid rate of dispersal, the average increase of infestation of all vegetation by the mold, and the degree of humidity which must result. Then, having checked and counter-checked, at last he was ready to read his paper and give his conclusions at a joint meeting of the plant-men and the weather-men.

Just before Sersen went up to the platform he turned to Charles. "I'm ready now to face the music," he said, "because I believe we are up against something which makes scientific respectability nonsense. We've got to throw caution aside and tell the world." "That's serious," said Charles cautiously. "It's damned serious," said Sersen and went up the steps to the rostrum.

When he came down the audience was serious too; for a moment as serious as he. He had begun by showing the world map with its spreading, dated lines showing where the mildew in its present profusion had reached; showing also where in a couple of months the two sides of the ripple would meet. Soon almost every tree and shrub throughout the world would be infested, and of course the number of molds per tree and bush would increase. That was interesting and queer but of no popular concern. The molds still remained harmless to their tree hosts and to animal life—indeed, some insects seemed rather happy about the botanical change. As far then as the change was only a change in mildew reproduction there was no cause for much concern, still less for alarm. The mold had gone ahead because it was first to benefit from some otherwise undetectable change in climate. The natural expectation would then be that insects, the

host-plants, or some other species of mold would in turn advance and so readjust the disturbed balance of nature.

But that was only the first part of Sersen's lecture. At that phrase "balance of nature" he paused. He turned from the world map with its charting of the mold's growth. For a moment he glanced at another set of statistical charts; then he seemed to change his mind and touched the buzzer. The lights went out and the beam from the stereopticon shot down the darkened hall. The lighted screen showed a tree; on its branches and trunk a number of red crosses had been marked. Round each cross was a large circle, so large that some of the circles intersected.

"Gentlemen," said Sersen, "this is the discovery that really matters. Until now, perhaps unwisely, I have hesitated to communicate it. That the mold spreads, you know. That it is particularly sensitive to some otherwise undetected change in the weather, you know. Now you must know a third fact about it—it is a weather *creator*. Literally, it can brew a climate of its own.

"I have proved that in each of these circles—and I am sure they are spreading circles—the mold is going far to create its own peculiar atmosphere—a curiously high and stable humidity. The statistically arranged readings which I have prepared and which I have here permit, I believe, of no other conclusion. I would also add that I believe we can see why this has happened. It is now clear what permitted this unprecedented change to get under way. We have pulled the trigger that has fired this mine. No doubt the mold first began to increase because a slight change in humidity helped it. But now it is—how shall I put it—co-operating. It is *making the humidity increase*.

"There has probably been present these past few years one of those small increases in atmospheric humidity which occur periodically. In itself it would have made no difference to our lives and indeed would have passed unperceived.

But it was at this meteorological moment that European scientists began to succeed in making a new kind of quick-growing mold which could create fats. It is perhaps the most remarkable of all the war efforts, perhaps the most powerful of all the new defensive weapons—against a human enemy. But in regard to the extra-human world which we live in, it may prove as dangerous as a naked flame in a mine chamber filled with fire-damp. For, need I remind you, molds are spore-reproducing growths. Fungus is by far the strongest form of life. It breeds incessantly and will grow under conditions no other form of life will endure. When you play with spore life you may at any moment let loose something the sheer power of which makes dynamite look like a damp squib. I believe what man has now done is precisely that—he has let the genie out of its bottle and we may find ourselves utterly helpless before it.”

Sersen paused. The lights came on. Dr. Charles rose and caught the chairman’s eye. Dr. Charles begged to state on behalf of the botanical world that he hoped Dr. Sersen’s dramatic remarks would not be taken gravely by press or public. Dr. Sersen had spoken of matters botanical. Dr. Charles wished to say that he and his colleagues had had the mildew under protracted observation. He could declare categorically that it was not dangerous.

Sersen had not left the platform. He strode back to the rostrum. “I am not speaking as a botanist,” he exclaimed, “I am speaking as a meteorologist. I have told you of what I am sure—the balance of life has been upset. You take for granted that the only balance is life against life, animal against animal, vegetable against vegetable. You were right to call in a weather-man, but that’s no use unless you understand what he is telling you.”

The audience shifted offensively in its seats. It wasn’t scientific to be as urgent as all that. Besides, hadn’t Charles said there was no danger? But what was their queer guest now saying?

“I know, every meteorologist knows, that this nature-balance is far vaster and more delicately poised than you choose to suspect. All life is balanced against its environment. Cyclones are brought on, climate can change, a glacial age be begun with atmospheric alterations far too small for the layman to notice. In our atmosphere, that wonderful veil and web under which we are sheltered and in which we grow, we have a condition of extraordinary delicacy. The right—or rather the precisely wrong—catalytic agent can send the whole thing suddenly into quite another arrangement, one which can well be desperately awkward for man. It has taken an amazing balance of forces to allow human beings to live. That’s the balance you’ve upset. Look out.”

He studied his audience. There they sat, complacent, assured, only a little upset that an over-excitabile colleague should be behaving unscientifically—hysterically almost. Suddenly with a shock of despair Sersen realized that it was no use hoping to stir these learned experts. These were the actual minds which had patiently, persistently, purblindly worked the very changes which must bring the house down on their heads. They’d never asked, never wished to ask, what might be the general and ultimate effects of their burrowing. We’re just another sort of termite, thought Sersen, as he looked down on the rows of plump faces and dull-ivory-colored pates. We tunnel away trying to turn everything into “consumable goods” until suddenly the whole structure of things collapses round us.

He left the rostrum, submitted to polite thanks, and went home. A week later his botanical hosts had ceased even to talk about his strange manners. Hardly anyone else heard of his speech.

The first report of trouble—or rumor rather (for such natural-history notes were far too trivial to get into the battle-crammed papers)—came from orchard growers in deep valleys. Then fruit

growers began to gossip when the Imperial Valley, hot and dry as hell, began to report much the same thing. It was seen at night at the start, and cleared off in the day; so it seemed no more than an odd, inconsequent little phenomenon. But if you went out at full moon you did see a queer sight. Every tree seemed to have a sort of iridescent envelope, a small white cloud or silver shroud all of its own.

Of course, soon after that, the date growers had something to howl about. The dates wouldn't stand for damp—and each silver shroud was for the tree about which it hung a vapor bath. But the date growers, all the other growers decided, were done for anyway; they'd have made a howl in any case when the new Colorado water made the irrigation plans complete. The increase in humidity would inevitably spoil their crop when the valley became one great oasis.

The botanists didn't want to look into the matter again. Botanically it was uninteresting. The inquiry had been officially closed. But the phenomenon continued to be noticed farther and farther afield.

The thing seemed then to reach a sort of saturation-point. A new sort of precipitation took place. The cloud round each tree and bush, which now could be seen even during the day, would at a certain moment put out feeler-like wisps and join up with the other spreading and swelling ground-clouds stretching out from the neighboring trees. Sersen, who had thrown up his official job just to keep track of this thing, describes that critical night when with a grim prophetic pleasure he saw his forecast fulfilled before his eyes. His last moldering papers have remained just decipherable for his great-grandchildren.

"I stood," he said, "on a rock promontory south of Salton Sea. The full moon was rising behind me and lighted the entire Valley. I could see the orchards glistening, each tree surrounded by its own cloud. It was like a gargantuan dew, each dew-globule tree-size. And then, as I watched, just like a great tide,

an obliterating flood of whiteness spread over everything. The globules ran into one another till I was looking down on a solid sea of curd-white, far denser than mist or fog. It looked as firm, beautiful, and dead as the high moon which looked down on it. 'A new Deluge,' I said to myself. 'May I not ask who has been right? Did I not foretell its coming and did not I say that man had brought it on his own head?'"

Certainly Sersen had been justified. For the morning after his vigil when the sun rose the Fog did not. It lay undisturbed, level, dazzling white as a sheet of snow-covered ice, throwing back into space every ray of heat that fell on it. The air immediately above it was crystal clear. The valley was submerged under an element that looked solid enough to be walked on. The change was evidently so complete because it was a double one, a sudden reciprocal process. All the damp had been gathered below the Fog's surface, a surface as distinct as the surface of water. Conversely, all the cloud, mist, and aqueous vapor in the air above the Fog was evidently drained out of it by this new dense atmosphere. It was as though the old atmosphere had been milk. The mold acted as a kind of rennet and so, instead of milk, there remained only this hard curd and the clear whey. The sky above the Fog was not so much the deepest of blues—it was almost a livid black; the sun in it was an intense, harsh white and most of the big stars were visible throughout the day. So outside the Fog it was desperately cold. At night it was agonizingly so. Under that cold the Fog lay packed dense like a frozen drift of snow.

Beneath the surface of the Fog conditions were even stranger. Passing into it was like going suddenly into night. All lights had to be kept on all day. But they were not much use. As in a bad old-fashioned fog, but now to a far worse degree, the lights would not penetrate the air. For instance, the rays of a car's headlights formed a three-foot cone the base of which looked like a circular patch

of light thrown on an opaque white screen. It was possible to move about in the Fog, but only at a slow walking pace—otherwise you kept running into things. It was a matter of groping about, with objects suddenly looming up at you—the kind of world in which a severe myopic case must live if he loses his spectacles.

Soon of course people began to notice with dismay the Fog's effect on crops and gardens, on houses and goods. Nothing was ever again dry. Objects did not get saturated but they were, if at all absorbent, thoroughly damp. Paper molded, wood rotted, iron rusted. But concrete, glass, pottery and all stone ware and ceramics remained unaffected. Cloth too served adequately provided the wearer could stand its never being dry.

The first move in the areas which had been first attacked was naturally to move out. But the Fog moved too. Every night some big valley area suddenly "went over." The tree fog round each tree would billow outward, join up with all its fellows, and so make a solid front and surface. Then came the turn for each fog-submerged valley, each fog-lake, to link with those adjacent to it. The general level of these lakes then rose. Instead of there being, as until now, large flooded areas of lowland but still, in the main, areas of clear upland, this order was now reversed. The mountain ranges had become strings of islands which emerged from a shining ocean that covered the whole earth's surface right up to the six-thousand-foot level.

Retreat upward was cut off. For when the Fog stabilized at six thousand feet it was no use thinking of attempting to live above it. Even if the limited areas could have given footing, let alone feeding, to the fugitive populations, no hope lay in that direction. For the cold was now so intense above the Fog that no plant would grow. And worse, it was soon found to the cost of those who ventured out there, that through this unscreened air—air which was so thin that it could scarcely be breathed—came also

such intense ultra-violet radiations from the sun and outer space that a short exposure to them was fatal.

So the few ranges and plateaus which rose above the six-thousand-foot level stood gaunt as the ribs of a skeleton carcass under the untwinkling stars and the white glaring sun. After a very few exploratory expeditions out into that open, men realized that they must content themselves with a sub-surface life, a new kind of fish existence, nosing about on the floor of a pool which henceforth was to be their whole world. It might be a poor, confined way of living, but above that surface was death. A few explorers returned but, though fish taken out of water may recover if put back soon enough, every above-the-Fog explorer succumbed from the effect. After a few days the lesions and sores of bad X-ray burning appeared. If after that the nervous system did not collapse, the wretched man literally began to fall to pieces.

Underneath the fog-blanket men painfully, fumblingly worked out a new answer to living. Of course it had to be done without preparation, so the cost was colossal. All who were liable to rheumatic damage and phthisis died off. Only a hardy few remained. Man had been clever enough to pull down the atmosphere-roof which had hung so loftily over his head, but he never learned again how to raise a cover as high, spacious, and pleasant as the sky's blue dome. The dividing out of the air was a final precipitation, a non-reversible change-down toward the final entropy. Man might stay on but only at the price of being for the rest of his term on earth confined under a thick film of precipitated air. Maybe, even if he had been free and had had power to move fast and see far, it would have been too great a task for him to have attempted to "raise the air." As he now found himself, pinned under the collapse he had caused, he had not a chance of even beginning to plan such a vast reconstruction.

His job then was just to work at mak-



ing lurking livable. And within the limits imposed it was not absolutely impossible. True, all his passion for speed and travel and seeing far and quick, all that had to go. He who had just begun to feel that it was natural to fly, now was confined not even to the pace of a brisk walk but to a crawl. It was a life on the lowest gear. Of course great numbers died just in the first confusion, when the dark came on, before the permanent change in humidity and light swept off the other many millions who could not adapt themselves. But, after a while, not only men's health but their eyes became adapted to the perpetual dusk. They began to see that the gloom was not pitch-dark. Gradually increasing numbers learned to be able to go about without lamps. Indeed they found that they saw better if they cultivated this "night-sight," this ancient part of the eye so long neglected by man when he thought he was master of things. They were greatly helped also by a type of faint phosphorescence, a "cold-light," which (itself probably another mold-mutation) appeared on most surfaces if they were left untouched, and so outlined objects with faint, ghostly high-lights.

So, as decentralized life worked itself out, men found that they had enough. War was gone, so that huge social hemorrhage stopped. Money went out of gear, and so that odd strangle-hold on goods-exchange was loosed. Men just couldn't waste what they had, so they found they had much more than they thought. For one reason it wasn't worth hoarding anything, holding back goods, real edible and wearable goods, for a rise in price. They rotted. The old medieval epitaph proved itself true in this new dark age: "What I spent I had: what I saved I lost." Altogether life became more immediate and, what people had never suspected, more real because less diffused. It was no use having a number of things which had been thought to be necessities. Cars? You could not see to travel at more than four miles an hour and not often at that. Radios? They

just struck; either insulation in the damp was never adequate or the electric conditions, the radio-resonant layers of the upper atmosphere, had been completely altered. A wailing static was the only answer that came to any attempt to reestablish wireless communication.

It was a low-built, small-housed, pedestrian world. Even horses were too dashing; and they were blinder in the Fog than were men. As for your house, you could seldom see more than its front door. Metal was little used. Smelting it was troublesome (the fumes could hardly get away and nearly suffocated everyone within miles of a furnace) and when you got your iron and steel it began rusting at once. Glass knives were used instead. They were very sharp. Men learned again, after tens of thousands of years of neglect, how to flake flints, crystal, and all the silica rocks to make all manner of neat, sharp tools.

Man's one primary need which had made for nearly all his hoarding, the animal craving to accumulate food stocks, that fear which, since the dawn of civilization, has made his granaries as vast as his fortresses, this need, this enemy was wiped out, by another freak botanical by-product of the Fog. The curious sub-fog climate made an edible fungus grow. It was a sort of manna. It rotted if you stored it. But it grew copiously everywhere, of itself. Indeed it replaced grass: wherever grass had grown the fungus grew. Eaten raw, it was palatable and highly nutritious—more tasty and more wholesome than when cooked (which was a blessing in itself, since all fires burnt ill and any smoke was offensive in the dense air). Man, like the fishes, lived in a dim but fruitful element.

The mean temperature under the Fog stayed precisely at 67° Fahrenheit, owing evidently to some basic balance, like that which keeps the sea below a certain depth always at 36°, four degrees above freezing. Men, then, were never cold.

They stayed mainly at home, round their small settlements. What was the

use of going about? All you needed and could use was at your door. There was nothing to see—your view was always limited to four feet. There was no use in trying to seize someone else's territory. You all had the same: you all had enough.

Art too changed. The art of objects was gone. So a purer, less collectible art took its place. Books would not last; and so memory increased enormously and men carried their libraries in their heads—a cheaper way and much more convenient. As a result academic accuracy, the continual quoting of authorities, disappeared. A new epic age resulted. Men in the dusk composed, extemporized, jointly developed great epics, sagas, and choruses, which grew like vast trees generation after generation, flowering, bearing fruit, putting out new limbs. And as pristine, bardic poetry returned it united again with its nursery foster-brother, music. Wood winds and strings were ruined by the damp. But stone instruments, like those used by the dawn cultures, returned—giving beautiful pure notes. An orchestra of jade and marble flutes, lucid gongs, crystal-clear xylophones grew up. Just as the Arabs, nomads out on the ocean of sand, had had no plastic art, but, instead, a wonderful aural art of chant and singing verse, so the creative power of the men of the Umbral Epoch swung over from eye to ear. Indeed, the thick air which baffled the eye made fresh avenues and extensions for the ear. Men could hear for miles: their ears grew as keen as a dog's. And with this keenness went subtlety. They appreciated intervals of sound which to the old men of the open air would have been imperceptible. Men lived largely for music and felt they had made a good exchange when they

peered at the last moldering shreds of pictorial art.

"Yes," said Sersen's great-grandson, when the shock of the change was over and mankind had accustomed itself to its new conditions, "yes, I suspect we were not fit for the big views, the vast world into which the old men tumbled up. It was all right to give animal men the open. But once they had got power without vision, then either they had to be shut up or they would have shot and bombed everything off the earth's surface. Why, they were already living in tunnels when the Fog came. And out in the open, men, powerful as never before, nevertheless died by millions, died the way insects used to die in a frost, but died by one another's hands. The plane drove men off the fields. That was the thing, I believe, that made Mind decide we were not fit any longer to be at large. We were going too fast and too high to see what we were actually doing. So then Mind let man fancy that all he had to do was to make food apart from the fields. That was the Edible Mold, and that led straight, as my great-grandfather saw, to the atmospheric upset, the meteorological revolution. It really was a catalyst, making the well-mixed air, which we had always taken for granted as the only possible atmosphere, divide out into two layers as distinct as water and air. We're safer as we are. Mind knew that, and already we are better for our Fog cure, though it had to be drastic.

"Perhaps one day, when we have learned enough, the Fog will lift, the old high ceiling be given back to us. Once more Mind may say: 'Try again. The Second Flood is over. Go forth and replenish the earth, and this time remember that you are all one.' Meanwhile I'm thankful that we are as we are."



MAKING THE AIRPLANE BEHAVE

BY WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

IT MAY well be that when the history of human flight comes finally to be written in long-term perspective, it will consist of only three chapters with all the rest as footnotes. The first chapter might be about the Wrights and how they stabilized the wing, made it controllable, and harnessed machine power to it. The second chapter might well be about Howard Stark, the unhonored American who in 1930 discovered how to fly blind through clouds merely by the indications of some dials on the instrument board; both modern airline flying and long-distance bombardment stem from his work. The third chapter might record how the airplane was finally tamed so that it became handy and obedient and foolproof, like the automobile or even more so, and fit for anybody to step right in and fly away.

That taming has already been at least partly accomplished. And although the spotlight of urgent attention is now fixed on military aviation, and civilian flying has virtually come to a stop, the new developments are of such long-range importance that you may be interested to hear about them. For when the war is over they may affect you intimately. They may help to determine whether you fly your own flivver plane. In any case they will help to determine whether the hundreds of thousands of newly trained flyers will be able to continue flying, for business or recreation, without incessant practice and in reasonable safety. And they may be of utmost importance to the economic well-being of

the whole nation, for they may determine whether our giant aircraft industry, with its hundreds of thousands of workers, will be able to produce a product salable in peacetime.

There are a number of things that have so far kept the average man from flying his own ship; but most of them boil down to the brutal fact that if he should make a mistake while doing it he would break his neck. Training, for instance, is too expensive and long-drawn-out; but the accident record shows that at present you simply cannot get away with skimpy training. Again, the small private airplanes to-day are still of dubious utility for they do not develop real, railroad-beating, space-eating speed; but designers have to keep them meek and mild, big-winged and therefore slow, in order to keep the risks of flying within bounds.

Yet it has only been quite recently that attention has turned on the question of just how civilian pilots die. Within the aviation industry the subject used to be taboo. Accident record? There was no such thing. There was only a safety record. A few attempts by aviation periodicals to report accidents and analyze their causes were promptly hushed up. The published government reports were unenlightening.

Then a pilot named Leighton Collins—who had been a salesman of small private airplanes and previously an insurance expert—conceived the plan of air accident research as a private commercial enterprise, and started in 1938 a monthly information sheet devoted en-

tirely to second-by-second descriptions of fatal air accidents: *Air Facts*.

The grotesque publishing idea of selling an account of his demise to the prospective victim should by all the rules have been a flop; instead, *Air Facts* became the favorite magazine for flyers, its growth aided by a sales appeal whose strength would be the envy of many a circulation manager: while about ten out of one thousand flyers die in crashes each year, the rate among *Air Facts* subscribers was 8 out of 1,000 the first year, 6 out of 1,000 the second year, 4 out of 1,000 the third year, and 2 out of 1,000 the fourth year.

Air fact number one to emerge from Collins' files is that a crash as such need by no means be fatal. Airplanes have cut swathes through forests, skidded through stone fences, landed on top of trees, and slid on to steep mountainsides with all the occupants surviving, though the ship was in most cases utterly wrecked. All that is needed to accomplish a safe crash landing is a chance to slither to a gradual stop, even if the slither is only for a few yards; all that is needed to get that chance is that the pilot bring the ship down under control and hit the ground a glancing blow. An old pilot rule says that if you have to come down on rough terrain, just imagine that it is a beautiful airport and go ahead and make your landing. Such a crash landing is actually not unlike a ski-jumper's manner of hitting the ground; and the fact that such landings are not mortally dangerous is no more miraculous than that a man on two boards can survive being catapulted two hundred feet down a mountainside. Only if an airplane hits the ground nose first is the impact almost certainly fatal. For, as the vulgar airport saying goes, it isn't the coming down that kills 'em, it's when they stop coming down.

Of fatal accidents, there is virtually only one type which happens—in three or four variations—over and over again.

It is the accidental stall or spin. Other types happen, but too rarely to

matter: in private and miscellaneous flying there are a few cases each year of fire in the air, of mid-air collision at the training fields, of structural failure while doing acrobatics. In airline flying a few fatal accidents have been caused by unexpectedly severe icing, or by some mechanical failure, or by pilot error. That type of accident, the freak combination of bad luck and human fallibility, is hard to eradicate completely; and equivalent misfortunes happen on railroads and highways. The characteristic flying accident, the one that has killed pilot after pilot and has kept the average man from flying his own airplane, is the stall and spin. For it is when it comes down in a stall or a spin that the airplane hits the ground nose first and stops right there.

II

A stall isn't what the word suggests. It is not a stoppage of the engine; in fact not a stoppage of anything. It is a breakdown of the airflow that does the lifting work on the airplane's wings, a sudden burbling that changes the smooth, powerful, lift-producing rush of air into a chaotic swirling of eddies that are impotent to hold the airplane up. It happens—rather suddenly—when you try to fly an airplane too slowly, or climb it too steeply, or turn it too sharply. In an automobile driver's experience perhaps what feels most like it is the sudden loss of traction on a slippery pavement when he puts on his brakes too hard. In a car you lose your hold on the road and you skid. In an airplane you lose your hold on the air and you drop.

Not like a stone, but fast enough to feel the bottom drop out from under you. For the first couple of seconds the ship sinks through the air flatly, "mushing"; presently it noses down at forty-five degrees or so and it shivers and squirms and shakes and sinks even faster. A stall is actually easy to remedy, but *not by the ordinary use of the controls*; the harder you pull back on the stick—an action

that ordinarily makes the plane nose up—the more obstinately the ship continues its squashy, erratic descent, and it is almost certain to whip off into a spin; but even when it doesn't spin, if it hits the ground while stalled, it hits nose first and hard enough to kill.

The spin—popularly called the tailspin—is a more vicious form of the ordinary stall; any gust, any error of control will turn a straight stall into a spin. In a spin one of the ship's wings is burbled while the other regains its lift, and there results a motion that is like nothing else on earth. With the nose pointing steeply down, the ship twists down in a corkscrew pattern, and the harder you fight it by the ordinary use of the controls the more firmly you lock yourself in that motion. Just like the stall, the spin is not a simple drop; it is more like a downward burrowing that is comparatively slow; but like the stall, it brings you to the ground nose first and hard enough to kill.

All this has long been fully understood. To get a pilot's license you must show that you can spin and recover at will. You practice recoveries, not by shrinking back from depth, as it were, but by throwing yourself into it: instead of trying to pull the nose up, you push it down into a dive, and then with speed regained and the airflow again smooth and powerful, you can level off with the greatest ease. Steering downward to stop a downward motion goes against the grain at first but constant practice makes it just another maneuver.

Yet there has always been one deadly mystery about all this: if a spin is really so hard to get into and so easy to stop, then why do pilots keep spinning into the ground with such awful statistical regularity? Not only beginners die that way: for example, a Western flying school sent an advanced student out alone; when he did not return, an instructor flew to look for him and found the wreck somewhere in the hills; the student had spun in. The instructor returned to report and took off again

to circle over the wreck and guide the official investigators to the spot. They arrived just in time to watch him spin down on top of the student's wreck. What pulled him down?

Owing largely to *Air Facts'* detailed chronicling, we can now tell. We know, for one thing, that death sneaks up on a pilot. The context of the fatal accident—astonishing though this may seem—is usually gay; the weather good, the engine running smoothly, the pilot having a good time gamboling around at low altitude, not stunting but just doing a few mild zooms and steep curves. He may be hunting coyotes or chasing wild horses. The student of that Western flying school was probably doing just that. He may be taking pictures, or perhaps he is calling down to friends on the ground to meet him at the airport with a car. Perhaps he is showing off his newly bought airplane to the airport boys; perhaps he is taking the farmer's daughter for a hop and giving her a few mild roller-coaster thrills. Or perhaps he is trying to prove his worth not to others but to himself. A young Marine who flies for sport on the side is told officially that he is not considered Marine Corps pilot material; the following Saturday, in a rented ship, he spins in.

Whatever the pilot's personal reasons may be, the typical situation at the time of the accident is that he is flying low, where the air is often turbulent; as Collins puts it, he is playing round in the surf of the air ocean. Furthermore, he is turning; almost no fatal accidents happen out of straight flight. And finally, his attention is fixed on the ground instead of on his ship and any small warning signs the ship might give. This is what presumably pulled down that Western flying-school instructor: the intense interest with which he studied the wreck under him.

What happens is that while the pilot's attention is diverted the plane begins to stall, becomes lazy to obey the controls. By the time he notices the trouble, he does exactly the wrong thing. He tries

to pull back into normal flight, and under these special circumstances this is the one thing that he should not do.

Suppose that by some strange brain trouble your dog suddenly obeyed the command "Lie down!" by coming and jumping up on you, and the command "Come here!" by lying down. Think how long it would take you to catch on to that "reversal of controls." An airplane, in a stalled condition, develops exactly this sort of reverse obedience. Unfortunately though, an airplane even in sound flight rarely obeys the controls with mechanical strictness. It seems to have all sorts of ideas of its own. In turns, a good hefty pull on the controls is required merely to hold it where you want it. In turbulent air it sometimes takes quick thrusts of the stick to fight off the gusts. Just as you would with your dog, the pilot whose plane is beginning to stall suspects disobedience rather than control trouble. When, in a steeply banked turn, the nose suddenly won't stay on the horizon, but droops, and the wings start to capsize all the way over, he does not suspect that he is doing the wrong thing; he thinks that he is not doing enough of the right thing, and tries to make the ship behave by a good hard angry jerk with the stick—and the ship whips off.

Why doesn't he immediately discover his error, push the stick forward, and dive out of trouble, as he has trained himself to do? It does happen, especially in very slow, very light ships, that the occupants survive a spin into the ground, and their testimony suggests that often the doomed pilot fails to recognize the spin. Such survivors are apt to report that the ship simply refused to fly or that there was some mechanical failure of the control system. Sometimes their first question is: "What happened?" One student reports that he did two complete turns of a spin—which in his type of ship meant a drop of perhaps eight hundred feet in perhaps ten seconds in a twisting motion that one might think would have been unmistakable—he did

all that before he realized: "Heck, this is a spin. Guess I ought to do something." Another survivor reports wasting valuable time in a feeling of: "This is unfair. This can't be happening to me!"

What finally keeps the pilot locked in the spin is probably a cramp of fear. Again we have the evidence of a few survivors and of many who bestirred themselves in the nick of time. "I knew I shouldn't pull that stick back so hard, but I just couldn't help it." One says: "I could think of only one thing: I must get that nose up. I mustn't hit nose first." Another remembers his terror when, with his ship making a motion as if to fall off into a spin, he realized: "I am now going to pull that stick back. I know it will be the last thing I ever do, but I will do it." He did, and was lucky in that the ship's motion was not a spin after all but merely the effect of a gust. To pull the stick back in order to get the nose up, to hold it to the left in order to lift the right wing, is a reflex action a pilot uses perhaps ten times in every single minute of flight; it becomes "instinctive." In a stall or a spin it doesn't work, but it is still "instinctive."

What happens to the pilot at this point you can study in mild miniature on one of those doors that open for you by action of an electric eye. Walk at it very briskly, and try to keep your step from hesitating, your arm from preparing to fend off; and observe how your reflexes will override your knowledge and your will. To keep this from happening in a spin is the purpose of all the spin practice in flight training.

But when you are practicing at a safe altitude you do not see at all vividly the main fact of the spin: that the ground is coming at you fast. The nose-down attitude is there and so is the dizzy wheeling but, as Collins puts it, the ground only says "Boo" to you. Wait until it starts coming. Get into a spin at 200 or 500 or even 1,000 feet, and it comes up at you like a blow. It is then that the self-preservation instinct and deeply ingrained reflexes overpower all

judgment. It is then that many of the victims use the stick as if it were a crow-bar, trying to pry the nose up—use it with such fear-crazed strength that sometimes the controls are found bent.

III

That, then, is the mortal danger in flying: the reverse obedience of the airplane when slowed up and the pilot's instinctive impulse to do the wrong thing in the emergency—to pull the controls as far as they will go, and thus pull himself into a spin.

Once this was clear it opened an entirely new approach to the problem of making the airplane behave. Round the airports the feeling had always been that if you wanted to sell airplanes to the lay public there would have to be airplanes that could fly more slowly without stalling. But this idea was somewhat like that of the fellow who understood that in train wrecks the last car usually takes the heaviest punishment, and therefore proposed to make the railroad safer by simply leaving off the last car. As long as there is *any* bottom speed at which the airplane will stall, pilots will play round at the edge of the abyss and will finally fall into it. Consequently many competent airmen thought that the truly popular airplane would never come.

The new approach was this: we don't need an airplane that can fly slowly; what we need is an airplane that *cannot be slowed up at all*, or at least not enough for reverse obedience to develop. It was beautifully simple reasoning. An airplane, it went, always wants to go fast; if slowed up, it wants to nose down and regain its speed. An airplane will never stall on its own volition. What stalls it is the pilot's excessive manhandling of the controls. If you want to put a stop to the typical air accident simply put a stop quite literally into the control mechanism: put an iron block somewhere that stops the further travel of the pilot's hands and feet at the point where it

begins to invite a stall. If the pilot can't pull back any farther he can't slow himself up. If he doesn't slow himself up he can't stall. If he doesn't stall he can't spin; if he doesn't spin he won't die.

It was a simple idea; in practice, it took much tricky engineering to keep the restrictions from interfering with normal take-offs, maneuvers, and landings, and with that uninteresting but important side of piloting—handling the ship on the ground. Some of the first experimental ships felt like cars without brakes. Others were so logy and slow that they weren't worth flying. Still others looked too strange for pilots' tastes; a fellow is just naturally conservative in picking an airplane to fly.

The first restricted-control airplane that not only flew well but also sold well was the Stinson 105, a three-place cabin job that cruised at 100 mph and cost about \$3,500. It was clean, fast (as small private ships go), and conventional except that the sting had been taken out: the nastier phases of the stall and all of the spin. About one thousand of them have been sold since 1939.

And did this "built-in safety" work? Actually it is almost impossible to measure an airplane's safety by statistics. Different airplanes appeal to different people: there are stodgy ones and flashy ones, young ones and old ones; they are used for different kinds of flying—training, stunting, cross-country, etc. There are tricky airplanes that never kill a man because pilots hold them in respect, and easy-going ones that invite carelessness and then kill. Thus we can't say how many fatal accidents there "should" have been in the Stinson 105's. But disregarding the control restrictions, those in the know would have expected perhaps twenty deaths to date.

Actually, there have been three—and two of these were freak cases. One pilot hit the ground while doing ambitious stunts. Another persevered into bad weather in the Alleghenies and finally flew into a fog-covered mountainside. Only in one case was there loss of control

resembling the usual type. And that is not to say that those ships haven't had the normal quota both of fooling round over girls' houses and of emergencies. There have been engine failures over "impossible" terrain and all the usual "pilot error" type of accidents that have strewn those ships, just like those of other makes, into forests and gravel pits, rice fields and farm fences; but they have always come down with their wings still maintaining a hold on the air; they have always hit the ground a glancing blow and slithered to a stop. From pilots' accounts we know that some of them came down in a typical accident manner with the controls clenched back as far as they would go; but they did not crash nose-first. It proves that we know now how to keep the pilot of the post-war air flivvers from killing himself.

IV

But then there was still the problem of how to make flying easier to learn. Restricting the controls only lifts the death penalty on sloppy piloting. It leaves the art of piloting itself almost untouched. To make an airplane go where you want it to go, sit down where you want it to sit, still takes more skill than the post-war airplane buyer probably cares to develop. And the penalty for incompetence is still a cracked-up ship.

This problem too is solved. We have airplanes right now that make the skilled pilot with his expensively developed co-ordination, his highly refined sensitivity, his experienced eye, the master of a useless art. The brain work which did this was the same sort that had solved the fatality problem: detailed analysis. To say in a general way that conventional airplanes are difficult to handle makes no more sense than to say in a general way that they are dangerous. Much of the time there is literally nothing to flying. It is not merely as easy as driving a car, but much easier. At other times—and they occur on every flight—there is a lot to it. And just as the danger factor

was finally found to be one small thing, namely, a certain motion of the pilot's hand in a certain situation, so has the skill factor been broken down into specific detail.

Take, for example, the turn. Almost half the time you spend in learning to fly goes into learning how to turn right and left. The conventional airplane has three separate controls. One, worked by fore and back motion of the stick, to steer the nose up and down; one, worked by the right and left motions of the stick (or in some ships by turning a wheel mounted atop the stick), to roll into right or left banks; and one, worked by foot pedals, to swing the nose right or left. It sounds simple but it isn't. To make a turn to the right or left, to achieve, in other words, what in a car we achieve by the simple twist of the steering wheel, all three airplane controls must be used, each blended into the maneuver to exactly the right degree at exactly the right time, and each fading out again in exactly the right manner. A turn in an airplane is a highly skilled performance. Merely learning to make gentle ones safely enough so that you can solo uses up all of five hours; in later training you learn to make tight ones, gliding ones, and climbing ones; you endlessly practice figure eights to learn how to fly a turn correctly even in a strong wind; how to fly one safely under all conceivable conditions that might take your attention off your work—for instance, being silly with anxiety or doped with fatigue or fascinated as you look down at your girl's house and watch her look up. And the fact that almost all fatal spin accidents develop from turns seems to prove that even all this training is not quite enough.

Upon sharp diagnosis, the core of the trouble turns out to be distinct and small. It is "co-ordination" of handwork and footwork. Just when to put on foot pressure, on which side, and how much, and just when to take it off again, the pilot is supposed to know by "feel," an awareness of balance that pilots call simply "the feel of the seat of your pants."

Unfortunately for flying as an art but fortunately for flying as a popular means of getting about, the thing that this "saddle sense" feels out for the pilot can also be figured out—and with more accuracy—by the slide rule which dwells in the vest pocket of Fred E. Weick.

Weick was a research scientist in the NACA Laboratories at Langley Field, Virginia—the official U. S. Aeronautical Research Institute—when he conceived the idea of an airplane designed radically and specifically for private flying. It had then never been done; the very idea was so far off the beaten track of aviation research that it could not be an official project. Instead, Weick formed a club with some of his fellow-technicians. The designing was done co-operatively in the evenings and the construction—in Weick's garage—was a week-end hobby.

The experimental Weick IA was, except for its slowness, the one-stroke solution to the whole problem of making the airplane behave. It not only had restricted controls—being in fact the first plane to use the idea; it not only had a new-fangled landing gear which will figure later in this account; but it also had nothing for the pilot's feet to do, nothing for the seat of his pants to sense. Weick had mathematically analyzed the supposedly elusive "feel" of a turn and designed a mechanical linkage between the various controls, which flies a turn more correctly than the best pilot can do it via the seat of his pants.

To-day Weick is chief engineer of a firm that manufactures a sleek, commercial version of the same ship—the Ercoupe. It is steered by turning a steering wheel, almost exactly like a car. It is probably the prototype of the post-war air flivver. Its most popular characteristic is its high speed: though it is so simple to fly, though it is spin-proof and loaded down with new-fangled landing gear, though it has only the standard light-plane engine, it cruises just as fast (100 mph) as the fastest conventional light plane. It was formerly thought that speed and fool-proofness were mutu-

ally exclusive; and in the conventional airplane they tend to be so. Weick reasons that with restricted controls, simplified handling, etc., the private flyer will be able at last to fly a ship that is fast and therefore useful as a means of transport.

A first hop in an Ercoupe is a scary experience—for the experienced pilot. His feet are frantically groping over the naked floorboards for something to push. The recommended remedy is to pull your legs up and sit on them, Oriental fashion. Then you can relax and discover that you have full control for all ordinary flight. You also realize that this new style of airplane would take care both of the ineptitude of some middle-aged office worker and of that cockiness of the young buck pilot which is aviation's greatest risk factor.

You try, for instance, steep turns in a strong wind. The ship will go in some crazy, wrong-looking attitude; but when you check your instruments you find it is doing a correct job of flying and that the seat of your pants and your eyes would have tricked you had you been allowed to do the "co-ordinating." You try, say, a sharply twisting approach to a simulated forced landing. Swinging round in a tight curve, aiming perhaps for a certain small clearing in the wooded country under you, you suddenly miss your rudder pedals; the ship won't let you get around quickly enough. Were this forced landing real and not simulated you would not make it into the clearing; you would have to make¹ a slithering crash landing in the brush. "No percentage in this," you think, but that's exactly what there is in it—a statistical chance. For it is when you start tightening a turn unduly, or forcing it by excessive footwork, that in the conventional airplane you ask for a spin and an early death. Given a rudder and unrestricted controls, you might have swindled yourself round this time; but out of ten such attempts to force a turn one would certainly end in a spin. Any real, calm old-timer in such a situation would

voluntarily refrain from doing what Weick restrains the scared one or the cocky one from trying. He would voluntarily land in the brush. The margin of control that is gone is a margin that the competent pilot does not use anyway. It is provided in the conventional airplane only for stunting, for the last phase of the landing, and for ground handling.

The novice is of course not bothered by any of this. He doesn't know better, or rather, he doesn't know worse. As he sits down behind an Ercoupe's steering wheel he is quite at home and he drives the ship down the field and up into the air and all over the countryside as if it were merely a super de luxe car.

V

Depending on the standards you apply, it takes from 50 to 200 hours to learn how to handle the conventional airplane. While almost half that time is used up in learning how to turn right and left, almost the whole other half goes into learning how to get down. Pilots judge one another's competence almost entirely by the ability to set a ship down accurately into a small space.

If that were not so difficult most other problems of flying would dissolve: engine trouble, for instance, bad weather, getting lost, getting caught by nightfall, running out of fuel. They all happen to the automobilist too, but to him they are mere nuisances. To the pilot, captive in the air, they are a constant strain merely by threatening to happen: he knows he can't get out and walk; he can't ask his way, and no mechanic can fix him up unless he can first get down. This is not serious in airline flying where you have two engines and two pilots, familiar routes, and a fantastic fuel reserve; where you have speed and power to climb over bad weather or detour around it, and instruments on which to drive through it. But for the itinerant private pilot it's another story. Sometimes when there is no place to sit down, the relentless sinking of the gasoline gage,

the gradual lowering of the ceiling, the deepening of the dusk can squeeze your soul until you wonder why you don't sell your ship and enjoy life. Because landing is so difficult, cross-country flying always requires much planning, and it sometimes requires courage—not the high-pitched courage of the low-altitude recovery from a spin, but the tenacious kind.

Weick's diagnosis of the problem of landing a plane turned long-accepted reasoning prettily upside down. Most people saw high speed as the trouble with an airplane landing. Since the airplane will stall if slowed up too much, contact with the ground must be made in fast forward motion, and that makes for a violent impact, a long landing roll, worse chances of misjudgment, and in case of a mishap, a more vicious crack-up. Hence the conventional landing gear is designed to touch the ground after the pilot has achieved the utmost slowness of flight of which his ship is capable. Take, for instance, the familiar nose-high attitude of an airplane on the ground. It is the attitude of an airplane in very slow flight, just before it stalls. Take the "three-point" landing in which the tail wheel and the two main wheels touch the ground simultaneously: it is nothing but a gentle stall brought on while the ship floats a few inches above the runway. The accepted idea, in short, was that you can measure the fool-proofness of an airplane by its landing speed, or rather by its landing slowness. While an airliner's slowest possible landing is at 65 mph, which is considered too fast for the business man flyer to handle, present light planes land at 35, and this is considered the main reason why, in the past few years, all sorts of people have proved able to handle them. But if you really want to see the public take to flying—so the accepted reasoning went—wait till we get a ship that lands at 25.

Weick's diagnosis was different. In the first place, he reasoned, a slow-landing airplane is a slow-flying one and hence is not so useful. In the second

place, it is not really landing speed that troubles us. With modern tires, shock absorbers, and brakes in the landing gear and with a pair of American, highway-experienced eyes in the pilot's head, a mere 35 or 40 miles per hour on a spacious airport cannot really trouble a public that manages 80 on narrow highways. What makes landing difficult, he reasoned, is actually the *slowness* of the three-point landing; more precisely, the fine timing, feel, and eye required to perform a slow, three-point landing and not come to grief in the process.

For if the pilot misjudges and allows the ship to touch the ground before its wings are beginning to stall, the landing gear—by forcing him into that nose-high attitude—gives a new lift to his wings and back he goes into the air to stall 10 or 20 feet up and come down viciously; it looks like a bounce, but it is really an involuntary take-off followed by a stall. If the pilot misjudges and stalls the ship while it is still too high he gets a "dropped in" landing that jars his teeth; or even a "pancake" landing that flattens his landing gear and costs a pretty penny. And even that isn't all of the difficulty: if the pilot approaches the landing in too fast a glide he will float clear across the landing field before the ship is ready to settle to the ground; the ensuing landing roll will likely take him into the airport fence and break his propeller. And if he should try to stop it by putting on his wheel brakes too hard he will nose over and wreck his ship. If, on the other hand, he tries to swindle his way across the trees and telephone wires at the field's edge in too slow an approach-glide, he will sooner or later stall his ship, come down nose-first, and break his neck.

What the flying public really needs, Weick reasoned, is a landing gear that will allow the pilot to make contact *at any speed he chooses*, even at high speed when there is a lot of potential lift left in the wings (as pilots put it, you want to be able to "burn it on hot"); and that will allow him then to put on his brakes

hard and kill his speed *on the ground*. Glider pilots had developed the same idea independently. Gliders, with their big wings, can land very slowly—at 25 or even 20 miles per hour—yet glider pilots prefer to dive at the ground, flare out and skim on at high speed; some of them use more speed in the actual landing than they use for cruising around aloft. Airline pilots too have said good-bye to the three-point landing; with the strong inhibition that any experienced pilot has against stalling his ship, they just can't contemplate stalling their twelve-ton monsters down on to the runway, three-point fashion; they fly them down with plenty of speed and burn them on "hot," tail-high, fast. It is much more precise and much safer, but with the usual landing gear it requires extra skill. To make the same sort of landing possible for the less skilled private flyer you would have to take that ballooning bounce out of high speed ground-contact, and take the nose-over out of sharp braking.

Weick, turner upside-down of ideas, solved this problem by putting the usual landing gear hind-side to. Instead of setting his ship on two main wheels, forward, and a third wheel under the tail, he put it on two main wheels, set fairly far back, and put the third wheel under its chin. Instead of sitting on the ground in the familiar, haughty pose, such a "tricycle" geared ship assumes an attitude much like a Walt Disney dog sniffing a trail: the nose is close to the ground, and the whole ship is actually pointing slightly down. Thus ground contact slaps the ship down in front into a position in which, regardless of speed, its wings cannot lift it off again; and if the brakes are put on hard the ship will bear down hard on its nose wheel, but it cannot nose over.

Weick refined the arrangement by making the front wheel steerable and linking it up with the Ercoupe's steering wheel. Thus the ship can be driven on the ground as if it were a car, and the nerve-racking job of "taxiing" the conventional airplane is, like saddle-

sense, among the skills that are on their way out.

So also is the job of getting down out of the air. In the Ercoupe you simply steer down, flare out a bit, and "feel her on." It is, in the up and down sense, exactly the same sort of maneuver as pulling a car smoothly alongside the curb; it requires no more judgment. To the novice it will seem perfectly natural and common sense; but that's exactly what flying has never been. The approach glide and the landing—the way back home—have always required an especially crazy logic of their own. Now with a tricycle gear under you, if in approaching the field you realize you are too high, you simply steer down more steeply. This means you will pick up speed, and with the conventional landing gear that speed would make you overshoot your landing; but with a tri-

cycle gear you can touch at any speed. The wheels will hug the ground. All the delicate speed control of the conventional landing—forget about it! No more the nightmare of finding that you have come down with too much speed and are floating helplessly across the field while the trees at the far side come at you; just slam her down and pull the hand brake. You needn't even flare out for landings. If you don't know where the ground is—a frequent trouble with beginners and night landings—just let her glide until she hits. She will take it without stumbling, bouncing, bucking, ballooning. There is a slight bump, and just when the conventionally trained pilot thinks that surely now he will have his hands full of airplane gone crazy, the bump has softened into the steady rumble of wheels and he realizes he is merely driving an air-going automobile.





NERVES IN THE WAR

WHO CAN TAKE IT, WHO CANNOT, AND WHY

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

JOHN STRACHEY tells of an English woman who took refuge in a neighbor's air-raid shelter during a German bombing attack. Meanwhile a thunderstorm blew up, and suddenly there came a flash of lightning and an almost deafening crash. "That's not a bomb, that's the thunder," said one of the others, wishing to reassure the woman. But she quailed at the word. "Oh, is that *thunder*? I thought it was only a bomb," and she scurried to hide in a closet.

More than one interpretation might be placed on the psychology of this episode, but suppose we grant that a primitive fear may be more distressing than the emotion evoked by a modern blitz. Indeed, the "only a bomb" attitude is quite in sequence with the discovery that air raids, deadly, destructive, and nerve-racking as they are, are yet less so than the experts forecasted. Winston Churchill took a lot of the fear of Hitler out of the British people when he pointed out in the House of Commons that on a certain night the Luftwaffe had dropped 251 tons on London to kill 180 persons—an average yield of about three-quarters of a man to a ton of explosives.

Perhaps you remember a book published in 1933 under the title, *What Would Be the Character of a New War?* There were eighteen chapters, each written by an expert, including British, Danish, French, German, Greek, Japanese, Swedish, Swiss, and U. S. A. authorities;

and their predictions of things to come so harrowed the sensibilities of a *New Statesman* reviewer that he labeled the volume "the most terrible book which has ever been written." A recent check-up of its contents shows that the authors were fairly successful in anticipating the instrumentalities, methods, technics, and stratagems of the present war, but less successful in foreshadowing results. The detail in which the experts have been most discredited by current history is the behavior of civilian morale under aerial bombardment.

"This phase of the war (air raids) will produce the greatest panic and be characterized by the utmost barbarity," predicted Joerg Joergsen in his chapter, *The Effect of a Future War Upon the Spiritual and Mental Attitude of the Civilian Population and the Fighting Forces*. "All moral principles, all education and discipline, will be forgotten. The instinct of self-preservation will involuntarily oust all other emotions, and human existence will degenerate into wild chaos. Those with a high moral sense will have the opportunity in such circumstances to display an extraordinary amount of self-control, courage, and unselfishness. But apart from these finer spirits, a complete moral collapse is to be expected; for the majority of people are neither heroes nor saints, and it would be a serious mistake to judge the many by the few. It is unlikely that the average person could bear such a severe strain, but would fall a prey

to his instincts and be seized with the greatest panic."

The actual events tell a different story. Even in Warsaw, where the death toll was tragically high, panic did not come off as scheduled. Earlier, in Barcelona and in other cities of Loyalist Spain, common people had demonstrated that air raids did not destroy morale, but on the contrary intensified resistance. And then, with the all-out bombing of London and other British cities in the fall and winter of 1940-41, came the magnificent demonstration of how millions would stand a rain of fire and steel.

One of the best reports I have seen comes from Warren Weaver, who was in London on an American scientific mission in 1941 when the great raid of April 16th struck. After an unforgettable night, during which a land mine exploded nearby and blew in all the glass on the street side of his hotel, while bombs struck St. Paul's Cathedral, smashed Westminster Hospital and other famous buildings, converted Selfridge's store into a flaming inferno, and set hundreds of fires in every direction—in this wounded, blazing London Dr. Weaver wrote in a letter:

"As we came up from the shelter early in the morning, and met the chambermaid in the hall, she actually said only 'Good morning,' but it was such a 'Good morning' as I had never before had from a servant in England. It was eye-to-eye, and with a broad grin which said, plainer than words, 'Well, we went through a bloody awful night of it together, didn't we? But here we are, so thumbs up and carry on.' Soon our little waiter came in, with our rolls and coffee, cheerful as ever. It developed that from 12 to 3 in the morning he had been up on the roof 'spotting,' fully exposed to the whole direct terror of that flaming night. We later got out of him that his home had been bombed some months ago, that a shell splinter had gone through the only suits he owned, and that the roof had caved in and it rained steadily for the three days which intervened before the

authorities allowed him to reënter. But for all these things he had only a shrug and a smile. Such persons have, by conventional standards, little or no advantage of education or of other broadening experiences. Society has done little for them. Society has no special reason to expect them to have great resources of physical and spiritual courage. But such common men and women are truly and magnificently great, and there are millions of them in England to-day, carrying great burdens with a modest gallantry that must be recognized."

The British ability to withstand the psychological shock of total war is doubtless compounded of many factors, and cannot be explained by a simple formula. Very likely the homogeneous character of these people, their phlegmatic temperament, tradition of freedom, and ingrained spirit of sportsmanship, each contributes some underpinning to morale. The psychologist Edward Glover thinks that one of the healthiest traits is the tendency to exhibit "a kind of irreverent and almost irrelevant flippancy in the face of events which may seriously affect the fate of the country." As an example he publishes in his *Psychology of Fear and Courage* the remark made by a waitress who chanced to be standing near the loudspeaker when news came of the surrender of Belgium. The broadcaster announced that Hitler had given orders governing the movements of King Leopold, whereupon the waitress chirped, "Oh, the cheeky monkey!" Dr. Glover grants that the remark might carry a trace of outraged royalism, and admits that it did not suggest a realistic appreciation of the seriousness of Belgium's defection. "Yet, from the point of view of morale, it was a portent of victory," he argues. "Without any training in political history, knowing nothing of the philosophy of Nazism, she reacted to an absolutism she could not understand by putting it in its place. . . . It was an irrelevant remark, but it was sane. It was John Hampden in a teashop."

The blitz has driven the modern John



Hampden, his wife, children, and neighbors, into a new institution, the air-raid shelter. Many authorities believe that shelter life, with the herding together of individuals confronted by a common danger, and with the social leveling which the sharing of hardships imposes, has played an important part in reducing the incidence of nervous breakdowns. Instead of waiting passively for infrequent news from the distant battlefield, as was his lot in 1914-1918, the civilian of the 1940's finds the battlefield in his home town; indeed, it may be in his own house, wherever the indiscriminate bomb chances to strike. Instead of inactivity, there is the action of common defense against the aggressor, the action of "spotting," of putting out fires, of rescuing the bombed, of salvaging the wreckage, of renewing precautions against the next attack. Even the opportunity for dramatization afforded by narrow escapes, the witnessing of aerial dogfights and other spectacular events, contributes to the release of anxiety through its natural outlet—action.

Early in the war a hospital was built to care for psychoneurotic cases in the Royal Air Force. After a few months the building was released for other uses because the RAF men who developed nervous disorders were so few that they could be cared for in existing hospitals.

One reason for the low percentage of RAF neurotics is the careful selection of personnel. But other factors also are at work, says Dr. Robert D. Gillespie, chief psychiatrist of the RAF, and he mentions particularly the professional attitude which this highly specialized service engenders in the airmen. It is found not only in pilots, gunners, and other flyers, but also in the ground force, with each man taking professional pride in the technic of his job. The same is true of other technological services: radio-locators, the tank corps, machine-gun units, anti-aircraft, and other specialized arms. Each requires expert operatives, therefore attaches importance to the individual. Even in the infantry the soldier

"tends to be more and more a technician and less a foot flogger," says Dr. Gillespie—and the result is heightened morale and a lowered ratio of neuroses.

II

But a lowered ratio does not mean absence of neuroses. Although millions of British civilians have endured repeated raids without receiving a scratch, and have carried on day after day without nervous collapse, a few tens of thousands have been killed, many more wounded, and still others are psychiatric casualties.

Some psychiatric casualties occurred in the first few weeks of the war, before any German bombers appeared. The sight of familiar buildings rendered ominous by their sandbag fortifications, the noisy hubbub in the railway stations combined with the tearful partings as children were being evacuated to the country, the apprehensive notes of the sirens in their early tryouts, the gloom of the blackouts—these were enough to shatter some nerves. An account of cases of nervous collapse which were picked up and brought to a London hospital was reported to the *British Medical Journal* of October 14, 1939, by Dr. George Pegge. Perhaps these early London cases may be likened to our American casualties of the Orson Welles radio "Invasion from Mars," though it would seem that the Londoners had a more rational basis for alarm.

In October, 1940, Dr. Pegge reported another group brought to the same hospital. This time it was not mere anticipation of attack that broke morale, but emotions precipitated by actual bombing. Some of these persons had indeed been rescued from smashed buildings. Most were suffering from various degrees of derangement of sensibility, ranging from complete unconsciousness or stupor to a mild daze. Some were in a state of amnesia. Many wept uncontrollably, both men and women.

Still another kind of response is reported by Tom Harrison, assigned to

visit victims and report the after-effect of heavy air raids. In towns and villages in widely separated areas, from Plymouth to Liverpool, from Coventry to Clydeside, Mr. Harrison and his investigators saw persons who, after a heavy bombardment, had left home next morning, found a billet with friends, relatives, or strangers, and then caved in. Some took to bed and stayed there for weeks. They rarely showed tremor, hysteria, or other familiar symptoms of nervous disease, but simply retreated into sleep.

Mr. Harrison cites his findings as suggestive that there are more psychiatric casualties than have been recognized: "I think it is conceivably misleading, even dangerous, when medical people look around the cities and in shelters, rest centers, and casualty wards, do not find the expected symptoms, and therefore go on to say that there is little nervous effect. The material conditions for potential neuroses in blitzed towns differ in many respects from any previous conditions. New types of reaction may be expected, and I believe are occurring; in particular, states of intense depression and retreat, without manifest physical symptoms."

Some of these retreat-into-sleep cases were children, and other reports too have referred to the psychiatric effect of bombing on children. "The child who has been exposed to one or more air raids is in a class by itself," says Dr. W. E. R. Mons, reporting observations on boys and girls evacuated *after* bombardment. "Previously good and intelligent children become suddenly obstreperous, destructive, mischievous, lazy, truant from school, and, in short, unmanageable in the billets to which they have been evacuated." In some cases the teacher in the school to which the evacuated boy has been transferred finds it difficult to believe that he is mentally normal, despite a previous record of high scholarship. Boys who had been bombed in London, Bristol, and Plymouth were subjected to the Rorschach "inkspot" test by Dr.

Mons, and he found that 65 per cent of them gave a neurotic response, to compare with less than 19 per cent in boys who had never been in a blitz.

In the British Army, as in civilian life, some psychiatric casualties showed up even before there was any contact with the enemy—just as in 1917 at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, typical cases of "shell shock" were observed among men who had never seen or heard artillery fire.

Last year Dr. John D. Sutherland, of the British Emergency Hospital Service, thought it would be enlightening to pick at random 100 of the most severe instances of nervous illness in a military hospital and examine the history of the men. He took only soldiers whose breakdown had occurred during or after exposure to battle. The men were obsessed with anxieties, they were jumpy, unable to sleep, troubled with terrifying dreams, profoundly depressed in some instances, a few had suicidal tendencies, some were hysterical. The doctor was surprised to find that only 12 were conscripts; but when he examined the remaining 88 it turned out that nearly half of them had joined for less than patriotic reasons. Some had volunteered in order to escape an unhappy situation at home, some to avoid conscription, some because the army pay was more than their unemployment allowance, and one to avoid arrest. Examination of the entire group showed that 80 had had previous traits indicating emotional instability, that the illness of 36 was merely an aggravation of previous psychoneuroses, and in 33 it was associated with a definite predisposition to nervous disorder. As a result of this study, 72 were discharged because of their aptness to further breakdown, 9 were returned to full duty, and 19 were transferred to a lower grade of service. Clearly, most of these men should never have been accepted for combat service.

But even hardy spirits will crack if the strain is severe enough. The evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk provided such a situation—and

its psychiatric casualties, as described by Drs. William Sargant and Eliot Slater in *The Lancet*, were "men of reasonably sound personality" who "had shown a satisfactory adaptation to army life." The accumulation which broke them was both physical and mental, including continuous bodily danger, incessant exertion, loss of sleep, lack of food, recurrent bombardment, the sight of comrades being killed, the necessity of continual withdrawal—this last-mentioned factor producing "a sense of frustration that contributed to the disastrous effect on the mind."

When they reached the mental hospital these men were suffering from physical exhaustion, and a first treatment was rest, continuous sleep for days, full diets, and ample fluids to replenish their water-starved tissues. But supremely they were suffering from acute neuroses. Most were victims of amnesia, "a blankness of recollection between a certain point after the beginning of active hostilities and a point on the journey to the hospital." The first step in psychotherapy is to abolish the amnesia, for the longer it persists, the more hardened becomes the neurotic pattern—and yet, the very fact of amnesia is evidence of an experience that the individual wishes to forget. By the use of sedatives, hypnosis in some instances, and tactful questioning, the blanks were gradually filled in.

One man finally remembered the day that had dropped out of his memory—it was the time he had found his brother severely wounded and taken him into a field and fired a shot to put him out of his misery.

Another amnesic patient was a seaman whose ship had been torpedoed. Under hypnosis he remembered that he had found himself in the sea by the side of his intimate friend, the second engineer, who subsequently was swept away and drowned. The patient was filled with remorse, feeling that he might have done more to save his chum.

These symptoms represent extreme

manifestations of what are called the neuroses of war, although psychiatric records show that precisely the same sort of mental upsets occur in civilian life whenever the individual is subjected to an emotional strain greater than he can bear. Indeed, all the neuroses that occur under wartime conditions—from the most acute cases of hysteria and the most stubborn amnesia to every form of psychosomatic disease and obsession—are paralleled in peacetime. One observer, noting a rising trend in the incidence of hyperthyroid disease, recalls that in the early years of the economic depression there was a similar increase. Peptic ulcer, whose onset is so often related to some experience or fear of loss, failure, or other frustration that it can almost be called "anxious stomach," has afflicted a noticeable proportion of Canadian and British soldiers.

Publication of casualty statistics in full must await the conclusion of the war, but here and there a few figures have been made public. For example, it is reported that of the Canadians invalided home from the 1940 fighting in the Low Countries, 30 per cent were suffering from nervous disorders. This seems a high percentage, but bear in mind that the fighting in the Low Countries was an occupation of great violence, extreme peril, and almost continuous retreat, whose climax was Dunkirk. It is difficult to imagine combat conditions involving greater strain, and yet in the First World War there were occasions when neuroses made up 40 per cent of the BEF casualties evacuated home. If 40 per cent was the maximum then, and 30 per cent is the maximum now, it is clear that something has been gained—though in the present fragmentary state of available statistics any quantitative estimate is a guess.

III

In the First World War draft 2,754,922 men were examined by local draft boards in the United States, and nearly 2 per cent were rejected because of nervous

and mental disorders. But some of those whom the neuropsychiatric officers turned down as unsuitable were nevertheless accepted by the draft boards, and the records show that 3 per cent of the total number accepted were eventually discharged from the Army because of nervous and mental disabilities.

Some of the American draft boards in 1917-1918, says Dr. Martin Cooley, "swept all the ne'er-do-wells and community butts into the armed forces, defending their action on the ground that the Army would 'make men of them'." Even epilepsy, locomotor ataxia, general paresis, and imbecility were no bar in some instances, and 3,035 men suffering from these and other gross mental disorders were actually sent to France. The situation became so acute in July, 1918, that General Pershing cabled the War Department:

PREVALENCE OF MENTAL DISORDERS IN REPLACEMENT TROOPS RECENTLY RECEIVED SUGGESTS IMPORTANCE OF INTENSIVE EFFORTS IN ELIMINATING MENTALLY UNFIT FROM ORGANIZATION OF NEW DRAFT PRIOR TO DEPARTURE FROM UNITED STATES.

But the psychiatric record of the United States Army in the First World War was better than that of either the British or Canadian forces. Of the total British casualties, 34 out of every 1,000 were nervous and mental; of the Canadian, the rate was 24; and of the American, 9½. It is true that our allies had four years of fighting, and therefore were subjected to a more prolonged strain, but it is also true that the United States was the only one of these armies that made an effort to apply psychiatric testing. It has been estimated that but for the psychiatric selecting-out process, 40,000 additional cases of war neuroses would have occurred in the AEF.

The 1917-1918 technics provided too coarse a screen, however, and were too loosely administered, to satisfy present standards. "Military life requires that the soldier shall be able to live comfortably in continued close contact with a variegated group of other men," says

Military Circular No. 1 of the Selective Service System. "He cannot depend on any self-evolved protective mechanism that sets him apart from his fellows. Military and naval experience is in favor of excluding from the armed forces all persons discovered to have mental or personality handicap of any material degree."

This first medical pronouncement of the new draft was issued in November, 1940. It was addressed to State directors, chairmen of local draft boards, examining physicians, and members of medical advisory boards. Included with it was a "Minimum Psychiatric Inspection" syllabus prepared for the guidance of the examining physician by Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan of the William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation. On the basis of this guide the examiner is authorized to reject any man deemed to be mentally or emotionally unfit or, in case of doubt as to the status of the registrant, to refer him for further examination to the psychiatrist of the medical advisory board.

Since this beginning was made, a year and a half ago, there have been certain modifications of procedure, and some controversies between draft board examiners and Army induction board examiners as to the relative merits of their results. Seminars on military psychiatry, and other educational conferences on the subject, have been held in several cities; and the pages of *War Medicine*, the new wartime publication of the American Medical Association, fairly bulge with papers on the importance, value, and necessity of psychiatric examination of recruits for the U. S. armed forces. There have been differences of opinion between psychiatrists and other medical men, and between these and the military authorities, as to the extent of psychiatric examination advisable; and Dr. Sullivan, who was appointed consultant on psychiatry to the director of the Selective Service System early in 1941, resigned at the end of the year.

Various scientific agencies have con-

tributed of their resources. The National Research Council has been active in exploring some of the problems involved. The Josiah Macy Jr. Foundation has fostered several studies and provided the money to support them. Certain financial assistance has been rendered by the Carnegie Corporation and the Rockefeller Foundation. In universities, medical schools, and hospitals, here and there, individual psychiatrists, neurologists, and psychologists have pursued investigations, some with funds provided by the government. Most of these projects are still in the experimental and confidential stage, though in some instances the preliminary studies have been completed and the results are now in the hands of the Army for use or not as the authorities decide.

As an example of what is being done, mention can be made of a project of the National Research Council. The problem was to contrive a testing device for screening the hidden misfits out of a group of raw recruits. It had to be a simple procedure which would not require the personal attention of a psychiatrist—for there are only about two thousand of these experts in the United States, and there are more than twice that number of draft boards, to say nothing of the Army induction boards. The job was assigned to a subcommittee under the direction of Dr. Carney Landis.

The first task was to fix on the personality types to be detected. There are several different forms of "military ineptitude," the term used by the Army regulations to characterize the chronic behavior defects, including feeble-mindedness, alcoholism, psychoses, and the like, which are the most frequent causes for discharge. But usually these gross defects are easily recognizable. Less obvious and more difficult to spot at recruitment are two other groups of the militarily inept. One is known in army lingo as "troublemakers," the other as "neurotics," and they are serious disturbers of military discipline and morale.

The troublemakers, one might think,

are the loud, rowdy, gregarious fellows who stir up a rumpus. But the psychiatrists say, "No." As a matter of fact the gregarious hell-raiser usually makes a good soldier, though he may spend some time in the guard house. The troublemaker who gives the Army its greater worry is a lone wolf. He tends to remain aloof from the other men, and when he does mix it is usually for the purpose of poisoning their minds against authority. He tells them how dumb they are to take all the gaff that they put up with. He is usually careless about appearance, slovenly in work, is avoided by the men of stronger character, and constitutes a fester spot among the weaker men.

The neurotics are cry-babies, the emotionally unstable fellows who can't take it. When such a man is assigned to strenuous work, such as digging, he is apt to complain of back strain. Switched to a less laborious assignment, he seems fairly well adjusted, but after a while begins to complain of dizziness and heart complications during drill. After that his life is a zigzag between hospital and duty, until the officers in despair report him for discharge. He is of no use to the company, and since the hospital repeatedly reports that there is nothing wrong with him physically, the other men resent the malingering.

The task of Dr. Landis and his associates was to develop a simple means of identifying these neurotics and troublemakers in advance, not merely the obvious cases, but also those in whom the traits are latent or at least not conspicuously expressed.

The use of aptitude tests to place the right man in the right job has been a standard psychological method in industry for many years. It seemed reasonable to apply this technic to the present problem: devise a test which would select and identify those with the aptitude of the troublemaker, those with the aptitude of the neurotic.

This was done, and the result is a series of paper-and-pencil exercises which have given a good account of themselves

in preliminary trials. Tested on several groups of many hundreds of young men, they have been able to pick out trouble-makers and neurotics nine times out of ten. The device is simple, requires about forty minutes to carry through, and its results can be scored rapidly by automatic machines.

This is but one of several procedures developed by various agencies in the interests of improved military personnel. Inasmuch as the value of a psychological sorting device depends on the fact that its subject has no idea of what constitutes the best answers, these tests go under many names and their contents remain a military secret.

It is important that potential trouble-makers and neurotics be kept out of the fighting forces, first because of the harmful effect that they have on military morale, and second because of the waste of money spent on their transportation, training, and maintenance, not to mention the disability allowances which often continue through life. It has cost the United States an average of \$30,000 to care for each psychoneurotic case of the First World War, from breakdown to cure or death; and the total expenditures on their behalf now aggregate \$1,000,000,000.

Many of these unstable personalities manage to get along in civilian life without becoming serious burdens. The schizoid types, for example, often learn to avoid open rupture with their social environment, as Lieut. Col. William C. Porter of the Army Medical Corps explains in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*. "They have mental conflicts, but by means of one escape mechanism or another, by means of one familiar prop or another, they do not become overt social misfits and do not become intolerable."

When persons of this mental pattern are inducted into the Army they are lost. "They cannot accept the regimentation, the subordination, the loss of self-prestige, the increased responsibility, the physical stress and the mental habits of training

and of modern warfare, without so much mental conflict as to result in breakdown. In justice to the individual, who might continue in civil life without prolonged overt mental disorder, and to society, whose duty it is to segregate him and treat him when he shall have broken down, and to the civilian national defense activities in which he might be engaged with some degree of efficiency, the mentally disqualified should be excluded from military service," says Lieut. Col. Porter.

Neuropsychiatric examinations were introduced in the Army Air Corps several years ago and have reduced the incidence of acute neuroses very considerably. Prior to 1925 the graduate flyers grounded because of nervous disorders averaged 80 per cent; by 1939 they were only 5 per cent.

Dr. Abram Kardiner recently published a book, *The Traumatic Neuroses of War*, reflecting several years' observations in one of the hospitals of the Veterans' Administration. During this period he saw 1,000 patients suffering from nervous disturbances growing out of their service in the First World War, and 700 had "traumatic neuroses," a modern term for what was known twenty-five years ago as shell shock. Dr. Kardiner's observations lead him to suggest that there are three kinds of people who appear to be likely candidates for traumatic neuroses: those who stammer, those who have an habitual twitch or some other tic, and those who have at some time in their life had convulsions. In addition, as less pronounced but possible susceptibles, "there are the persons who are 'fainty'; those who cannot stand the sight of blood; those who have no tolerance for physical pain; those who have a low cardiac reserve; and those with certain chronic forms of disturbance of the involuntary nervous system, such as gastric ulcer and mucous colitis." He admits, however, that these criteria are only tentative. "I have often observed the most severe types of traumatic neuroses in soldiers with none of the afore-

mentioned stigmas, soldiers who had great powers of endurance and who distinguished themselves in service as the bravest of men."

Testing devices have more uses than the negative one of sifting out the psychologically unfit. They are also being employed to discover the man best suited for a job. All these activities, the preparation of the classification tests to be used in the development of the new army, are centered in the Adjutant General's Office, in its Section of Personnel Research under the direction of Dr. Walter V. Bingham, a psychologist.

And not only in the armed forces, but also in the various federal agencies that are collaborating with and serving the Army and Navy, one finds psychologists at work. Perhaps there are as many as 500 now in the U. S. service. Their activities range the full field of their science. Many are working on problems of sensory psychology, problems that have become acute with the development of new weapons and new instruments. One group is working on proper tests for night vision, another on problems of audition. Others are centering attention on the psychology of learning, seeking to devise the best methods of imparting skill and knowledge rapidly. Still other psychologists are concerned with problems of morale, how to measure it, how to extend it, how to fortify it.

IV

Our present world preoccupation has been called "the war of nerves," a term which underlines the enormous significance of the problems just reviewed. But all wars are wars of nerves. What is new about the present clash of nerves, as Dr. W. R. Bion has suggested, "is that its existence has been recognized under an almost medical title." It is psychotherapy in reverse. The combatant's object is "to exploit unconscious fantasies, both in the enemy and in himself, in such a way that the enemy is discomfited and he is benefited."

This principle was being used back in Roman days, as Tacitus relates of a first-century campaign: "The Germans abound with rude strains of verse, the reciters of which, in the language of the country, are called bards. With this barbarous poetry they inflame their minds with ardor in the day of action, and prognosticate the event from the impressions which it happens to make on the minds of the soldiers, who grow terrible to the enemy, or despair of success, as the war song produces an animated or a feeble sound. Nor can their manner of chanting this savage prelude be called the tone of human organs; it is rather a furious uproar, a wild chorus of military virtue."

Acoustic effects play a prominent part in the current German warfare. Witness the shrieking Stukas, the bombs equipped with sirens which scream, and the appalling noise of protracted bombardment, a new kind of high-explosive technic which has supplanted the artillery drumfire of 1914-18. According to German military information compiled by the American Committee on National Morale and published in its remarkable book, *German Psychological Warfare*, a primary aim of mass bombardment is the rapid disintegration of enemy morale.

Added to the acoustic terrors are other feeders of fear, such as the dropping of flares from great heights, lighting up the darkness with mysterious lights, and even the exploitation of the clouds. For it is authoritatively reported, says *German Psychological Warfare*, that during the 1940 fighting on the Western front the Germans used "magic lanterns" to project mirages on the face of drifting clouds during moonlit nights, while secret agents behind the lines spread propaganda carrying a strongly superstitious appeal.

It is these tactics, applications of what Edmund Taylor has rightly called "the strategy of terror," that make psychology and psychiatry so vital to our American defense and to that concert of military, naval, and civilian effort which is the shortest road to victory.



WHERE TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE

BY MAJOR MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

WE ARE losing the war. Wars are won by winning battles, and battles are won by common-sense energy which gets there first with the most men—and weapon power. Getting there first means taking the offensive. This is the system by which all wars have been won. This is the system by which the Axis is thus far winning the war.

Battles are lost by continued failure to meet the unexpected, by failing to have enough men and enough weapon power at the right place at the right time. This is a fault inherent in the defensive. It is the method by which all wars have been lost. It is the method by which the United Nations, so far, are losing this war.

The peoples of the United Nations are being assured that great surprises for the enemy are in the making; that the recent disasters have been due to lack of weapons; and that victory will arrive when sufficient production of the necessary numbers of armed men and weapons is achieved.

But disasters are cumulative. Each air base, each bridgehead, each fresh access to raw materials increases the strength of the aggressor by geometrical progression, until the small stream, fed by increasingly larger tributaries, becomes a raging torrent sweeping all before it.

Each successive disaster, each Norway, Greece, Crete, Pearl Harbor, Philippines, Singapore, and Java is a longer plunge, with increased momentum, down the slippery path toward final defeat.

Axis military leaders have shown by

their every action that they move in accordance with the simple strategical principles of war. The United Nations have violated every one of them in turn. The most flagrant example is the consistent and continuing violation of the greatest of them all—the principle of the offensive.

The people of the United Nations are clamoring for the offensive. How, when, and where shall this offensive take place? The decision must be made in accordance with three other principles of war—the principles of the main objective, of concentration, and of the economy of force.

Proper use of those principles would end the present confusing concept of a scattered and unrelated global war, and make proper and orderly division of it into its component parts. It would take those parts in turn and determine which is the major and which are the minor. It would allot to those minor parts only as much force as is adequate to hold or contain them, while the main force would be concentrated upon the major part.

Specifically, it would immediately divide the "global" war into two sectors, the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Which of these is to be the immediate offensive sector and which is to be the containing sector must be determined by the answers to two questions:

1. Which sector is most immediately dangerous, *i.e.*, in which sector is the enemy making most progress against least opposition?

The answer is obviously the Pacific sector.

2. Which sector, once conquered, is the best springboard to the final offensive which shall end the war?

This answer is also the Pacific sector. A short analysis will show why.

(a) The enemy is already being contained and his strength dissipated by sufficient force in the Atlantic sector. The Russian army, the British naval and air power, the British army in reserve in the British Isles, and British forces in the Near East are doing the containing in the Atlantic sector.

(b) American power will first reach full fruition in airplanes and tanks. Both of these need land bases from which to operate. There being no bridge-heads on the Atlantic and Mediterranean sides of the continent of Europe, their full use in Europe can come only after combined sea and air attack against land-based fortifications and planes—a tough and costly method, of doubtful success against an enemy which possesses, as Germany does, both strength of force and strength of central situation on interior lines.

(c) The United Nations not only suffer from shortage of shipping, but their fighter planes and tanks would be useless in early direct attack against Germany, even could they be shipped in sufficient numbers in time. Fighter planes and tanks crated aboard ships are not going to defeat Germany on German soil.

(d) The only place where Germany can be attacked from land bases to-day is from the soil of Soviet Russia and Poland.

(e) The most effective place to use our strength in fighter planes and tanks is on the Russian-Polish-Bessarabian-Caucasian front.

(f) The quickest and most effective way of getting them on those fronts is via the Pacific and then overland via the Trans-Siberian Railway.

(g) The greatest reservoirs of man power in the world, the fighting men of Australasia, including India and China,

can be released and used in the final offensive in Europe by freeing Asia and the Pacific and Indian Oceans from Japanese aggression.

(h) The danger of Russia being attacked on two fronts can be obviated through the offensive in the Pacific.

(i) The menace of the most dangerous element of Axis naval strength—the Japanese navy—can be eliminated only in the Pacific.

(j) America could most effectively combine security with the offensive by protecting her own territory against the most immediately dangerous aggressor, through converting defense into attack in the Pacific.

(k) The most readily available and usable source of oil (of which the Axis has great need) can be stopped by a successful offensive in the Pacific, followed by the hurling of the forces thus released into aggressive action in the Near East.

(l) A final offensive, with forces thus released, through Russia, on the northern prong, and the Near East, on the southern prong, would release the greatest number of now enslaved allies—Greeks, Yugoslavs, Czechoslovaks, and Russians.

Consideration of the foregoing factors, among others, should point to the inevitable selection of the Pacific sector as the immediate area for all-out attack: the concentration of every plane, ship, gun, and tank in that area, and the sending to the Atlantic of the bare amount adequate to hold the enemy until the Pacific is cleared, and the final *coup de grâce* can be administered with all the force of the United Nations in the Atlantic area.

Meanwhile we must leave adequate force in the Atlantic sector to contain or hold the enemy in that area until we can reach him in full force.

II

The question of what constitutes adequate force in the Atlantic sector can be answered by facing the facts as they

exist at the moment and are likely to exist until a hypothetical 1943.

The fact is that the Atlantic sector as a whole is actually a containing sector right now. Without any reflection on the obviously splendid fighting qualities of British air, naval, and military forces, they are being held on the static defensive in England, in Libya, and in the Near East. The Russian counter-attack does not alter the general situation as applied to the entire sector.

The minimum of force adequate to hold the Atlantic area can be determined by weighing three factors: one, the amount of United Nations strength already in that sector; two, the amount of enemy strength offsetting it; and, three, the number and relative strategic advantage of the areas which it is necessary to hold.

In the first two categories we have the British fleet, superior in weight to the Axis fleets; the British and Russian air power, now numerically superior to the Axis air power; and the British and Russian armies, numerically superior to the Axis armies.

In the third category, the primary strategic areas in the Atlantic sector which must be held are (1) the British Isles; (2) the Russian line Leningrad-Moscow-Caucasus; and (3) the Near East. Subsidiary to these are the Atlantic sea lanes; Africa; and the eastern coast lines of North and South America.

The British Isles are now adequately held, judging by the fact that they have already, when much weaker, survived attack by a foe relatively stronger then than now. The Russian line has not only held against superior weight but has advanced into enemy-held territory, though there is danger that it might eventually give way under powerful mechanized attacks released under more favorable weather conditions. The British could obviate this by the establishment of a second front on the Continent by using the Dunkirk umbrella of air power in reverse, possibly in Norway; plus a determined acceleration of Com-

mando raids and heavily intensified bombing operations. With such aid, in addition to British and American supplies, the Russians should be able to hold their own until the time for all-out, combined United Nations attack.

The Near East is at present the most vulnerable and most important part of the holding area, and the area most in need of reinforcement in order to maintain it as part of the holding area.

This vital spot, if taken over by the Axis, would involve the loss of the Suez; provide the Axis with oil; cut the United Nations supply line through the Persian Gulf to Russia; endanger the United Nations shipping lane around Africa and the Indian Ocean; and permit the Axis forces in Europe to combine with the Japanese forces pushing through from the Pacific. Loss of the Near East would divide the United Nations and unite the Axis.

Retention of the Near East by the United Nations would give them a future base for uniting American, British, Free French, and Russian strength for the final attack on Germany (up the historical invasion route, the Achilles heel of the Axis, through Salonika, the Vardar Valley, and the Hungarian plain to the South-German Basin, freeing and uniting Greek, Yugoslav, Czech, and Polish strength en route; outflanking Italy; and separating the Nazis from their Rumanian oil).

In the meantime retention of the Near East would outflank Vichy-held French North Africa, which might otherwise be used as a springboard of attack against the Americas. If Axis forces were menacing in the Indian Ocean—as by a Japanese seizure of Madagascar—retention of the Near East could aid in shortening the sea route by enabling men and supplies to be sent across Africa to Egypt.

Sufficient American strength—including American M-4 tanks—should be sent to the Near East thoroughly to accomplish the task of holding it. The Nazi and Japanese forces must not be per-

mitted to combine in this area, where it is logical for them to unite. To send more aid than is necessary to accomplish this would be to disperse the strength of the United Nations and to violate the principle of the economy of force.

With immediate aid to England cut to the essential minimum, American naval vessels would be relieved of much of their heavy burden in the Atlantic. With the exception of a reduced convoy force, and naval protection for the coastal shipping now being raided by U-boats (raids that could be lessened in effect by quickly adopting the convoy system in American coastal waters), the main strength of the American Atlantic fleet could be concentrated in the Pacific. That American Atlantic coast cities might be shelled by sporadic raiders or U-boats is possible. But that Nazi naval might is not great enough to risk a major attack on the coast of the United States, its Caribbean possessions and bases, or the eastern entrance to the Panama Canal is obvious.

Our responsibility for defense of the Southern Hemisphere should be shared by the Latin-American nations, who between them possess 5 excellent battle-ships of heavy tonnage, 3 modern cruisers, 24 destroyers, 14 submarines, and large numbers of gunboats and patrol craft.

Against air raids from the European or African shores there is no possibility of adequate home defense in the vast areas of the Americas. The only defense possible is air offense, aimed at the enemy airfields and aircraft-supply centers. For this purpose our bases in the Atlantic are inadequate. With the exception of Iceland and Northern Ireland, our present bases in the Atlantic and the Caribbean are predicated on naval rather than on air strategy. Adequate defense for both Americas against raids from Europe or Africa cannot be had until we establish offensive bomber bases on the Azores, Madeira, and the Cape Verde Islands in addition to the West African coast.

The scattering of Lease-Lend materials to all parts of the globe, including South America, should be checked. With the exceptions above noted, supplies should be sent only to the immediately vital area in the Far East.

III

Every plane, man, ship, gun, and tank possible should be concentrated in the Pacific area immediately.

Alaska, which General Mitchell called "the Achilles heel of American defense," is also the most potent offensive dagger that we possess, aimed at the heart of Japan. Its weaknesses are that it is the nearest North American territory to possible Japanese attack; that it has no land communications and would be difficult to reinforce, once attacked; and that if lost to the enemy it would be as difficult as Norway to retake.

From the Japanese point of view it is a highly valuable prize both intrinsically (because of its riches of minerals and of its fisheries) and strategically; its menace to Japanese security as a springboard for American attack would warrant its capture if there were no other reason. In addition, in Japanese hands it would checkmate Vladivostok, outflank Hawaii, and insure Japanese domination of the north as well as the south Pacific. It would separate America from its Soviet ally. Initial air bases established on Alaska could be extended far south into Canada where there are plentiful oil supplies and high-octane gas manufacturing facilities. Bases once established in the trackless wastes of northern Canada would be difficult to discover and destroy. From these bases bombers could operate against our West Coast cities, our Midwest industrial areas, and even to New York and Boston. Alaska is the ideal point on the American continent for the basing of a knockout blow to the United States. It is highly probable that Japan will endeavor to seize it even before attacking Soviet Russia in Siberia.

From the point of view of American strategy, the south Pacific area and the central area are the logical holding sectors. The main attack should be developed from the northern flank.

Sufficient strength, and no more, to contain the Japanese in the holding area should be supplemented by harassing attacks from China, from Australia, and from Hawaii on the Japanese southern and central flanks.

Intensified submarine warfare to wear down the Japanese fleet should be carried on relentlessly. Air bases should be established on Chinese territory within bombing range of Tokyo and Yokohama.

A secret agreement should be made with the Soviet, to secure to our forces the use of air and naval bases in Siberia; to push through, by mass Russian labor methods, good roads from the Siberia side to Bering Sea opposite Alaska; and to strengthen communications so that we may send personnel and material via the northern route to the Asiatic mainland.

On the North American side not a day should be wasted in driving through the land route to Alaska. Both as a defensive and as an offensive measure it is absolutely vital to winning the war. Instead of taking a year or more to build this road in standard routine manner, we should send hundreds of thousands of laborers, headed by strong Army engineer troop forces, to work simultaneously from both ends and in the middle sectors. Every unit of road-building machinery in the United States and Canada should be mobilized, a quarter of a million men from the Army should be utilized if need be, driving through and making their own road as they move northward. The work would be an engineering project worthy of the genius of America.

In the meantime the measures already taken to reinforce the Alaskan flank should be increased and multiplied so that we shall not wake up some fine morning with the doleful words "Too little and too late" ringing the prelude to our doom.

The Japanese are wise enough to know that their most dangerous foe is not Britain, on the defensive in Europe; not land-bound China; not Soviet Russia, engaged on the Western front; but the United States of America, whose industrial and raw materials resources are being converted into the greatest flood of weapons the world has ever seen. We have a two-ocean Navy coming off the ways. Our man power is being trained for battle. It would be sound strategy for Japan to contain the other nations ranged against her and, as soon as she has secured her right flank in the south Pacific, to concentrate every man, ship, and plane for a knockout blow against America in the north Pacific. We must beat her to the punch. If we do this we shall have made a vast stride forward in winning the war. If she beats us to the punch; we may lose the war. The crucial area is Alaska and the north Pacific.

Concentration of men, planes, guns, and tanks moving by sea and land to Alaska and thence to Asia across the narrow waters of Bering Sea is part of the answer. Constant bombing of Japanese production centers and communication lines from bases in Kamchatka, northern Sakhalin, and Vladivostok is another part of the answer. Arming and leading the excellent Chinese soldiers against Japan is a third part. Steady and remorseless submarine attack against Japanese naval forces and sea lines of communication is a fourth part. Eventual knockout of the Japanese battle fleet is a fifth part. Eventual land attack at Japan through Siberia, Manchuria, and Korea is the final part.

With the vast forces then mobilized in the Far East, sent westward to the Near East via the Indian Ocean and the Trans-Siberian Railway, and with the gradually resuming supply lines to Europe functioning at full power across the Atlantic, all-out attack against Germany could start simultaneously from Russia, Poland, the Caucasus, Greece, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the Channel, and the North Sea. . . . The war could be won.



THE SEARCH

BY CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

HERE where the frosty river-metal wove
Mirrors to fall light and witch hazel wands
Sprayed yellow downward to the brown fern fronds,
We listened to discern how the truth moves.

Poland descended to its hell.

Here where the winter-tippets of aloof
Boughs married spring red in the swift reply
Of river's roiled and troubling turbulence high,
We looked to find the truer shapes of love.

Denmark and Norway fell.

Here where allegro of false hellebore
Made a cool music on a ruddy swamp
And willows' pussers cracked to yellowy damp,
We sought to fix sweet habits that youth wore.

The Lowlands overrun.

Here where God-pointing arum lifted blue
Fingers and love-white the azalea bloom
Swept lust about the river-chambered rooms,
We conned the memories of things known and true.

And beaten France was done.

Here where the shadow-trout was magnified
By opulent lenses of the ripple flow
And cress was greener than May's afterglow,
We touched the earth for every goodness died.

Greece went to slavery.

Now when the fish-hawk plunges like a scream
His sword-flight for the ravening young who cling
To wind-touched heights longing for deadly wings,
We seek the courage of all earlier dreams.

We are still free.



THE STRANGE STORY OF THE REUTHER PLAN

BY GEORGE R. CLARK

LAST January, after Pearl Harbor had forced the tardy decision to convert the whole of the great automobile industry to war production, Detroit engaged in a murderous battle of propaganda. The CIO's United Automobile Workers Union, young and vital and far quicker off the mark than automobile management, at once jockeyed for the inside rail by claiming special foresight for its membership. It had something to go on here. For in December of 1940, which was even before the Lend-Lease bill was passed, a UAW leader, the smart, dancing-eyed Walter Reuther, had offered his famous plan for the conversion to war purposes of idle Detroit machines and know-how. As the Japanese were bombing Manila the CIO promptly magnified this plan into an "I-told-you-so" claim that labor had been for all-out war use of the automotive factories a full year before the rest of the country.

The answer of management was not very smart. For instead of admitting that Reuther had something, even though the original plan referred only to *idle* capacity, it tried to outshout the CIO's publicity bureau. A stream of columnists and commentators were invited to Detroit, where they could see that the automobile industry was burning up the factory floors in an effort to make up for lost time. The fact that war conversion was under way in January and February may have proved a good deal about the post-Pearl Harbor intentions of the in-

dustry. But it wasn't an answer to Reuther. And it did not correct the popular misconception that Reuther had anticipated Donald Nelson by a full year in urging that the automobile assembly lines be ripped up and tank and plane lines substituted for them as quickly as old machines could be converted or re-tooled.

So far as the automobile men were concerned, truth would have been the best propaganda. And the truth would have stressed the fact that no one foresaw Pearl Harbor. The Army and Navy were certainly wearing blinkers before December 7th; the proof of it lies in their failure to ask for enough war material to compel the wholesale conversion of automotive plant. The government did not guess the scope of the coming war; if it had, it would have pounded Mr. Knudsen into more drastic action than anything contemplated at OPM. The American people were certainly not on guard; if they had been, they would have ceased to ask for new cars the day after the fall of France. As for the automobile workers, most of them were like the automobile managers: they wanted car production to continue. "Priority unemployment" was the great fear in Detroit—and with layoffs staring them in the face the workers on the Michigan assembly lines wanted war conversion to proceed alongside of *some* automobile manufacturing.

Reuther was one of these. But he

was ahead of management in his thinking by just a little bit—and the leaders of the automobile industry might have helped their own public relations along by graciously giving Mr. Reuther the credit for having urged the conversion of *some* machinery. That would have deflated the CIO's more grandiose claims to a virtually Olympian insight; and by the same token it would have permitted Mr. C. E. Wilson of General Motors and Mr. K. T. Keller of Chrysler to spit on their hands and go to work to make amends in 1942 like any other surprised but honest citizen. As it is, a lot of people have absorbed the mistaken idea that the Messrs. Wilson and Keller are "appeasers," fumblers—and maybe even traitors.

The Reuther Plan was *not* a blueprint for the conversion of an entire industry to the manufacture of bombers, fighter planes, medium-sized tanks, Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns, and naval ordnance. But it was more than anyone else had to offer in Detroit at the beginning of 1941. And whatever its merits from the engineering point of view, it did serve as a vital prod when America needed prodding. As such its history should be set down before it has been completely obscured by the phantasmagoric claims of contending propagandists. It should be set down as a tribute to American labor. And it should also be put upon the record to save management from the after-war consequences of having seemed to veto a plan for all-out preparation that might have prevented or vastly limited the spread of the war in the Far East.

The history of the plan begins with the character of Walter Reuther, who was convinced as long ago as 1939 that the war against Hitler was our war, and that victory would go to the side which won the battle of production. Walter Reuther, short, reddish-haired and barrel-chested, is something special among labor leaders, a person who moves in a world of ideas that includes a concept of the general

welfare as distinct from short-term labor welfare. Quite early in life Walter Reuther became labor-conscious; his father, a German immigrant who called himself a Christian Socialist, was a union organizer in the Ohio valley and a talkative radical on the order of Herman Willkie, Wendell's father. Trained as a toolmaker, Walter Reuther might have risen to a top managerial position in the automobile industry if he had toed the line. But he preferred to preach unionism wherever he went in a Detroit that couldn't even stomach the AFL, and in the early days of the depression he was fired by the Ford Motor Co.

Being placed on the unofficial Detroit blacklist was the best thing that ever happened to Reuther. For it sent him on a trip around the world with his brother. In Germany he saw a social order crumble as Hitler came in. In Russia, where he tried to teach tool- and die-making to peasants at Gorki on the Volga, he watched a bureaucratic system roll up a backlog of war production in spite of its clumsiness and injustice. He came back to the United States by way of Japan, convinced that the old world was breaking up. During the period of the sit-down strikes, when there was violence on both sides, Reuther was not too careful of the legal niceties, which explains the automobile managers' fear and distrust of him. But when Ford service men beat him up along with Richard Frankenstein, the score was more than evened. In any case, when the European war finally broke out Reuther was willing to put a damper on the class war; he saw that Hitler was the main enemy, and he began to talk and act accordingly.

Reuther prides himself on his ability to map out a strategy: the Ford strike of a year ago, which was directed from a union G.H.Q. by sound trucks, bears his imprint. As a tool- and die-maker who had been in charge of sixty skilled men at the River Rouge in 1922, Reuther saw at once that the tools behind the tools which Churchill was asking for were the

most important item in 1940. Phil Murray had already worked out a general plan for industry-wide wartime production councils of workers, managers, and the government. Taking off from here, Reuther merely applied what he knew of automobile dies, jigs, fixtures, grinders, lathes, and presses to shape up his specific plan for getting 500 engine-equipped planes a day out of the automotive industry's excess capacity. The 500-planes-a-day figure was ridiculous on the face of it, for certain key machine tools and skills that are necessary to plane production just did not exist in Detroit in late 1940. (When Ford started to manufacture Pratt & Whitney engines on license in a specially built plant in 1941 the first "green-run" tests showed how difficult a thing it is for automobile men to master the narrow tolerances of the aviation game.) But the "500 planes a day" headline was undoubtedly for attention-calling purposes.

There were three basic elements in the original Reuther plan: conversion of the idle facilities of the automobile industry to war use; pooling of the equipment and man power of the entire industry into a single, co-ordinated organization; and a voice for labor, jointly with management and government, in the managerial decisions and planning of what might be called "Detroit Incorporated." Conversion of the industry was to be achieved by designing new tools and dies, jigs and fixtures for existing basic machinery. The industry was to abandon any idea of making '42 models and would thus free its 12,000 to 15,000 skilled mechanics for the job of building the new tools and dies. Reuther spelled out his plan in terms of aircraft production because planes seemed the most vital need of the democracies at war and because, as a seasoned campaigner for new ideas, he realized the need for a dramatic approach.

Long before he was ready with the details, but already confident of the soundness of his basic principles, Reuther

took the project up informally with Sidney Hillman, labor's man in the two-headed OPM high command. That was in the summer of 1940, just after the fall of France. The plan appealed to Hillman. He discussed it with his partner, Mr. Knudsen, on whose broad shoulders lay chief production responsibilities in OPM. Subsequently, Mr. Hillman reported Mr. Knudsen's verdict to the UAW plan man.

"We can't get the automobile industry to move that fast," the former president of General Motors said.

This so-called "brush-off" from Bill Knudsen did not dampen Reuther's ardor. As he puts it, the UAW might be called specialists at the job of building fires under the motor industry. UAW shop chairmen and local union officers began making a survey. They turned in data on production capacities, on idle machines, on available skilled help. Tool- and die-makers were consulted on the technical problems. Ben Blackwood, one of GM's ablest tool- and die-makers, a bluff and proud craftsman, was Reuther's chief assistant. Together they labored for months, far into the nights. By November of 1940 they felt themselves on sure ground.

In a classroom at Cass Technical High School, on Detroit's grimy West Side, an unofficial production council was convened. There were about twenty-five in the group, designing engineers, tool- and die-makers, men who had labored for years in the shops of GM, Chrysler, Ford, Murray Body, Briggs, Hudson, and Packard. At the blackboard, chalk in hand, Reuther outlined the various stages through which, he claimed, the industry could turn out hundreds of pursuit planes a day by re-tooling idle machinery and by adding some new machines. He argued that the first planes made in the auto industry could be flown away in six months; others in the group were conservative and held it would take at least seven months. The seminar adjourned to inspect airplane motors mounted in an



adjacent room of the high-school building where all-night vocational training classes were in progress. The Rolls Royce and other airplane motors they saw presented no apparently insurmountable difficulties, even though men from the Pratt & Whitney plant at East Hartford, Connecticut, would have told them differently.

After the inspection the group reconvened in the classroom. "Well, what do you think? Can we do it?" Reuther put the proposition.

Only two among the twenty-five dissented. One thought airplane motors were too tough "to fool around with"; the other dissenter couldn't see why "we should help the bosses run their plants more efficiently."

The UAW production experts spent the next few weeks putting the plan down on paper. They carefully documented their claim that there was idle machine capacity in the plants of the industry. Here again the men in the shops turned production experts, using the entire auto industry as their laboratory. Here the UAW had an advantage over the separate automobile companies. GM certainly knew its own plants and capacities; Ford knew his, and Chrysler knew its plants; but the UAW could cut across corporate lines and draw on the experiences of all of them, as well as of the independent tool and die shops and parts plants.

The story of the Reuther plan, as the UAW tells the story, now moves to the Washington stage. Reuther has always insisted that the attitude of Mr. Knudsen and OPM's dollar-a-year men was one of contemptuous obstruction. He contrasts this attitude with that of the larger part of the press and of a few men in government who gave Reuther encouragement enough to keep his idea from suffocation. Judge Patterson, Under-Secretary of War, and Col. Robert Lovett, in charge of the Army's aircraft production, were continuously helpful to the man from the CIO.

The proposal first reached the public

on December 22, 1940, when Philip Murray, president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, and R. J. Thomas, head of the UAW-CIO, forwarded it to President Roosevelt. The President, tossing labor a public bouquet for its constructive attitude, sent the proposal to OPM. From this point on it was several months before Mr. Knudsen got round to discussing the program across the table with Thomas, Reuther, and some of their colleagues.

II

Meanwhile, the automobile and the aircraft industries got busy with what Reuther insists was the "brush-off." The automobile industry did not speak out directly. But the UAW can cite a host of presumably inspired skeptical articles in trade publications. Then there was the well-timed article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, by Charles F. Kettering, president of the General Motors Research Corporation. Kettering pleaded for patience with the industry. "Guns are not windshield wipers," was the theme of his effort. At UAW headquarters in Detroit they interpreted this as an attempt to belittle Reuther's plan without giving it the recognition of direct mention.

"Tanks are different," said Boss Ket, "so the plants must be different. When the gong rang no tank-making plant was in existence." Kettering admitted that when the automobile industry got into mass production of war materials the amount of weapons turned out would be "staggering," but, he added, "for a long time, while we are 'making ready,' the speed is going to be anything but blinding." Like Reuther himself, Kettering was of course thinking of an industry which would continue to make some automobiles.

The airplane industry was less guarded in its criticism. The UAW gleefully quotes from the *Wall Street Journal* of Dec. 24, 1940, which announced that "Holders of aircraft shares are not par-

ticularly pleased at the prospect that the automobile industry may use some of its facilities for mass production of planes." The Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, through its president, Col. John H. Jouett, became the most vigorously outspoken critic of the plan. He took the number of man-hours and the amount of plant space required to make a plane by *custom* or *hand-built* methods and multiplied them by five hundred a day. This produced some astronomical figures. But what Reuther was proposing was not the aircraft industry's technics but rather the automobile industry's *mass production* methods. Mass production, as everyone knows, means fewer workers, fewer man-hours, and far less plant space.

The most effective stab at the UAW's proposals was circulated by courtesy of the Associated Press. On January 1st an AP dispatch from Washington quoted "OPM experts" to the effect that the plan had been reluctantly turned down as impractical. For a year thereafter, until January, 1942, it was taken for granted that the plan had been thoroughly analyzed by OPM and found wanting. As we shall see, there were some valid objections to the Reuther plan as it related to plant capacity then idle, but the OPM's concealment behind a group of anonymous "experts" did Mr. Knudsen no good with the CIO. Following appearance of OPM's story, a concerted effort was made to bury the plan in silence.

In spite of OPM's dismissal of Reuther, news commentators thought the plan had some merit. Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, Ernest Lindley, and Raymond Clapper, among others, argued for a hearing. A wide circle of New Dealers took the same position. Jerome Frank, then chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, convened a Sunday morning breakfast at the capital's Cosmos Club. There for several hours Reuther outlined his program to John H. Carmody, Laughlin Currie, Paul V. McNutt, Tom Corcoran, President Dyk-

stra of the University of Wisconsin, Leon Henderson, and several others. Henderson gave the program his enthusiastic approval; Carmody, an engineer, was satisfied with Reuther's answers to his stiffest questions. Quickly the group sensed the great difficulty that would confront adoption of the plan: how to overcome the resistance of the automobile corporations. Edward F. McGrady, with his usual bluntness, said: "It can probably be done, but who the hell will pay attention to a squirt of a labor leader?" An aide of the Secretary of the Treasury, Harry White, was so impressed he asked Reuther to meet the Secretary that very day. A Sunday afternoon conference followed at Mr. Morgenthau's home. He agreed to place the plan before the President for an extended hearing.

"There is only one thing wrong with the program," Morgenthau warned. "It comes from the 'wrong' source."

On March 1st, several weeks after the "OPM experts" had rejected the plan, Mr. Knudsen sat down with Reuther and Thomas to discuss it.

"Mr. Knudsen and I had previously met, on opposite sides of the table," Reuther said later on. "I thought on this matter of national defense we might sit on the same side. I was mistaken."

The labor leaders and automobile management's greatest production man came to grips almost immediately. On the question of production of wings and fuselage there wasn't much disagreement. But Knudsen insisted that only a very small percentage of the industry's existing plants could be adapted for making the parts of an airplane motor. Reuther dissented. He finally proposed: "Suppose we go through an auto plant with you, go over the machines, and see what we can use and what we can't use." Mr. Knudsen asserted he didn't have the authority to take Reuther through a plant. Sidney Hillman, who was also present, thought that such an expedition might be arranged without much difficulty. According to the CIO version, Mr.

Knudsen finally offered to give the UAW men a set of blueprints of a standard airplane motor. Reuther was to break down the job and indicate what available machinery could be used.

At this point the history of the Reuther plan gets bogged in a mess of contradictory claims. In the March 25, 1941, issue of *Defense*, Knudsen said:

"They [the union] wanted to go into the shop as a union committee and try to design fixtures for the present machinery. . . . We had to stall on that one and say that it couldn't be handled. He [Reuther] agreed to get us drawings and come down and study them—a set of drawings for one motor to look over and get into a little closer."

Mr. Knudsen's memories of the meeting thus flatly contradict Reuther's claim that Knudsen himself had promised to provide the drawings of the airplane motor. UAW's account of the meeting has it that Knudsen, after promising the blueprints, finally sent word that the prints were military secrets and could not be studied except at the OPM office. Reuther would be given an opportunity at some future date to come up to OPM and work on the blueprints there. When Mr. Knudsen left OPM ten months later, Reuther said he was still waiting for an invitation to see the prints.

III

Through the summer and fall of 1941 the war came closer. Britain, committed to supplying the embattled armies of the U.S.S.R., needed more and more fighting planes and war materials. Reuther kept talking of his plan through this period, but the automobile industry was off on a different tack. In general, the theory was that the automobile companies would supply the organization and the engineering to run *new* plants that were specially designed for war production. Ford got to work on his gigantic new bomber plant at Willow Run, just outside of Ypsilanti, Mich. At River Rouge, alongside the older

plant, a new factory for building airplane motors was made ready for 1942 production. Chrysler built a tank arsenal for the government, and Hudson a naval ordnance plant. Alone among the Big Three, GM did some real converting; a small portion of its plant was turned over to the manufacture of Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns and other ordnance. GM, of course, had all along been making army trucks and Allison liquid-cooled airplane engines.

If the United States had managed to keep clear of "shooting war," and if Japan had been satisfied to limit her fighting to the war in China, the Reuther plan would doubtless have died a painless death. Toward the end of the summer, however, Reuther began to win some important new support. Before the forum provided by Representative John H. Tolan and his investigating committee, Donald M. Nelson and Alex Taub, one of Britain's ablest automotive engineers, revived the question: Why isn't the automobile industry doing more for national defense?

"A great deal of the present machinery can be converted to making defense materials," Mr. Nelson, then director of the Supplies, Priorities, and Allocations Board, told the committee. "When we see the size of the new [defense] program, our ideas will completely change as to what we can do with present machines rather than buying new tools."

Taub testified in October that, whereas the auto industry had insisted in December of 1940 that only 10 or 15 per cent of its facilities could be made available for defense production, "to-day, with curtailment on the premises, it is freely admitted that 50 per cent can be used for defense, with a possibility in some areas of 70 per cent."

Before long Mr. Taub's as well as Walter Reuther's views were being thrown at Mr. Knudsen in Congressional hearings and by newsmen. "Taub" and "Reuther" became names which were certain to ruffle the otherwise gentle production giant. Meanwhile a

tremendous row was brewing within the ranks of those entrusted with responsibility for national defense. There came promises of a huge "victory program" in which all-out conversion was to be a basic plank. Donald M. Nelson was its chief advocate and he was steadily gathering support among the more aggressive of the men round the President.

The morning after Pearl Harbor, the nation woke up to wonder why people like Nelson and Taub hadn't been given a green light months earlier. But the wonder was distinctly a product of hindsight: before December 7th no one in the entire country believed the Japanese could sink or disable several British and American battleships at the very onset of war. Those ships were counted on to hold the rubber country and the rubber lanes; when they were put out of commission the Indies were as good as lost. Seizing upon the disillusionment of December 8th, the UAW proceeded to use the Reuther plan as a peg upon which to hang a multitude of "I-told-you-so's." But in this the UAW was being self-righteous.

Before distributing any praise or blame for Detroit's pre-December 7th war production, let us go back to the Michigan mood of October, 1941. A very few people—Walter Reuther was one of them—were disgusted with the progress of defense activity in the Detroit area. Senator Harry Byrd had put the all-outers' criticism in pointed form when he rose in the Senate to say: "The United States in the past year succeeded in producing 5,000 combat planes and five million automobiles." In October of 1940 leading car manufacturers had resolved "to subordinate work on automotive model changes to the necessities of the defense program." Sixteen months later the Automobile Manufacturers Association made another pledge of production for defense; but in the meantime the industry had produced and sold more than 4,300,000 cars and commercial trucks, all '41 models.

Civilian car production for 1941 was the second highest in the history of the industry. Profits of three large automotive companies for the first nine months of 1941 rose to \$430,604,778, a tidy increase over their profit for all of 1940.

"We were sort of doing the automobile business with our left hand [in 1941] and going ahead with anything we could get to do," said C. E. Wilson, President of General Motors, at a Washington interview.

"You mean you were doing your greatest business with your left hand?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is a pretty good hand to keep in operation, isn't it?"

Left hand or not, that is the way the people of the United States wanted things up to December 7th. K. T. Keller and C. E. Wilson and Edsel Ford, as capitalists who never mind betting on a sure thing, would assuredly have taken any war production orders issued from Washington, but "guns *and* butter" was still the official philosophy of practically everybody, from the President on down. Naturally "guns *and* butter" sentiment prevailed in Michigan. The automobile industry made a show of taking on a wartime coloration by canceling its usual flossy New York exhibitions of 1942 models, but "open house" shows were staged by dealers throughout the country. The new models contained substitutes for the scarce and valuable critical and strategic materials. Cast iron had been substituted for aluminum in the pistons; horns were made of steel stampings instead of zinc. There was a good deal of "bright work" on the showroom models, but on all cars delivered after the first of the new year the industry announced that chrome and nickel would be replaced on bumpers and hubcaps with common paint, which might need retouching every thousand miles. So, whatever the criticism of the industry for having spent time and energy and skill on the jigs, dies, fixtures, and new assembly line combinations for 1942, it cannot be said that the Messrs. Keller, Wilson,

and Ford were entirely unaware of stringencies to come.

By November the Big Three managers were ready and willing to accept a 2,000,000 car year in 1942, even though they might be wistful about it. But when Leon Henderson ordered a fifty per cent cut in production, the UAW showed just as much perturbation as the automobile executives. The UAW rank and file was pretty well agreed on an aid-to-Britain program, which marked an advance over the isolationist sentiment that had pervaded the union when Homer Martin was leading it. Few, however, wanted "shooting war." In the UAW locals, faces were gloomy as the statisticians figured that the fifty per cent cut in car production would throw from 100,000 to 150,000 auto workers into the streets by January. Even the minority that was in favor of getting into the war on all fours didn't like this prospect.

With Pearl Harbor, however, the UAW, sensing the chance for a propagandistic kill, began to retouch the face of the past. The Reuther plan, which had been the baby of one wing of the UAW, suddenly became the proposal of all "labor." At union headquarters it was forgotten that the powerful George Addes group of the UAW, which had been John L. Lewis-isolationist even after Hitler's invasion of Russia, had never been particularly vociferous about war conversion. And it was also conveniently forgotten that Reuther's idea had been merely a slightly more rigorous variant of the philosophy of "guns and butter." Reuther had been ahead of the majority in his own union in estimating the shape of the future, and he had certainly been ahead of the automobile managers. But for all that, the Reuther plan was still pre-Pearl Harbor.

IV

Whenever a people is taken unawares, the hunger for a sustaining mythology proceeds to manufacture scapegoats and

heroes out of ordinary well-meaning citizens. The UAW's particular villain is Knudsen; as the automobile companies' own representative in OPM, so Walter Reuther says, he could have forced an early wartime conversion of the industry on the President, Congress, and the War and Navy departments. The Tolan and Truman committees, also hot for the manufacture of scapegoats, have echoed the UAW latter-day sentiment. "Only a negligible part of this great capacity [of the automobile industry] is presently employed in the war effort," said a Tolan report. "Manufacturers have been reluctant to convert their production facilities from civilian to military production; and the defense agencies of the Federal government have not required such conversion." As for the Truman committee, it has been even more severe in its indictment of the automobile industry. The "you're-the-traitor" psychology reached its climax in the CIO's "Mr. OPM" open letter which appeared in all the Washington newspapers as a paid advertisement shortly after Pearl Harbor.

Now, it must be admitted that OPM fumbled the defense job. But the fault was inherent in its very structure, which placed the decisive power not in the hands of Knudsen-Hillman, but in the White House. OPM was a creature of its time, the temporizing, shilly-shallying reflection of a confused and divided people. Bernard Baruch had criticized it from the start, but to no avail. It could have been abolished or changed in a twinkling any time after the passage of Lease-Lend if the people of the United States, pressing upon Congress and the President, had seen fit to issue a popular order. Knudsen may fairly be blamed for not having pushed war production to dizzy speeds. But in blaming Knudsen one is also blaming a national mood. And in a democracy the mood of the people is not lightly to be ignored. Whatever may be said about Knudsen and the automobile industry prior to December 7th, the fact remains that the

people of the United States were not ready to give up new automobiles entirely until the rubber lines to the Indies had become a major war front.

To meet the public demand for action after December 7th, OPM summoned a large conference of automotive management, labor, and governmental experts. The conduct of the conference sealed OPM's doom and brought about appointment of Mr. Nelson. At the OPM gathering Walter Reuther presented a co-ordinated program for re-tooling, bringing his original thesis up to date. Nobody arose publicly to challenge him. Later, five spokesmen of industry met under OPM auspices with an equal number from labor, four from the UAW-CIO, and one from the AFL. Mr. Wilson questioned Mr. Reuther's right to participate in discussions of production technics. "If you are interested in production, I'll give you a job with us," Mr. Reuther was told. The offer was politely declined.

The conference ended on a dismal note, although Mr. Knudsen agreed to a compromise by which a joint sub-committee of management and labor would have the right to "assist" in converting the industry. When the first meeting of the sub-committee convened it was obvious to all concerned that it had no grant of power nor even any explicit instructions from OPM. By the time the committee sat down for its second academic discussion, OPM itself was virtually non-existent; and Mr. Nelson was indicating that he would have no use for "debating societies."

Meanwhile, the issue of conversion had been decided. "There is nothing else to do now," said Mr. Knudsen.

The UAW's second proposal, that the industry's facilities be pooled for a great co-operative defense effort, was still in the air; corporate spokesmen agreed to "pool ideas" and "information." Co-ordinated exchange of facilities and men, Mr. Wilson maintained, would be "socialization." However, Mr. Nelson soon made it plain that at least a tempo-

rary wartime socialization might have to be risked.

In the history of the battle for converting our industry to war purposes, Walter Reuther's name will hold a high place. His animus, however, should have been aimed at Congress, the Army, the Navy, and the President as Commander-in-Chief. For Congress controls military appropriations, and the chiefs of the armed forces presumably know what it takes to do a given wartime job. It was up to Congress and the chiefs of the armed forces to supply the pattern and motives and money for action which alone could have resulted in fruitful orders to Detroit's industry. As Louis Sullivan used to say, "Form follows function, function creates form." And it was not until after Pearl Harbor that the United States had a clear functional relationship to the war that could result in total conversion of the automobile industry.

The lack of a Washington plan or pattern, the lack of clear national commitments and dedication, made Walter Reuther's pre-Pearl Harbor argument that eighty-five per cent of the automobile companies' machinery was "convertible" a matter of largely empty verbiage. Convertible to what? And was he referring to tools or to machines which are the settings for tools? On the other hand, the industry, in putting out statements that only ten or fifteen per cent of its facilities could be adapted to "other uses," was just as vague and slippery as any statement in the original Reuther plan. For obviously, if the Army were in the market for millions of trucks, practically all of the automotive industry's machines could be adapted to war uses. On the other hand, conversion of automobile factories to make machine guns or cartridge brass would entail problems of much greater difficulty. The whole argument over conversion percentages made no sense whatever in default of War and Navy Department orders for definite equipment.

The vagueness of the conversion idea,

however, with its stab-in-the-dark mention of planes, was not what really killed the Reuther plan with Knudsen and the automobile managers. To uncover their real objections one must look at the second and third planks in Reuther's proposal. The pooling idea, offered in a time when the country was still officially at peace, cut squarely across the competitive lines of our most violently competitive big mass-production industry. Conversion of the factories would have dealt a quick mortal blow to dealer organizations that fight in the field for the car market. But the pooling idea seemed to portend an even worse disaster to inter-company competition. To ask Chrysler's Mr. Keller to turn over an engineering secret in peacetime to the Ford Motor Company, which is traditionally more interested in production methods than in engineering, was like asking Mr. Keller to dispense with an arm or a leg. During war of course Mr. Keller may have to deprive himself figuratively of his limbs, but in December, 1940, when Reuther was talking of pooling, the country was still half-isolationist in sentiment, and only a handful of people looked forward to total war commitments. The pooling plank in the UAW proposal, then, was a propagandistic boomerang. It could only increase the managers' general suspicion that Reuther was out to foist "socialism" on Detroit under a specious cloak of "patriotism."

To-day of course pooling of machines and know-how must be undertaken as a war measure. But in the original Reuther plan it was tied up with the third plank, that which called for industry-labor-government managerial councils. The proposal to let labor have an equal voice with industry and the government in settling problems of management impressed the automobile men as a trick by which the UAW, in cahoots with a labor-minded New Deal, would end up as boss of the factories. As Reuther shaped up his plan for councils, Detroit could see an American version of the Fascist cor-

porative State emerging. And, indeed, the seeds of Fascist control do lurk in the industry-labor-government council plan. For under any such tripartite board, decisions would inevitably be political. Government would be forced to take the side of labor or industry. If it voted consistently with labor, the cry of "socialism" would be used to impede production or to force a coup d'état. If it voted with management, Reuther himself would be the first to yell "Fascism." With a war on our hands, it is probably just as well that management has been allowed to manage, with the War Production Board's Ernest C. Kanzler undertaking the job of pooling when pooling is necessary. All of this does not mean of course that labor should be given further "brush-offs" when it has creative ideas to offer.

Some day the impartial historian will be amazed by the history of the Reuther plan. He will be amazed that a good basic idea, fragmentary though it was, could have been made such a political football by both sides in a period of accelerating national crisis when the existence of the nation was at stake. But in distributing the blame the impartial historian will, if he is honest, be a little gentler with the United Automobile Workers than with the management of the automobile companies. For, after all, Walter Reuther *did* have a glimmering of what had to be done, and he *did* have the gumption to proselytize his idea.

Beyond this, the impartial historian won't worry very much about the labor-management ruckus that went on in Detroit from December, 1940, to December, 1941. He will be too busy trying to find out why there was no central direction in Washington, no over-all plan to make the nation ready for the biggest war in history. And he will be too busy trying to fathom the psychology of the American people, who were walking in a trance that kept Washington from doing any real functional thinking, planning, and acting.



HOW DEMOCRATIC ARE LABOR UNIONS?

BY NORMAN THOMAS

THERE are now some ten million organized workers in the unions connected with the A. F. of L. and C.I.O. Other hundreds of thousands are organized in the powerful Railroad Brotherhoods and in various small independent unions. Numbers by no means tell the whole story. For the first time in American history unions dominate the labor field in all basic industries. Under the Wagner Labor Act their leaders speak for thousands of workers in various industries who have not yet been forced or persuaded to join the union.

The power of organized labor is one of the outstanding facts in any appraisal of social forces as they existed before America was completely involved in the World War. To-day the attitude and morale of organized labor are almost as much a matter of concern to the government and the people of America as are the attitude and morale of soldiers and sailors in the military service.

During the First World War the circumstances of the conflict, the need for production, the comparative shortage of labor, and hence the necessity for industrial peace enabled union labor greatly to increase its strength. It could not, however, consolidate its gains, and under the circumstances of post-war reaction and reconstruction it rapidly lost power under an aggressive drive by many employers.

But the unions entered this war in a much stronger position legally and organizationally. The value or the necessity of labor unionism is much more gen-

erally accepted. Union leaders know how to make very effective use of pressure politics on Congress and on any Administration. Since the state will have more and more to say about economic activities, this political power of the unions is important. Whatever the nature of the post-war reaction, we need not expect such an automatic diminution of union strength as we saw in the hectic decade of the twenties or in the earlier years of the depression.

This increased power of labor unions is very much to the good, not only for their members but for the general health of society. We all owe far more than history makes us aware to the unknown soldiers of labor who by the relatively peaceful means of labor organization have so greatly served in emancipating workers from the horrors of the earlier days of the industrial revolution and in raising the whole level of human dignity and well-being. To-day most workers would admit that labor unions are their chief guarantees of tolerable wages and working conditions; many employers find in them a force making for stabilization; and increasingly the government depends upon that force.

Nevertheless, paradoxical as the assertion may be, many of these same unions and their leaders are widely unpopular among the people as a whole and even among the members of the unions. Under certain highly probable conditions, especially if there should be a period of very extensive post-war unemployment, a skillful political leader could acquire

immense strength on the basis of a program which proposed to deliver the people generally and the workers themselves from the tyranny of labor unions and the labor bureaucracy. The social conflict engendered by such a campaign would greatly retard social progress and would probably hasten the coming of a day when whatever labor organization was permitted to exist would be as completely harnessed to the chariot of the state as it is to-day in Russia or in Germany.

It is because I wish to avoid such possibilities of evil that I want to examine the labor union situation and to discuss possible remedies for undeniable wrongs. Because my subject is so controversial and so charged with emotion it may be proper for me to state my own approach to the problem. It is pro-labor and pro-union. I have been active in many organizing campaigns in various parts of the country; I have taken occasional leadership in testing labor's civil rights against the mob and the police, and I have shared in some worthwhile victories. I do not want those victories jeopardized by avoidable mistakes.

Of the unpopularity of some labor unions and their leaders, even in working-class circles, there are many evidences. Consider, for example, how frequently during the showing of news reels criticism of the unions is applauded and how little applause there is, to put it mildly, for pictures of influential labor leaders. If the vehemence of Mr. Westbrook Pegler's one-man campaign against labor racketeering brings him official criticism from labor unions and attacks from their leaders, I understand it also brings him a great volume of applause (and helpful information) from rank and file workers. I remember one experience of my own, extreme but by no means untypical. I had happened to be in Chicago during the time of a successful strike of taxi drivers. At their request I had spoken for them. About a year later I met one of those drivers who said to me bitterly, "A year ago I had one boss; now I have two and the labor boss is the

worst." He had happened, as various witnesses assured me, to be the victim of extremely high-handed and unjust treatment by the labor bureaucracy and there was nothing that he and his friends could do about it. To put it bluntly, they were afraid to act; afraid of losing their livelihood, afraid of physical violence.

I remember—to use a very different sort of illustration—that in the presidential campaign of 1936, when that powerful labor union leader, John L. Lewis, was ardently supporting President Roosevelt, I made it my business in the Pennsylvania coal fields to say to miners, newspapermen, and others: "Well, I suppose John L.'s support means a lot to Roosevelt." The almost universal answer was, "Hell, no; Roosevelt's support means a lot to John L." Mr. Willkie's experience with Mr. Lewis's support in 1940 seemed to corroborate that answer politically.

From time to time the surveys of public opinion published in *Fortune* have indicated widespread discontent. Thus in April, 1938, 38.6 per cent of those interviewed believed that labor unions were of all social institutions most in need of reform; 61.3 per cent believed that the passage of laws to curb labor was a major political issue. At other times *Fortune* polls taken among workers have shown that the largest single bloc believed that union dues were too high. A very large bloc doubted the efficiency and honesty of some or most unions. A majority of the *workers*, according to one poll, favored legislation to forbid strikes in defense industries. In the *Fortune* survey for February, 1942, after the country was all the way in the war, the percentage of those persons who believed that Congress should forbid defense strikes rose to 87.2, as against 79.2 who believed that Congress should limit profits. The editors of *Fortune* thus summarized the results of a series of inquiries concerning what ought to have been well-known facts about labor unions, including a simple inquiry who was President of the A. F. of L. and who

of the C.I.O.: "*Labor: The Public (workers included) knows little about unions but doesn't trust them anyhow.*"

I am disposed to accept this conclusion. The most significant and—looking to the future—alarming dislike of unions, at least before December 7th, was to be found in army camps. Perhaps the reason was that young men drafted at \$21 and \$30 a month were envious of other young men working for a dollar an hour and up. At any rate the general testimony of competent observers was that among draftees prior to December 7th the most popular military action would have been against strikers.

Obviously one cannot give too much weight to these facts or draw too extreme inferences from them. I should, for instance, be sorry if any reader inferred that my picture is one of a noble rank and file strangely cursed with ignoble leaders. By and large the rank and file gets the leadership it deserves in labor unions much as it does in politics. Sometimes it gets better leadership in both cases and sometimes worse. A good deal of criticism of union policies and union leaders is born of our all-too-human expectation of miracles, and our willingness to air our complaints privately rather than to act courageously and efficiently to end them. Nevertheless there are grave evils in the organizational setup and attitude of many American labor unions and their dominant bureaucracies.

II

Newspapers and the newspaper-reading public, one gathers, would put the alleged penchant of workers for striking, especially in defense industries, first in the list of evils. It is quite true that there have been annoying, unnecessary, and unjustified strikes—the worst of them jurisdictional strikes born of nothing but a conflict between the A. F. of L. and C.I.O. or between unions all of which profess allegiance to the A. F. of L. Nevertheless, contrary to general opinion, strikes rank far down in the list of

factors retarding production for defense or for war. Away ahead of them rank sickness, accidents, unemployment, and loss of time caused by haggling about contracts for the sake of larger profits. Moreover it is far easier to curse unnecessary strikes than to cure them by legal enactment. The remedy of compulsory arbitration has worked well nowhere in the world with the possible exception of Australia. Recently it was as roundly rejected by the National Association of Manufacturers as by any trade union. In these times, when so many powerful currents sweep us toward a totalitarian setup, it is well to lean over backward against the type of legislation which tends to force men to work against their will under compulsion of the state. Such legislation is likely among other things to arouse a bitterness which will result in conscious or unconscious inefficiency and sabotage.

For the moment at least, the whole strike issue is far less acute than it was, partly because the Communist influence—which is undeniably potent in many unions—has completely reversed its direction since Hitler attacked Stalin, and is now wholly behind war and war production. It was comparatively easy for the President to get the A. F. of L. and C.I.O. to agree to the general principle of mediation rather than strikes in wartime.

A few weeks later Mr. Roosevelt helped to block plans for organic unity between the A. F. of L. and C.I.O., probably because they were made by his enemy, John L. Lewis. But he put over a harmony or "victory" committee, in the last analysis dominated by himself, to prevent strikes arising out of jurisdictional disputes and rivalry between the A. F. of L. and C.I.O.; a rivalry which at times has led to something like civil war in labor's ranks to everybody's hurt. The committee may be useful, but it is clearly no final solution for the problem, especially since jurisdictional strikes often occur in which the belligerents belong to the same national organization—an evil

which the A. F. of L. has been singularly slow to remedy.

Second on the list of popular charges against unions would probably be that of labor racketeering. It is a heinous evil which unions have been too slow to seek aggressively to remedy. Whatever may be the justice of some of labor's complaints against Westbrook Pegler, it cannot be denied that he has forced both labor unions and State authorities to do what they ought to have done without such prodding. To him belongs credit for the conviction of those notorious racketeers, George E. Browne and William Bioff, who through so many years were able to victimize both workers and employers in the amusement industry.

It requires, however, no great study to learn that racketeering is not a disease indigenous to labor or peculiar to labor. It is an American disease born of a ruthless desire to get power and profit quickly, no matter how. The most famous or rather infamous of our racketeers have been tolerated or supported by business men and labor unions for much the same reasons: fear of violence, need for "protection," or desire for gain from the aggressive action of the mercenaries who exploited them and occasionally fought for them.

I am inclined to believe that racketeering and guerrilla warfare in the management of unions and the conduct of labor disputes are on their way out. Both the public and the labor unions are somewhat aroused. The Wagner Labor Act and similar legislation in the States have given the unions a favorable legal status. Powerful corporations have been disarmed of their private arsenals and private armies of strike breakers. To no small extent labor's acceptance of racketeers and hired mercenaries was an answer to the tactics of the employers which were exposed by the LaFollette Committee's inquiry.

The third evil in the public mind is probably the insistence of certain unions upon practices which make employment for their members but greatly retard

production. The building trades furnish the most conspicuous, although by no means the only illustration of this practice. Building-trade unions have refused to permit the use of painting by spray, no matter what were the health safeguards. They have regulated the size of paint brushes; they refuse to handle ready-mixed concrete or prefabricated materials or sections of houses. When Mr. Sidney Hillman, then co-director of O.P.M., determined to support the rejection of the low bid of the Currier Company of Detroit for defense housing he was not only deciding for the A. F. of L. building trade unions as against C.I.O. unions in the same line; he was deciding, at a time when rapid construction was a vital necessity, against prefabricated housing. He dared not risk the wrath of the A. F. of L. unions which refused to work with such material.

From a social standpoint this situation is intolerable. Labor's usual defense is that unions must protect the workers in an economy of scarcity and that they are only emulating the regular practices of other groups. Farmers, they say, make things scarce in order to maintain prices; business men do the same thing to keep up profit. There is truth in this allegation, but from a social standpoint the whole economy of scarcity must go, and labor ought to be leading in the attack upon it rather than defending some of the worst practices under it. It is a dangerous situation now, and will be more dangerous in the confused period of post-war adjustment. In a potentially prosperous America building-trade unions may be largely responsible for the inability of either the government or the people to provide decent homes for our citizens.

III

But none of these evils is the most serious or fundamental. Indeed, to some degree strike abuses, racketeering, and even practices restrictive of production, are symptoms of an underlying lack of democracy in the labor union setup.

This lack of democracy is apparent not only in the relation of certain unions to the general mass of workers, but in the relation of those unions to their own members. It can be examined under several heads:

1. *The closed door policy of many unions.* If labor unions are to be the democratic expression of the will and interest of the workers they must be open to all those who work in the trade or industry in which each union is organized. To-day there is widespread discrimination in taking workers into unions. Therefore, given the rapid extension of the "closed" or union shop, these closed unions constitute job trusts—a more or less serious form of labor monopoly.

Discriminations are of various kinds. There is in the first place racial discrimination against colored workers in many unions. Sometimes discrimination is actually written into the Constitution or into the ritual oaths which officers and members of the union take. Sometimes it is a matter of unwritten law or custom. Many unions reluctantly receive Negro members but do not give them full voting power and discriminate against them when they can in the matter of job procurement. Some of the worst offenders are the powerful, well-organized Machinists' Union of the A. F. of L. and the Railroad Brotherhoods. It is especially disquieting that so progressive an organization as the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen will not admit a Negro. In general no colored man, whatever his ability, can get a job above the rank of porter on the trains of the United States. The situation racially is far worse than it was in former years when, before the advent of strongly organized unions, Negroes often made competent engineers, firemen, and trainmen on Southern roads. There is now pending a legal proceeding brought by a colored worker on the Gulf, Mobile and Northern R. R. in protest against the right of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen to represent him in collective bargaining although it will

not admit him to membership, or permit him to hold the job to which his seniority entitles him.

Limitation in membership is by no means exclusively a matter of racial discrimination. The result is accomplished often by exorbitant initiation fees, or by refusal to admit new members over long periods of time, or by requiring that new members be recruited only from among close relatives of old members. This has been a common practice in certain motion-picture operators' unions.

Not only do some unions deliberately exclude many workers from their ranks; often local unions refuse to permit the employment of fellow union members who come from a distance. Recently the New York City District Council of Painters and Paperhangers made a public protest against this practice. The district council alleged that its unemployed members were denied jobs on defense-construction projects in other cities by out-of-town local unions which preferred to enrich their treasuries by obtaining heavy initiation fees from inexperienced painters.

The usual justification of this rigid limitation of union membership is the scarcity of jobs and the danger to a union of being swamped by unemployed members who, after a time, not only fail to meet dues necessary for the support of a union, but constitute a great strain on the union for direct and indirect help. It is idle to deny that there is some force in the argument, but the exclusion of qualified workers from the unions to which they ought to belong is at best only a palliative for a scarcity economy which requires social cure. As a palliative, not only does it divert attention from fundamental action, but it constitutes a danger to the unions themselves. Unquestionably Hitler came to power in large part because of the terrible years of depression in Germany. German labor unions, free from racketeering, could establish admirable rules for the general protection of their own members, but felt that they could not take in young workers or

even hold all those members who could not pay dues. And the Nazis recruited no small part of their strength from workers thus excluded from unions.

2. *Partiality in job placements by the labor bureaucracy.* An increasing number of unions control altogether, or very largely, the placing of workers in jobs. Employers must take the men or women sent or assigned to them. This is true for example in the Longshoremen's Union and many of the needle trades. The practice grew up out of a laudable desire to share work more equitably and prevent discrimination by employers against certain workers. But to-day it is freely alleged, possibly with some exaggeration, that the labor bureaucracy uses its power to reward its friends and punish its enemies and perpetuate itself in office. Over and over I have heard this charge made and with great bitterness and circumstantiality. It is a charge hard to prove absolutely, and there are no labor tribunals in existence which could properly sift the evidence.

3. *The dictatorship of labor's bureaucracy.* Standard democratic procedure with regard to the discussion of union issues and the election of officers is on the average decidedly lower in most A. F. of L. and C.I.O. unions than in political government. Many labor-union constitutions give extraordinarily arbitrary power to the president or the executive council. Some unions, like the old Hod Carriers, now called the Common Laborers, have gone ten years and more without a national convention. The charges of fraud in union elections have been so common that more and more unions have introduced voting machines and other protective devices employed by the State. Occasionally outsiders are invited in to supervise elections. I know of one committee, invited to undertake this task under turbulent circumstances, which consulted a certain Tammany politician concerning every conceivable way in which there could be fraud in the casting and counting of votes. They then tried with fair success, still with the

help of the aforesaid Tammany man, to outwit the cheaters.

Still more serious is the prevalent conviction in most unions that it is exceedingly unhealthy to risk too much criticism of the administration or the dominant group in a local meeting. You either can't get started or you can't finish or you'll run into trouble on the way home.

Perhaps the most glaring sin against democracy and fair play is the arbitrary procedure of a great many unions in disciplining their members. The disciplinary process is too often used, not with an eye to justice for the individual, but in the interest of the dominant labor bureaucracy (rationalized sometimes as the interest of the union as a whole). There is no independent judiciary in labor unions. With the growth of the closed-shop agreement the power to suspend or expel a man from his union means the power to deprive him of his accustomed way of making a livelihood. It is a power far greater than that possessed by most judges. In New York the union member has no protection comparable to that given to a prisoner before a magistrate. In recent years there has been a slowly increasing stream of appeals from aggrieved unionists to the courts of the State. Recently a judge in New York ordered the reinstatement of a member of the Transportation Workers Union in New York City (generally considered to be under Communist domination) and the payment of damages. The complainant in this case had been expelled for criticizing the Union administration. One of the unions with a bad record in respect to arbitrary discipline and other denials of democracy is the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. This is a union which is commonly regarded as progressive and which has accomplished much to benefit workers in what used to be a badly sweated industry. Its president, who has long astutely exerted an almost dictatorial power, is Sidney Hillman, now labor adviser to the War Production Board. A former member of that union, Mr. L. Kirschbaum,

believing himself to have been the victim of injustice in disciplinary proceedings, has been carrying on a sort of one-man campaign for the institution of a labor court within the union. It cannot be said that he has obtained wide support.

This evil cannot be remedied simply by appeals to the State's courts of justice. The process is costly. There has been a tendency of our courts to rule that they will not take cognizance of cases until the complainant has exhausted every method of appeal provided by the constitution of his union. This ruling, which sounds reasonable, often means the denial of justice. In one case in which I was interested the complainant, who was no longer young, estimated that the process in his particular union might take as much as eleven years, during all of which time his earning power at his own trade would be severely cut, if not wholly abolished.

IV

Here in brief is the kind of raw material which a new Huey Long could exploit. In years when jobs are scarce and the war urgency is over a successful crusade may be based on this issue of a labor dictatorship almost equally contemptuous of public interest and of the rights of workers. The question is what should be done about it before it is too late. Ideally, of course, the unions should set their own house in order. Perhaps the victory committee appointed by the President will suggest the necessary reforms and draw up model constitutions. But to-day there is little sign that some of the worst offenders among the unions will ever voluntarily put their house in order; hence the growing demand that the State must act.

For many years I was inclined to think that any legislative action by the States or by the Federal government would do more harm than good. I am no longer of that opinion provided the right sort of action is taken. As a matter of fact, labor unions owe their present position of relative strength quite largely to

favorable action by the State. They cannot accept it and then disclaim responsibility under it. The operation of this pro-labor legislation under wartime conditions tends to the spread of the closed or union shop. (I have not space to distinguish the various types of union or closed shops; I use the term to cover all cases in which the worker must become a member in good standing of a union in order to keep his job.)

Mr. John Chamberlain has recently argued plausibly in *Fortune* that democracy and the interests of the workers would be served by making closed shops impossible. To this I should reply that I can cite a list of offenses against democracy and fair play in labor unions where there are no closed-shop agreements. I would also urge that there is a case for the closed shop. I have heard a successful lawyer for employers defend it heartily as a means of stabilizing industry. Indeed, his praise and his reasons for it might give pause to some labor men! If once the principle should be accepted that in our great industries a worker without a union is in about as difficult and unadmirable position as a man without a country, unions might get down to more solid and constructive work than they are now doing. (I am however inclined to believe that the practice of making employers collect dues through the check-off is unhealthy for union democracy.)

But of course acceptance of the idea of the closed or union shop is tolerable only if the doors of the union are themselves kept open and if democratic procedure within them is amply protected. A closed union in a closed-shop industry, or a union run by racketeers or labor dictators, is of itself a form of totalitarianism which cannot safely be allowed to exist in a democratic economic and political order. The question is what practical remedies we can adopt. Here there is room for a great deal of thought and discussion. My suggestions are frankly tentative and offered in the hope that they will provoke constructive discussion.

Briefly, I propose that every union, to be entitled to recognition as the agency of the workers in collective bargaining (and without that recognition most unions would be doomed), must conform to certain minimum standards of democracy. Its doors must be open to all qualified workers, regardless of race, creed, or color, under reasonable standards of initiation fees and dues.

Next, its constitution, by-laws, and practices must provide for orderly elections at reasonable intervals. And finally, a disciplinary procedure must be set up which will protect members of the union from arbitrary punishment more serious than most judges and juries can impose. Possibly some other requirements might be laid down, for instance with regard to votes on strikes, but those which I have mentioned seem to me essential.

In several industries excellent results have been reached by the use of impartial chairmen or arbiters to settle controversies about the interpretation and enforcement of agreements between the unions and the employers. It would not be difficult to extend that principle and introduce into the internal life of the union disinterested and capable non-members to supervise elections, or to act as impartial judges or referees in disciplinary trials.

The question of course arises how this requirement of a democratic constitution

can be enforced. Its mere publication and filing as a public document would be an enormous help. But that would not be enough. My original idea was that aggrieved workers should be permitted to make complaints before the various State and regional labor boards or, if the constitution of a national organization was at issue, before the National Labor Relations Board. It is possible that such a provision would impose too much work on already overworked bodies. It might be necessary to set up separate tribunals to hear complaints. It would not be the function of legislative, administrative, or reviewing bodies to write constitutions of labor organizations, or interfere in any way with them except to set up democratic standards and pass upon complaints of their violation. They would supervise union practices in the light of a great principle, somewhat but not precisely as the S.E.C. supervises the practices of those who would float various types of securities.

Whatever the requirements, the law in behalf of internal democracy should be simple. Its main function should be to stimulate, as I think it might, the growth of citizenship and responsibility within unions. It is upon this that the development of trade-union democracy depends, and without that development there is small hope that we shall succeed in maintaining even the degree of democracy which we now enjoy.



INDUSTRY'S UNTAPPED RESOURCES

HOW LABOR'S CO-OPERATIVE COMMITTEES CAN SPEED UP PRODUCTION

BY HENRY KRAUS

THE exact extent of the increase in American aircraft output since the declaration of war has not at this writing been made public but it is understood to have been considerable. Not only has the industry continued to expand its plant; there has also been a marked increase in the average daily output per aircraft worker. Part of this advance was undoubtedly the spontaneous result of heightened political awareness and morale among the employees; but that is not the whole story. There has also been a conscious and organized force at work.

For example, the day after the Japanese onslaught began a group of men in the sheet-metal fabricating department of one of the great aircraft plants were discussing the astonishing rush of events since the previous morning. Where did they fit in with it all?

"What we ought to do is set up a production committee right here in the department," one of the men suggested. The others caught up the idea and decided to talk it over with the supervisor. "It sounds okay to me," he commented when the plan was put to him. "How do you propose we get started?"

"Let's call a meeting of the whole department at lunchtime," a worker proposed.

So at noon, while the rest sat round munching their sandwiches, one of the men who had initiated the idea spoke briefly, outlining his group's proposal,

and then going into the details of a plan. He proposed that a ten-man committee be set up to consider production problems. "Pick men directly from the benches," he advised, "and pick them from all the different sections of the department." And that's the way it was done.

Late that afternoon, however, the plan hit its first snag. The committee that was chosen went to discuss the idea with the department's foreman, and he was not enthusiastic about it. The idea was too novel; the upper office would probably object. "I don't see the need for any committee," he said. "If the fellows have any ideas let them turn them over to their lead men." The committee members looked at one another in dismay, but one of them blurted out the thought that was in the minds of all: "We're not going to propose any new ideas if the lead men are going to swipe all the credit for them."

It was an unanswerable argument. The foreman knew that some type of recognition was essential; human nature functions that way. And though he continued for a while to raise lame objections, he finally gave his consent to the launching of the plan.

The men were told to write out their ideas on slips of paper and sign their names to them. Before noon the next day half a dozen proposals had been turned in and these were discussed at the lunch-period meeting. Steps were taken

to put several of the suggestions into effect immediately.

First thoughts went to the department bottlenecks. It is inevitable that production jams should occur in our phenomenally expanding war industries; in certain departments of our aircraft plants some workers are kept idle as much as two or three hours a day waiting for parts or materials which are behindhand. Workers hate to have their active impulse—or "rhythm of work"—broken in this manner, as all production engineers know.

It was to overcome such delays in our sheet-metal department that one of the men's suggestions was adopted. There were three sections that kept falling behind the others and holding up the rest of the work; why couldn't the men in the entire department stagger their lunch periods so that someone would always be working on the three bottleneck sections? The regular operators of the machines in question could prepare the setups and give instructions to the relief men and while eating could watch over them and lend a hand in case any difficulties arose.

Other proposals helped to eliminate other sources of delay. One of the men suggested that whenever a new job was brought into the department somebody be assigned beforehand to see that all necessary tools, templates, blueprints, and other equipment were on the rack. This would save the time customarily lost while the lead man ran around in search of the items needed before work could be started.

The saw department had a queer habit of always cutting extrusion parts a quarter or a half inch longer than specified—playing safe. But this meant that each piece had later to be cut down to required size, with resulting loss of time and waste of material. It was decided that a man be sent from the department with each order to see that the cuts were made exactly.

These ideas, and others which were adopted, were neither revolutionary nor especially ingenious. Yet the results of

their introduction were fairly breathtaking. Within three days production in the department leaped over fifty per cent!

II

Similar evidence of labor's potential value to our productive system as a source of creative ideas can be obtained in any airplane factory. Hundreds of jigs, fixtures, and other work-aids devised by the men are in use, all of them products of the same genius for mechanical improvisation with which youngsters throughout America perform their informal miracles on cast-off jalopies.

In one plant, for instance, the men have shown how both time and equipment can be conserved by making paired parts from a single pattern (as socks are knitted) instead of from a right- and a left-hand pattern (as in the manufacture of shoes). For example the only difference between the right and left members of a certain pair of brackets made in their factory was that three holes had to be oppositely arranged in the two parts. As long as the making of these holes was part of the process of pressing out the brackets it was necessary to have separate sets of presses, dies, prints, and jigs for the right and for the left members of the pairs. Now the holes are drilled in a separate operation so that all the brackets can be pressed out in a single fabricating process.

In another plant one of the men recently completed several years' work on a new welder tip which is so designed that it carries off the heat and keeps the handle and the mixing chamber cool. In another plant some pieces of fighter-plane cowling which the drop-hammer department was pounding out always wrinkled in such a way that it took hours to straighten each piece. One of the men discovered that if three pieces were hammered out at a time the wrinkling was eliminated and the rate of production was doubled.

But such ideas too often remain the product of unorganized, haphazard in-

genuity. Their full value to our productive system cannot be attained while they remain isolated phenomena. This is made clear by the situation in one factory where a certain part shaped like a derby hat is pressed out of flat sheets of metal. The required curvature is so great that the presses cannot stamp it out in a single blow without tearing the material. The first time the press falls it must descend only part way, driving the metal a very short distance into the derby-shaped die; and subsequent strokes must descend only a little farther each time. The fall of the press is checked by a stack of plywood sheets, one sheet being removed after each stroke so that each time the press drops one sheet-thickness farther than it did the time before. The removal of the sheets gave a lot of trouble until a man working on one of the presses devised a tool consisting of a long pole with a suction cup at the end. With this the sheets can easily be pulled out in the interval between strokes of the press.

But so little has the value of organization been appreciated that twenty-five feet from this press is another of exactly the same type where the men remove the plywood layers by means of a much less efficient pole with a hooked nail in its end. Sometimes this hook catches several layers at once, disarranges the pile, and causes considerable delay. Yet no one in authority has advised that the more efficiently improvised tool be used on both machines.

Unless there is an organized, collective effort to develop the workers' creative resources, improvements will remain isolated and haphazard. Full advantage of them can be taken only by harmonious collaboration of all producing groups.

Beginnings are being made which give promise of exciting possibilities. Union committees have been set up at Vultee, North American, and Lockheed-Vega, all of which are seeking to establish a basis of co-operation with their managements, and the one at Vultee has already succeeded in obtaining formal recogni-

tion through participation in the company's "suggestion prize" plan.

Generally speaking, however, employer opposition to labor's engaging in such activities is very marked and runs through the entire managerial apparatus. It is an extension of that point of view which holds that unions interfere with the functions of management and have subversive intentions of "taking over the business." It is something that every worker with any industrial background knows—often from unpleasant personal experience. "You aren't being paid to think!" is a standard rebuff discouraging any intrusion into what is considered the management's legitimate domain.

This may seem rather tragic in light of our country's critical needs. Yet ingrained tendencies of industry cannot be changed overnight and some of these stand squarely in opposition to any thoroughgoing co-operative plan. For instance, the production committee whose setup was described earlier in this article began running soon enough into this opposition. The great increase in production which it made possible invoked a torrent of protests. Instead of welcoming the constructiveness of the plan and arranging for its expansion, members of the supervision in other departments saw in it a threat to their prestige. The sheet-metal men themselves early proposed that the plan be extended to other departments in order to avoid the danger that should their group remain alone in increasing output it would soon be out of line with the other departments and they might even be temporarily laid off until the others caught up. The supervisor, who at first had approved this proposed extension, came back later with his tail between his legs. He had reported the idea to the men higher up and they had vetoed it. It would merely create "bad blood," they argued, and stir up that kind of rivalry between department heads which has been known at times to prompt foremen on one shift to hide necessary blueprints or tools in order to delay production on other shifts.

III

For a number of reasons the aviation industry is in an exceptional position to launch a program of worker-co-operation in production. In the first place it is expanding so rapidly that the danger of unemployment resulting from technological or other improvements is practically nonexistent. Possible loss of jobs is often the most serious cause for opposition on the part of labor to technical innovations, but it is a factor that need hardly be considered in the aviation industry. Furthermore, where new technics may—as they often do—require heavy outlays for machinery and other equipment, the considerable profits prevalent in the industry, plus the liberal government subsidies enjoyed by it, would obviate any serious difficulty along that line. The high level of educational background of the aircraft workers is another important positive factor. A secondary-school diploma is generally a prerequisite, while the proportion of college men in airplane factories is comparatively high. All of these circumstances would favor the success of a co-operative plan. But more important than any of them is the peculiar status of the industry itself and the present level of its development.

Until 1939 aviation was in the situation in which the automobile industry found itself about 1910 when cars were custom-built by hand. The comparative swiftness with which the aircraft industry has had to shift to mass-production methods has resulted in a tremendous concentration of production and engineering problems. These involve the development of efficient procedures (including elimination of waste motions and the development of the optimum physical conditions for each operation: comfort, accessibility, etc.) and the creation of vast aggregations of tools, machinery, fixtures, and skilled man power.

Under the impetus of rapid growth the industry is faced with enormous difficulties in the expansion of facilities. Unused buildings of non-aviation companies

are bought up and some of the work is shifted to them. While huge new facilities are being constructed a company will try all kinds of temporary expedients to relieve the terrific strain on available space—pushing machines closer together or knocking out a wall or possibly transposing an entire department to another section of the plant—and these may throw the flow of assembly completely out of kilter. When a big new division for final assembly was completed at one plant it was discovered that the parts-making departments had become too small in proportion.

The result of this chaotic expansion has often been a reduction of productive efficiency. Because of the lack of a logical flow of the assembly process in many aircraft plants, a sub-assembly may be routed from one end of a factory to another for the next operation, then back again over the length of the plant for a third. With machines too close together, workers often get in one another's way.

In these circumstances the rank and file employees are in a unique position to help. Their immediate contact with production processes makes them vividly aware of the particular difficulties which hamper productive efficiency. This intimacy means much more in an industry which is in flux (and most of our war industries fit into this category) than in one where a high level of development has slowed down the rate of technical advancement and has tended to standardize the very process of invention.

That many aircraft employers recognize the great potential contribution of their workers along these lines is evidenced by the prevalence of suggestion-box plans and of awards offered to employees who contribute valuable ideas and inventions. At one plant recently a notice posted on all bulletin boards asked that aid-work ideas thought up on one shift be shared with the others. But such voluntary plans do not even begin to plumb the possibilities of co-operation. They neither furnish sufficient incentive

for mass participation nor provide that element of collective effort which helps make the committee plan so fruitful.

The unparalleled impetus which the national crisis has given the co-operative trend among trade unions is an extraordinarily hopeful sign. Heretofore the very instincts of the militant unionist revolted against the word "efficiency"—which connoted nothing but hated time-studies, speedups, and higher profits for the company. But the war has radically changed this point of view. The new attitude was very well expressed recently by a radio spokesman of the great Lockheed-Vega lodge of the International

Association of Machinists, A. F. of L., when he said:

"We don't feel that we're working for the company any longer. We feel that we're working for our country and ourselves."

More and more, as the pressure of America's war effort increases, the workers' awareness and ingenuity must be made available through co-operative action—not just among themselves but also between workers and managements throughout industry. Donald M. Nelson's recent call for production committees in every plant is definitely the proper answer.

CALF'S DEATH

BY GEORGE SCARBROUGH

BRIGHT was the calf's blood after the saw had cut
 Cleanly the horn, bright as a scarlet flower,
 It dropped its color down the shining rut
 From nose to forehead, following hour with hour

Inside the darkened room of stall. But yet
 The calf kept to its polished feet and thrust
 Its willow-knotted legs against the wet,
 Bright stable-straw, against the laying dust

Of wet, bright straw. Only its eyes inquired,
 Only its eyes asked questions of the dark
 Low stall. Slowly the heart grew tired, and tired
 The willow-tawny legs with scarlet mark

Of splendid flowers upon them. Now the calf
 Knelt softly, softly, on the shining ground,
 And came to rest the head above the half-
 Stopped heart. Eye-questions ceased. There was no sound.

*[[Harper & Brothers have been honored by the
following letter written to them by
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
on the occasion of the 125th Anniversary of the
founding of the House in 1817]]*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 6, 1942

Dear Mr. Canfield:

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the distinguished publishing house of Harper & Brothers is indeed an occasion worthy of celebration. The activities of your house have been contemporary with a long and notable period in our national life. There are few businesses that are so intimately interwoven with the national fabric as a publishing house.

I congratulate you and all your associates on a fine job in keeping your institution so valiantly on the side of civilization -- and always under the same flag, the Stars and Stripes, and the house pennant of Harper's. You have survived three wars and are about to survive a fourth. May I venture the hope that you will have many more scores of years of service to your countrymen.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Franklin D. Roosevelt", with a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

Cass Canfield, Esq.,
President,
Harper & Brothers,
49 East 33d Street,
New York, N. Y.



The Easy Chair



LINCOLN TO THE 164TH OHIO

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

By the time this issue appears on the stands a number of things will probably have been made clear that were hidden when it was written. There will probably not be any need to wonder where the German offensive is going to strike, and we may even have known whether the United States and Great Britain are going to mount an offensive this year. In spite of that lag, however, the Easy Chair is relinquishing its present distinction, that of being the only editorial column in the country which has not commented on Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Kernan's book, *Defense Will Not Win the War*.

The Easy Chair's colleagues have discussed the book primarily as an attack by a professional student of war on the post-1918 theory of defensive warfare which destroyed France, has split up the British Empire under our eyes, and has brought Great Britain and the United States to the brink of total defeat. There is good reason for their emphasis on that aspect of the book. The program of offensive war which Colonel Kernan proposes to substitute for the policy that has guided the democracies ever since the last war harmonizes with an overwhelming desire of the nation. The people of the United States have had enough of taking it without any chance to hand it back. They are fed up with watching the democracies roll with the punch, however bravely and skillfully; they want to beat somebody to the punch. Their greatest fear at this moment is that

those who determine military policy may be committed to the theories which Colonel Kernan denounces: the "fleet in being," which Germany has done without and Japan has disregarded, the strategy of peripheral war which has lost the Allies every campaign except the one in Russia, and the American prayer that God will provide some way of winning the war without our attacking the main Axis armies on land. A popular referendum would probably elevate Colonel Kernan to a place on the General Staff just below George Marshall.

Colonel Kernan's analysis and his plan are remarkably lucid. The Axis, he says, has built up a military machine which will *always* win so long as it is permitted to attack. It has by now so far established itself that only the United States can seize the initiative from it. But its masters have made one miscalculation; they have been forced to overextend themselves in Russia, and that gives us the opportunity that can save us. We can and must attack the German army. If we seize our chance we can reverse the whole situation and start the Axis down the plane which it can never climb again. Such an attack will require unlimited force and will expose us to illimitable loss if we lose. But we must run that risk if we are to retain any chance of winning. Nothing less than the resolution to risk losing everything will give us a chance to win anything.

From there on the plan is vague. It does not specify where the shipping for

an attack on Italy is to come from, how transport and communications are to be maintained, or a good many other things which the military would have to determine before they could undertake such an offensive. Such criticism of the book as the military have made public deals with exactly that vagueness. The public, however, is in a mood to retort that technical problems are up to the military. It is convinced that, whatever the hiatuses in his specific plan, and whatever burden it may lay on the military, the principle which Colonel Kernan has expressed is the only one in which there is hope of our winning the war.

The public is quite right. Yes—and it would be seemly of the public to accept some implications. A couple of weeks ago one of the baseball reporters on whom the public sometimes confers the status of intellectuals published a sensational article in which, together with many other sad, defeatist songs, he announced that the Boston area was defenseless against attack from within and from without. Immediately a great many Bostonians wrote to their Congressmen demanding protection. There followed the instructive—and scandalous—spectacle of the Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs rising in the Senate to agree with his correspondents and the baseball reporter, and predicting that we must eventually call our depleted fleets back from foreign stations to defend our coasts.

The Bostonians of course are always expecting King Philip to come back and massacre them and repeatedly send the silver to Pittsfield in fear of Cervera's fleet. But they are not much different from seacoast civilians anywhere who have abruptly realized that they may get shot. Those civilians are eager to launch a Colonel Kernan offensive against the German army and are yelling for action in the far Pacific—and at the very same moment they are also yelling for protective measures which would make such offensives altogether impossible. By taking advantage of pre-

cisely that same yell, the Confederate States of America were able to prolong the Civil War for two years beyond its implicit length. Possibly McClellan could have destroyed Lee's army in 1862 if it had not been for the civilian fear that Washington might meanwhile be lost. Certainly Grant could have destroyed it in 1864 except for that fear. Abner Doubleday was a baseball player and a major-general: we are supposed to have learned something about both baseball and war since his time.

We can certainly defend Boston on the line of Iceland, and San Francisco on the line of Hawaii, better than we can defend them on the lines of Minots Light and the Golden Gate Bridge. We can defend them still better on the Kernan plan—by attacking Germany and Japan where their main forces are. If in the hope of preventing such attacks the enemy raids Boston and San Francisco by bombing planes or battleships, that will be uncomfortable but without bearing on the main issues of the war. If a quarter of a million Bostonians lose their property and a hundred thousand lose their lives, that will be tragic for those involved but of no national importance—and if Senator Walsh, the Easy Chair, and the star columnist of the Boston *Herald* happen to be among them, the Republic will learn to bear its loss. The American objective in this war is to win it. Boston and San Francisco are pleasant towns, but the burning or bombardment of either one will just have to be suffered, if it occurs, as an incident on the way to victory. The same goes for all civilians everywhere. If they get shot their friends will mourn them, but the idea is to win the war.

An aspect of Colonel Kernan's book which has not been discussed in the press deals with less immediate things but breaks quite as sharply with established habits of thought. That break comes straight out of the inescapable alternatives that the United States faces. Either we are going to lose this war or we are going to win it. If we lose it,

necessarily everything that makes up the national life as we know it will be annihilated. But an equally tremendous imperative will be thrust upon us if we win it: with Russia, China, and whatever form the present British Commonwealth of Nations may have taken by then, we are going to dominate the world. If we win we are going to come out of the war one of the masters of the world. And nothing whatever can exempt us from either the prerogatives or the obligations of that estate.

Colonel Kernan draws a parallel between British imperialism and the century that ended in 1914 on the one hand and, on the other, a victorious United States and the world order which it will have a chance to shape. He even dares to praise the nineteenth-century imperialism of our Allies. Whatever may be said against the British Empire, he points out, it must also be said that for a century it made impossible the species of world wars which have now been fought twice within a single generation. For a century the world was preserved from the universal bloodletting that has made our era an unspeakable offense to the human spirit. There were plenty of offenses; none of them became universally unendurable. There were plenty of wars; none of them became the all-inclusive catastrophe that has twice engulfed the modern world. Why?

Because, Colonel Kernan says, a power which had an interest in preventing the conquest of Europe and so of the world, a power which believed in its way of life, was willing to go out anywhere and abort any attempt at widespread conquest and destroy any threat to its way of life—at the source, before it got well started, automatically, as a result immediately attached to its cause. Let any mustache make a beginning toward conquest, let any nation threaten what the British conceived to be their national interest—any mustache, any nation, anywhere, any time—and that fact pressed a trigger. The British fleet and army took over, the British Empire

slapped the offender down. So, whatever evils may be admitted, the world was free of universal wars for a century and Progress was a fact.

Heap up everything you can against the British Empire and it nevertheless remains a paradise when compared with the slavery which the "master race" has imposed on Europe and will extend over the entire world if it goes on winning. That slavery was made possible, Colonel Kernan says, by England's abandonment of the principle which, under its application, had made the world freer than it had ever been before. There would have been no First World War if England had acted on Lord Acton's warning and destroyed Prussian militarism at the start, as England had destroyed many a militarism before it. There would have been no Second World War if England, or anyone else, had destroyed Hitler at the start. And, to bring it closer home, we should not be fighting for existence after a series of defeats without parallel in our history if we had destroyed Japanese militarism ten years ago, when we could have slapped down Japan with one hand.

Assuming that we shall nevertheless win this war in the end, Colonel Kernan points out that, as one of the masters of the world, we shall have no recourse but to adopt the principle by which the British kept the world at least comparatively peaceful for a century. Our adoption of that principle will rest on our confidence in a proved fact: that, as compared with other ways of life, the American way of life is the most peaceful, offers the world the greatest opportunity for peaceful development, and is a stronger assurance of international comity than any other discernible. Having adopted it, we shall automatically employ our force on anyone anywhere in the world who becomes a menace to us, our way of life, our beliefs or interests, or to anyone who shares them or is bound up with them. In the light of history we have proved our decency. We shall enforce it at once on anyone who

threatens it anywhere. We are going to define and maintain the standard of international behavior.

This idea breaks completely with the pacifism, isolationism, and opium sleep by which the United States has tried for a quarter of a century to evade the responsibilities of wealth and power, and which have now brought us to the brink of extermination. It repudiates the utopian dream of a world in which the use of armed force is inconceivable, and substitutes for it an intention to make war immediately on anyone who presumes to violate our conception of how peoples should behave toward one another. It looks forward to any required number of small wars whenever the occasion for one shall, in our judgment, have arisen. It looks forward, that is, to spending millions of dollars and thousands of lives whenever such an expenditure shall be necessary in order to prevent the kind of expenditure we are now forced to make, billions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of lives, and a universal sacrifice. It says to all who shall see these presents, greeting: we are decent people and we are damned well going to see to it that you behave decently.

There is no space here to enlarge on the implications of this doctrine or to suggest the kind of adaptations that would be necessary to make it a working doctrine consonant with our habits and the other articles of our faith. But a guess may be hazarded: that it is an idea fully as agreeable to the public as Colonel Kernan's advocacy of a risk-everything offensive now, that it outlines the shape which our national emotions are now taking and will take increasingly. It is a counsel of sternness, daring, and resolution—and also it is a counsel of hope, of freedom, and of peace. As counsel, it is positive and dynamic. The trouble with

all conceptions of a post-war world currently offered us is that they resemble a social-worker's report of a case history. They offer us by hypothesis a denaturalized, passive, aseptic world, a world in which belief is at best static. When Colonel Kernan adds to the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter a fifth one which he calls the freedom to fight, he brings faith out of the clinic into the world of reality and brings those who hold the faith into the stimulating air and sun of a future worth dying for now. At a guess, there will be more such counsel from now on. For historically the Americans were never pacifists until they accepted the ignoble idea that there might be profits in pacifism. They were a people who believed in their way of life and were willing to fight for it at the drop of a hat. At a guess, they still are and will say so with increasing vigor. At a guess, it is not going to be shameful from now on to assert that the American way of life is worth maintaining anywhere in the world.

At any rate, finishing this book, the Easy Chair felt that for the weak "It must not happen again," Colonel Kernan was substituting a far more inspiring "We will not permit it to happen again." He was sounding a note which is worth sounding, one which, you may remember, Abraham Lincoln sounded in August, 1864, the month which marked the most terrible danger of extinction that the United States has ever faced before now. Something of the spirit of those words exists in Colonel Kernan's demand that the offensive we must now mount be maintained as a safeguard from now on. In the circumstances of 1942 he is telling us what Lincoln told us then, "Rise up to the height of a generation of men worthy of a free government and we will carry out the great work we have commenced."

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**

